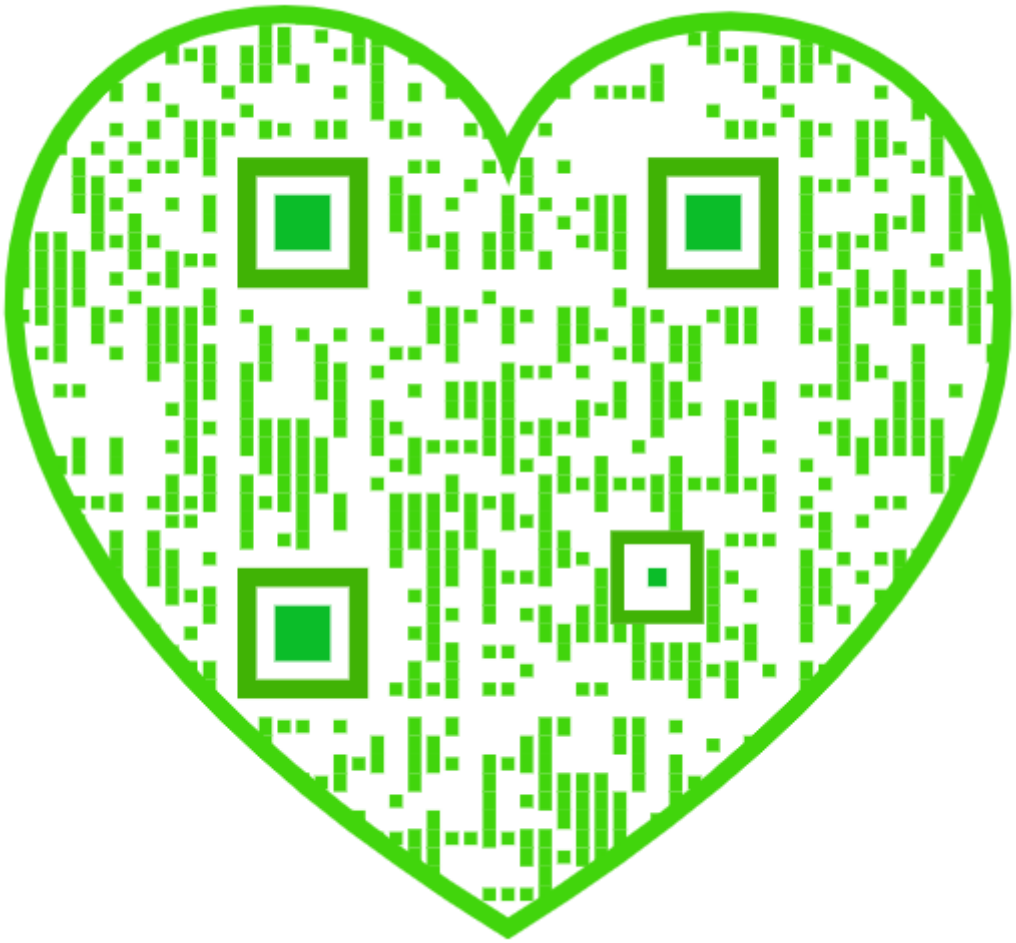


HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

LIBRARY

OF THE

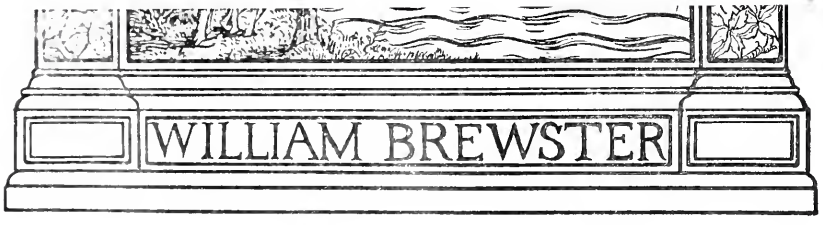
MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOÖLOGY

55,773

BEQUEST OF

WILLIAM BREWSTER

December 4, 1920.

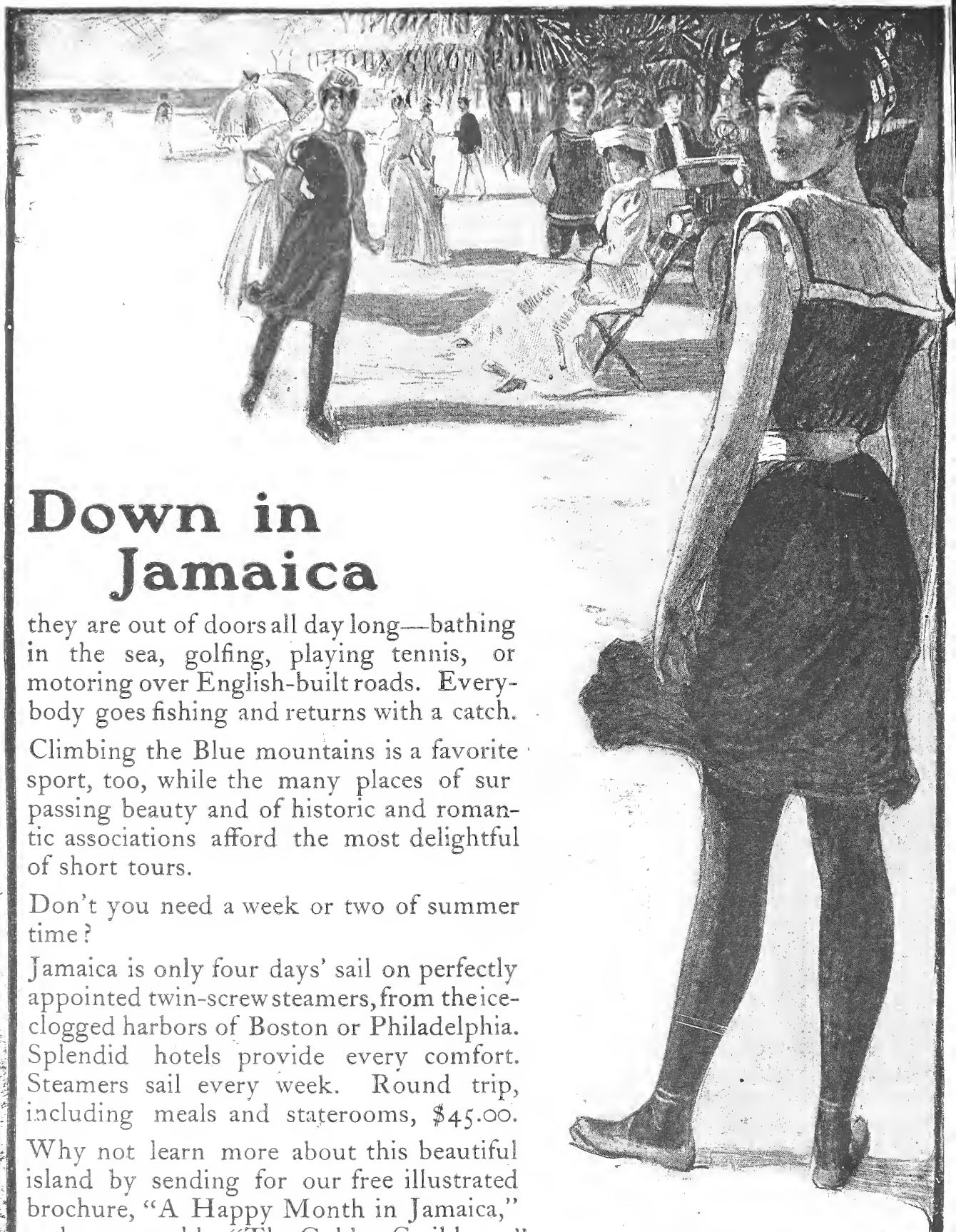


DEC 4 1920

JANUARY 1906 TEN CENTS

RECREATION

PUBLISHED BY W. E. ANNIS, NEW YORK



Down in Jamaica

they are out of doors all day long—bathing in the sea, golfing, playing tennis, or motoring over English-built roads. Everybody goes fishing and returns with a catch.

Climbing the Blue mountains is a favorite sport, too, while the many places of surpassing beauty and of historic and romantic associations afford the most delightful of short tours.

Don't you need a week or two of summer time?

Jamaica is only four days' sail on perfectly appointed twin-screw steamers, from the ice-clogged harbors of Boston or Philadelphia. Splendid hotels provide every comfort. Steamers sail every week. Round trip, including meals and staterooms, $45.00.

Why not learn more about this beautiful island by sending for our free illustrated brochure, "A Happy Month in Jamaica," and our monthly, "The Golden Caribbean."

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

Long Wharf, Boston. 5 N. Wharves, Philadelphia, Pa. 104 E. Pratt St., Baltimore, Md.
321 St. Charles St., New Orleans.
RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO., THOS. COOK & SON,
Tourist Agents.

Fill in the three subscription blanks below, mail them with $3.00 to "Recreation," 23 W. 24th St., N.Y. City, and we will immediately send you any one of the following articles you may select. They are all standard goods of reliable manufacturers.

Marble Safety Axe No. 5
Tubular Flash and Search Light
Ideal Casting Reel No. 464
Winter's Pneumatic Recoil Pad
Sportsman's Knife No 61
Large French Briar Pipe
"Gee" Minnow Trap
Line Drying Reel No. 1
"Champion" Fly Book
Hunting Hat
Rubber Camp Blanket
Willow Fishing Creel

*NAME*_____

*POST OFFICE*_____

*COUNTY*_____

*STATE*_____

*NAME*_____

*POST OFFICE*_____

*COUNTY*_____

*STATE*_____

*NAME*_____

*POST OFFICE*_____

*COUNTY*_____

*STATE*_____

WANTS :: FOR SALE :: EXCHANGE

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted under the proper heading in this department at the rate of 5 cents a word, each initial and figure counting as one word. No advertisement will be inserted at less than fifty cents. Cash must invariably accompany the order. A discount of 10 per cent. may be deducted from a twelve-time order. It is possible through this department to reach nearly 400,000 people twelve times a year for the sum of $6.00. Display type and illustrations at regular rates.

KENNEL

POINTERS AND SETTERS WANTED TO TRAIN. Game plenty.
H. H. SMITH, Brookville, Pa.

BROKEN BEAGLES AND PUPS.—20 dogs, 30 pups, from $10 up. Send for pictured circular, free, giving cut of each dog and brood and bitch.
S. B. ARTHURS, Brookville, Pa.

THE LARGEST Pointer Kennel in the World is
BAR HARBOR KENNELS,
Bar Harbor, Maine.

BEAGLE HOUNDS—Young and mature stock. None better. All eligible and bred to hunt.
"DEBONAIR," South End. Gloversville, N. Y.

FOR SALE: Pointers, puppies. Cheap. Address
CHAS. HAMMAN, Shiloh, Ohio.

EVERY DOG FANCIER should have a copy of the second edition of the Symposium on Distemper—16 pages. Send 10 cents in stamps for copy, including handsome souvenir postal card of champion dog.
C. S. R. Co., 503 W. 140th St., N. Y. City.

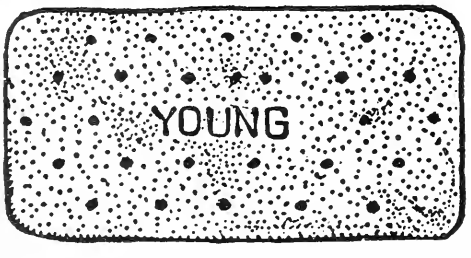
FOR SALE—Four English Setter Pups, two dogs, two bitches, whelped May 22d. Color, white and lemon. Best hunting stock, and eligible to registration. Dogs, $20; bitches, $15. Pedigree on application.
E. J. HEFFELMAN, Canton, Ohio.

P. & S. Kennels

Breeders of English Setters. A postal brings you printed lists of shooting dogs, brood bitches and puppies, for sale at all times. The **Imported English Setter, "Lingfield Bragg"** at stud. He is a Field Trial Winner and also a Thirty-six Times Bench Winner. Send for handsome **Illustrated Souvenir** booklet of this great dog.

R. S. Barrett, 916-A., State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

YOUNG'S IMPROVED
DOG BISCUIT



For sale by all Grocers and Sporting Goods dealers. Send for our special premium offer. YOUNG'S BISCUIT CO., 89 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.

KENNEL

MT. IDA KENNELS Blue Blooded Boston Terriers. 85 Topliff Street, Dorchester, Mass. Puppies, studs and brood bitches always on hand.

BOOK ON
Dog Diseases
AND HOW TO FEED
Mailed **Free** to any address by the author
H. Clay Glover, D. V. S. - 1278 Broadway, N. Y.

LIVE ANIMALS

FOR SALE—Live 1905 Mule Deer, in fine condition. Cheap.
H. P. WESTCOTT,
Alden, N. Y.

SQUAB

WE WERE THE PIONEERS IN SQUABS. Our Homers are straight bred and unexcelled for size. We have supplied equipment for many of the finest estates in America. Our plant is the largest and best in the world. During the past year we sold more Homers than all other pigeon breeders and importers in America combined. There is a reason for this; look around before buying. We publish a full line of printed matter, covering every detail of this rich industry. Send for our Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs." Visitors welcome at our plant and Boston office. Address,
PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.,
402 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.

SPECIAL SIXTY DAY OFFER.

Just to introduce our *Selected Imported Belgian Homers,* we will give FREE *a complete outfit* for breeding squabs. Send 4 cents in stamps for our special offer circular which tells you all. There are *no better* Homers in America than our birds, and our prices are lower than any other firm. Remember, we are the largest importers in America. We also have all kinds of Pheasants, Swan, Peacocks, Wild and Fancy Waterfowls, Turkeys, White Guineas, Poultry, Collie Dogs, Fancy Pigeons and Imported Angora Cats. Write for what you want. CAPE COD SQUAB, POULTRY AND GAME FARM,
Box G, Wellfleet, Mass.

RUBBER STAMPS AND STENCILS

DO YOU USE RUBBER STAMPS? We make the best rubber stamps and stencils in New York. Protectograph, the best safety check protector made. Rubber Type Alphabets, 5A fonts, $1.10 postpaid. Send postal for circular.
ABRAM AARONS, 16½ University Place, N. Y.

TAXIDERMY

DON'T WASTE the trophies of your prowess! Make sport more than pay for itself by taking my COMPLETE correspondence course in TAXIDERMY, $1. Individual instruction. Others cost $10 and up. Send price to CLARENCE BIRDSEYE, JR., 42 Broadway, New York City.

FOR SALE—The head of Old McKinley, the famous old Buffalo Bull, beautifully mounted, clear to the shoulder. Can be seen at WM. W. HARTS, 451 Seventh Ave., N. Y. Write for particulars. Mention RECREATION.

BUFFALO HORNS

BUFFALO HORNS, matched pairs, polished and mounted; also make into showy hall racks; flint-lock pistols; Indian relics, ancient and modern; Navajo blankets; elk tusks; old brass, pewter and crockery. Illustrated lists, 2 cents. N. CARTER, Elkhorn, Wis.

SOUVENIR POSTAL CARDS

COLLECTORS OF SOUVENIR CARDS: Join the exchange and receive beautiful post-cards for your collection from collectors all over the country. Membership, ten cents; send stamps or silver. Do it now. INTERNATIONAL SOUVENIR POST-CARD EXCHANGE, Dept. R., Box 1332, Springfield, Mass.

COINS

$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS; $4 paid for 1804 dimes; $15 paid for 1858 dollars; big prices paid for hundreds of other dates; keep all money coined before 1879 and send 10 cents at once for a set of two coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you. Address C. F. CLARKE, Agent, Le Roy, N. Y., Dept. 3.

EAGLES

A LIVE BALD EAGLE. Fine specimen, age six. Who wants it? Sell to highest offer. Reason for selling, going to Canada. JOHN J. HYNDE, Puncsutawney, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS

BEFORE SUBSCRIBING, write HILL & FLOYD, 815 Elevents Street, Washington, D. C.

"SCOOTER" PHOTOS. Send 50 cents in stamps for a fine large photograph of a South Bay "Scooter"—the wonderful boat that sails on ice or water. Faster than an ice-boat. This is the home of the "Scooter." I photograph them. Have a large assortment. "Scooter" post cards 5 cents each. H. S. CONKLIN, Photographer, Dept. A. 29 Ocean Ave., Patchogue, N. Y.

FLASHLIGHTS ON HUMAN NATURE, an illustrated book of 240 pages; very interesting, and a year's subscription to "The Columbian," a large 16-page, 64-column, illustrated story-paper, all post paid for 20 cents. Order early C. F. CLARKE, Agent, Dept. 3, LeRoy, N. Y.

WITH Presto-Tan a boy can tan furs for rugs, mittens, etc., in 36 hours. Full-size package and how to tan furs, 50 cents, prepaid. *No stamps.* EMILE SEVERINE, Stromsberg, Neb.

HOTELS

APARTMENTS, 3 to 7 rooms each; rooms single and en suite. The Hinman, Apartment and European Hotel, MARSHALL COOPER, Mgr., 7th and Figuerda, Los Angeles, Cal. Booklet mailed free.

GUIDES

BIG GAME. Hunting on the Head Waters of the Stickine River. I am better prepared than ever to furnish outfits, pack horses and guides for the season 1905. Moose, caribou, Stone's sheep, goat, black, brown and grizzly bear are all killed within one hundred miles of Telegraph Creek. Season opens September 1st. References: Andrew J. Stone, J. R. Bradley, T. T. Reese. J. FRANK CALLBREATH, Telegraph Creek, B. C. Via Wrangle, Alaska.

The Finest Property ON Lake George For Sale

Crown Island Lake George N. Y.

Situated near the west shore of the lake, ten miles from Lake George village, near the great Sagamore Hotel. One mile from Bolton Landing. Island is seven (7) acres in extent and is heavily wooded, with good soil. Fine tennis courts; good croquet grounds.

House has fourteen (14) rooms, including bath room, servants' room, butler's pantry. There is a separate laundry building, ice house, billiard rooms, power house, containing electric plant, and a shop containing all necessary tools.

There are: boat house, docks, three good rowboats, 17-ft. launch and the 60-ft. steam yacht *Crusader*.

This island and all that goes with it is the property of a wealthy man who desires to sell for a mere fraction of what he paid for the property.

Price, $60,000 if taken at once, through

FRANK FORD

"Recreation"

23 West 24th Street New York

Around Our Camp Fire

I leave this rule for others when I'm dead,
Be always sure you're right—then go ahead.
—DAVID CROCKETT.

The ordinary, everyday novel contains from 80,000 to 100,000 words. RECREATION contains generally from seventy to seventy-five thousand words. In the course of a year, a subscriber to RECREATION receives at least 840,000 words. In addition to that he gets a large number of the most beautiful reproductions of sporting scenes that have ever been given away in any country. We say advisedly "given away" because the price that the reader pays hardly reimburses the publisher for the white paper used.

A Good Thing

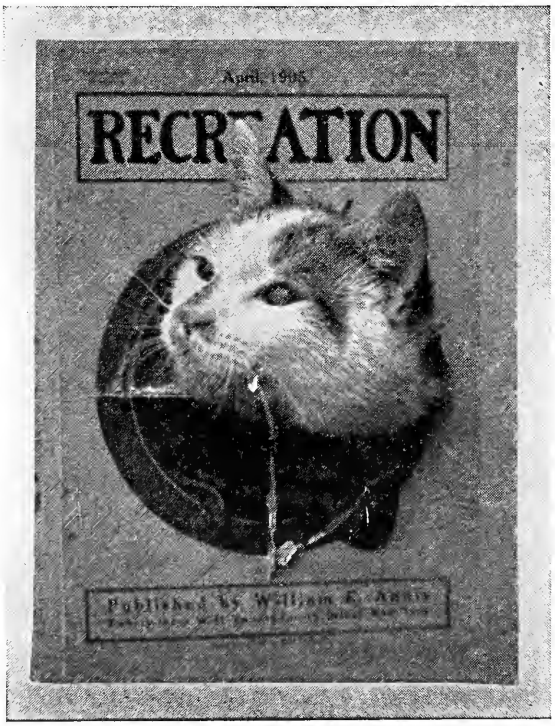
Yes, it is quite evident that the readers of RECREATION have a good thing. A very good thing. And it is small matter for astonishment that a very large percentage of the sportsmen of this country begin to realize what wonderful value is being given. During the autumn we offered a premium competition on a somewhat unusual plan. The results are now before us and we think they will interest our friends. We offered the worker who would obtain the most subscriptions a bonus equal to half of the value of his subscriptions, in addition to his usual commission of forty cents per subscription in premium coupons. To the second we offered a bonus equal to one-quarter of the value of his subscriptions, which would be added, as in the first instance, to his original commission. The third prize man was to receive ten per cent. of the value of his subscriptions, in addition to his commission.

These generous offers caused our friends to get to work and the winners turned up among our Canadian friends.

The first position was won by Mr. R. O. Montambault, P. O. Box 394, Quebec, Canada, who turned in 75 subscriptions, thereby earning $37.50 in cold cash.

The second position was secured by Mr. J. B. Matte, 36 Rue de la Fabrique, Quebec, Canada, who turned in 72 subscriptions, thereby becoming entitled to a check for $18.

The third man on the list was Mr. Wm. C. Kistle, 9½ N. Oklahoma street, Butte, Montana, who secured 40 subscriptions and won a bonus of $4.



Nothing Succeeds But Work

Work is the great remedy for pain, beating any patent medicine hollow. Work is not only its own reward but it brings other rewards in its turn. Therefore, we say to our good friends, work for RECREATION. Keep everlastingly at it. Send us in subscriptions until we can announce, as we hope to do some day in the not too far distant future, that we have 100,000 good and true men and women upon our subscription list, and that as a living force for the protection of American game RECREATION occupies a position which none can dispute.

Modesty a Drawback

If we only had the assertive verbosity of some of our competitors, what position might we not aspire to? Supposing, now, that we were so filled with the great, egotistical, Ego, that we took up a lot of our valuable space, and more of our readers' valuable time, in making them read cute little extracts from letters which we receive praising RECREATION. Would not it be amusing?

And what a degree of editorial acumen it would show.

Why, there is never a morning that we do not find in our mail anywhere from a dozen to a score of letters, from men whose friendship we have won by simply putting out a clean, strong, American magazine.

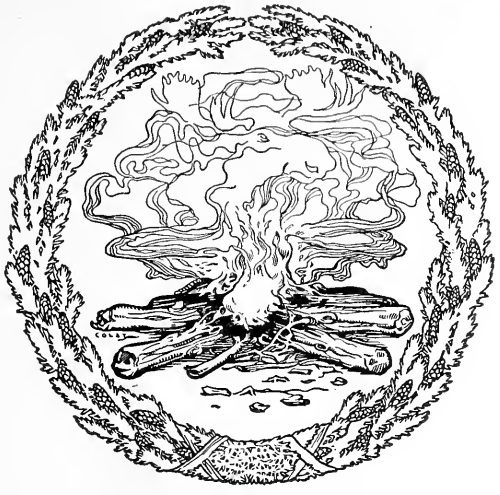
But don't be afraid.

We won't do it.

We know that you will take all that for granted, and judge us by the publication we are placing in your hands every thirty days.

A Word to our Contributors

It is quite evident that a very considerable portion of our friends do not understand the making up of a magazine. It is not unusual for a contributor to send in an article about the 25th of the month requesting that it appear, without fail, in the forthcoming issue. Now, with every desire to make things pleasant all around and do as our friends wish, we invariably find it impossible to comply with such requests as, by the 25th of the month the forthcoming issue has been on the press for about ten days.



THE MYSTIC FIRE.

At this present writing—Christmas week—we are making up the February issue, and are already turning anxious glances toward the hooks upon which the March copy is hanging. So you see that you must be patient with us and give us credit for trying to meet your wishes.

Always send in your manuscripts and stories as far ahead as you can. If you have anything on tap that you think will be suitable for the late Spring or Summer numbers, send it along and give us chance to pass upon it in good season.

Preparing Copy

In the preparation of copy even those that cannot claim to be trained literary craftsmen may help considerably by attending to a few simple rules. Never write upon the two sides of the paper. Write as distinctly as possible and leave ample space between the lines for possible editorial revision. These things are even more important than purity of diction.

From the Forest and the Field

We hold ourselves fortunate in having obtained an unusual proportion of letters and stories from practical men. In our judgment, the day of the professional writer on sports has passed. He had a long inning but he did not wear well. It is not true that there are only a score or so of men, among eighty millions, who are able to write upon sporting subjects, though this impression might be gained by looking at the back numbers of some magazines.

Rifles, shotguns, pistols and fishing rods are sold by the million and among those who use them there are many men and women who are quite competent and more than willing to tell their fellow enthusiasts what they have done, where they went. how they got there, and the equipment they found best suited to the particular sport in which they engaged.

It is to this contingent that we confidently appeal, assuring them that the pages of RECREATION are ever open to those who can tell an interesting, straightforward story, and we would add that we dearly love good photographs.

RECREATION'S PLATFORM

An uncompromising fight for the protection, preservation and propagation of all game; placing a sane limit on the bag that can be taken in a day or season; the prevention of the shipment or transportation of game, except in limited quantities, and then only when accompanied by the party who killed it; the prohibition of the sale of game. These are "Recreation's" slogans now and forever.

Game Preservation

The true sportsman is a born game preserver, not only from motives of humanity, but also largely from self-interest. He has seen the deplorable effect of indiscriminate game slaughter, and he knows full well that his only chance of indulging in his favorite avocation is through the preservation of the game animals and birds that he pursues. Let each reader of RECREATION constitute himself a committee of one to enforce the game laws, and let him also be ceaseless in his endeavors to improve the laws that are on the statute books, wherever, in his judgment as an expert, he considers they need improvement.

Frank Ford's Page

The other morning one of our friends from up the valley of the Hudson dropped in. "I tell you what it is, Mr. Ford," said he, "that page of yours is the greatest institution of this country. Why, the boys up my way can hardly wait for the next number of RECREATION, and the very first thing they make a dive for is your page. Every purchase or sale that we have made through you has been an everlasting success."

Although I hate to say so, candor forces me to acknowledge that FRANK FORD has been most phenomenally successful in his dealings. Yet, I feel that during the year that has just opened my transactions will be on an even larger and more successful scale than in 1905. My business must grow just as the avalanche grows—at first a tiny patch of snow breaks away high up on the mountainside, but as it rolls toward the valley it increases ever in size, until, at length, with a mighty rush and roar that can be heard for miles it spreads out from the foot of the slope, over the whole country side. Beginning in a comparatively small way Frank Ford is now doing a regular land office business. It is the square dealing and the small commission that make him so popular.

I can sell you an Irish terrier dog, twenty (20) months old, clean, and safe with children. A good watch dog, affectionate, yet with plenty of spirit. No a show dog but a bully good companion. Mention Mr. J. B. Carson when you write.

Wilfred Wheeler will sell two (2) foxhound pups, dog and bitch, six months old, good strain, for $20 or he will exchange for a new Savage .303 or 30-30 carbine.

One of my British friends wants to sell a light, 12 bore, made in England, in excellent condition. In fact, equal to new. It is a double 12 bore, with 30-inch barrels, choke. He paid $75 for it in Birmingham, but is willing to accept $36 in cash. The gun weighs 6¾ pounds. Mention Mr. W. Wilson when you send your check.

Mr. Oglevee desires to part with a new Savage .22 calibre, 1903 Model repeater. Good as new. With brass cleaning rod and two magazines, fitted with Marble Automatic Flexible rear sight. What cash offer? List price of the outfit is $17.

Mr. Oglevee also desires to sell a Baker, Grade "A," Hammerless 12 Ga. shot gun, 30-in. barrels, 7¾ lbs., stock 14 x 13 in., fine Damascus barrels, full choke, list price $42.75. Will take $25.

It is quite useless, my friends, you writing to me to know if certain things are sold that were advertised months ago. Of course, they are sold. Sometimes they could have been sold twenty times over. Goodness only knows how many Luger Pistols I could have sold, for instance, and I have had a number of inquiries for black wolves. Yet, the supply was distinctly limited at the price I was able to quote. If you are looking for anything on this page, take my advice and send off your post-office order just as soon as you see anything mentioned that you feel you want. You run absolutely no risk as, if you so instruct, I will hold your check until you notify me that you are satisfied. Only, of course, you will have to pay expressage on the article, whatever it may be, both ways, if necessary.

Mr. W. M. Phillip offers a 25-30 Winchester Rifle, '92 Model, with set of reloading tools and Lyman combination, target and sporting sights, in good condition. The outfit cost $22.75 and he wants $15.

What can be nicer than a good gun cabinet? When you go into your snug breakfast room and the little wifie pours your tea or coffee out of the hissing urn, and you put the ham and eggs, and other delicacies, where

Vol. XXIV Number 1

RECREATION

A Monthly Devoted to Everything the Name Implies

Dan Beard, Editor

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR TEN CENTS A COPY

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1906

Cover Design	Roy Martell Mason	
The Great South Bay Illustrated	Capt. Will Graham	3
The Spirit of the Po-tog-on-og Verses	Ivan Swift	12
Sport on Long Island Illustrated	Charles A. Bramble	13
Her First Moose Illustrated	Mrs. John F. Van Saun	23
The Woods Verses	Sophie Earl	30
When the Indian Passes Illustrated	Anna C. Ruddy	31
Quail Illustrated Verses	Hammond K. Schofield	41
The Mystery of the Blue Goose	Dan Beard	42
Picture Making by a Parlor Window Illustrated	Felix Raymer	47
Woodcock Hunting in New York State Illustrated	L. B. Cooper	50
To Present Lake Without Guides Illustrated	C. G. Willoughby	52
Bait Casting in Florida	Billy Bass	59
A Leaf From My Sketch Book	Dan Beard	62

Guns and Ammunition	66	Photography	80
Dan Beard and the Boys	73	The Game Laws	83
Editorial	76	American Archery	87
The Hunting Dog	78	The Referendum	88

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

WM. E. ANNIS, Publisher, 23 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York

Copyrighted, 1905, by Wm. E. Annis

Entered at the New York Post-office as Second Class Matter

they will do the most good, how pleasant to cast your eye over a nicely polished gun case, containing a collection of death-dealing weapons that have been companions to you in the field and an inspiration to you in the home?

Well, boys, if this little picture strikes your fancy, just drop me a short private communication, and mark the upper left-hand corner of your envelope, "Gun Cabinet Correspondence."

Mrs. R. J. Reilly has a nice little Cocker Spaniel, bitch, one year old, accustomed to living in the house. She will sell cheap or exchange for a bull-dog that knows how to handle a book agent.

Mr. H. C. Baldridge is willing to dispose of a .12 Ga. L. C. Smith Hammerless, No. 2, 32-in barrels, weight 10 lbs. He asks $40.

Mr. M. L. Pealer will sell a Double Anastigmat lens, working at F 6.8, and covering an 8 x 10 plate at full opening, with Woolensak Shutter for $22. It cost him $37.

Mr. Gordon F. Willey will take $6.50 for a Winchester Repeater, Cal. .22, Model 1890, and he will sell an Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver, Cal. .38, for $3.

Mr. Grover Sharp wants to sell a 45-90, '86 Model Winchester, with Lyman sight and all sorts of extras. The whole cost him $30. He will accept $15 in full payment.

It is not every day that a Daly, 3-barrel, $200 grade gun is on the market, but Mr. W. E. Derry will sell one for $125 cash. It is a hammerless, 12 grade, 7¾ lbs., 28-in. barrels, 2⅝ in. drop by 14 in. and shoots 30-30 rifle cartridge in the third barrel.

The same gentleman will sell a $235 Sauer Hammerless Gun for $125 cash.

Many of my readers are trappers. If you want a good book on trapping, send me One Dollar and you will receive it as quickly as Uncle Sam can carry it.

—Our esteemed contributor, Mrs. Irene Pomeroy Shields, published some lines, in another publication, unfortunately, that have remained fixed in the gray matter that I am pleased to call my brain. They are as follows:

"'Get a move on,' my son, 'get a move on,'
"'Who squanders his time is a dunce,
"'Why, even the planet we live on,
"'Is making two motions at once.
"'And if earth with her ages uncounted,
"'Goes whirling around night and day,
"'Then man, through his short span allotted,
"'Has no time to idle away."

This is good advice, and I have been carrying it out in theory for many years. I also want you fellows to get a move on and make this page of mine the medium of more *real, live business transactions, back and forth between friends, than any similar page published on the continent.*

Almost every member of RECREATION'S great family has something he or she wants to sell, or knows of something he or she would like to buy. Now, that you have the privilege of transacting dealings through an absolutely honest broker, *get busy!*

I wonder why more taxidermists do not advertise in RECREATION? Only the other day I happened to drop into Edward Von Hofe's Fishing Tackle Emporium, on Fulton street, and noticed a superb specimen of the Amber Jack. It seems this magnificent fish weighed ninety-two pounds when caught at Palm Beach, and it is believed to be the record of its species caught on the rod. But the reason I allude to it more particularly is, that the artist who can do such perfect work—for the fish seems almost alive—makes a mistake in hiding his light under a bushel. I predict that, if that man put a card in RECREATION, he would become enormously wealthy.

FRANK FORD, Information Dept., Recreation, 23 West 24th Street, N. Y.

THE WINTRY WAY

Drawn by WALTER KING STONE

RECREATION

VOL. XXIV. JANUARY 1906 No. 1

THE GREAT SOUTH BAY

By CAPT. WILL GRAHAM

THERE is not any playground (if I may use the word ground instead of water) near New York so prolific of genuine sport and variety of enjoyment and recreation as the Great South Bay. Being, as it is, surrounded by land, and a harbor possible where e'er you may choose to cast an anchor, the most timid are conscious of a sense of security, and consequently the men who cater to those who love

"A wet sheet and a flowing sail, and
"A wind that follows fast,"

are constantly employed providing sport for the lucky ones who have the time and the needful to indulge in the glorious pastimes this inland sea affords.

From Fire Island inlet to its further eastern extremity the bay varies in depth from three fathoms to wading water, and so irregular is the bottom that the uninitiated, with other than a Great South Bay craft, would have no more chance of crossing its bosom sans mishap than the proverbial "snowball, etc."

Bounded on the north shore by the south side of Long Island, and on the south by that long, low raking stretch of sand dunes, on the other side of which thunders the breakers of the deeply, green Atlantic.

Wild and dreary, desolate and grand, strange fertile little valleys, here and there protected from the salty spray, nestle 'mid the hills of sand, and, odd as it may seem, act as cover for partridge, quail, rabbit, and fox. Miles of meadows and little ponds, where the black duck and the teal abound and big wild geese love to rest their weary wings. A fisherman's hut, a government life-saving station, a long row of little telephone poles dying away in hazy perspective. The beaten-to-death ribs of a gallant ship. That tract of white sand, dead dog fish, drift wood, and the picture is before you. Then the air—is there such anywhere else?

NOTICE.

In this little sketch of the Great South Bay I don't want to get unnecessarily poetical or funny-house. Take it for granted that there is five hundred words embodied herein relating to the air, and that all I say is barely enough to describe it.

The air is good!

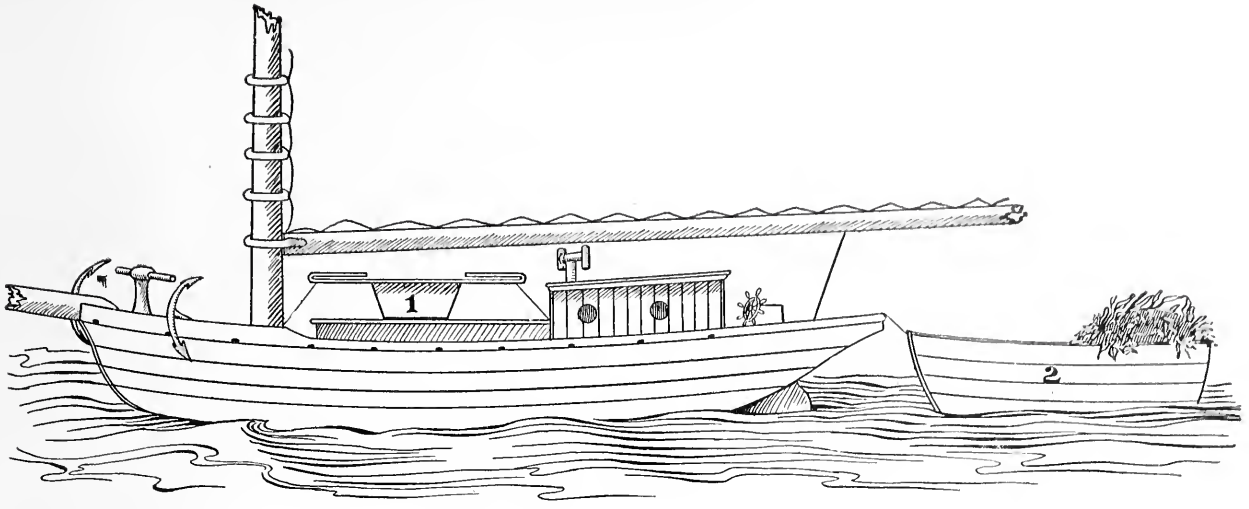
Sailing is so well understood, so popular and universal a sport, I won't go into any detail in this regard, but of sailing and duck shooting in the good old winter time, with a battery amidships and a stool boat in tow, we will a few words venture.

"And fills the white and rustling sail
"And bends the gallant mast."

The manner in which this rig is carried may be of interest, and to describe the methods a sketch of a sloop with outfit for duck shooting will be

A GUNNING PARTY

Photo by CAPT. W. GRAHAM



GUNNING SLOOP AND DECOY BOAT

the quickest and most comprehensible.

Having determined where to rig out, the sloop is brought to an anchor, the gunner has taken soundings, a depth of four feet may be the result.

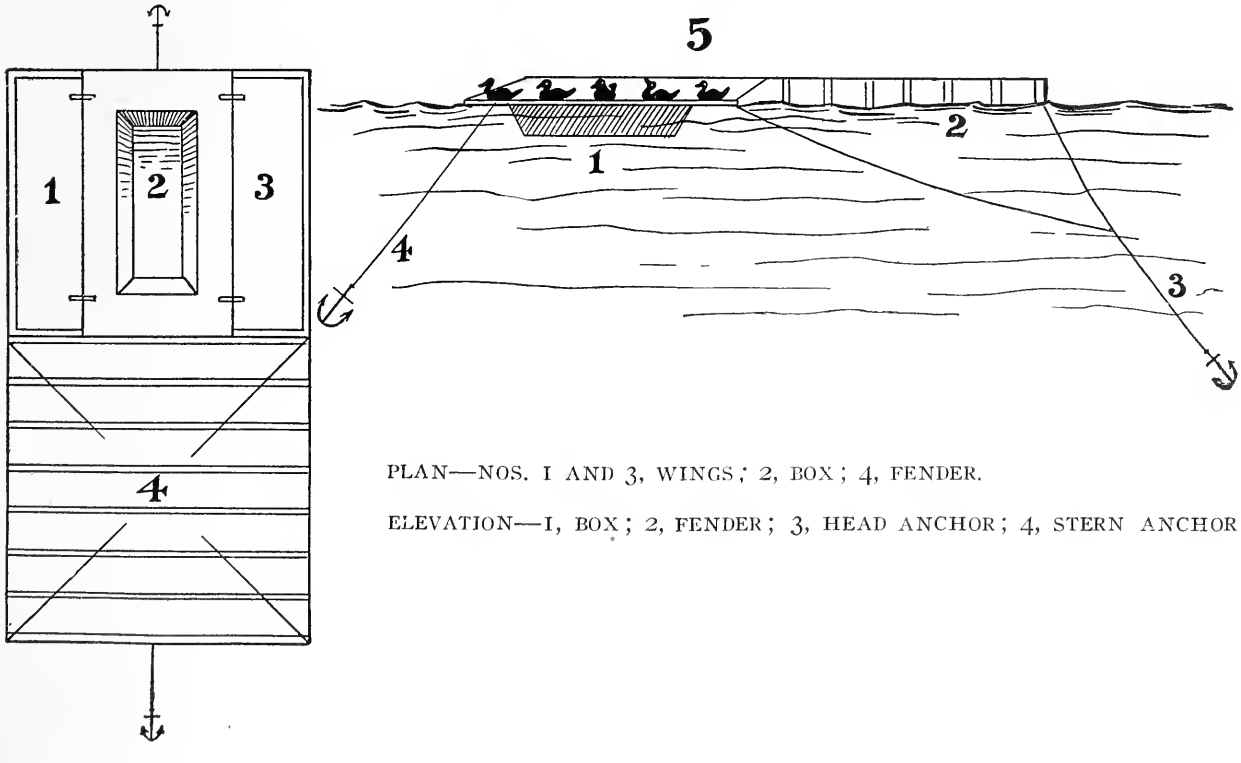
The first thing is to get the box over the side, then the head fender is attached. Different gunners have different methods.

The next thing is generally the placing of the weights in position, the object being to bring the box level with the water when the sportsmen take their position. (At a distance of 100 yards, a box and the men within it are invisible).

The box is then anchored fore and aft, the head fender facing the wind. Then the decoys are placed around in such shape as to, if possible, draw the attention of the wild duck to the foot of the box, as it is difficult to shoot birds swinging in at the head.

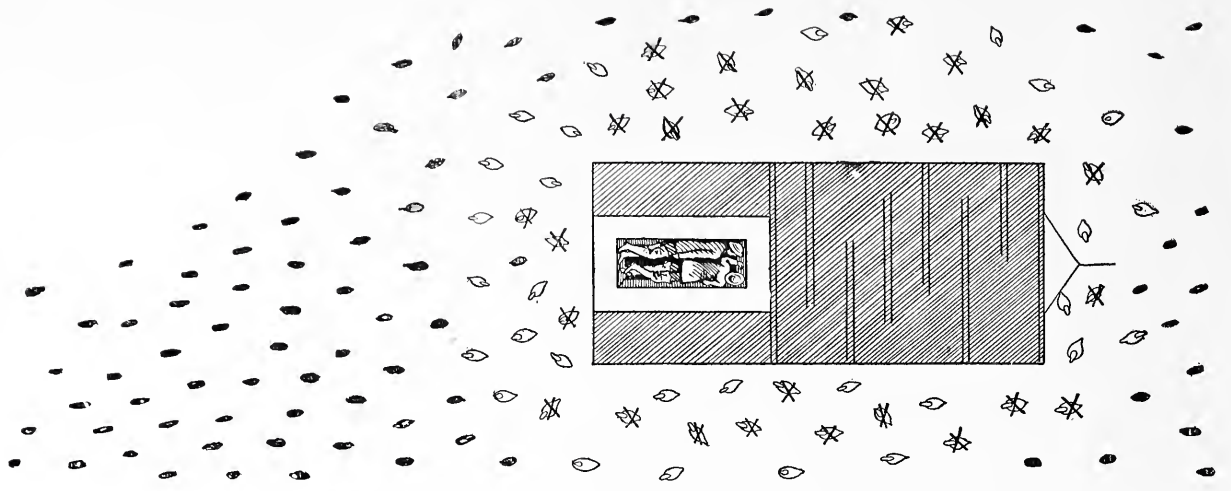
In the case of the wind shifting, it is always necessary to adjust the box, observing the same law as in the original rigging, *i. e.*, head fender to the wind. The purpose of this fender, which is composed of long laths and strong cloth, is to break the force of the sea. Another precaution against rough water is a strip of lead around the edge of the box, which can be raised at will.

Having placed the men, guns and



PLAN—NOS. 1 AND 3, WINGS; 2, BOX; 4, FENDER.

ELEVATION—1, BOX; 2, FENDER; 3, HEAD ANCHOR; 4, STERN ANCHOR

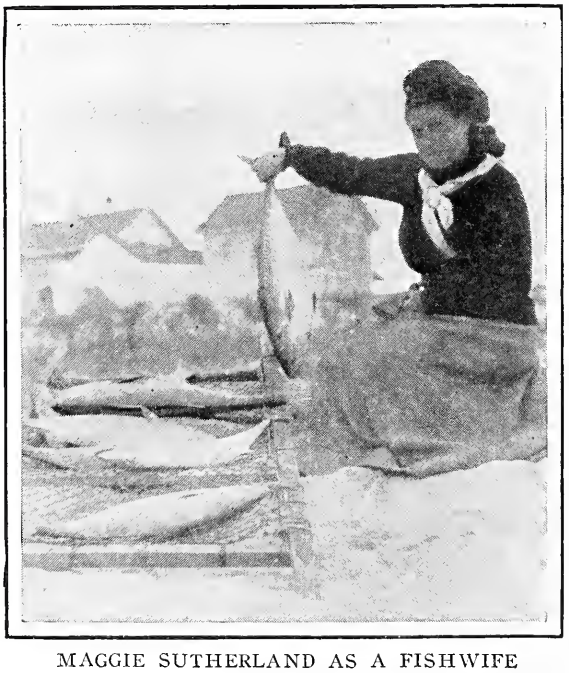


LAYOUT OF A BATTERY AND DECOYS

shells in the machine, the gunner returns to the sloop, weighs anchor, and makes short sail; weather conditions determine just about how far he shall leave the battery. Should an attending sloop in her anxiety to stir up the birds, get away so far as to be of no use in a case of emergency, the following tactics should be adopted by the men in the box.

Say it suddenly blows up and the sea runs high. The first thing you would do would be to raise the lead strip before mentioned. This being inadequate to prevent the inroad of the water a line should be made fast to as many of your iron stools (which are on deck of the box) as possible, and the same thrown over the tail end. This will lighten your craft some and you will float higher and manage to keep out of the water till the sloop arrives, which she will surely do, as those in charge understand your condition.

One day I had a couple of good boys rigged all serene; weather steady and no cause for worry about the battery. So I sailed away after a raft of birds two miles off. We succeeded in getting them up, and had the pleasure of seeing them fly in twos and tens to where we knew our outfit lay. Then we beat back. Judge of my annoyance on getting close to the boys to see them (as I thought) setting *vis à vis* on the deck of the box. I signaled to



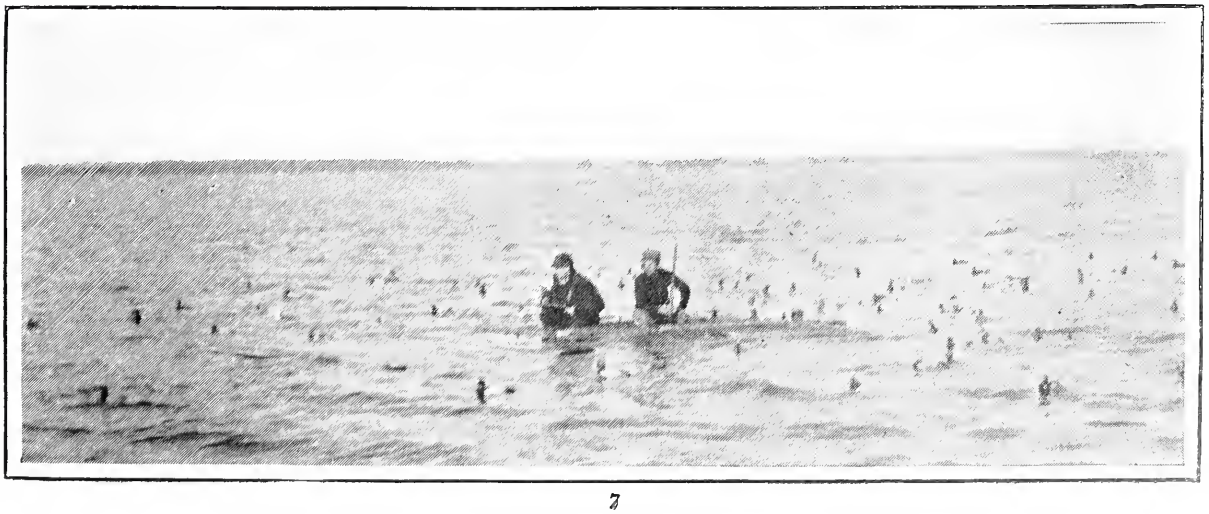
MAGGIE SUTHERLAND AS A FISHWIFE

them to "get down," and received no satisfactory response. Closer inspection proved that they were standing on the deck and that the box was on the bottom of the bay. One of their guns had "went off" and blown a hole through the end of the machine. In such an emergency, a cartridge generally fits the leak; sometimes the addition of a handkerchief caulks well enough till assistance arrives.

As during the duck-shooting season the water is rather cold, it is always advisable to rig in shoal water, and in never more than three feet deep, though I have known baymen to rig in the channel, where the lines to the stools scarcely touched the bottom. None other than experts should ever attempt to do this. After many years I have come to the conclusion that there is none of us who know what ducks are going to do, whether they will fly to the stool like chickens, in clouds, or scud past us one at a time.

Tireless vigilance is necessary in a box, for should such relax for an instant, that instant will find you unprepared. On a warm day I have seen good sports go to sleep in the machine and birds fly in and alight among the wooden imitations. I have known crack trap shots, men who have met the best at Monte Carlo, who couldn't get one broadbill out of seventy-five.

When the wind blows hard is always the best time for point shooting, in fact. "Let her blow!" and let it be good and cold, and it's ten to one ducks are flying, although this is neither law nor rule. As I said before in different words, the more ye know about how ducks fly the less ye understand. In fine weather, such as we have had during this season, ducks of all breeds are liable to assemble in "rafts." The word "rafts" may suggest just exactly how they assemble. At a distance they look like a thick, black line, sometimes extending a mile and a half (speaking conservatively). When the weather is fine this raft generally appears in deep water, deeper than possible to rig. Under such conditions shooting is poor, as even suppose the birds are forced to take to the air, they will simply de-



PROPOSED MONUMENT TO A DUCK HUNTER

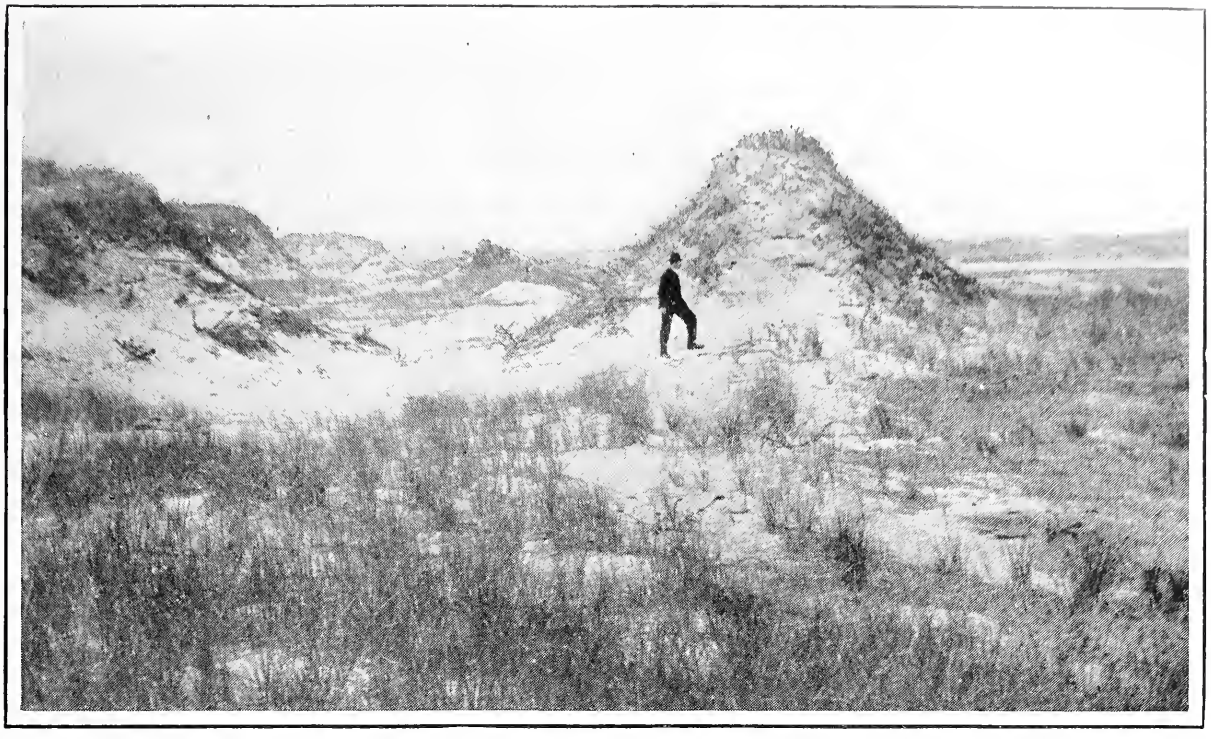
scribe a circle of about five miles circumference, and alight just where they were before. This year I have seen such conditions; have seen the air alive with ducks, and yet they would not "stool." They had selected a feeding ground—the weather was not interfering with their operations. Unlike us mortals, they had a good thing, knew it, were satisfied, and the result was that gunners coming from a distance to shoot on the Great South Bay during the last month had the pleasure of seeing multitudes of web-footed fowl, and yet slim chance to get a bag pretentious enough to satisfy the demands of their own family circle.

When ducks fly at an outfit in a swarm the novice fires into the mass of flapping wings and nothing drops; when such a circumstance happens with a "vet" he selects his birds, and usually gets 'em.

"Duck or no Duck" (in the bag), I make bold to say the outing after duck in these waters is fraught with interest, excitement and all the elements of glorious sport, and he is a poor example of the true sportsman who will kick if the luck is bad, and if, owing to calm, it takes him five hours to cross the bay on his homeward tack.

As to shells: I have seen everything from No. 1 to No. 9 shot used, before everything from black powder, at so much a pound, to Ballistite. I've known men so very particular as to use No. 6 in the right and No. 1 in the left, but old gunners never do these kind of things. They just get in the box with a gun you'd be afraid to touch (looks like junk), and any old shells left over by the boys.

When shooting from a box use a black cloth cap and a grey or black sweater. Shun khaki yellow gunning coats as you would bad whiskey. Wear good rubber boots to the hip. Old-fashioned woolen gloves go well. Get a good day, shoot a hundred shells, and



'TWIXT BAY AND OCEAN

be satisfied to take home twenty birds. A good bayman always takes pleasure in instructing the novice as to signals and decoying tricks, such as kicking the foot up to attract the attention of a bunch to shoot; not to be in too much of a hurry and yet as quick as a flash.

Point shooting, or shooting from a blind off shore, may not offer such rapid firing, but will afford to the anti-hog just as good sport. Of course, when in a blind on shore you may not be bothered with some special breeds of the duck family, but you can expect black duck, shelldrake and coots sure, with an occasional call from the best that flies.

It is possible to construct a blind, cosey and comfortable, and bid defiance to any sort of weather. The difficulty is in retrieving your game. The better the conditions for point shooting the quicker the attendance necessary. I had the misfortune to be blown across the bay once in a living gale, and nothing but being a sort of a boatman saved me. You can guess how bad it was when I had to take off one of my rubber boots, to "bail out" the boat with.

This close shave happened attending to a point in a sharpie. There is no finer sport than battery and blind shooting on the Great South Bay.

Another recreation which has just passed its infancy is scootering; and certainly if the number of scooters which have been in use on the bay, and the number of new ones which will be launched this year, as soon as the ice forms, be taken into consideration, one must admit here is a very popular sport. A great deal has been said of the scooter. Magazines have sent their photographers and writers here to portray the little craft at work, and describe its uses, so the scooter is not unknown. A boat with runners, mainsail and jib, capable of making a mile a minute on the ice, capable of flopping off the ice into the water, and, by good handling, able to mount on the ice again. Clubs have been formed along the bay front, and an association, The Great South Bay Scooter Association, will take care of the management of contests and make laws to govern the sport.

A scooter race is always intensely interesting. The little craft are off and 'round the stakes light lightning. A more exciting and thrilling picture does

"RIGGING OUT"

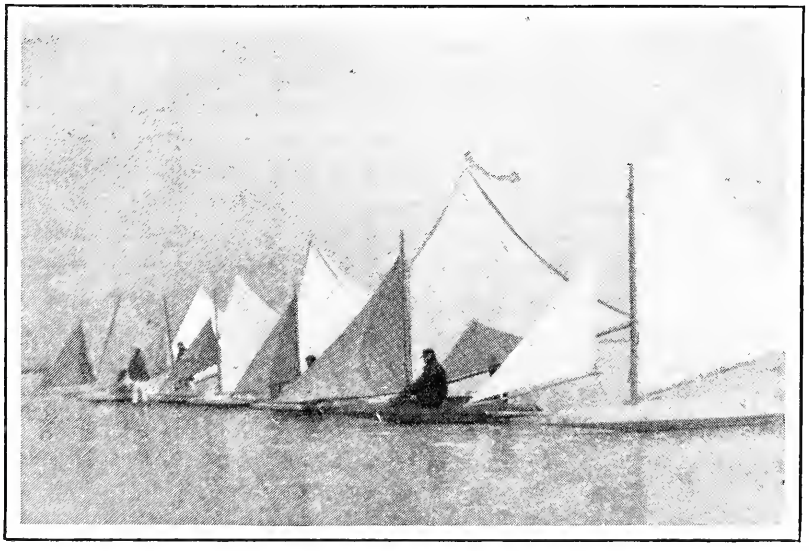
not exist in the world of sport than a scooter, with four of a crew under full sail and with a good breeze rounding a stake.

Two men in a scooter caught a wild duck on the wing. Seeing a black speck on the ice a mile away, with no particular aim in view but to make rapid flights across the bay, this object suggested a mark to run for. When within three hundred yards they knew it was a duck.

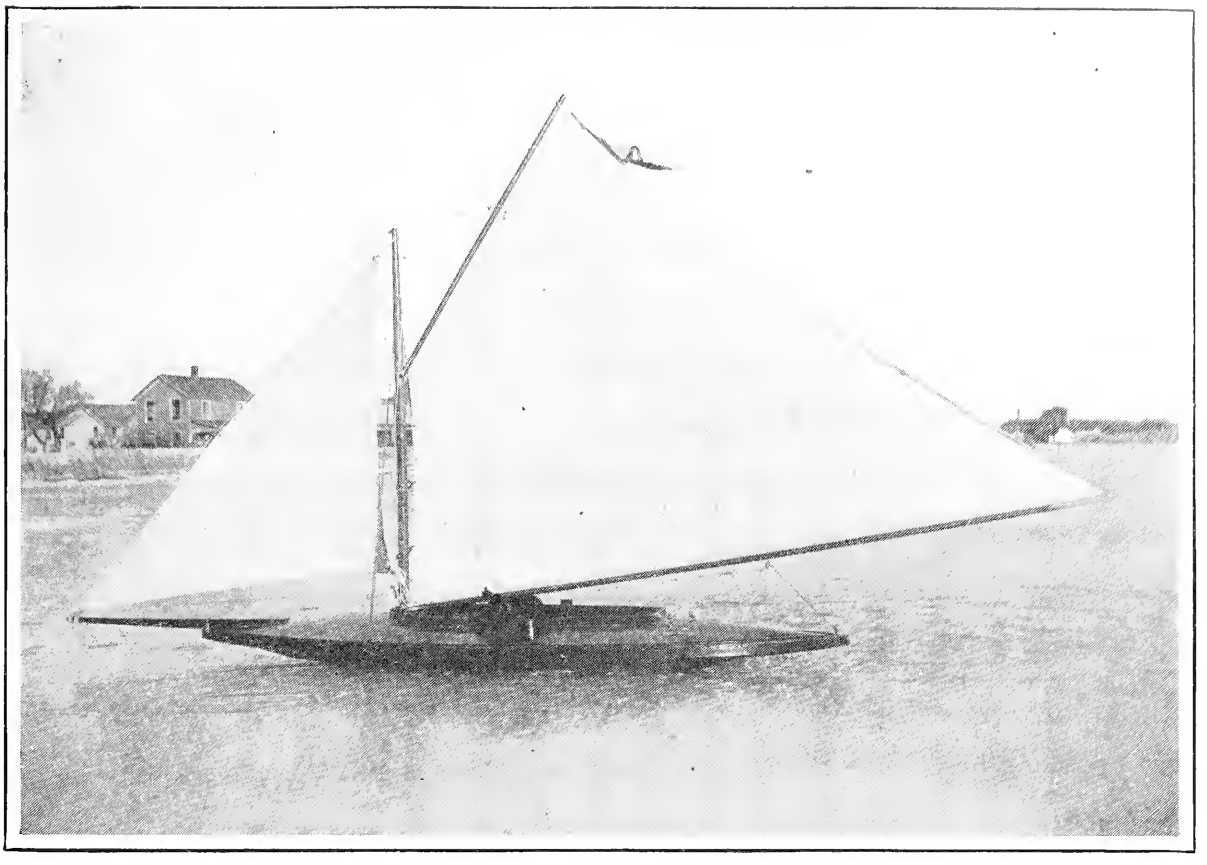
"Let's see if we can get it!" shouted the man at the main sheet. Before the words had left his lips they were upon it. Up in the air went the duck, and the man at the jib reached for it and caught it.

A fox has been hunted on the ice with a scooter, and it is possible to arrange a fox hunt on the bay should no interference occur. Along the sand dunes many a red fox lives, and both ocean and bay contribute to his keep.

Another fine old game is fishing with a kite. When the wind blows from the northern board your kite is let loose over the ocean, with pulley block and



SCOOTERS LINED UP



A RACING SCOOTER

line, and many a fish has been landed in this fashion at the feet of the aërial angler. Not the least entertaining and interesting event is the hauling of the surf nets.

With a party of gentlemen I have walked along the moonlit beach and kicked fish ashore. It is a quiet night, and whiting and ling are after the shiners, which hang in close to the water's edge. A whiting makes a dart for one of these morsels, and finds himself left on the sand. This is where you wade in with your rubber boots and assist him to where he is easily taken. There is a great fascination about the bay, a never-ending source of interest. Visitors here breathe the air as if they meant to store a quantity. Appetites are ravenous, and the best of grub is always at hand. (The baymen are good cooks, and know how to cater to the grub end.) Men used to down beds in the palace homes of New York sleep in any old place, get up and stretch as they did when they were growing, shake themselves like Newfoundland dogs, and are ready for anything. And I have yet to meet the man, woman or child who didn't terminate a vacation on the Great South Bay with a sigh of regret.

DECOY DUCKS

The Spirit of the Po-tog-on-og*

By IVAN SWIFT

Out of the fog
Of a Michigan bog—
A hump and a bump!
And a thump! thump! thump!
It's never a bittern or blubbering frog
Calling a bug or a polly-go-wog—
But the moan of the ghost of the Po-tog-on-og!
Tlump! tlump! tlump

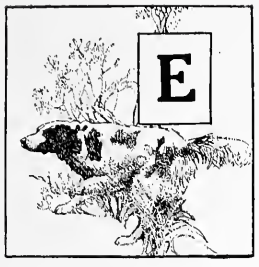
It's not the clog
Of Gog-ma-gog—
Come up with a jump
And a clump! clump! clump!
Or the guttural blurt of a beagle dog,
Nor yet the grunt of a Jibway hog—
But the wail of the hosts of the Po-tog-on-og!
Tlump! tlump! tlump!

Time will jog
And jump his cog,
But never can trump
The stump, stump, stump,
That gulluped the fog for a morning grog—
The spook of a corn-mill made of a log
Will guard at the grave of the Po-tog-on-og!
Tlump! tlump! tlump!

* Po-tog-on-og is the plural of Ojibway for the hollow log used in pounding wild rice.—Editor.

SPORT ON LONG ISLAND

By CHARLES A. BRAMBLE



EVERY New Yorker who has a drop of sporting blood in his veins knows, at least in a hazy, indefinite fashion, that there is more or less sport to be had on Long Island. He knows that somewhere or other great quantities of wild fowl are occasionally shot. He has also heard legends of more or less mythical quail, and the deer hunting is brought to his notice prominently each November when ten hundred irresponsible, irrational gunners descend upon the island to shoot deer and one another. This is, indeed, a strenuous time in the lives of the natives. A careful computation shows that 765 shots are fired for every head of game brought down, while the percentage of mortality amongst the hunters may average one for every score of deer brought to bag. But of exact knowledge concerning Long Island's resources amongst the said New Yorkers there is a painful lack. Let it be my endeavor to supply, as far as possible, in one brief paper, some precise information.

Having before us the map of Long Island, we may dismiss as unworthy of further consideration all those overcivilized regions to the westward of a line drawn from Hempstead Harbor to East Rockaway. Here an epidemic of bricks and mortar, cheap cottages and electric railroads, form an unpromising combination from which the sportsman is only too glad to cut loose. To the eastward of this imaginary dead line, we shall find, however, many places where the man with easily contented spirit and good stock of perseverance may secure quite as good a reward as he has any right to expect so near New York City.

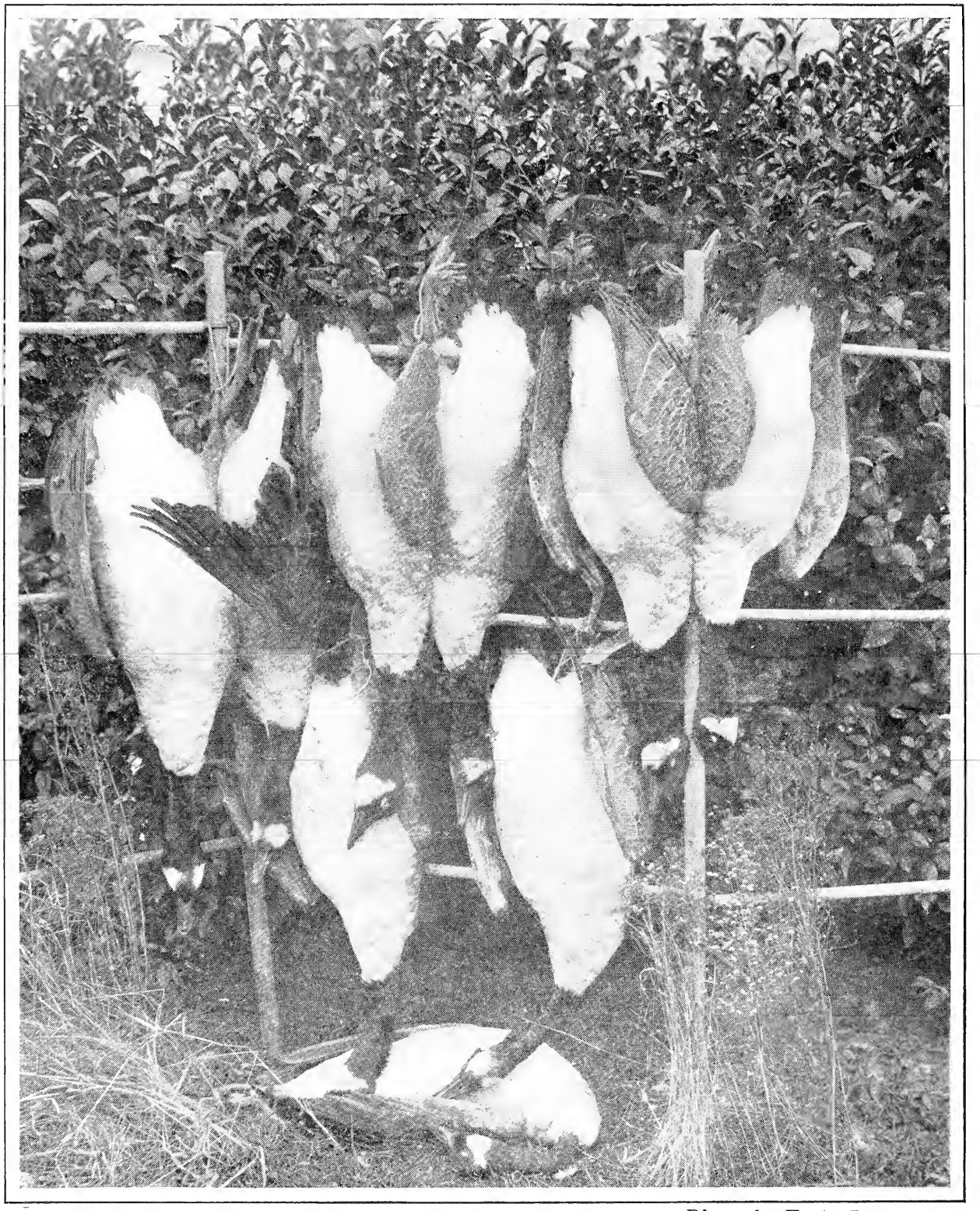
Indeed, it occasionally happens that even further west, Jamaica Bay, to-wit: there is quite fair shooting for duck during the hard weather. Yet, when we have gone so far, why stop short of quarters where sport is more certain? The waters of Hempstead, South Oyster, Great South, Moriches, Shinnecock, Great and Little Peconic, Gardiner's and Napeague bays absolutely swarm with fowl, from the month of October until they freeze up, late in December. And during such times good bags of wildfowl are made by men who know the where, and the how, and possess the wherewithal. Babylon, Bay Shore, Patchogue, Bayport, Blue Point, East Quogue, Canoe Place, Riverhead, and a dozen other places, are all headquarters from which sport may be had in the proper season and under good conditions.

The deer-hunting ground is down the centre of the island along the main line of the Long Island Railroad, from Bethpage Junction to Riverhead, the best shooting being probably between Lake Ronkokoma and Calverton.

The North Shore is more of a rabbit and quail country, and just at present is not very inviting for reasons that will be set forth further on.

One advantage Long Island may claim over most of its rivals is, that wherever you go you will find comfortable inns, where, for two dollars a day, you can obtain all necessaries and many luxuries.

The Long Island Railroad gives a superb train service, and by one of its many branches you can reach within a short drive of the wildest and most unfrequented parts of the island. This makes it easy. Moreover, the eastern



GEESE FROM SHINNECOCK BAY

Photo by E. A. JACKSON

E. A. JACKSON AND A SATISFIED SPORTSMAN

DEATH ON DUCKS

extremity of Long Island, Montauk Point, is but one hundred and twenty miles from New York. So that distances are short, and seem doubly so when covered in the parlor car of an express train.

It has always surprised me to find such wild and desolate regions as exist in eastern Long Island so near the great city. How many know that the Great South Beach, as well as many large tracts of scrub land simply swarm with foxes? Why, there is better fox shooting on the island than perhaps anywhere else in Eastern America. Quail, unfortunately are, at present extremely scarce. The winter of 1904-1905 was terribly hard on them, and the bevies that were left are small and scarce. It was a pity that additional protection could not have been given the birds this winter. It seems a shame to add to the dangers these brave little fellows have to face, and against the spirit of fair play. What between semi-Arctic winters, swarms of foxes, and hordes of itinerant shooters, the fate of the Long Island quail is not a happy one. The island is almost the extreme eastern limit of the quail's range, and I have no doubt that, since the earliest times, the bird has been alternately fairly abundant or verging on extinction. Only in the old days, when the Montauk and other Indians occupied the island, they no doubt kept the foxes down by trapping, and, probably, did not bother themselves about hunting such a small creature as the quail, so that the bird had only the climate to contend against.

A very considerable portion of Long Island is taken up by preserves owned by individual sportsmen, or by shooting clubs; and I think that within the next ten years these preserve areas will be largely extended, though, at a little later period, land will become too valuable to be retained for such a purpose, and then dwellings will usurp the places now vacant.

Let us consider, first, the wild fowl shooting as it exists in the Great South Bay, and other sheltered waters. At

Seaford, Amityville, Babylon, Islip, Bay Port, Blue Point, Patchogue, Belport, Centre Moriches, East Moriches, Eastport, East Quogue, West Hampton and Good Ground, you will find guides who are up to every move in the game; who have good boats, batteries and decoys, and in one of these you should place your trust. A partial list of these men is given here:

OUT OF AMMUNITION

GUIDES.

Seaford, Nassau Co., N. Y.—Nelson Verity, Robert Powell, Coles Powell, George Verity, Smith Verity.

Amityville, Suffolk Co., N. Y.—A. W. Ketcham, A. Liebeman, Gilson Ketcham, Capt. John Purdy, Harry B. Ketcham.

Babylon, Suffolk Co., N. Y.—Capt. Joshua Smalling, Capt. Wm. Saxton, Capt. Augustus Smalling.

Islip, Suffolk Co., N. Y.—Harry P. Haff, W. L. Jeffrey, C. Snydam.

Bayport, Suffolk Co., N. Y.—Wm. Brown, LeRoy Stell, W. Green.

Blue Point, Suffolk Co., N. Y.—Capt. Wm. Graham, Capt. John Danes.

Patchogue, Suffolk Co., N. Y.—Monroe Ryder, Lem Ackerly, R. E. Bishop.

Bellport, Suffolk, Co., N. Y.—Capt. Barney F. King, Capt. Wilbur A. Corwin.

Centre Moriches, Suffolk Co., N. Y.—Capt. D. T. Havens, Capt. W. E. Petty.

East Moriches, Suffolk Co., N. Y.—Capt. H. C. Smith.

Eastport, Suffolk Co., N. Y.—E. M. Cuffee, W. C. Rogers.

East Quogue—E. A. Jackson.

Westhampton, Suffolk Co., N. Y.—Howard Goodman.

Good Ground, Suffolk Co., N. Y.—W. S. Raynor, Geo. A. Lane.

The charges vary from five to twelve dollars a day for duck shooting. This includes batteries, boats, board and all necessaries, excepting clothing, guns, ammunition and liquor. At Patchogue, which is a favorite resort of mine, Roe's Hotel is most comfortable, and there are three men there who thoroughly understand sport and who can point the way to some good shooting.

R. E. Bishop, is successful with deer, has a good pointer, and knows where the scattering bevies of quail are, and has also an outfit for Bay Shooting.

Monroe Ryder, and Lem Ackerly, are also in the game.

Mr. Charles Murdoch is a local gun-

A WELL-KNOWN LONG ISLAND SPORTSMAN

ner, with a more than local reputation, but he will not act as guide, and you have to be on his visiting list before you can get him to take you under his wing and show you sport.

The South Bay shooting is an art in itself. The Great South Bay is a big sheet of water, but the water is all on the top, and over much of its expanse a boat drawing more than a few inches will stick fast in the mud; so it comes to pass that the craft in use are usually big cabin cat boats, broad of beam and shallow of hull, capable, like the late President Lincoln's gunboats, of going wherever the ground is in the least damp.

Fine shooting togs are entirely thrown away in this sport. The man who knows how, when he is equipped for business, usually looks like the late lamented Captain Kidd after he had been away on a two years' cruise; but you remark, if you are fresh from the city, that the worse the clothes the better the man. You have replaced the well-cut clothing of Fifth avenue and the little buttoned shoes of the same dainty thoroughfare by rough sweaters and gum boots. But you have also left behind the narrow-chested pasty-faced men of the city, for the great, sturdy, broad shouldered, clear eyed baymen. So, after all, there is something to be thankful for.

At Blue Point the justly famous Captain Will Graham holds court. Not to know Captain Graham is to argue yourself unknown. His headquarters are the Anchorage, and, when you are anchored, there is not the slightest danger of your ground tackle dragging, nor of anything happening to you, because you are in a very safe and comfortable roadstead.

Further on, at East Quogue, E. A. Jackson, a prince among baymen, has lived for many a long year. Jackson is an all-round sportsman, a good shot and a good fellow. But I think that if he would own to the soft impeachment, his particular weakness is the Canada

READY FOR BUSINESS

goose. Not but what he occasionally knocks over a swan, as he did a few days ago, or a white brant, or some other unwary and deluded fowl, but, when you get into the innermost penetralia of his heart you will find that in it is kept a little shrine for the worship of the Canada goose; and Jackson has had the most exceptional success in persuading these fowl to tarry with him. Some of the illustrations that I am enabled to give in this article emphasize this point. Moreover, Jackson's terms are reasonable. If you are content with duck he will only charge you $5 a day, and, if you must have geese, and lots of them, he won't charge you more than $10, although he has everything for the comfort of man and the discomfort of the goose.

Yet, with all these advantages, Jackson is not a perfectly happy man. He confided to me, after I had put him through a cross-examination that would have done credit to Mr. Jerome, that beach shooting begins just four days too late. If, instead of allowing him to shoot beach birds on July 16th, the wise men at Albany would consent to the season opening on July 12th, one of Mr. Jackson's deepest sorrows would be removed. It appears that the small and contrary feathered creatures known as beach birds, have a reprehensible habit of choosing a date between the 12th and 16th of July for a Southern flight, and this flight Jackson, being a law-abiding man, has to miss.

He would be perfectly willing to have the season end on the 1st of November if they would only give him those four glorious days in July when the birds are flying and his finger trigger is bothering him quite a lot.

E. A. JACKSON'S HOME

I wish it were in my power to name places where good deer hunting may be had. But the fact is that there is no such thing as good deer hunting on the island. This animal should be protected for two years at least. Otherwise, I am afraid that outside a few club preserves Long Island deer will be as extinct as the Dodo. It is not the visiting sportsmen who do the damage; they try hard enough, no doubt, to get their deer, yet they shoot but few. The local men are the dangerous ones. They know the ground, they know how to hunt, and a good many of them know how to shoot pretty straight. All the deer shooting is done by driving the deer with dogs, and some of the local men are believed to anticipate the opening of the season by several weeks. If seen, they are "rabbit hunting."

When there is good feed on the flats there is good duck shooting, and rough, stormy weather, followed by a calm, generally means heavy bags for the fortunate shooters. While the storm is raging you cannot lie in a battery; but, as soon as the storm is over, the fowl that have been unable to frequent the flats and feed in comfort are hungry, and they then stool readily.

With regard to the weapons used, some men shoot 10-bores, and even 8-bores. Nothing larger than a good heavy 12 is really necessary. There is a great diversity of opinion among shooters as to the shot that should be used, and the charge best adapted to these tough fowl. I consider an 8-pound, 12-bore, using the 2¾-inch case, with the equivalent of 3¼ drams of any good smokeless powder, and 1¼ ounces of No. 5 shot as fine a combination as a man could put to his shoulder.

TWO TO ONE ON THE GUN

Mr. Jackson, of East Quogue, prefers a 10-bore weighing fifteen pounds, as he thereby escapes from gun-headache, and punishment from recoil, in a heavy day's shooting.

Duck shooting remains in season until the first of January, unless Nature steps in earlier and freezes everything up. Broadbills and redhead generally constitute the heaviest part of the bag, though it may contain almost any fowl that is found along the coast. Mr. Jackson has already bagged several rare birds this season.

Battery shooting is not allowed in the narrow waters between Great South and Shinnecock bays. Here the shooter must content himself with point shooting. If you have a good point the

shooting is sometimes very fine. In Shinnecock Bay many of the islands belong to the town, and on these shooting is free, and on others, belonging to private owners, shooting is allowed under certain restrictions. From these some heavy bags are made.

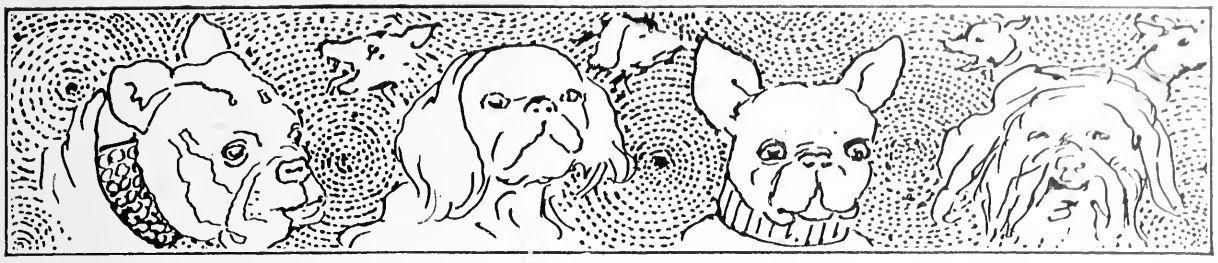
The north shore of Long Island is not so famous for its wild-fowl shooting. It used to be a great quail ground, but of late rabbits have been the principal game, and there are not too many even of them. Woodcock are occasionally shot, but the main flight keeps to the north of the Sound, and much better shooting at these migrating birds is to be had over in Connecticut.

In conclusion, I may say that while the shooting on Long Island is, as a rule, very moderate, still considering its proximity to New York, we are very fortunate in having any game worth going after, and it is quite possible that if a little protection were given, and if, also, the local men could be persuaded to refrain from killing everything in sight, the island would be capable of furnishing a wonderful amount of sport.

Yet, I think that another generation or two will see the end of the upland game. Land on Long Island is too valuable to be reserved for sporting purposes. Its unrivaled situation makes it an almost ideal summer resort. In fact, after having been over a very large portion of North America, I am of the opinion that perhaps the finest recreation ground in the United States is to be found between Rockaway and Montauk Point. But in saying this I include the whole width of the island, for, along the north shore there are many seductive retreats.

MRS. VAN SAUN'S FOOTERY
DRESSING THE MOOSE
SIMPLE LIFE

DOWN THE AROOSTOOK
READY FOR THE TRAIL
SATISFACTION



HER FIRST MOOSE

By MRS. JOHN F. VAN SAUN

NO words can better express a love for nature than Byron's when he sang:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar,
I love not man the less, but nature more."

Many people believe the serious side of life should be brightened by the thrilling, wholesome outdoor sports. The sound of the rifle, the voices of the woods and the purling of the water from the bow of the canoe, are all music to the ear.

The picturesque woods and winding waterways of Northern Maine are among nature's richest treasures, and one trip into that country will give more health, strength and memorable joy than a lazy, expensive and seasick voyage to Europe, or three months' dawdle at a fashionable watering place. The invigorating air quickens the blood, readjusts the nerves and increases the appetite. The far distant mountains standing out against the gorgeous colorings of the sky, the tall, silent evergreens, the mirror lakes, the rushing brooks; are not all these expressions of God's love?

We (Jack, my husband, and McGinty, the guide), started out one of those bright, glorious October mornings, when to breathe the air fills one with divine inspiration, and every touch of the wind against one's face is a caress; you at once have a sense of companionship, for it is a day that loves you.

Our start was from "The Inn," not far from the railroad station, which was nearest our chosen hunting grounds. Here we changed our traveling clothes for hunting garb, and all signs of civilization were left behind. The men were in the usual hunting suits while I wore a common-sense outfit, extremely comfortable and unconventional consisting of woollen knickerbockers (wool being the most desirable for all kinds of weather in camp), no skirts to hang one's self, bright red flannel blouse, a color not mistakable for the fawn, soft hat, red bandanna handkerchief, heavy woollen stockings, moccasins and an eelskin topcoat. For rainy weather and canoeing I carried a pair of hip rubber boots. My rifle was a .30-.30 Winchester.

A buckboard was our means of transportation from The Inn to the "Flats" (a distance of ten miles), where saddle horses were in waiting. The "Flats" derives its names from its appearance, being a level tract of cleared land. On this tract are a number of cabins where the many hunters going in and out of the woods can spend the night; it is a general meeting place for the various guides and sports coming out of the woods. One party meeting another going in.

At the "Flats" we had to wait a couple of hours for our horses, and while so doing Jack and I strolled quietly into the woods while our guide was making ready for our continued journey. We walked quite a distance over deer runways, which resemble paths trodden by cattle, in hope of seeing some game. In this we were not disappointed, for in the thicket close at hand three small deer caught our scent, gave a snort, and leaped over obstructions and on to their freedom with the irresistible joy of life, giving us only a glimpse of their "white flag" as the fleeting animals grew indistinct. We retraced our steps to the "Flats" well pleased, for it convinced us that we were in the land of the hunted.

Our saddle horses were now ready, one for each of us, and one for a pack horse, which carried our outfit, consisting of blankets, food, ammunition and clothing.

It was nearly noon when we left the "Flats" for a ride of some thirty miles on horseback up a steep elevation to the Home camps. Even those accustomed to horseback might call the trip a tiresome one. The trail was rough, it led over big boulders, across the Aroostock River, small streams, and up and down steep and slippery hills. When we grew chilly riding we got off the horses and walked until we became again comfortable. Changing in this way kept us from getting stiff at the end of our journey.

While it was all uphill work, yet the road was dry and well shaded with the beautiful forest trees of hardwood, their autumn foliage falling, turning the green into gold and letting the sun peep through. We rested now and then, stopped at the side of a mountain stream, where the guide unpacked a lunch of venison sandwiches, raw onions, cheese and apples, which was fixed up for us before leaving The Inn. The invigorating air, laden with the healthful odor of balsam, gave us a feeling of new life and hope.

After lunching we moved rapidly on, for it was still many miles to camp and night was fast setting in. Going through the dense forest we soon found ourselves in darkness, and could feel the severe cold, which we had not noticed while the sun was bright. McGinty led the way, I next on my horse, "Nip," closely following was Jack on his horse, "Tuck," and bringing up the rear was the old faithful pack horse. It was a noticeable fact that the horses were familiar with the road, especially the one ridden by myself. It being so dark we could not see our horse's head. Now and again some hanging branches or heavy tree had fallen low enough down to brush us in the face, or nearly rub us off of our saddles, even if I was securely astride my horse. It seemed strange to us at first that we encountered so many of these obstacles, but the fact was the horses walked purposely under these fallen branches in order to unseat us and thus lighten their burden. The old saying, "Give a horse the bridle or reins in the dark, make no attempt to guide him, and he will carry you safely to your journey's end," may be true sometimes, but this case would have proved an amusing exception. After hours of this constant travel, during which we had climbed high above the starting point, we reached Midway Camp, where we expected to spend the night. The Home Camps were still nine miles away, but as we had traveled many miles that day we were glad enough to rest.

The guide soon had a fire built between three rocks, outside of the cabin, while the odor of coffee and fried bacon was not an unpleasant one. The picturesque log cabin, mounted on a knoll surrounded by tall, majestic forest trees, by the side of a running brook, was the most primitive place Jack and I ever slept in. It consisted of one room and a loft. This room served as kitchen, dining-room, bedroom and living room. The loft held the one bed occupied by both men and women. The

bed was about fourteen feet wide, running the full length of the cabin; the mattress consisted of the fragrant balsam boughs, and good, warm blankets for covering.

Supper over, we lingered around the camp fire, which kept us warm even though the nights were cold, now and then counting the stars in the dark heavens as they peeped through the tall trees and listening to the ceaseless running brook below. A brief hour of this interesting life and we retired, climbed to the loft, in one corner, loosened a few buttons and belts, and soon were in dreamland.

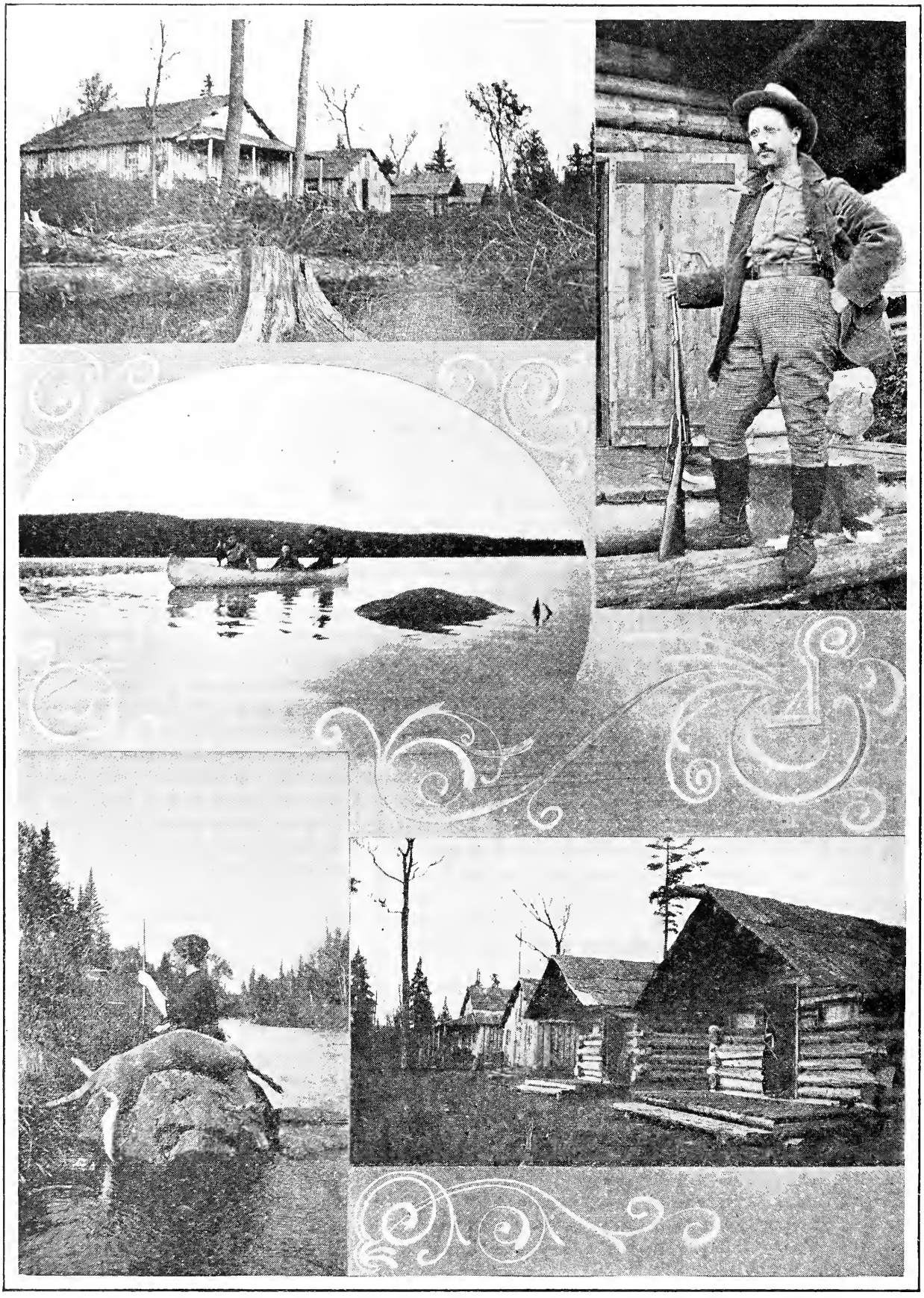
The reflected light and sparks from the camp fire outside had a weird effect and sound within. Squirrels capered over and around the cabin roof and added to the wonderland. Next morning we were awakened before sunrise by our guide chopping wood. Our breakfast consisted of one partridge (that Jack shot back of the cabin), lazy bread and coffee. Breakfast over and horses saddled, we were well on our way to Home camps.

When the sun came streaming through the branches of the trees it was a beautiful sight, and made us feel that life was worth living. The air was filled with frost and chill, and the little mountain streams crossing the trail now and then were covered with a thin sheet of ice. To keep warm and comfortable we at once decided to walk, our horses following. Now, getting into the remote part of the North Woods and remembering that feather and fur sleep in the middle of the day, we felt sure of seeing two or three stately bucks feeding along the trail somewhere. The hunting of big game either from a canoe or upon the forest trail is one of the rarest experiences in one's lifetime. We trudged along for a few miles, slipping and stumbling over the rough path, and had almost given up hope of seeing or hearing any game before we reached camp. Suddenly, off in the distance, we heard a dry twig crack; we had been hoping for such a sound a long time. Not forgetting what our friends had told us of the mysterious sensation—"buck fever"—when one is likely to do anything, tremble with weakness, shoot in the air, shoot through the bottom of the boat, and arms get like lead, stiff and can't move. While it seemed ages to us, yet it may not have been more than five minutes before the buck was in full view only a few rods away; he looked straight ahead and seemed to be trying to detect us; no grander sight to behold. Jack and I had agreed the discoverer of any game should have first shot, so this first treat fell to him. To break the stillness one of the horses sneezed and frightened the buck. He gave one leap and again stood for a moment. Jack got one fleeting bead on him and he fell. We followed him up and found him to be a good size. After securing our quarry we pushed on to the Home Camps, which were reached by noon. We found ourselves singing:

"Into the Heart of the Woods we go—
Away from the cares that weigh us so!
A smell of the pine, a song of the reel,
A breath of the campfire soon to feel,
Adieu to a world of work and woe—
Into the Heart of the Woods we go!"

The four different-sized camps were very comfortable, the largest accommodating about thirty sports, the next was used for the kitchen and dining-room, the two smaller ones were kept for private parties, one of which we occupied.

This camp was surrounded by tall, majestic forest trees. Facing an immense lake, backgrounded by mountain ranges, the scenery is beyond word-painting. All that afternoon we remained in camp, making it as habitable as possible for our stay. Dozens of enthusiastic men and some few women traverse these remote parts. Women have begun to accept with the utmost delight and good nature the conditions of rough camp life, which men thought they could not stand or were not good enough for them. All around this country is the primitive



THE HOME CAMPS
AFTER THE SHOT
DIANA AND THE DEER

"JACK"
FIVE HUNDRED MILES
FROM BROADWAY

paradise of the sportsman, mile after mile of forest filled with moose, bear, deer, foxes, mink and partridge.

Many winding lakes and rapids teeming with mountain trout, some seldom, if ever, having been molested by man, and having no place on any map. During the next few days in camp we did not look for any particular excitement, exploring and studying nature in our easy, comfortable way, taking short trips into the woods and canoeing on the many lakes. One of the most interesting was a visit to the beaver dam to see those curious little animals continually at work tearing up the earth and gnawing at the trees to convert them into winter homes.

Among the treats most enjoyed were our early morning and late afternoon canoeing trips. Gliding down the lakes and winding streams, at the setting of the sun, watching its glowing embers die in the west, beneath the twilight gray, is a picture never to be forgotten. It is one of the grandest experiences imaginable to be silently paddled over the surface of a lake in all the solitude of nature, not a noise to be heard, but the whispering voices of the woods. To see a herd of moose, or deer, and hear them splashing in the water as they eat the roots of the lily; to listen to their cautious approach or retreat. Sometimes we canoed very near. If they scent danger they take to the back woods on a dead trot, one moose bellowing twenty-seven times by actual count in his mad run. All such sounds quicken the senses so that every moment fills one with inspiration.

Next day we decided on a trip farther into the woods in quest of larger game. Our objective point was about six miles more remote, to a primitive hut of the hunter situated on the point of a lake. The principal furnishings were a tumbled down stove, table, frying pan, kettle, tin plates, two stools made out of trees, a loft and blankets. This hut being a good distance from Home Camps we had to "pack" our food in.

Our start was made up the lake by canoe, but the water soon became so shallow in the streams tributary to the lakes that we had to abandon that means of locomotion and proceed on foot, leaving the canoe turned bottom side up in the underbrush for our return trip. It was with some difficulty we proceeded on our journey, especially in the marshy places, where we were continually trying to avoid sinkholes, caused by the rains. The trail was indistinct, the spots on the trees alongside of the supposed trail were our only compass. These had been made by one of the guides early in the season. For me this made it all the more interesting.

We tramped quietly on through the dense woods, stopping now and then to rest and listen for sounds. With great delight I took the lead and presently came to the crossing of a large stream. It is always one's first impulse to look up and down the waterways in hopes discover any game that may be along the water's edge feeding or drink. On the furthest point across the stream stood a medium-sized buck. To demonstrate my skill as a shot I fired at a distance of one hundred yards, saw the deer jump and disappear, apparently untouched; was disgusted; we followed along the water's edge, crossed over and found Mr. Buck dead a few yards distant. We helped the guide dress it, and took out a nice haunch of venison for immediate use, leaving the carcass hanging from a tree, to be picked up on our return to the Home Camps.

It was after mid-day when we reached the hut. We assisted our guide to prepare some creature comforts, and all ate heartily.

We lounged around camp, kept quiet and a sharp lookout for any big game that might be crossing at the lake side of the cabin door. We heard nothing and retired very early, so to be up at 4 a. m. next morning. We arose at this hour, had a light breakfast, and, quietly, took a canoe at the foot of the

path, which led from the cabin door to the lake, about one hundred feet away. We had no more than comfortably seated ourselves in the canoe when we distinctly heard a splash in the water. The guide noiselessly paddled us out of our little nook into the lake, and, behold, we faced a band of seven immense moose, two bulls, three cows and two calves. They scented danger, and were rapidly making for the back woods. We canoed around to a familiar ford where we saw fresh moose tracks, got out of the canoe and hid behind some old brush and fallen trees, hoping the moose might cross this ford on their way to the hardwood ridges. We waited in vain. Not a sound to be heard; so we wandered into the woods a little distance and gathered a half gallon of wild cranberries, jumped in our canoe and paddled back to camp. We were not quite satisfied, although we each had a buck for our score, as there was larger game to be had. I made up my mind to have a moose if possible. To shoot one of these would require more patience and better woodcraft than we had yet shown.

The next morning we started for the Home Camps, and it was with difficulty we picked our way over the slippery rocks and across the many streams (packing the deer I had shot in our tramp into this hut), to the place where we had left the canoe. We reached Home Camps in time for a venison dinner, which we certainly enjoyed, and that afternoon was spent in exchanging experiences with the different sports who happened to be in camp. We decided to be up early next morning, in order to try our luck for moose in these parts. At a quarter past four, as Jack went out of our cabin to the dining one for breakfast, he spied the head of a deer that was standing in the brush at a distance of 150 yards. He

Photo by J. C. Strauss, St. Louis

MRS. JOHN F. VAN SAUN

got his rifle quickly and shot at the shoulder. The deer jumped away without the slightest indication of being hit, stopped at the edge of the brush and wagged its tail. McGinty, who had come out of his cabin said, "Give it to him again." Jack fired once more and he fell. We had now enough venison to supply half of the camp.

The afternoon grew monotonous around camp and we decided to take a little trip up the lake, hoping we might get a glimpse of a moose. Not so numerous as deer, yet the greatest of all game in the American forest to-day, is the moose, the "king of the woods," a massive, ungainly beast, with coarse, brownish hair and a bristly mane, almost black. The belly and legs are grayish, with a touch of yellow. The horns of an old bull will spread five feet from tip to tip. His weight often exceeds 1,200 pounds, or that of a good-size horse, his height is greater than that of a horse, being six feet to the top of the withers. The bark and twigs of young poplar, birch, maple, and a bush known as moosewood, form the chief diet of this animal in winter. In summer and fall he feeds around the banks of lakes and sluggish streams on the pads and roots of lilies. He is fond of standing in the water, both for the purpose of feeding and to keep off flies.

We jumped in our canoe at the foot of the path leading from the camp to the landing, myself in the bow, Jack in the centre and McGinty in the stern. Making ourselves comfortable, we were soon gliding through the narrow, picturesque waterways into the deep, wide expanse of pure clear water constituting the main lake. Having often made this trip we soon learned to know every spot and rock around and in the lake. We were approaching a good-sized, wooded island not far from the mainland when McGinty spied an unfamiliar speck more than one thousand yards away, looking like the edge of one of the rocks that dot the lake. Even with our field-glasses it seemed only a black speck on the water. We paddled and glided nearer, the wind again being in our favor. Looking through the glasses we soon decided it was a moving object. What was it? Slower and slower we glided in silence. Down it went into the water out of sight, up it came, only a black speck; nearer and nearer we canoed. The glorious sun was dying in the west and night shades were falling fast. Keeping the field-glasses on this speck, we finally decided it was a moose. *But* was it a bull or cow? Five hundred dollars fine for killing a cow. Down the head went into the water again, out of sight; up it came in sight, slowly feeding on the pads and roots of the lilies at the bottom of the lake, the animal gradually wading to the further shore. Now I recognize its big ears; little closer and I see its horns, not so very large are they, as it is a three-year-old. Getting into shallow water, and making for the opposite shore, faster and faster it moves. The guide says: "Now, don't you get excited, Mrs. Van Saun and upset us in this lake. Keep your balance and take a steady aim."

I raised my rifle and took a full foresight, allowing for the fall of the bullet at two hundred yards. Hardly had the flash left the gun when the guide, looking through the glasses, said: "You hit him in the shoulder. He fell. Shoot again and finish him." I put five shots in him, to be sure. We canoed up to him, and found him dead at the water's edge, Jack declaring this to be the best music he had heard in the Maine woods.

It was growing dark as we returned to camp. Next morning we got an early start, paddled down to the spot and towed him to shore. The two guides dressed him on the bank. His horns were bright and well shaped, and his head, nicely mounted, hangs as one of our highly prized trophies of the Maine woods.

A FAITHFUL MOTHER *Photo by* RANNIE SMITH

THE WOODS

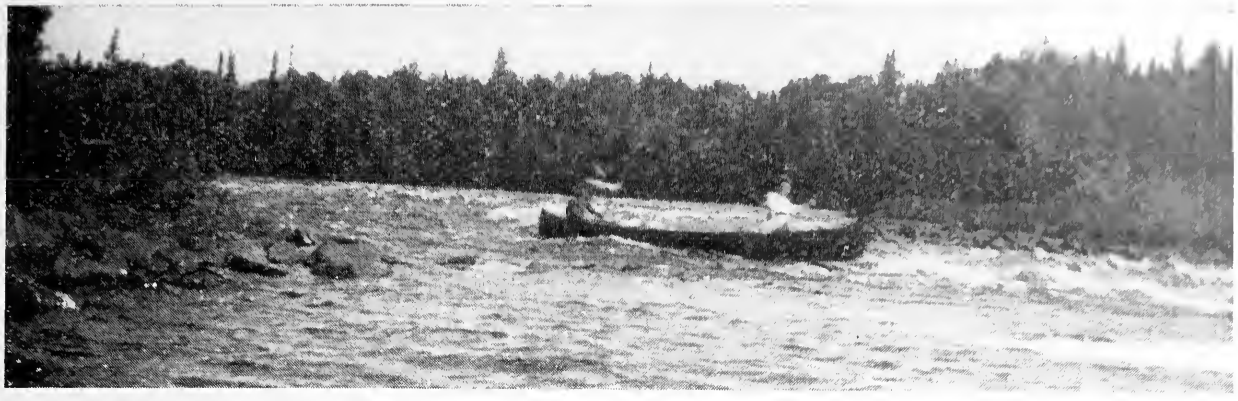
By SOPHIE EARL

I.

Where the heron gives its plaintive cry at night
And the loon its crazy laughter by the day;
Where the towering pines adorn the dusky height,
And dewy brackens, shimmering, greet the light—
There was I fain to stay.

II.

Oh! snows that pile upon the balmy past,
The brackens, brown and shrivelled, long have lain
Beneath your shroud, yet still defy the blast,
The shattering season's change, and so outlast
To make spring green again.



WHEN THE INDIAN PASSES

By ANNA C. RUDDY

TWO New York women hired an Indian guide in the wilds of Timagami, the north woods of Canada. "How rash!" exclaimed our friends.

"Bears are running wild all over the district," cautioned a chance acquaintance at Timagami Station.

But the enthusiast declared that her dearest wish was to be bitten by a bear and that she would be disappointed if she came home without at least losing a finger in the fray.

A local outfitter of Timagami planned a "lady-like" trip for us and especially warned us against the Montreal River and the long portage into Lake Anima Nippissing as being "savage."

We departed with his blessing and a secret resolve to see the Montreal River and the long portage.

Fifteen miles from the station, through the northeast arm of Lake Timagami, we found Timagami Inn, a unique hostelry built of pine logs.

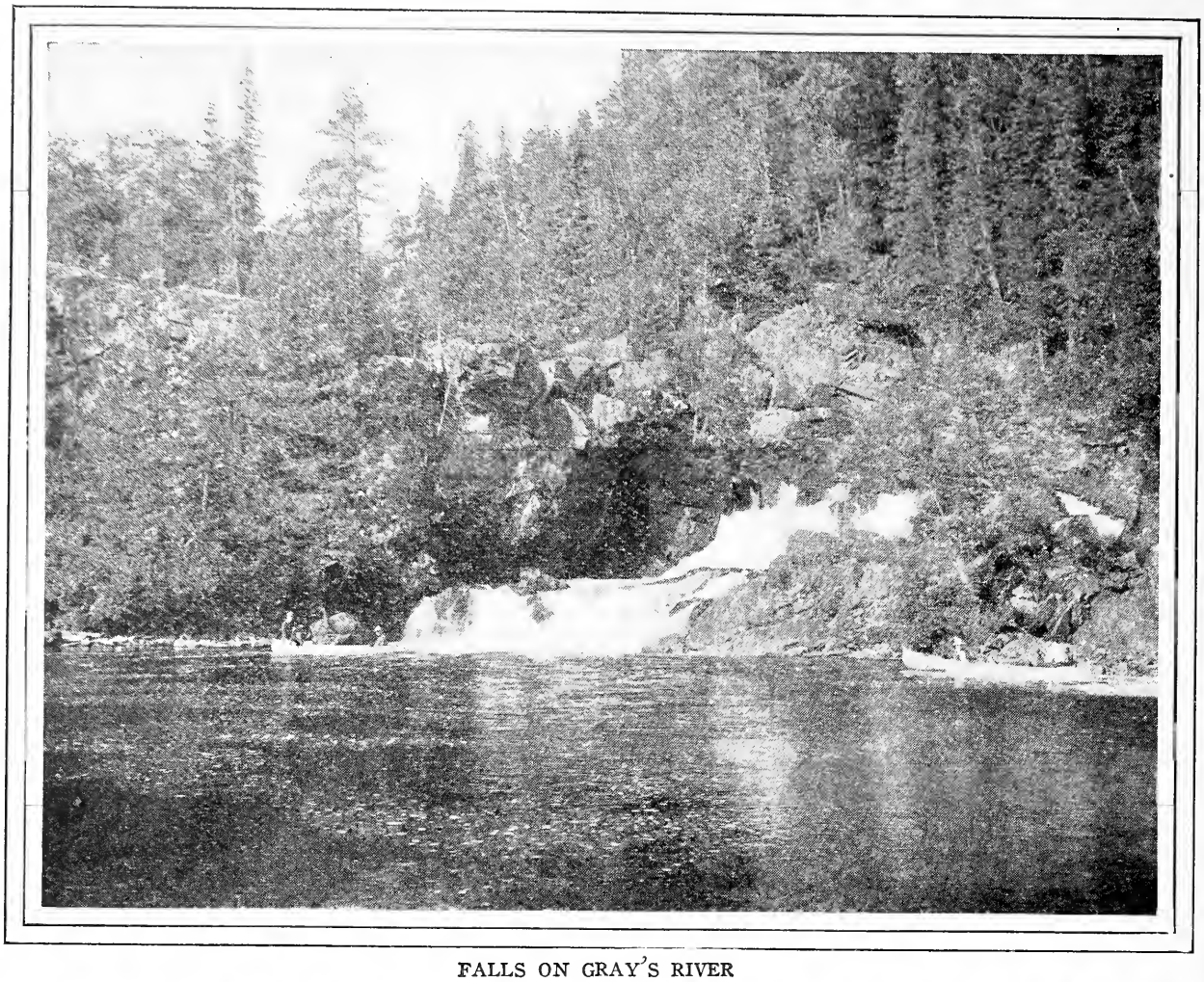
From there we started in an eighteen-foot canoe with camping outfit, and John, our guide, philosopher and friend, who, to use his own description, was a half full Algonquin from Mattawa.

Our wardrobe was noted chiefly for the Chaperon's warm winter clothing, which she never needed, and the enthusiast's long boots, her joy and pride. Time never hung weary on her hands throughout the trip; there were always her boots to lace and tie.

Our first call was at Bear Island, where we found a thriving Indian village, a splendid object lesson of what the Indian may become when thoroughly civilized. The Hudson Bay Company's post is also here and the chief fire ranger of the district has his headquarters on the island.

From Bear Island we paddled on up through the north arm of Lake Timagami into the great wilderness through an enchanted region. The high, irregular shores of the lake, wooded to the water's edge; the many islands with their varying shades of green; the transparent water reflecting the blue cloud flecked sky, made a scene never to be forgotten.

The wonderful fascination of the northland came upon us; that spell known only to the few. And as we got farther and farther from civilization it was easy to forget that we had not always lived in this hitherto almost undisturbed home of the Algonquin paddling from lake to lake in the pine scented air.



FALLS ON GRAY'S RIVER

When evening drew on and we stopped to make camp we prepared for supper by washing in the lake, our only basin during the trip. We sat on a rock and ate fish which we had caught trolling from the canoe. For dessert we had bread and molasses, and surely never had a meal tasted so good.

After supper we sat around a roaring camp fire listening to John tell stories of the Indians of long ago, and of notable battles between the Iroquois and the Algonquins, and of a wonderful battlefield, where was an Indian grave filled with many Algonquin skeletons, flint arrow heads, stone axes and wampum.

Then we went to our tent to sleep on fragrant balsam boughs and to dream that we had never been anything but savages and never wanted to be.

In the morning as the canoe was being pushed out from the rocky beach the Chaperon remarked on the utter silence of the place and on the absence of any sign of animal life.

"It's the Devil's Point," John replied in an almost inaudible whisper, as he glanced quickly over his shoulder and leaped into the canoe.

It was true we were in Devil's Bay, near Devil's Mountain, and in sight of Granny Island, where dwells "Mrs. Kokomis," an old woman in stone, around whom circles an interesting Indian legend.

Mrs. Kokomis, the Indians say, married the Devil in the good old days. She was such a virago that the Devil could not live with her and he chased her from his home on the mountain to this little island and turned her to stone.

To this day no Indian will go within sight of Mrs. Kokomis if he can help himself, and if forced to do so will always leave an offering at her feet.

If we had known this it would have

saved us from a good deal of worry regarding John's actions when we announced our intentions of seeing and photographing the crouching old figure in stone. When every excuse as to time, wind and weather failed he turned the canoe in the direction of the island.

JOHN

Then after passing on the other side of it and taking us to the opposite side of the bay in a driving wind, professedly in search of it, he finally decided to bow to the inevitable and landed us on some rocks on the island and said he would go himself to look for "Granny." After an absence of fifteen or twenty minutes he came back shaking his head. He had found nothing. We got into the canoe and rounding a point found the object of our search not a hundred yards from where we had landed.

On our second night out it began to rain and we were awakened by John fastening the opening of our tent to keep us from getting wet.

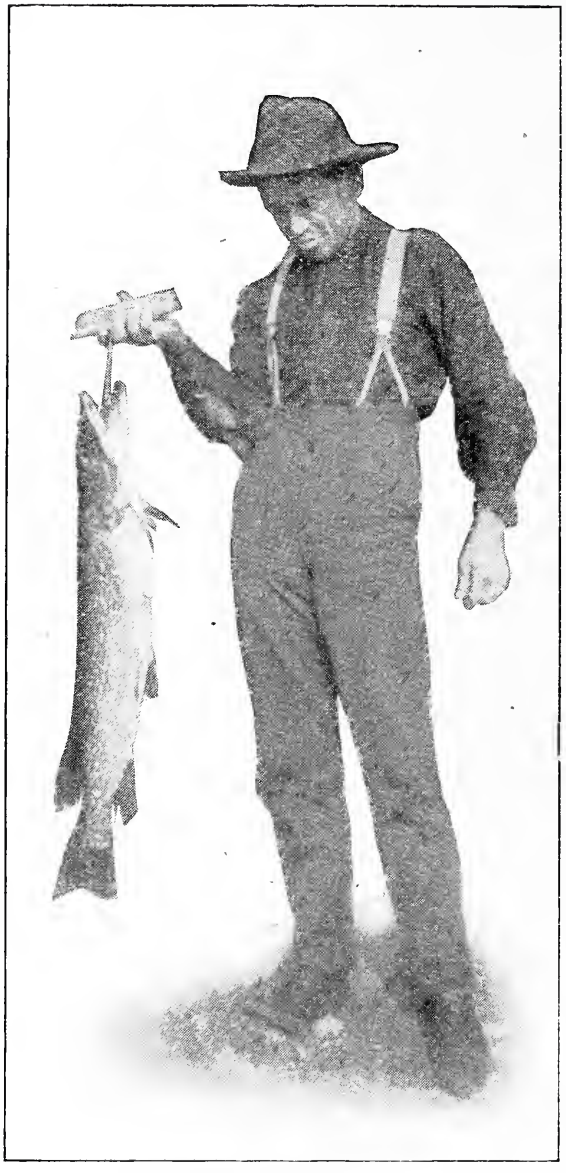
In the morning it came down in torrents, and even poured through the tent. We folded up our blankets and covered them to keep them dry, then sat in as dry a spot as we could find and shivered at the prospect of a cold breakfast and a dreary day. In half an hour John appeared looking like a wet rat, bearing a breakfast of steaming porridge, potatoes, bacon and coffee, which he had cooked in the pouring rain. After that

our absolute faith in John was pathetic.

Patient, long suffering John, what would he not have done at our bidding? Had it been in his power he would have marshalled all the beasts of the forest before us for the Chaperon to photograph and the enthusiast to eat.

When the latter wailed one day for the sight and the taste of a porcupine, he came to camp that night with a radiant grin, leading a young porcupine by a string. He killed it by a single blow on the head with the paddle and next day served it up in a savory stew, which he and the assistant enjoyed immensely, much to the disgust of the Chaperon.

Our one grievance was that we were not permitted to carry firearms into the district, but we took our revenge later when we went shooting with one of the Government's game wardens.



AN ONTARIO PIKE

Our first portage was at Sharp Rock Inlet. John gallantly offered to do all the carrying, but when the enthusiast shouldered an eighty-pound pack and with the aid of a pack strap carried it to the other side without stopping, he gasped out "Great Neck!" and grinned from ear to ear.

After that our order of march on the

portages was: First, John with the canoe, next, the enthusiast with the weary pack, and last the Chaperon with the camera over her shoulder, the butter pail tied to her belt, one bag full of clothing and frequently another with the bread supply on her back.

Only once during our trip did we meet a party of tourists.

The Chaperon was waiting at the end of a long and rock portage while John and the enthusiast went back for the rest of our outfit. While she waited it began to rain, gently at first; then the lightning flashed and the peals of thunder grew nearer and nearer. She turned the canoe over the packs to keep them dry. Then as the rain came down in torrents she crawled under it for shelter. Scarcely had she done so when she heard footsteps and looking out from her cramped quarters saw a man in low shoes and raglan, picking his way daintily along through the wet leaves and moss, and carrying a fishing pole under his arm. Behind him came a guide carrying a heavy pack on his back and a pair of long rubber boots in his hand.

The young man in the raglan looked around, hesitated a moment and then dived under the canoe beside the Chaperon.

"I really cannot help it, you know, my feet are getting horribly wet," he apologized from his position on the other side of the pack, where he could not see the Chaperon's face nor she his.

She glanced at the rubber boots which the guide had deposited under a tree and suggested that they were meant for just such an emergency.

"I know," he blurted, "but that is where I carry my clothes it's beastly luck this sort of thing, don't you know."

The Chaperon laughed, and asked him rather irrelevantly if he had seen the enthusiast anywhere on the way with her pack.

"You don't mean to say that you two women are here alone in this confounded wilderness?" he enjoined, astonished.

"Not alone, we have John," the Chaperon answered simply, as that worthy appeared through the trees with our groceries and cooking utensils on his back and the axe in his hand.

The rain soon ceased and the young man with his companions and guides paddled away, but we are still in doubt as to whether they ever reached their native Pittsburg in safety.

At the head of Lady Evelyn Lake where we camped we found a fire ranger's cabin.

The two rangers, who were cooking their supper over a fire on the rocks, received us with much courtesy. One of them, a brother of Bishop Rowe, of Alaska, was a splendid specimen of the woodsman and an interesting talker.

Here there were signs of big game everywhere. The rangers had shot two wolves a mile from our camp the day before and had seen a bear but were not in position to tackle it. Near our camp we found a dead wolf. There were moose tracks in abundance, showing that it would be a good place to visit in the hunting season.

We invited the rangers to sit at our camp fire that night, an invitation which they gladly accepted. We were disappointed not to hear some good hunting stories. We found them instead hungry to hear news from the outside world, and we were questioned closely as to all we knew about the conclusion of peace between Japan and Russia and to tell of our life in New York. One of them told us in a very pathetic way how people often went insane from loneliness, citing a number of cases of which he knew. We were the first women they had seen since coming to the station a month before, and they were forty miles from the nearest post office.

From this camp we had a view of Maple Mountain, known to the In-

AN INDIAN FAMILY ON THE MONTREAL RIVER

dians as Spirit Mountain, the happy hunting grounds of the good Indians after death. Here is a Sacred Cave and an oracle whom the Indians consult in times of dire need.

Along the Obisaga narrows we found an abundance of cranberries, a welcome change to our diet of fish and bacon.

A September morning on Mattawabika Lake. We never dreamed that earth held anything half so beautiful. The Lake was one vast mirror reflecting sky and shore in the bright sunshine. It was dreamland.

Below Mattawabika falls on the Montreal River we came to a clearance and a farm. An old man who was raking hay near the water's edge greeted us cordially when we stopped to buy eggs and vegetables.

An octogenarian and almost blind, he was a man of magnificent physique and much natural grace of bearing. He had been a Hudson Bay Co. trader for fifty-five years, and told us many interesting stories of Indian life. We had supposed him to be a white man until we saw his daughter, who was a full-blooded squaw, and we learned that he was an Ojibway Indian.

He told us that this clearance had been famous as a meeting place for the Indians for hundreds of years, and was a noted battleground between the Iroquois and the Ojibways. We visited the high hill at the back of the house, and saw the trenches from which the Iroquois watched their enemies as they came up or down the river. Numbers of flint arrow-heads are still found here and the place is still a favorite camp-

CALLING FOR PASSENGERS

THE AUTHORESS IN CAMP

ing ground for the Indians who come from the North to trade.

Down the Montreal River are found numbers of Indian cabins and wigwams, the occupants being most friendly. The Indians in this part of the country are mostly Roman Catholics, having been Christianized by the Jesuits who came up from Quebec for that purpose. They are, however, a strange mixture of Christianity and heathenism so far as their religious belief is concerned.

Old Hudson Bay traders tell the story of Cannibalism among the Indians north of this place in 1849 when game was not to be found and the people were starving.

From Bay Lake to Lake Anima Nipissing we found the long portage.

It was two miles long and boggy from recent rain, but we found it easier than we thought.

At Lake Anima Nipissing John and the Chaperon went moose hunting with a camera at break of day.

Over a beaver dam and through thick underbrush they found a little lake hidden away among high hills and dense forest. Down by the water's edge they found numerous tracks of various sizes and dimensions which John said were those of bear, wolf, deer and moose. A big bear had been caught in a trap and left there after the skin had been taken.

John pulled four of its teeth for us to take away as charms. We keep them among our special treasures. Though there were many fresh moose tracks to be seen, the Chaperon was disappointed in her special errand, but was somewhat mollified when a fourteen-pound pike was caught on the way back to camp.

The fishing in all the lakes was excel-

lent. In MacLean Lake we caught five bass in twenty minutes, averaging three pounds each.

At last our trip came to an end. The fishing, portaging and camping were a thing of the past. We had run the last rapids and folded our tent for the last time.

How the wind blew that wild day on Lake Timagami! John contrived a sail out of our rubber blanket, and we went scudding before the wind, the water dashing into the canoe as it gallantly rode the waves.

After five hours of this exciting experience, we arrived at Timagami Inn, a sight to make our friends weep. The enthusiast's hair looked as though we had dropped our toilet articles overboard at the beginning of the trip; her skirt was torn and the toes were kicked out of her pet boots.

The Chaperon's face was the color of a lobster and was peeling in spots, while her hair had been greased with lard (by the advice of the Indians) to remove the worse evil of pine pitch which she had acquired by inadvertently leaning her head against a tree while gazing into the camp fire.

The Indians on the grounds grinned as we passed, the hotel guests stared, and, worst blow of all, the hotel clerk failed to recognize us, and when we established our identity, exclaimed tactfully, "Oh, I thought you were from Bear Island!"

When, two days later, we stepped on board the little steamer that was to take us away from it all, we looked back wistfully, sorrowing that though we might return, Timagami would never be quite the same again.

Queen of all Canadian lake regions, a year ago it was comparatively unknown. Now its fame has gone forth. The Government has set it aside as a

DISCHARGING CARGO

National Park and Forest Reserve, a railroad thunders up to its entrance and the foot of the tourist has already crossed the threshold.

The smoke of the wigwam will soon ascend no more and in its place will appear that blot on God's out-of-doors —the summer hotel.

The silent lakes which we learned to love so well, where now no sound is heard but the dip of the paddle, the call of the moose, and the lonely cry of the loon, will before long resound with the whistle of the "fire canoe" and all the influx of human life which it will bring.

When that day comes, may we not be there to see.

REQUIEM

By STACY E. BAKER

Pale, solemn, and still, are the dells to-night;
The hills are but ghosts of the hills we knew,
For the snow mounds rise where the blue-bells grew,
And wan are the ways that were rose bedight.

The flakes, in their fluttering robes of white,
Wing hither and yon, in a dull review—
Pale, solemn, and still, are the dells to-night;
The hills are but ghosts of the hills we knew.

In a winter sky gleams a moon, clear-bright,
To lighten the gems that the frost-king threw,
And the North Wind, mouthing a song long due,
Is restlessly waiting his wayward flight.
Pale, solemn, and still, are the dells to-night;
The hills are but ghosts of the hills we knew.

THE QUAIL *Photo by* F. A. KINSEY, M.D.

QUAIL

By HAMMOND KENDRICK SCHOFIELD

Out from the stubble the quail's sweet call
Frosty morns of the dreamy fall
Floats o'er the fields to me.
No song of Siren is half so sweet
Luring away unwary feet:
Song of the quail so free!

Then to the fields with autumn brown,
Silvered by frost and kissed by sun,
Out to the hunt I go.
Eagerly watching the dogs to hear
Whirring wings when the birds rise clear
Up from the brush below.

Firing, I see the smoke-mist rise,
Veiling a moment the well-won prize:
Then is my joy supreme!
Happy am I tho' gold I've none;
Happy am I with my dogs and gun:
Happy to idly dream.

Duty, I say, to the winds then fling;
Business at best is a senseless thing:
Worries it brings to you!
Shut in your office your trials and care;
Go to the fields—for rest is there:
Years of this life are few.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE GOOSE

By DAN BEARD

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued)

A MESS OF GOLDEN TROUT

RISING abruptly from the prairie was a frowning precipice a thousand or more feet high and above and beyond the top of this cliff the mountains.

When Big Pete told me that his park was "walled in" he told the mildest sort of truth; the prairie is the bottom of a canyon, in fact everything seems to indicate that the whole park has settled, sunk, taken a drop of a thousand or more feet; it is what miners would call a fault.

From the glaciers up among the clouds numerous streams of melted ice come dashing down the sides of the mountain range, fanciful cascades leaping without fear down from most stupendous heights, spreading out in long horse-tail shaped falls over the face of the cliff, doing everything but looking real. This is a place where Nature let her imagination run and put in anything which would add to the fanciful aspect of the scene. At the foot of each of the falls there is a pool of deep water, in one or two instances the pool is a smooth basin hollowed out of solid rock in which the water is as transparent as the air itself, and, but for the millions of air bubbles caused by the falling water, every inch of the bottom could be plainly seen by an observer at the brink of the pool. The rainbow trout in these basins are almost as colorless as the water itself—the light color of the fish is due to their chameleon-like power of modifying their hue to imitate their surroundings—this mimicry is so perfect that after looking into one of these stone basins, the rounded smooth sides of which offered no shade or shelter, no crevice or nook where a trout might hide, I was ready to declare the waters uninhabited; but no sooner had my brown hackel or professor settled lightly on the face of the pool than out from among the air bubbles a fish appear and with a splash seized the fly.

Coming out of water but a few degrees higher in temperature than the snow from which it springs, these fish feel as cold to one's hands as if they had been kept on ice. Pale and glistening as silver sheen when lifted in my landing net, but when laid on the green ferns in the creel a beautiful red blush would creep over their bellies and gills so that they appeared to belong to a different species than those still in the pools.

My sprained ankle was now so much improved that upon discovering a diagonal fracture in the face of the cliff, and feeling reckless, I determined to make the effort to scale the wall at this point.

If the giant *fault* is of comparatively recent occurrence, geologically speaking, it seemed reasonable that there would be trout in the streams above the cliff, and the memory of the fact that Big Pete had reported that both Rocky Mountain sheep and goats were up there decided me to attempt to scale the wall by the fracture. It was a long, hard climb and more than once I clung

to the chance projections or dug my fingers into small cracks and looked down upon the backs of some golden eagles sailing in spirals below me, I regretted making the foolhardy resolution, but when the top was reached and I saw signs of sheep and had a peep at a white object I took to be a goat I felt repaid for my arduous climb. The elevated prairie or tableland on which I found myself corresponded in every important particular with the park; there were the same natural divisions of prairie and forests, the same erratic boulders, but on account of the difference in elevation there was a corresponding difference in plant life.

The topography of that country is so familiar to me that I have but to close my eyes to see it all again, but on account of that very familiarity I may not have been careful enough in my explanations to make the situation plain to the reader, and, that he may better understand I will call the reader's attention to the fact that, owing to what geologists would call a subsidence, Darlinkle's Park consists of a sunken section of an extensive and comparatively level valley, a portion of which still retains its original elevated position. Beyond this bit of level ground rise the mountains.

Every trout fisherman is aware that these fish have sharp eyes and their vision is not confined to the aqueous atmosphere in which they live. Hence, the angler must conceal himself to insure success, but when the banks of the stream are devoid of bushes, trees or big rocks there is nothing for the disciple of Isaac Walton to do in approaching but creep on hands and knees, or ignominously crawl on his belly.

Under such circumstances he must cast at the spot where he knows the water to be and trust to his sense of touch and hearing to know when the fish rise to the fly.

The tablelands above the park were comparatively level in places where the stream ran almost as quietly as a meadow brook, but these level stretches were interrupted at short distances by rapids, rocks and falls.

My angler's instinct told me that the biggest fish lurked in the more quiet waters, to reach which it was necessary to creep and worm myself over the open flats of sharp stones and patches of heather, but once on the vantage ground the whish! of a trout rod sounded there for the first time since the dawn of creation and the braided silk line cut the air back of me. I waited an instant for the line to straighten, so as not to snap off my lead fly, then another whish! and the delicate line sailed gracefully out in front of me, the cobweb-like leader straightening out just before it dropped below the bank on the surface of the invisible water. Then there was an audible plash, responded to by a quick movement of my wrist, and the first fish was hooked. My, how that reel did sing! Before I realized it my fish had reached the rapid water and taken out a dangerous amount of line; still I dared not check him too severely among the sharp rocks and swift waters, so I ran along the bank, stumbling over stones, but managing to avail myself of every opportunity to wind in line until I had the satisfaction of seeing enough on my reel to prepare me for possible emergencies.

Ah! that was a glorious fight, and when at last I was able to steer my exhausted fish into shallow water I saw that there were three of them, one lusty trout on each of my three flies. I had no landing net, so I gently slid the almost comatose fish on a gravel bar and as I did so I experienced one of those delightful thrills which come to man's lot but once or twice in a life time; but it was not because I had captured three at a strike, for I have done that before and since, but I thrilled because there was not only a new and strange kind of trout, but they were of the color and sheen of newly-minted gold! Never before had I seen such trout.

I have since been informed that I had blundered on to waters inhabitated by

the rarest of all game fish, the so-called golden trout, which scientists declare to be pre-glacier fish left by some accident of nature to exist in a new world in which all their original contemporaries have long been extinct.

Think of it! fish which had never seen an artificial fly nor had any family traditions of experiences with them. It is little wonder that they would jump at brown hackle, a professor, or even a gaudy salmon fly. Why, they would have jumped at a chicken feather! They were ready and eager to bite at any sort of a bunco game I saw fit to play upon them. They were veritable hayseeds of the trout family, but when they felt the hook in their lips the wisest trout in any of the preserves on Long Island, in Blooming Grove Park or in Canada, whose experience with hook and flies have made knowing beyond their kind, could not show a craftier nor half so plucky a fight. They would leap from the water like small-mouthed bass and by shaking their heads try to throw out the hateful hook.

The constant, vigorous exercise of leaping water falls and forging up boiling rapids has developed these sturdy mountaineer trout into prodigies of strength and endurance. Even now my nerves tingle to the tips of my toes as in fancy I hear my reel hum or see the tip of my split bamboo bend so as to almost form a circle. I fished that stream with hands trembling with excitement and had filled my creel with the rare fish before I discovered that the other streams contained no fish of any kind, and I would have thought that there was a total absence of animal life in their cold waters but for the appearance of two birds which were evidently feeding upon some aquatic creatures which my duller senses could not discern.

Although they were the first of the kind that I had ever seen alive, I at once recognized the feathered visitors to be water ouzels. The birds preceded me on my way along the water course toward camp, and were never quiet a minute. They would hop on a rock in mid-stream and bob up and down in a most solemn but comical manner for a moment before plunging fearlessly into the cold white spray of the falls or the swift dashing current, where they would disappear below the surface, only to reappear once more on another rock to bob again.

Being wet did not trouble the ouzels, for as soon as they came out of the water the liquid rolled from their feathers in crystal drops and their plumage was as dry as if it had never been submerged. The wilder and swifter the cold glacier water ran the greater the birds seemed to enjoy it. I envied the ouzels then, I envied them their joyous, rollicking life, and I envy them now. Often on a skin-shriveling day, when I am sweltering in the hot streets of New York, I think how delightful it would seem to be a water ouzel and dive in the ice-cold water dashing down the side of the mountains.

The nearer I approached the edge of the precipitous walls, enclosing the valley comprising Big Pete's park, the rougher grew the trail, and as I was picking my way I paused to gaze at the distant purple peaks and watch the sun set in that lonely land as if I was witnessing it for the first time. As my eyes roamed over the stupendous distance and unnamed mountains I felt my own puny insignificance, as who has not when confronted with the vastness of nature.

Twice a day, at sunrise and sunset, Old Time performs miracles as great as any recorded in Holy Writ. Any school boy can explain what is called the cause of the sunrise. It is not spoken of as a miracle, that is unscientific. It is called a phenomenon, and in the primary geographies we explain these phenomenons to the little children. Yet, in spite of our stupid egotism and self-complacency, the real cause remains as unfathomable as the space in the sky above.

I turned from my view of the sunset to retrace my steps to the valley, and

peeping over the top of a large boulder saw seated upon an inaccessible crag directly in front of me a gigantic figure of a man clad in a hunter's garb, and he was smoking a long cigar.

When I thought of Big Pete's description of how the Wild Hunter was wont to sit with his long legs dangling from some rock while he smoked one of those unprocurable cigars, and when I realized that the figure before me was full sixty feet tall, I must confess to experiencing a queer sensation.

It was a shadowy figure, yet it moved, arose, held out one hand and a bird as large as the fabled roc alighted on the wrist of the outstretched hand.

A slight breeze sprang up, the white mists from the valley rolled up the mountain side and drifted away, and the man and the bird disappeared from view.

It was long after dark when I reached camp and was greeted by my friend and guide with "Gol durn your picter tenderfoot! if it hain't tuk you longer to get a pesky mess of yaller fish than it orter to kill a bar."

"Little wonder," thought I, "that the Wild Hunter used golden bullets in a land where even the fish's scales are of the same precious metal;" but I said nothing as I sat down to clean my "yaller" trout.

(*To be continued.*)

THE IMMUNE

By JOHN JORDAN DOUGLAS

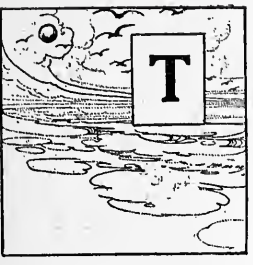
W'en ole Br'er Noer, on de water,
La'nched his a'k uv go-fur wood,
An' ev'yt'ing wuz sorter
Fin'in' out des whar dey stood,
Dere wuz er creetur dat wan't wurried
By de water's swush an' swish,
An' he nevah ev'n hurried—
An' he wan't no flyin'-fish;

An' he wan't des lak de yuthers
W'at didn't 'fess 'ligun while dey could,
Wid dey sisters an' dey bruthers
An' de li'l' boy dat 'uz good;
Was, w'en de soonah an' de sinner
All got drounded in de Flood,
Dere wuz wun dat cum out winner—
Ole Br'er Turkle tuck de mud.

"A BROAD EFFECT" *Photo by* FELIX RAYMER

PICTURE MAKING BY A PARLOR WINDOW

By FELIX RAYMER



THIS lighting is known to operators in the studios as being the effect that gives a better likeness of the subject than any other, although there are not less than a dozen different effects of light and shade practiced in the best studios. There being so many absolutely different effects it has led many to suppose that as good work could not be secured by a small window as by a large studio light. But in later years, as the amateurs are becoming better acquainted with the art of negative making, it is found that as good work can be done by one source of light as another. This has been proven several ways, one being the use of flash light for making absolutely instantaneous portraits. The flash demonstrated the fact that if the light fell on the subject's face from a certain direction the result would be a good piece of work.

The portrait we submit with this article is that of the Hon. Vespacian Warner, of Illinois, Commissioner of Pensions, and we have selected his picture for the reason that he, having strong features, will serve to show the effect of the light perhaps better than one of a more regular cast of features.

We will take up the making of the lighting and the posing in the same way followed in our former paper, in steps, and again recommend the plan of taking each step as it is given.

We call attention to the amount of light that falls on the face. It will be seen that there is at least three-fourths of the face in the light, to the other fourth being in shadow. This is, of course, done by having the greater portion of the face turned to the light. There is no time when all the face should be in light. Shade is as necessary to the making of good work as is light. But it may be varied. At times there is more of the face in shadow than in light. When such is the case the effect of light belongs to what operators refer to as a "shadow effect." But where a greater portion of the face is in light the effect is referred to as a "broad effect." We mention these things so that in referring to them we may be the better understood.

To secure this effect, first, have the window arranged as directed in our former article, viz.: so that all of the light entering from a point lower than the head of the subject is closed off. To do this all that is needed is to change the shade that will be found on all windows from the top down to the bottom. This shade should be of a color that will exclude the light, a dark green being preferable, and the color that is oftenest found on windows. If the fasteners that the shade run in are fastened at the bottom of the window this will enable one to draw the curtain from the bottom upward, and thus close off all the light not wanted. It is better to have the window covered up to the top of the subject's head, thus doing away with all of the light below, as it is likely to destroy the modeling of the face.

Second: Have the subject seated at a point that corresponds with the width of the window. For example, if the window is four feet wide, have the subject posed just four feet from it, and in such a way that all of the light will be in front of the subject. To do this the subject should be posed out in the room from the window the four feet, and then back from its edge about two feet. Refer to the diagram* of the win-

*A diagram illustrating Mr. Raymer's meaning will be found on page 82.

dow and the room, and our meaning can easily be grasped.

Third: Have the subject face directly away from the window, turning his back full to it.

Fourth: Have the subject begin to turn back slowly to the light and continue turning until he reaches the point where a little touch of light is about to come on the shadow ear. I mean by this the ear that is on the side of the face away from the light. Do not allow the light to quite reach the ear, but have him turn as far as is possible without getting it on the ear.

Fifth: Look at the shadow that is cast by the nose. This shadow should run from the nose downward toward the corner of the mouth. If it does it indicates the fact that the light is falling on the subject from an angle of about 45 degrees, which is considered the proper direction for light to fall by the best workers.

But if the shadow from the nose should fall directly under the nose toward the centre of the mouth it shows that there is too much top light, or, in other words, the light is falling from too high an angle. To overcome this and make the light take the right direction move the subject farther from the window, and proceed as before, until we reach the fifth step.

But if the shadow from the nose should fall away from the nose above the corner of the mouth across the shadow cheek, it shows that the shade on the window is too low, which allows the light to fall on the subject from a point below the top of the head. This, we remember, destroys modeling. The shade should be drawn slowly upward, the operator watching the shadow all the time, and when it is seen to take a turn down to the corner of the mouth the direction of light is correct.

Sixth: Look at both eyes, and if there is a small dart of light shown in them well and good. But if there is a dart in the light eye and not in the shadow eye, it is because the subject has not been turned quite far enough to the light. But if there is a light in the shadow eye and none in the light eye it is because the light eye is smaller than the other, and all that can be done is to work in the light with a pencil after the negative is developed.

Seventh: Look at the highest light on the face which is over the light eye, and if it is so bright that the flesh cannot be seen in it a while cloth should be hung over the upper sash of the window, so that all light will have to pass through it to reach the subject. This gives what we call "diffusion," which means that the light is softened.

Eighth: Look at the deepest shadow, which comes at the corner of the mouth on the shadow side of the face, and if the flesh cannot be seen in it there will have to be some reflected light used to illuminate it. To do this take a white cardboard in the hand, and, while the exposure is being made, reflect light into the shadow until the flesh can be seen.

Ninth: Place the camera at the point to secure the view of the face desired. In the case of our illustration the camera was stationed just half the distance from the window that the subject was posed. In other words, the subject being four feet from the window the camera was two feet.

Tenth: Give plenty of exposure, but do not think it will take so very much longer than if made by the operator's large sky light, for the difference will be very slight. In the case of the large light the subject will be posed farther from it than is the case with the window. So that in posing farther away it will take almost as long. This sitting of Mr. Warner only required an exposure of three seconds, and it was made on an 11 x 14 plate.

Eleventh: The choice of a background for the subject is largely a matter of personal opinion with the operator, only let it be of a quiet nature. Grounds showing figure work are to be avoided, for the reason that they detract from the subject, which should never be.

YOUNG ROBINS

Photo by U. B. WILLIAMS

WOODCOCK HUNTING IN NEW YORK STATE

By L. B. COOPER

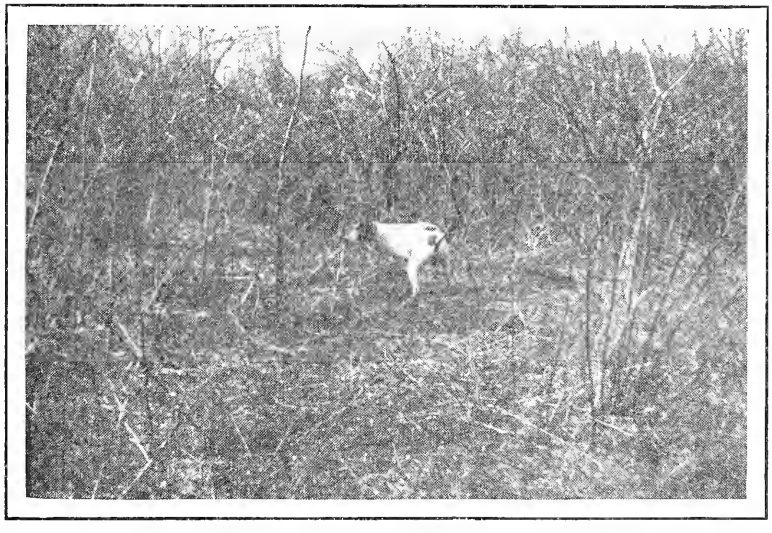
Illustrated by the Author

OOD woodcock shooting in the Middle States, and especially in New York State, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Nowadays when a sportsman goes out for a day's hunt, no matter how good his dog may be, if he brings home even a few woodcocks he is considered lucky, and even then he will generally bring home all that he has seen. So that now our day's sport in the woods is mostly dependent upon the wily old grouse, who very often allures even the best of our sportsmen.

It is now generally considered by the majority of naturalists and sportsmen that the woodcock are fast becoming extinct, and a sad thing, too, it is to believe; however, when we stop to consider that they simply run the gantlet from the State of Maine to the Gulf, and from September to April, a hunter can go into one State or another where he will find an open season, then perhaps we ought to realize one great reason why our choice little game-bird is becoming scarcer every year.

This fact has really been quite noticeable for the past few years, through the central part of New York State, where I have regularly, each fall, visited some ideal woodcock cover.

This year I have been shooting over

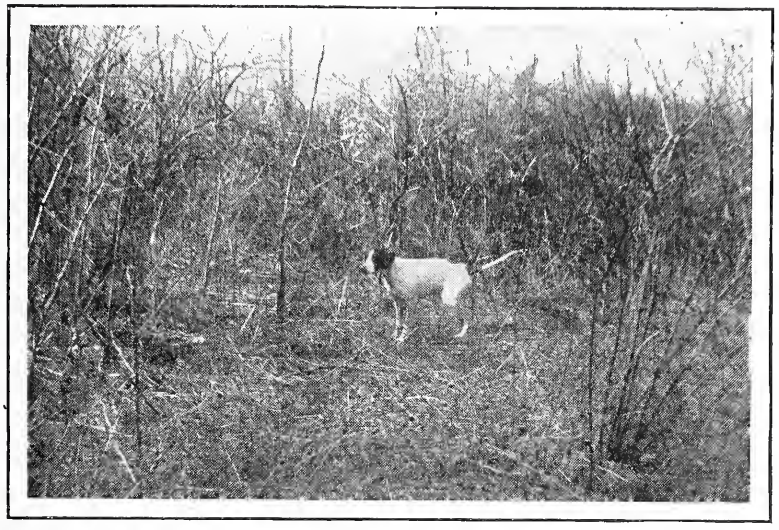


SUSPICION

a pointer dog who seems particularly keen for the woodcock scent, and this, as every good sportsman knows, is no common thing, even though a dog may be excellent on quail and partridge; but however good your dog is, if the birds are scarce your shooting will be likewise. So, this year, when some renowned old haunts were visited, the result was that only an occasional stray bird was flushed, and that laying so close that often the dog's ability was doubted until that unmistakable whistling of wings was heard, when our feathered friend arose to the tops of the alders, and then dropped zigzagingly down only a short distance away,

apparently thinking himself out of danger. Then again, lying so close that the color of his plumage blended so with that of his surroundings that he made himself apparently invisible.

Being quite an advocate myself of taking game with the kodak rather than with the gun, I often combine both the sports and slip a kodak in my pocket when going hunting, although I must admit that most of the pictures taken have been of the dog rather than of game. However, on one occasion this fall while out hunting with a companion of mine we chanced to flush a woodcock, and, marking his flight in the direction of some brush piles which laid along the edge of an alder patch, we carefully worked the dog in that direction, and were soon rewarded by seeing the dog come to a riged point at the edge of the alder patch. There, alongside of one of the brush heaps, stood Mister Woodcock, quite in the open, yet it took several seconds to distinguish him. The bird seemingly more interested in watching the dog, rather than ourselves, allowed himself to be hastily photographed before seeking another hiding place, and I must say, that for those few seconds the camera afforded more pleasure than the gun would have in bringing to bag such a handsome creature.



CERTAINTY

TO THE SOUTHLAND

By IRENE POMEROY SHIELDS

South! South, all the wild geese are flying
South! To the South land whispers my heart
Song birds are flown and flowers are dying,
Why should I linger in sadness apart?

South! South! Mingled perfumes are blending,
Birds to their nesting, bees to the bloom,
Moonbeams and star-gleams, sunshine unending;
Why linger longer in sadness and gloom?

South! South! There is joy in the living,
Nature is lavishing gifts fit for kings,
Soul, let us share in her bounteous giving;
Drink for our healing from magical springs.

TO PRESENT LAKE WITHOUT GUIDES*

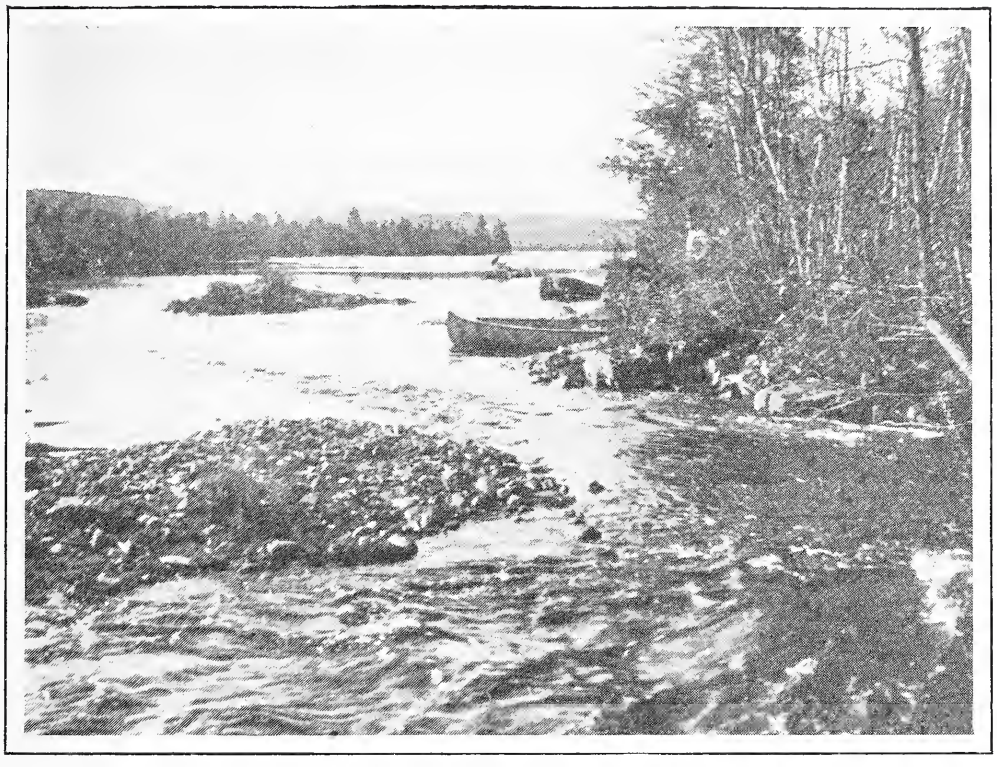
By C. G. WILLOUGHBY

IN the fall of 1904 a party of us had just concluded a campaign in Northern Michigan among its famous bucks and does. Most of our party for several seasons past had entertained a desire to invade a more inaccessible and wilder region, so it was left to the writer the task of locating such a spot, if possible. By mere chance the above lake was located on the Government Survey map of 1901, and a route to it was also subsequently arranged. Lake Present, or Larder Lake, as it is sometimes called, is practically an unfrequented body of water surrounded by virgin forests, located about fifty miles north of the head waters of Lake Timiskaming, or nearly five hundred miles north of Toronto. On account of its extreme northern location our party entertained the idea that the climate must necessarily become cold very early in the season. Some of the boys had plenty of steel traps, and, with fur prime around October first (just think of it) we were going to make some money along with a good time. After writing everyone possible in Northern Ontario, and getting mighty little information as a result, the writer joined at Pompeii, Mich., a small party, consisting of Fred. Reade, Claude Ovenden and G. M. Willoughby. With a good-sized arsenal and about sixty-five steel traps of various sizes (two bear traps weighed nineteen pounds each), we boarded the train September 25 with sufficient baggage to sink an ordinary flatboat. We had over nine hundred pounds in four boxes, which were made to stand a trip over Niagara. They resembled rough coffin boxes more than anything else, and must have been seen to be best appreciated. Our first transfer after leaving Pompeii came at Owosso Junction amid the groans and oaths of those who tried their hand at the boxes. At Durand another wrestle with the coffin-boxes, the baggage-man being worsted at every turn. The next transfer was to take place at Port Huron. Here was a close connection. The trainmen ahead must have obtained advance information of what was on the way as the Grand Trunk pulled out and broke the connection, thus forcing us to remain there over ten hours. About midnight a sleepy lot of boys saw their baggage aboard and were off for Toronto, arriving about 7 a. m., October 26th. From Toronto to North Bay the trip was without special interest. We were not able to get a train out of North Bay on day of arrival. Here we found a junction with the Canadian Pacific Railway, marking a very busy spot in Northern Ontario. Next season will find this place a veritable bee hive on account of the mining craze at Cobalt, some distance north. Our train was scheduled to leave North Bay at 10 a. m., but the "on to Cobalt craze" was so much in evidence that nearly an hour's time ensued in loading baggage. Again those unsightly boxes gave us trouble. Everything had been loaded except these, when it was decided to leave them behind. Our stock dropped thirty points on hearing this. We must act quickly. Getting hold of the conductor we soon persuaded him that our case was a bad one, and to our intense surprise he halted the train and

*Larder Lake on Government maps.—Ed.

gave orders to load the stuff in. Again more swearing, but soon over we were slowly moving northward. Our first stop of interest was Timagami. This place needs no introduction here. Our party would never have been satisfied to have stopped at Timagami. Too much red tape. It would be just the place for an old-fashioned Sunday School picnic. Lots of game there, to be sure, but you can generally get the pedigree of each animal before starting in. After leaving Timagami our first important stop was the much-talked-of place Cobalt. Four-fifths of the passengers on our train stopped here. It was a busy scene. Cobalt is the mining headquarters of this vast region. It's a brand new town. Several banks are already flouishing under tents. One-half of this little mining city is under tents. The country for miles around is filled with prospectors. Mining claims are staked out in every direction. Next year will find Cobalt very strenuous.

Our train soon left Cobalt behind, pulling into New Liskeard at the head waters of Lake Timiskaming, just at sundown. Here we put in the night. Our effects were transferred on the following morning to the steamboat Geisha. This was October 28th. A trip of about thirty-five miles up the River Blanche brought us to Tomstown, where we were to outfit. We soon found a mistake had been made in leaving our final outfitting until the last moment. Tomstown consists of a couple of general stores and a gin shop that sells scorching whiskey. Thinking we might need a little of the latter in camp we looked over the proprietor's stock and purchased a large bottle with the year 1884 even blown into the cork. This was sufficiently old to be worth while. Our first drink was taken at a distance of several yards from any water. We would all have perished had our legs given out in a race for the river. After filling up with good river water we soon regained consciousness.



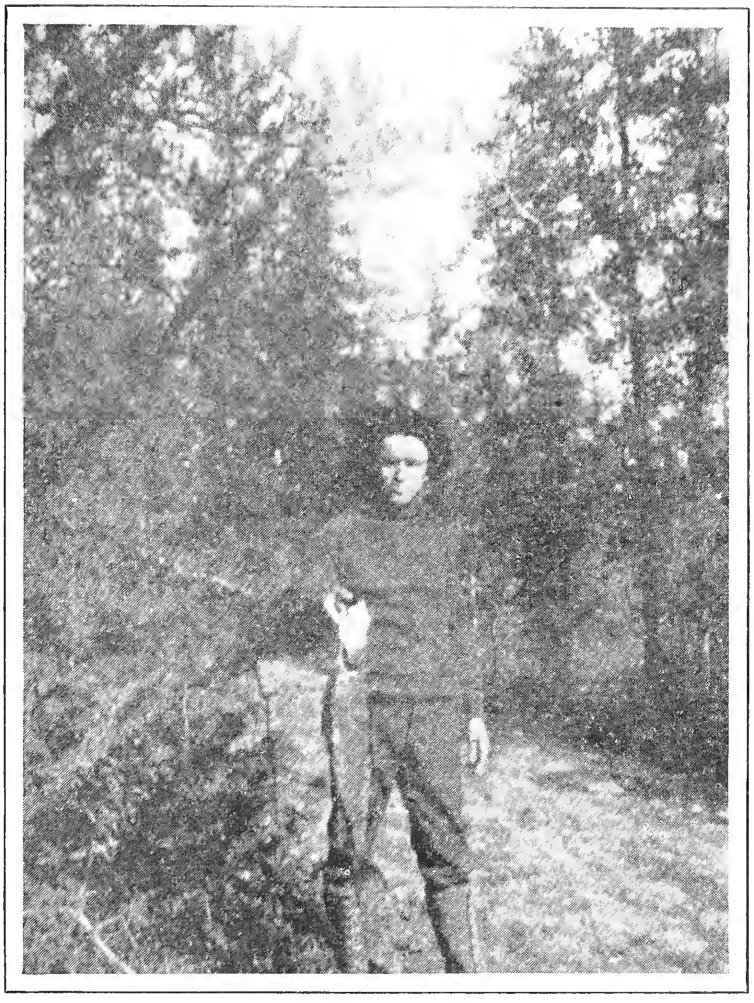
PRESENT, OR LARDER LAKE

Of course, we were old seasoned hunters, but our experience at canoeing and portaging was limited. Over nine hundred pounds already and no grocer-

"These immense chunks of iron had cost us a lot of effort"

ies as yet. What could birch bark canoes do with this load and our weight along with it. The only available canoe in Tomstown was a surveyor's, capable of carrying eight people. Remember, we had never made a portage. Several old guides gave us the smile as we hired the boat and commenced unpacking those boxes. One of the first things to come out was an old elevated oven weighing one hundred pounds. When this appeared an old Indian guide standing close by nearly fell into the river with laughter, and it's seldom these fellows crack a smile. Time was now getting precious with us. We must reach Windigo Lake. There were two routes. We had no guides. One route was across the country, the other up rapids and over portages, and a long way around. Finding we could not get out this day, our tent was set up for first time. Here we remained until 2 p. m. the following day, when a team was secured. A rough trip of five miles across the bush brought us to the head waters of Windigo Lake, where our canoe was launched. The rough trip overland had broken the elevated oven, except the top and griddles. This breakage pleased the writer immensely. The boxes were again unpacked and left in the woods to be picked up on our return. Our canoe was loaded about sundown. One mile's paddle up the lake and it was growing dark. Rocks on both sides. Pushing on in the darkness, we finally felt our way in, camping that night in a swamp. Next morning, September 1st, we were away before daylight. As we paddled up the lake the scenery commenced to grow beautiful. Passing out of Windigo through short rapids we entered a smaller lake unnamed. Our first portage was made at 10 o'clock, an easy one, but it was putting us in trim. We were now learning something every minute. A trolling spoon was put out in next lake, and a four-pound pike made the mistake of his life in grabbing it. Fish for dinner on third portage. We found its flavor much superior to any pike caught in more southerly waters. Moose tracks were fast becoming plentiful. Now and then the shores would show their presence in large numbers. This

was all very interesting to us. Paddling further up the lake our fourth portage was encountered. Here we pitched our tent close by the falls and four tired boys slept as they never slept before. Up and away early next morning. A new broom always sweeps clean. Several portages, magnificent scenery, plenty of fish, moose tracks without number all these passing under a continuous panorama. Several moose were seen to dash out of the water and into the bush. As the season was not yet on we were not anxious to bag anything in particular. Such weather as we were having could not have been excelled, even in Florida. It brought out hordes of black flies characteristic of the country. Their bites are poisonous. We were all soon looking like small pox suspects. Had we known that grease was the preventive this trouble could have been avoided. At the lighting of the campfire these pests disappear like magic. This night our camp was made on the river entrance to Lake Present. Here was the longest portage on the route. Everything was brought over but the boat. On the following day, October 1st, we finished our last portage, entering Lake Present about noon. We found the lake full of beautiful islands, and our dinner was cooked on the first one met. Our first night's camp was made on the north side of lake. Here we found a sandy shore and the ideal spot, for a fisherman's headquarters. We rested here for a couple of days, exploring the country for signs of fur. We found few signs. Too many rocks Not sufficient low ground. Pulling up



THE AUTHOR AND A FISH

stakes, our way was felt around the lake for inlets. We found and explored them all. Along all the river entrances were hard beaten moose trails. These paths crossed and recrossed until it seemed as if one were traveling over a western stock ranch. Many beaver dams were also found up these inlets. We discovered that the fur was not yet prime, so it was decided that the steel traps should remain in camp. morning, October 8th, the paddles were put deep into the water and our canoe headed for the outlet. Beans for breakfast, dinner and supper. The country was full of small game, giving us an occasional change of diet. Lake Present had also given up some of its trout, the like of which we had never before seen. Descendants of Izaak Walton would surely go mad at the sight of these trout. Reader, if you are a

BY THE LAKE SHORE

These immense chunks of iron had cost us a lot of effort, and to think they had to be carried out made matters still worse. The boys had become so inoculated with the mining fever at Cobalt and further north, that they all set out prospecting, a new business, indeed, and some very glistening samples were brought in. Several pleasant days were spent around the lake. On the morning of October 7th an inventory of the larder was made. The dog had eaten all the sugar, there was little coffee, and several messes of beans only to carry us out. It would take us nearly a week to reach Tomstown. On the following fisherman just take the writer's word for it and hie yourself to Present Lake. Take along plenty of good things to eat, so your stay will not necessarily be cut short. You will thank me for this generous tip. Lake trout the finest the gamiest and the most delicious that any waters, anywhere, have ever given up. We were now homeward bound. Everyone had developed a mania for something special to eat. Apple pie for mine; bread and butter another; while another wanted oysters. We soon all fell in line for bread and butter. Many miles as yet separated us from this luxury. We were gaining ground.

It was suggested, that in order to gain time, we shoot some of the rapids on the way home. The first one run proved too much for our canoe, a hole being put through her bottom. A two-hour delay in repairing failed to compensate for time saved in carrying around. Rain overtook us at the head waters of Windigo Lake. Here we were stormbound a whole day. This proved a blessing later on, since it raised the Blanche

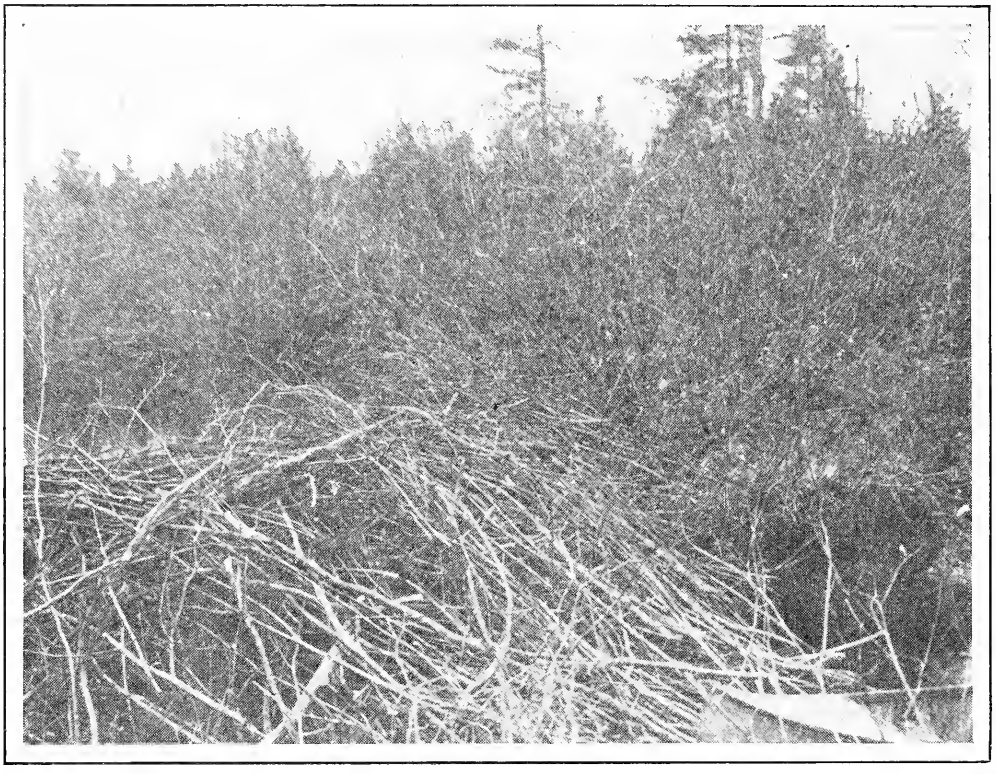
AN INDIAN HOUSEHOLD

River sufficiently to permit the steamboat "Geisha" to make Tomstown the first time in over a week. From Windigo Lake we decided to avoid the cross-country road by following the river. There were three portages, the first one from Windigo, being one and one-half miles; the other two rather short. We had disposed of some baggage by sending it across the bush, but enough was left behind to cause three trips each. It took one-half day to make first portage. At sundown we met an Indian paddling up. He told us we were within three miles of Tomstown. All hands were getting tired. Again the subject of bread and butter came up, and the thought of getting it that night seemed to put new life into us. Beans had been served up so regularly that they fairly stuck out of our eyes. The old canoe was fairly running away. A clear track appeared on the map. Listen! Could it be falls we heard ahead. The oft-familiar sound grew plainer. Sure enough! The real article was there. Our canoe was pointed for the left bank. The current was fast getting stronger, and the night growing darker. We had made a mistake. Our portage was on the right. Pushing away from the bank the current caught the canoe's stern and begun to carry us toward destruction. None of us had ever before been in such a predicament. We were now six feet from going over when the canoe swung straight with the stream. Man astern yelled ahead. For thirty seconds we stood still; then, slowly gaining, our victory had been won.

As our party sat by the camp-fire opposite Tomstown that night eating

home-made bread and butter little else than our hairbreadth escape was mentioned. The scene had been burned into our brains. It will always be fresh in our memories.

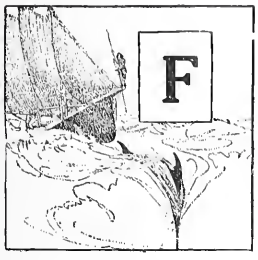
At Toronto Sunday morning, October 15, the writer bade farewell to the boys and soon was moving New Yorkward, reaching there the following morning much benefited in health, besides an experience which could never have been gained through correspondence, books or maps. Passing up Broadway, through the din of its hurrying, scurrying crowds of humanity, jostling, pushing, now elbowing their way through, again the sound of its ever-clanging street-car bells, its trucks, autos and cabs, twisting in and out, here and there dodging each other; all this stood out in living contrast with the camp-life scenes from which I had just traveled—the contrast seemed too great to bear. For a moment I was carried back. The call of the wild was beckoning a return; could I have then and there been transported, if just for one night.



A BEAVER DAM

BAIT CASTING IN FLORIDA

By BILLY BASS



FLORIDA is truly the bait caster's paradise. Not only does this state afford pleasure to the devotee of the modern art of bait casting every month in the year, but the varieties of fish which are successfully lured with artificial wooden minnows far exceed those of any other portion of America.

Unfortunately, however, for the winter tourist, or "snow ball," the best fishing months are during the spring. Even into June and July, especially is this true of the majority of sea fishes.

The large mouth black bass (*Micropterus salmoides*), which in these waters attain the enormous weight of over twenty pounds, and which are generally though erroneously supposed by a large majority of Northern brother anglers to lack the gamey instincts and fighting propensities of their cousins inhabiting the cooler waters of the North, are decidedly more vicious and afford better sport in June and July than during the winter.

Practically in all of the clear fresh water lakes and streams are found the black bass and bream or blue gill, while in most of the so-called cypress waters, slightly tinctured by the roots of cypress trees, are found in addition, pike—locally known as jack-fish—and the ever dreaded dog or mud fish.

The blue gills are about twice as large as those of the North and are readily taken with even the largest 5-treble sinking wooden minnows by simply replacing the rear treble with a number 3 or 4 single hook and baiting it with a worm. The large minnows attract their attention and being of a somewhat fighting disposition, attack it and upon spying the worm invariably take it in a savage manner.

The advantage of angling in this manner for these fish is that bass, which invariably strike wooden minnows at the sides, are frequently taken on bream grounds and not one in ten will be lost by the change in rear hooks.

For bass in "cypress" waters, except on still, bright days, no lure has proven so successful as the double spinner, white belly, surface minnow, equipped with a 3-0 rear and 4-0 specially shaped treble lining underneath with the points of hooks at or near the center of the body. This bait is also most successful on cloudy days, even in crystal clear waters, except during the summer. One day with another, however, in clear water, underwater minnows with side and rear trebles are productive of best results. Ordinarily those with white belly and mottled greenback, commercially known as "fancy back" or with "rainbow" sides and dark back prove the best killers. Like trout bass, however, are fickle and some days minnows of medium shades of yellow with carefully blended sides and darker backs are more luring than either of the former, while again, bright aluminum with darker sides and backs prove most successful.

In the selection of lures, in addition to the foregoing, strength and durability should be carefully considered, for Florida bass, as well as many species of sea fishes which readily take these bait, grow to sizes and weights sufficient to rend many artificial minnows on the market. An invaluable feature in the construction of any lure is that the trebles be so attached as to hold the points of hooks away from the body, which greatly increases the hooking qualities. Another important point is

detachability in case of a broken hook.

Sea trout, channel bass, groupers, blue fish, Spanish mackerel, kingfish, amberjacks, barracuda, cavalle, pompano and numerous other sea fishes take any of the above sinking minnows, while some varieties rise to surface lures. For trolling for sea fish behind launches at speeds of six miles an hour or more, the popular squid which may be procured at all coast towns, is an excellent lure, but is too heavy for casting or slow trolling.

While any bait-casting reel will suffice, those of eighty yards capacity are most satisfactory, especially for bass, which use entirely different tactics than their northern kin. Instead of endeavoring to entangle the line in old roots, fallen tree tops, weeds and the like, frequent rapid dashes toward the boat are made, often shaking every five or ten feet, thus the advantage of a larger diameter reel than the much loved Kentucky pattern, which will take up the line more rapidly.

Unquestionably no line, casting, wearing qualities and strength considered, is equal to the size "H" Black Wonder for Florida waters. By equipping the reel with an even spooler, which makes a perfect spool, no difficulty in casting will be experienced by the change in lines.

An ideal rod is one of from four feet nine inches to five feet in length—not longer—and of one piece, with removable handle. An adjustable finger hook or trigger is a valuable adjunct.

To those objecting to the inconvenience of one-piece rods, may be recommended a rather unique design in the way of two-piece construction, in which the tips are from 32 to 36 inches in length, depending upon the size trunk in which they are to be packed; the butt joint, including grip and reel seat, making the additional length.

Two-piece rods of equal length joints, unless too heavy to possess good action, are almost sure to break at the ferrule. As in all bait casting rods nearly all of the action or spring should be from a point two-thirds of the distance from grip to the tip and so proportioned that when the grip is held rigid and the tip subjected to a right angle strain of 12 oz. will yield nine inches.

Florida bass being very tough mouthed and requiring severe striking to set the hooks past the beards, rods less rigid than above will be found lacking.

Split bamboo is without question the best wood for rods, possessing great strength for its weight and being of relatively perfect resiliency, but the glued joints deteriorate rapidly if exposed to water, and the cost is rather high if of best quality.

Greenheart is next in point of action and in careful hands makes a very satisfactory rod, but is inclined to be brittle and will not stand careless usage.

White lancewood is generally supposed to be superior to yellow, but the latter is certainly stronger and although slightly heavier, makes a very good and durable rod, one to be recommended to amateurs.

Probably at no point on the east coast is better sea fishing found than at Fort Pierce, although most any station on Indian River affords good fishing and hotel accommodations. Nearly all the fresh water streams flowing into the river contain black bass in sufficient quantities to satisfy the average disciple of Walton.

On the west or Gulf coast, Sarasota bay, Charlotte harbor, San Carlos bay and the Caloosahatchee river are favorite waters.

The best bass fishing in America is in what is known as the Kissimmee waterway, starting at the town of Kissimmee on Lake Tohopekaliga and extending south through the Kissimmee river, which is divided by Lake Kissimmee—about ninety miles to Lake Okeechobee, the largest in the state, thence through a drainage canal to the Caloosahatchee river and to San Carlos bay and the

Gulf. Along this route is also found excellent deer, turkey and alligator shooting. From the starting point until Fort Myres is reached all is wilderness save the little trading post of Bassenger, located some fifty miles from the railroad.

Parties desiring good bass fishing and not wishing to camp will find no better location than Mohawk or its immediate vicinity, situated in the Apopka mountains in Lake County, which contains 1,500 lakes and many navigable streams.

SONG OF THE WAYFARER

By J. H. ROCKWELL

If the day is warm
And the roads are dry,
The world may laugh, or the world may cry,
Little care I.

I am seeing life
In a quiet way—
Unattend and with nothing to pay,
I go where I may.

I lunch on the fruits
Of the orchard and vine,
And however sumptuously others may dine,
I never repine.

When night comes on
I lie down to sleep
Under the hedges, where the grasses are deep,
And the crickets cheep.

My staunchest friend
Is the green old earth,
Who will give me burial, as she gave me birth,
The dear old earth.

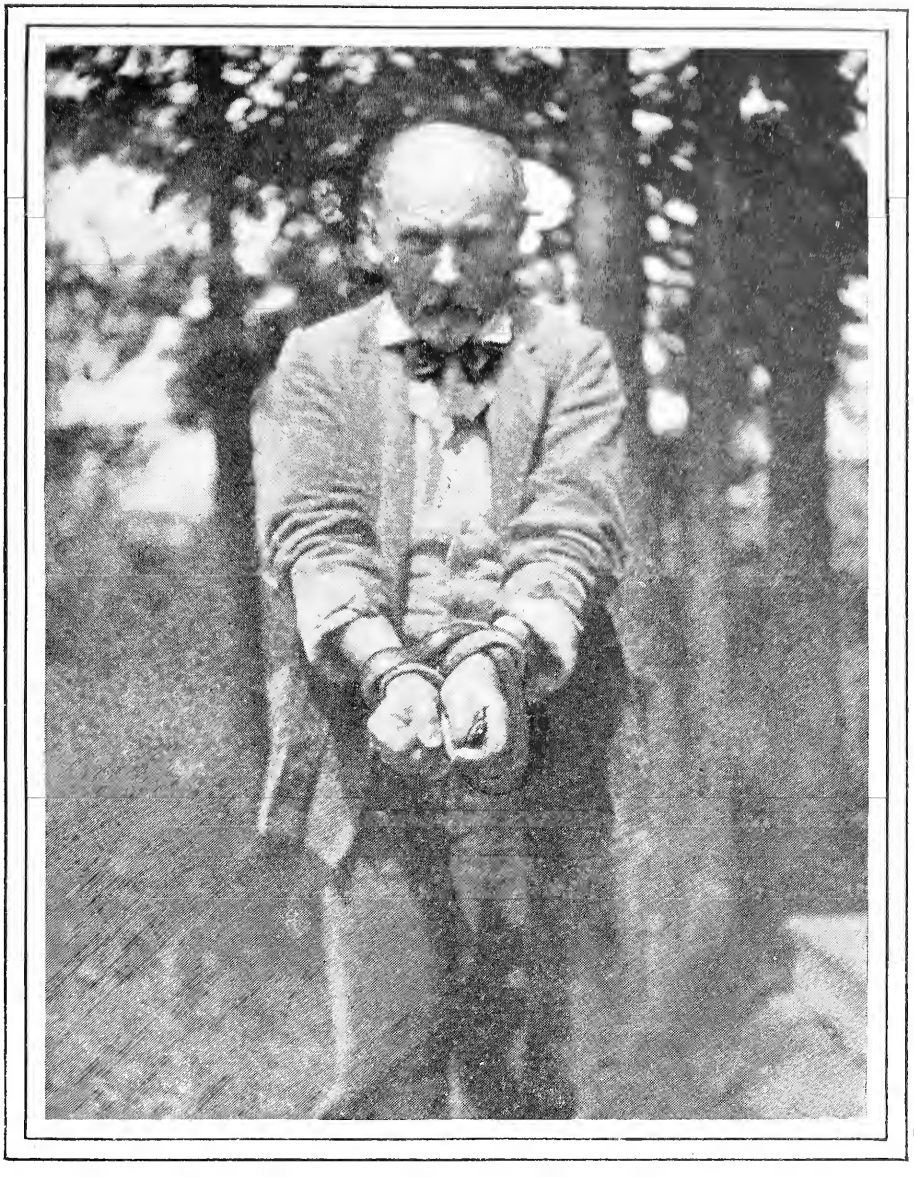
A LEAF FROM MY SKETCH BOOK

By DAN BEARD

LOOPING THE LOOP

While out in the woods during the early summer I became much interested in the tree-climbing snakes, and while making some colored sketches of live specimens I was surprised at the facility and rapidity with which these snakes could tie a knot with their bodies, and also the strength they exhibited. In a recent issue there was a note in RECREATION, telling how Jimmy Chandler, of Bohemia, Pike County, Pennsylvania, was bitten on the hand by a rattler. What interests me in connection with this subject is not the fact of Jim's being bitten by this venomous reptile, but that when the snake was wrapped around his arm and he grasped it by the neck it had sufficient strength to pull itself loose from his hand, which fact caused the accident. I know Jim, and he is a powerful young backwoodsman, with muscles of iron, and even though his hold might not have been the best it must have required phenomenal strength on the part of the snake to pull its head loose from his grasp. I would have been more surprised at this and inclined to doubt it were it not for the fact that last summer I grasped a water snake, which was creeping under a rock, by the tail and attempted to hold it until some one should remove the stone; but the snake pulled so hard that it left the tail in my grasp and itself disappeared under the stone; I have never heard that the water snake has not been noted for its strength. So, when making these sketches the little green snake which I attempted to hold with one hand while I sketched with the other, would swing its tail around until it struck my pencil or some other object and then, with a motion quicker than that of the most expert Jack Tar, he'd throw a hitch around that object, or a knot, which could not be pulled loose

. . . he handcuffed me



. . . *an upper view of the snake*

without endangering the parting of the snake's body. While engaged in this work my nephew captured a lusty mountain black snake, and I got my camera ready, focused it, and put it in the hands of one of the party, and then tried the experiment to see what the black snake would do with my two hands when his tail touched them. The result is depicted in the accompanying photographs.

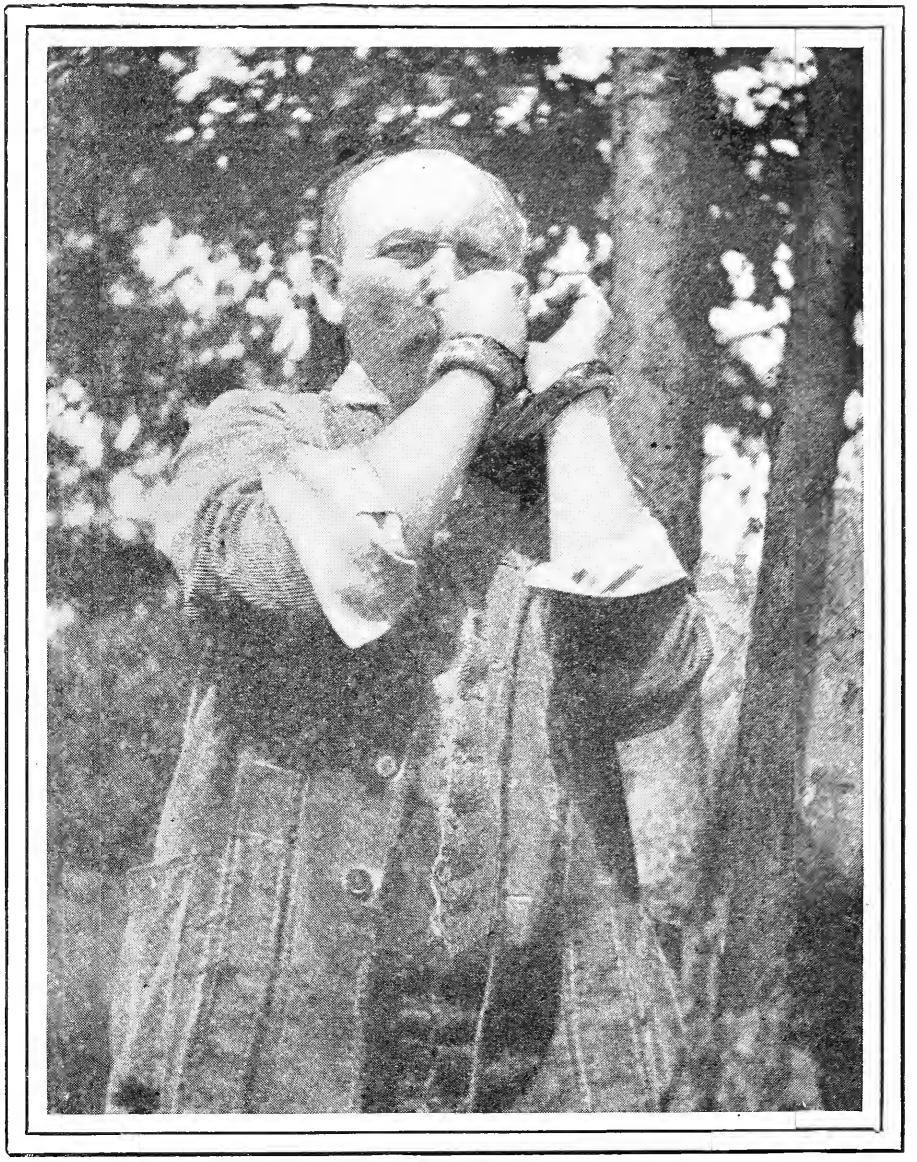
He handcuffed me in less time than it takes to tell how he did it. In fact, his motions were too quick for me to accurately tell just how he did it, but by taking a series of photographs of different views I succeeded in getting some pictures which will explain the operation better than I can by words.

The first photograph shows my nephew holding the snake by the head the moment after its tail had touched my arm, and, as it may be seen, my hands are securely tied together.

The second photograph shows an upper view of the snake in my hands.

The third photograph shows an under view. In each of the last two photographs I forcibly kept my hands apart so as to show the manner in which the knot was tied. In the last photograph you can see how completely I was handcuffed after the snake had drawn the knot taut by this living manacle. Of course, I don't want the reader or any one else to think that I was unable to free myself, because I have strength enough, and any ordinary man has, to simply pull his hands apart and tear the body of the little reptile asunder; but, had his body been made of metal instead of flesh no handcuff invented by man could have held me more securely. To keep this snake for future observations I threw him in a large receiving cage, which was made of a piece of wire netting, bent into the form of a cylinder, and covered top and bottom, and in which I put

. . . *an under view*



. . . *how completely I was handcuffed*

any small live things which I captured and needed for observation. It was what in the olden days the showman used to call a "happy family" that occupied this cage, but the happy part represents only the showman's way of putting things. There was a flying squirrel in this cage, and he took a malicious delight in tormenting the black snake. The serpent was a cautious hunter. He would move around so slowly that the motion was scarcely perceptible, in his attempt to gain a vantage ground from which to strike and capture his tormentor, and his care and woodcraft deserved success, but the quarry was shy and wise with the wisdom of the wood folks, and if the black snake could strike quickly the squirrel could jump even more swiftly than the snake could strike. Time and time again the squirrel crept chattering down the sides of the cage until he had tempted the black snake to spring at him—if we can use such an expression to designate the motion, which was simply a sudden straightening out of a loop made in the shiny black neck—and, although the snake's motion when attacking was apparently as rapid as that of the shutter of a camera, his poor nose would come with a bang against the hard, unyielding wires, and the squirrel would be in the top of the cage ready to repeat the manoeuver. At last, in sheer pity for the snake's wounded nose, I took the reptile by the tail and pulled him from the cage and tossed him down on the damp ground under the ferns, where he might find life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness without the company of flying squirrels. It was a fine specimen of black snake. Every motion of his glistening body betokened strength and grace, and I was very anxious to make a careful study of it, for I have none among my sketches, but, because of the unceasing persecution of the flying squirrel, I liberated my model and allowed it to escape.

While on this subject it may be interesting to my readers to know that one of the largest sized garter snakes stood no show in a tussle with an ordinary chipmunk, because I saw a chipmunk jump upon a garter snake, and, although the snake wound its sinuous body around the squirrel, the latter seemed not in the least troubled by the embrace, but quietly gnawed off the head of the snake, and then, taking it in his little paws, it sat on its hind legs and ate it up as it would a hickory nut.

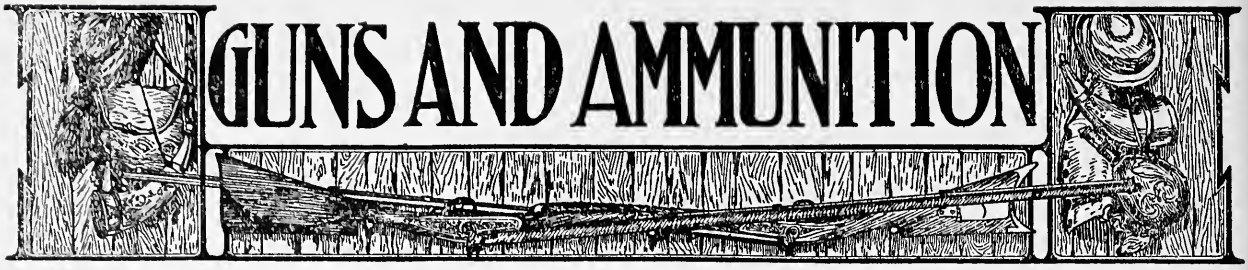
My readers must not understand by these remarks that I approve of, or even intentionally, took a hand in causing any of these sanguinary encounters, but when one is collecting live specimens for sketching purposes, even though he gives them all their freedom after they have served him as models, there are bound to be some unadvertised and unscheduled scrapes where the race problem comes to the front, and the hereditary prejudices and antipathies have an opportunity of venting themselves.

A little white-footed mouse which I had in a cage with a garter snake, but for which I provided a safe retreat in one corner, so fixed that the snake could not enter it, became so enraged at the presence of its enemy that it left its safe retreat to attack the monster snake, for monster it was in comparison with the size of the little mouse; but I doubt if this would have happened in the open. It was probably the maternal instinct which prompted the little mother mouse to come out and attack its great foe, but, whatever it was, out she came and jumped right for the snake, much to the latter's surprise. Her small teeth, although capable of inflicting a painful bite on my finger, were not long enough to do any injury to the garter snake, and before I could open the cage to interfere the latter had bitten the mouse severely on one of its hind feet, but, for the comfort of the tender-hearted breeder, I will say that I took the snake from the cage and liberated it; also, that I kept the mother mouse until her foot had healed, and when I let her go in the woods her injury would only be perceptible from a slight limp as she went hopping over a moss-covered log to her old home in the rotten trunk of a tree.

TO THE CHICKADEE

BY C. LEON BRUMBAUGH

Deep in the hemlock gloom,
When rhododendrons bloom,
Or snowflakes filter through,
Awhiting all the sere anew;
When bold hepaticas first frolic at the heel
Of lingering chill, in wayward zeal,
Or when the garniture of wood compels
To sunset sky to rouse in envious chromic spells
Your self-announced, piping voice
To me intones true wood-bourgeois.
No study in convention school of art!
You choose as yours the simple part
Of honest woodman, skilled in craft
No toil of conning can engraft.
O happy, noisy, tumbling acrobat,
I love your black cap and cravat;
My winter would be long without your glee,
You happy, noisy, romping chickadee.



TAKES AN INTEREST IN REVOLVERS

Editor RECREATION:

Noting the great interest shown by your "laymen editors" who write of a new style single action revolver with the "swing out cylinder," permit me to add my name to the list. The discussion relative to this arm is most interesting, so much so, I purchase RECREATION that I may benefit thereby.

I note particularly that your contributors do not seem to be aware of the fact that were the Colt people to put out such a "gun" there would be no need to waste time in regard to calibres and lengths of barrel. It would be merely a case of using the same calibres, the same cylinders and the same lengths as they do now—and always have. The only difference would be the fact that the frame would be made to look as much as possible like an old-time "Frontier '45," with a swing out cylinder of single action, with rebounding hammer —all exceedingly easy.

I might suggest, for the benefit of the makers, that if they turn out such a "gun," the breech-plate of the frame (*i.e.*, backing to cartridges) be more substantial than are those used in the "New Service" frames, and made with the idea that smokeless powders will be used exclusively.

The time has come for revolver makers to resign themselves to the fact that the arms they turn out must be guaranteed to stand smokeless charges in like measure as have the old black powder weapons.

There is no reason whatsoever that all revolvers should not be so constructed. I have had my experiences. I do not care to set them down here.

The reason so much interest centers on the model as suggested by Mr. Haynes is that such an arm embraces the romance of the old days, when the '45 was king, and, too, it resembles so much the type of revolver that made Mosby and his men well-nigh invincible. We cling to memories of the past. We love to see the old Kentucky rifle hanging above the fire-place and the great powder-horn beside it. Hence, we want a revolver now really modern, but in appearance suggestive of the days of conquest.

I predict that for years to come revolver shooting will be the fad—a permanent, practicable fad. The people are but only awakening to the beauties of the sport. Army officers are devoting much time to a study of it, finally realizing that henceforth it is to play by far a greater part in war than ever before thought of.

The "automatic" is the gun of the future, and may be rated in comparison with revolvers as were revolvers with flint locks.

I carry a Luger carbine-pistol, having a 12-in. barrel, day in and day out—day and night—on hunting trips, suspended from a shoulder arm-pit holster, also a .44 S. & W. heavy S. A., or a Colt's of the same calibre. They never tire me. I hunt exclusively with these "guns."

I desire such a "gun" as was shown in your October issue. Have encouraged the Colt's people to realize that they make no mistake by turning out such a one. If they do, it naturally follows they will also make all calibres just as easily as they do now—and without added expense.

They will sell like hot cakes. I may here add that if they do not there may be other makers who will have sufficient perception to respond to the unusual demand for such a "gun."

I wish to congratulate RECREATION readers because they had the privilege of reading Mr. Harry H. Dunn's account of "his" Death Valley game preserve, a brief description of the Amargosa River (in December issue)—the "Amagosh," as the desert men call it. I have been in that region twice during the past twenty years. It will be a famous place ere long.

Harry H. Morris.

PRAISE FOR THE .303 FEATHERWEIGHT

Editor, RECREATION:

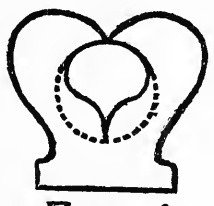
I have just returned from my annual hunting trip and am so exceedingly well pleased with the little .303 Featherweight Savage that I just want to say to you that it is in my opinion the ideal all-round rifle for large and small game. I actually believe if the merits of this little gun were fairly presented to the sportsmen of this country there would be very little demand for heavier rifles.

W. L. Marble, Gladstone, Mich.

FROM AN OLD RIFLEMAN

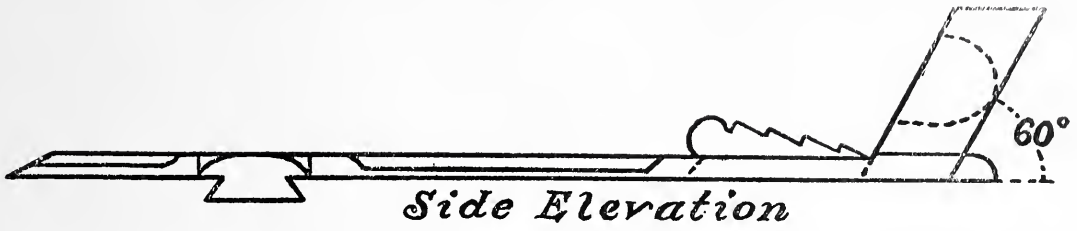
Editor RECREATION:

While I am not a regular subscriber to your most interesting magazine, still I manage to get hold of a copy pretty regularly at the newsdealers, and have had much pleasure and have taken a good deal of interest in the various discussion of arms and ammunition, although for a number of years past I have been unable to enter upon the sports of the field; still, there was a time back in the early '70s and late '80s when I stood among the "mighty hunters" on the Pacific Coast and handled all of the popular guns of that time, ranging from the old 1876 Winchester .32-.20 to the heavier calibres of .45-.70 Government. My idea now is what it was then, and my experience has upheld me, that there is no sense nor use of using large, heavy calibres for any game that treads the American continents; small, high-power ammunition is just as effective and does not ruin the game for use. A small ball well aimed and driven home to brain or heart will kill the biggest grizzly that ever lived. Of course, a man may be a novice and a poor shot, and thinks he must take along a cannon of such calibre that no matter where he hits his game he may at least find a few pieces of fur and hide scattered around, but his trophy is gone. Then, again if he is not a marksman, and a good one, and if he cannot face a grizzly coolly and as calmly as he would a jack-rabbit, he had much better, yes, very much better, stay at home, because the chances are he will never get back home; personally, I think the late high-power guns of the Winchester models 1894-1895, using the .25-.35, .30 and .30 U. S. cartridges, to be preferred above all others; even the little .25-.35 is a hard-hitting, deadly arm, and for the other two, they are past argument; their crushing and killing power is enormous.

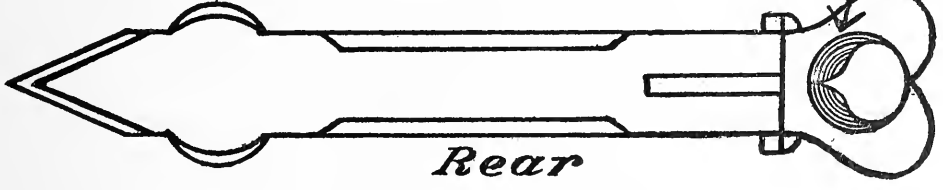


Front

I noticed also in the November issue a discussion on sights, both for field and target practice. I will not attempt to discuss the merits of the different makers, but I enclose a rough pen sketch of a sight that is little known, although to my idea, and I think any marksman who once uses it will agree with me, that it is the finest sight he ever looked through. Its features are that the bead is always shaded, no matter in what position you may stand, and that you do not have to raise it when it is desired to shoot at long range, simply by drawing fine or coarse, or for very long ranges draw fine or coarse through the tops of the horns (the originator was a man who used to live at Petaluma, Cal.), and when used in connection with the ivory tip front-sight makes a remarkably clear sight. The ivory-tipped front-sight, which is credited and named the Lyman sight, does not belong to him. I made the first ivory-tipped steel sight ever made: although I do not claim the idea, which belongs exclusively to Mr. George Hood, Jr., of Santa Rosa, Cal., a particular friend of mine. The way it came to be invented was: We had been using up to that time (1879-80) an ivory front-sight, but were having trouble by having them broken off in going through heavy brush, and in casting about for some device that should have strength, yet possess all the good qualities of the ivory sight, Mr. Hood hit upon the happy idea of steel and ivory, and being at the time too busy to make one himself, I, at his request, made the trial. I enclose one of those first attempts, though it is somewhat rusty and was only intended to illustrate the idea which we afterwards improved by securing the ivory more securely. Several years afterwards a traveling man happened that way and was shown the sight, and about eighteen months after lo and behold the Lyman Ivory-Tipped Front-Sight (now, I do not write this with any hard



Side Elevation



Rear

feelings, because I have none, but merely to give credit where credit is due), I am glad that the sight has been placed on the market for the benefit of sportsmen, knowing that it is a good one, and I doubt if it would ever have been put on the market by either of us, so no harm was done and much benefit derived. Hoping I have not taken too much of your valuable time, I am,

R. L. Sheward,
Council Bluffs, Iowa.

N. B.—That is an exceptionally fine piece of work on the November cover.

R. L. S.

PROBABLY A MAUSER

Editor, RECREATION:

I should like very much to know if the enclosed description of a rfle I got from a gun dealer is a Mauser rifle, as the man said it was. It's a carbine, with 22-inch barrel, and about a 7 m. m. calibre, and is sighted for 1800 yards or metres. The magazine is filled from a metal clip containing five cartridges; the barrel is encased in a barrel jacket or light steel cylinder, the nose end of the barrel passing loosely through the end of the barrel jacket. The only name is this on the barrel, "Fabrique National Herstal-Liege," and No. 04 on every part of the gun which is likely to break. I would like to know is it a Mauser rifle, and whose make, and if it's a late model and what is the calibre?

M. T. M., Lesserdog Creek, B. C.

No man could tell you the calibre of your Mauser without seeing it or one of the cartridges. It may not be a Mauser, though I think it is. The Mannlicher action is very similar to the Mauser. It is one of those two, probably. The calibre may be 7 mm. or 7.62 mm. Both calibres are used in Continental armies.

The only way to be sure of the calibre in your case is to take a sulphur cast of the chamber and a few inches of the barrel and submit it to an expert. This is very easy to do, and if you cannot procure sulphur you might do it with plaster of paris, but, in that case, be very careful you don't rust your rifle.

To take a cast, insert a cork down the barrel from the breech and about two inches into the rifling. Pour your fluid, heated sulphur, into the chamber until it is full, allow it to solidify; and press it out with a ramrod from the muzzle or, if you use plaster, mix your plaster to the consistency of a thick cream, oil the chamber well and pour in.—EDITOR.

Editor RECREATION:

I am a reader of your magazine and pay particular attention to guns and ammunition. Each month I hurry home with the latest copy of RECREATION to spend a few pleasant hours in reading its interesting contents. To have, as it were, a chat with fellow sportsmen from all parts of America. Perhaps a few lines from Quebec, the home of the deer, bear, moose and caribou, will be of some interest to a few readers of RECREATION who some days back have hunted in this province, or of value to some who in days to come will pay us a visit and carry off some choice game heads from this province, the "Sportsmen's Paradise." I am a lover of woodlands and lakes, which naturally made me a user of the rifle, field-glass and camera. Since boyhood rifle shooting has been my hobby, and the wilderness my paradise. Hounding deer or moose is prohibited by law. We have to be our own dog and do our own barking. The Caughnawaga Indian, or the half-breeds, all masters in the art on big-game hunting, some times take a fancy to some of us paleface amateur hunters and teach us lots about the woods, haunts and habits of game, that we might never know if left to our own resources. Old hunters' advice to me has been carefully followed. They have been through the mill and know from whence they speak, to become a good marksman is the main thing of value to a sportsman. Practice offhand, and learn to hit what you're shooting at. Never depend on a second shot simply because you are using a repeating rifle. Make the first shot count when big game is the object; perhaps it's the only shot you'll get. If you miss it will teach you to be careful. Experience is the best education. It comes high, but you will never forget the lessons it taught you. The success of your hunting trip may some day depend on a single shot. Prepare for that critical moment and you'll go home with venison instead of a hard-luck story. Deer are very plentiful in this part of the province. Sometimes they are shot within a mile and a quarter of this town, which has a little over 3,000 inhabitants. Bear are frequently seen and occasionally shot within five or six miles from here. But Bruin is a good hand at playing hide-and-seek and is hard to get a shot at. I shot one three weeks ago; my new .32 special Winchester, 94 model, tasted bear meat for first time. A hundred and fifty yards' off hand shot did great damage to Bruin's shoulders, and cut short his roving days. For year I used the .38-55, .40-82 and .45-90 Winchester rifles, all good guns. But the little .32 Special, to my mind, is the best cartridge ever placed on the market for big game hunting in the province. Deer, bear, moose and caribou fall before its deadly fire as if struck by lightning. I shot a large buck with it the first part of October last. The ball entered its left side about centre, coming out slightly forward on

the other side. Mr. Buck leaped into the air and came down, all fours doubling under him, got up and ran about forty yards and sank to the ground. He tried to get up, but lacked the strength.

I have shot them with the .38-.55 and .40-80, the ball taking about the same course and had to chase them half a day before I got near enough to bleed them. Two friends of mine used .32 Special rifles this fall on moose in the Lake St. Johns and Logany River districts. The two fine bull moose heads they brought home with them spoke well for the Winchester rifles and Winchester ammunition used in the chase. The .32 U. S. model 1894 is the sportsman's ideal arm, and for weight, balance, beauty of outline, accuracy and killing power, it is in a class by itself, and yet to be improved on, with a velocity of 2,112 feet per second in a 170-grain, flat-nosed, soft-point bullet, something has got to give way when it reaches its destination. Loaded with black powder and a lead bullet 165 grs. it makes a true .32-.40 an accurate and powerful black powder cartridge.

There is abundance of small game in this province, such as partridge, rabbit, woodcock, squirrel, etc., fox, coon and mink by the thousands; also a number of lynx, bob-cat, otter and sable. The country is very hilly, in fact, mountainous, if it can be called such, well wooded with maple, beech, ash, birch, pine, hemlock, cedar and spruce. With its deep valleys, countless streams and lakes its scenery is surpassed by none this side of the Rockies. Any brother sportsman coming to hunt in this province next season will make no mistake in outfitting himself with a .32 W. S. Winchester rifle, an Eastman kodak and field-glasses, and after a two-weeks' camp in the Canadian wilderness if he hasn't filled his game-bag and exposed all the films or plates he had with him and has made no use of his field-glasses I'll never again claim for myself the name of sportsman. With wishes of success for RECREATION and all its readers, I remain,

A Brother Sportsman

HAS SEEN THE PISTOL USED

Editor RECREATION:

I notice what Mr. John Rowley says in September number of RECREATION about the belt pistol, and what he says is about right. I went West in '83. I had a Smith & Wesson S. A. 32, 4-inch barrel. I thought that was the thing. I will never forget the laugh the boys set up when I showed it to them. "What in h—— do you suppose you can do with that thing? Down here, when we shoot a man, if we have to shoot, we want to *hurt* him, not scare him. If you don't he is going to hurt you."

Take it all through the West and Southwest and Mexico—what do the sheriffs carry? The S. A. Colt 45. Quick enough? Well, I reckon. Many of the Southwest "bad men" had no sights on their "guns," and filed the notches out of the tumbler so they would not stand cocked—just "fanned the hammer" with their thumb. Ben Thompson, of San Antonio, Tex., and the Earp brothers, of New Mexico, had their "cutters" fixed that way.

But some can never learn to be a snap-shot or a good wing shot with a shotgun. It is a "trick" that comes naturally and can not be learned by many. The finger and the eye must work together.

And the "flap holster"—that is all right in its way, but if you want to "pull a gun quick" how then? I once saw a duel in Mexico—not a previous fixed affair, but the outcome of a quarrel, and in the time that was consumed in getting the flaps of their pistol scabbards unbuttoned a "cow puncher" could have killed them both. As it was, one got a death wound and the other was not hit.

Both had .38 Smith & Wesson pistols, D. A. The Bisley model revolver, as Mr. Rowley says, never was a favorite in the West. The steep in-curl of the handle does not fit the hand (at least not easily), so as to roll the thumb over the hammer. The idea of the "Bisley" no doubt was to check the recoil. But if one wants to overcome that let them try the .38 W. C. F. and the .41 Colts inside lubricator made on the .45 frame. This gives a heavier pistol with greater accuracy. But never put too much dependence on a D. A. revolver—the best of them will hang.

D. F. Crowell, Boston, Mass.

Mr. John N. Olson, of Butte, Mont., sends us a description of a new rifle sight that he thinks is bound to win. The invention consists of a high foresight with notches or steps for the different ranges. The foresight is aligned under the object to be hit, and for each one hundred yards of range one step is seen above the notch of the rear sight.

He claims that gives good results up to five hundred yards.

We have not had an opportunity of using this sight, but it appears to us that its main drawback is likely to be found in the height that it will be necessary to give both the rear and the foresights. It is evident that with sights low down on the barrel this plan would not work, excepting on a rifle having a very high velocity and flat trajectory. The idea is, however, decidedly ingenious.

THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS

Editor RECREATION:

I have followed the correspondence that has been running in RECREATION for several

months, dealing with revolvers, and have been interested, and, may I add, amused thereby. To me it is perfectly plain that revolver shooters must be divided into two heaps. In the one you must put about nine-tenths of the men who buy such things, and the other heap will consist of the remaining tenth who really use them. The revolver was invented as a weapon for self defense at close quarters. For this purpose you must have an extremely powerful load and the gun must be handy; but it is not necessary to have extreme accuracy.

As the frontier has receded and, in fact, mostly disappeared, a generation has grown up that needs a revolver for totally different purposes.

When a man brags about shooting a lot of grouse with a revolver I can see him in my mind's eye. He may not be a tenderfoot, but he certainly is not a frontiersman.

Now, I think we should all be tolerant with one another's little weaknesses, and I can quite understand that nine out of ten of the revolvers sold to-day will never be used on anything more deadly than a porcupine; but it seems to me that for purely target work a single shot pistol is far better. Yet, I understand that the sale of single shot pistols is a mere nothing as compared with the sale of revolvers, so it is evident that most men do not agree with me.

For the work that they use it for, I think that a .38 Special, with swing-out cylinder and single action, should be a mighty good arm. Yet, for purely target purposes, I would prefer a Smith & Wesson .44 Russian, as the bullet cuts a bigger hole, and, for purposes of defense against a burglar or a bad man I should want a Colt single action, either .45 or .44 cal.

No, boys, pardon me if I have rubbed the hair the wrong way, for I am sure I did not intend to do anything of the sort when I started in.

Josh Bill, Chicago, Ill.

WANTS A LIGHT LOAD

Editor RECREATION:

I would appreciate it very much if some of your subscribers would inform me as to a good light load for the 38 S. & W. Special. I have experimented, somewhat, and find that the full charge of black powder and conical bullet works all right with reloaded shells, but I am unable to make a reduced load with round ball that works satisfactorily. The fault is not with the revolver, as that is in perfect condition.

Van Allen Lyman, New York.

PREFERS A HEAVY REVOLVER

Editor RECREATION:

I am very much interested in the articles on "Ideal Belt Revolvers." The .38 S. & W. Special is one of the finest pistol cartridges on the market to-day.

I am shooting a .38 S. & W., model 1902, and I have just three objections to it. It is from four to six ounces too light, the barrel should be seven and one-half inches instead of six and one-half, and then the grip is too light and too short. I have used a revolver for fifteen years, and I am thoroughly convinced that to do good shooting it is just as necessary to have a heavy revolver as it is to have a heavy rifle for target shooting. I want to see the Colt people chamber the "New Service" double-action for this cartridge and leave the cylinder the same length and diameter as the .38-.40. We have plenty of the lighter revolvers chambered for this shell, but not one of the heavy guns in single or double action.

Then again why can't the U. M. C. or Winchester people bring out a new straight taper, or bottle-necked, shell same length as .38-.40 W. C. F., 28 or 30 grains of powder and 165-grain express, or mushroom, bullet of the .358 diameter, to be used in this same gun for heavy shooting. By having an extra cylinder you would have, practically, two guns.

We shoot two shells, one of 1,385 ft. sec. and one of 2,050 ft, sec. from the .32 Winchester special rifle, 16-inch twist. Why can't we do practically the same thing with the revolver, and thereby have a general purpose gun?

C. M. Kendall, Albany, Ore.

HIS WAY

Editor RECREATION:

I will tell your correspondent who has trouble with his rifle about a plan I have found effective with my .30-.40 Winchester.

I take a piece of stout muslin between one and two inches square, saturate it with 3-in-1 (or, if that is not handy, kerosene will answer about as well), lay it over the muzzle and push it through with the butt, not the slotted end, of the cleaning rod, and repeat until the cloth shows no dark stains; then wipe it in the same way with dry cloth until the pieces of cloth come out perfectly clean. The exact size of the cloth can easily be found by a little experiment, but it should be as large as can be forced through the barrel, so that it will fill the grooves and follow the twist of the rifling. Push the rod down only a few inches, then take a fresh hold and let your hands turn with it. When the barrel is dry, and you can see no spots in looking through it, put a small piece of cloth that will pass easily through the bore in the slot of the cleaning rod and lubricate the whole length of the barrel with sperm oil, or some good gun grease. This should be done as soon as possible after the day's

shooting is over; don't let the rifle remain dirty over night, for, when the bore of any firearm becomes rusty, it is very hard to get it bright again.

If you are putting the rifle away for any length of time take a look at it in a week or two and see if there are any signs of rust. Wipe it out in the same manner with clean cloths, and see if they show any rust marks, or if any spots appear in the barrel when it is dry. If not, you can feel pretty safe; give it a heavy coat of gun grease, and look at it again in a month or so, just to be certain.

If you find any spots of rust repeat the process with a little fine emery sprinkled on the oily rag, and keep that up until the barrel shines like a mirror, then wipe clean and grease as before. In this case you had better examine it three or four times at intervals of a week or so before packing it away for the season, for when rust once takes hold it doesn't let go easily.

F. W. A., Worcester, Mass.

It is a great mistake to think that the Anglo-Saxon race has a monopoly of the improvements made in firearms. The Germans are very strong competitors, and two of their rifles, the Mauser and the Mannlicher, are quite the equal of any manufactured elsewhere. We do not hear so often of French weapons, yet many of them are well made, ingenious and often extremely artistic in design. This fact has been brought home to us by the recent receipt of a very fine catalogue issued by the "Manufacture Francaise d'Armes et Cycles," of Saint Etienne.

This catalogue consists of nearly eight hundred pages and, in addition to a full description of French rifles, shot guns, pistols and cartridges, gives half-tone illustrations of French dogs, and such things as cycles, fishing tackle and fine tools.

As it is in French, it can only be understood by those acquainted with that language, but to those who know the tongue of La Belle France there is a lot of valuable information stowed away between its covers. Sometimes it does us good to find out what our neighbors are doing, as it knocks out a little of the self conceit, to which we, as a people, are especially prone.

A LOAD FOR "CHUCKS"

Editor RECREATION:

In November RECREATION Robert McLaury, New York, asks what is the best cartridge for woodchuck. Like him, I have hunted this animal not a little. My first gun was a .303 Savage, which always killed on the spot, without my getting in holes. But, unless fired into a hillside, it always brought "cuss words" from some adjoining field, where, after leaving the ground, it sung its tune to the dissatisfaction of some farmer. I also used the .25-.20 very successfully, but found the lead too small. I now regard the .38-.40 soft nose Winchester the best in the world for woodchuck. Hurrah for new RECREATION!

George H. Nichol, Red Oak, Iowa.

USES SEVERAL

Editor RECREATION:

I have been much interested in reading the different opinions of those who use the revolver.

I can not agree with Mr. Rawley that the .45 calibre is the ideal revolver for this part of the country. For my use I can't get one of only one calibre suitable for all my needs.

There are times when shooting for fun my .22-calibre Smith & Wesson is just what I want. How would a .45-calibre Colt sound doing the work of a .22?

Then, for short range target, or for small game, the .32 calibre is just what I want. If I go up in the North Woods the .44 Russian or .38 Smith & Wesson special is what I want, for if you want one at all you want it bad, and a .22 or .32 would not be of any use.

I have a Smith & Wesson, Russian model with a .32-calibre 6-inch barrel; also a .44 Russian barrel and cylinder that fits the same frame. I can reload the .32 so it don't cost more than the .22 short to shoot it, and it makes a dandy gun to use around here, and when I go where there is *room* to use it I put the .44 barrel in, and use that which up to fifty yards is about as powerful as some rifles.

I think the .38 Smith & Wesson Special is at the top of its class as an all-around revolver, and if I couldn't have but one would have one. I should be obliged to "Kentucky" if he will send me the loads of L. & R. "Bull's-eye" powder he uses for the .44 Russian; also for the .38 S. & W. Special.

I have another revolver I think a great deal of which is an old model 6-shot .32-calibre, rim-fire Smith & Wesson with a 6-inch barrel. It has never been used, and is in fine condition. *It will shoot,* and I get a lot of fun with it when I don't want to reload shells.

C. A. Thomas, Athol, Mass.

INFORMATION WANTED

Editor RECREATION:

I would like to hear from readers of your magazine their ideas as to the best type of gun for duck shooting, with details as to gauge, length of barrels, weight and loads.

"Black Duck."

CAN KILL AT LONG RANGE

Editor RECREATION:

I am greatly pleased with RECREATION and think it is the greatest work of its kind ever published, and I certainly enjoy the gun end of it.

In the November issue I notice that Robert MacLaury, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has had the same trouble that I had with woodchuck; but I have settled my trouble to my complete satisfaction through a 30-30 Marlin rifle. It gets there, and I get the chuck, if I shoot straight; and I don't change the sight for anything up to 250 yards.

I can get woodchuck up to 300 yards with my Marlin without raising the sight, by aiming high.

R. MacL. wants to know about the .25-.35. Well, they are nice guns, but I have known four of them and they all had a little trick all of their own which is not desirable. I suppose this is too late for the December issue.

C. Pinkerton, Dixon, Ill.

A FEW QUESTIONS

Editor RECREATION:

Which do you think would be the best and most practical for hunting small game and for target work?

1. A Winchester automatic or a Winchester 1890 model, using the .22 Winchester shell, both to be fitted with a Stevens telescope.

2. What power telescope would you advise for these rifles?

3. Which is the strongest 'ctg', the .22 Winchester or .22 automatic?

4. Is it a very good idea to have a telescope fitted to the side of a rifle so the regular sights can be used? Or would it be better to have it mounted on top?

Thanking you for any advice you may be kind enough to give.

J. Frank Jones, Bethany, W. Va.

1. Each rifle is so good that it is merely a matter of taste.

2. We should choose a telescope having a power of about 4'.

3. The two cartridges are identical in strength, trajectory and penetration.

4. In a single-shot rifle we should put the telescope on top of the barrel, and in the automatic we should do the same. On a hunting repeater of large calibre the side mounting is every bit as good.—EDITOR.

FOR SMOKELESS POWDER

Editor RECREATION:

In regard to the proposed new single action Colt's revolver I am certainly in favor of the manufacture of one with all the latest improvements. As to calibre I think we ought to have a revolver to handle the new smokeless high-pressure ammunition. It would be a back number if it were built for black powder only.

John W. Siefert, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE SKATERS

BY GRANT COOK.

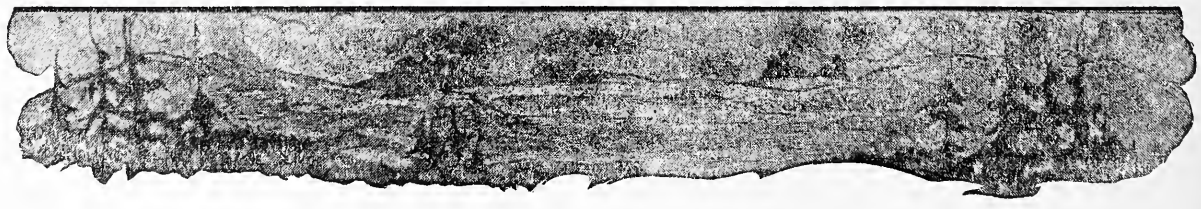
The rising moon,
Dispels the gloom,
And throws her beams on frozen lake, afar:
A pathway, bright
With mellow light,
Where skaters skim across the amber bar.

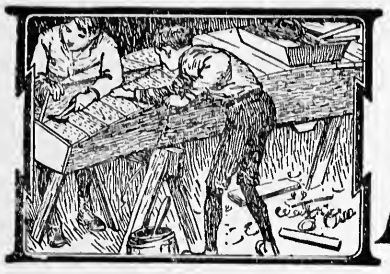
With swinging stride
And graceful glide,
The skaters cross the shining bar of light.
Swift flitting by,
As shadows fly,
They whirl and curve in phantom circling flight.

A ring of steel,
A laughter peal,
A bar of song and bit of raillery;
A dash and cheer,
While sharp and clear
The skate strokes ring out merrily.

A gleam of fire,
Then blazing higher,
The pile of brushwood burns, a beacon bright.
The bonfire throws
Bright ruby glows
On merry groups around its leaping light.

And when at last,
Our skates are fast;
We glide among the jolly, moving throng.
With hearts aglow,
We swiftly go,
Out in the moonlit path with blithesome song.





DAN BEARD AND THE BOYS

Well, boys, we have now furnished you with a constitution for The Sons of Daniel Boone, gotten up in the best style of the printer's art and printed on the most expensive paper. We have told you how to make a hunting shirt and how to make moccasins so that the different forts could wear distinctive uniforms, and we are receiving by each mail letters from the boys telling how much they like their constitution, which having been duly signed by your Founder, is not only a constitution for the club, but also a charter. At last you are full-fledged

LEGAL OFFICIAL SONS OF DANIEL BOONE.

Such being the case, during this cold weather you will probably want to try some camping back-woods, out-of-door hunting or pioneer work.

A LONG ISLAND CLAM ROAST.

I have had complaints from the boys on the coast to the effect that they do not have any woods handy in which to camp and build log houses, but are confined to such sport as they can find on the shores of the salt waters, and some of them asked me if I could tell them how to make a Long Island clam roast. In answer to this I will say that they must first hunt up an iron hoop such as are used on barrels and casks and place this hoop on the ground, preferably over a flat stone or a smooth, sandy spot. Then take a peck of fresh, hard clams and put them with their "noses" down. You are to understand from this that "noses," as here used, means the part of the clam which opens. Cover the clams with some shavings and on top put small kindling or brush wood, strike a match and light the fire. After the wood has been consumed replenish the top wood once or twice until, when the fire dies down, it leaves an abundant bed of hot embers.

It is not so much the fire as the embers which cook the clams. When the "noses" begin to open take two sticks or iron tongs and pick them up one at a time and put them in a tin pan. Then sit down with the pan between your knees and some pepper and salt and butter, push the shells wide open and take a hot, deep shell and drop your chunk of butter in where it will sizzle and melt, put your salt and pepper on the butter, then pick the hot, fat clams one by one from the shells, dip them in the butter, eat them and enjoy yourself—for this is a Long Island Clam Roast.

SOME CAMPFIRE DAINTIES.

But for you boys who are not on the coast and want to build a campfire and cook something to eat out of doors, take two green logs and place them alongside of each other, and let them be about seven inches apart at one end and only three inches at the opposite end.

THE CAMPFIRE.

If the tops of these logs have been flattened before being placed in this position, kettles, pots and pans will sit firmly over a fire built between. Drive a forked stick in the ground at each end of this backwoods stove and rest another stick for a crane in these forks. From this you can hang other cooking utensils to keep warm.

If you have any heavy cooking utensils,

THE CRANE

should be about three inches in diameter, good and strong. Build your fire of small wood and bark and keep it going until the space between the logs is all glowing embers. Then put your frying pan over the embers and in it place the dismembered body of a rabbit or other game which you may have, or, failing in this, such material as your mother will spare you from her larder or you can buy at the butcher shop. Have some thin slices of bacon frizzling in another pan, with which to flavor your meat, and be sure that when you pour the bacon and gravy over your meat it is real hot. Then fry your meat until it is done to the taste and it may be removed and eaten. Far better than a modern frying pan is one of those old-fashioned iron ones called a spider; the thicker the iron of the spider and the hotter you get it before putting in the meat, the better the results. Put in chunks of meat and let them sizzle and smoke until they are black on one side, then turn them and cook the other side.

A CAMP STEW.

Or get your mother, the housekeeper or the cook to give you all the discarded parts, such as the neck, drumsticks and wings of any domestic fowl which they may be about to cook, and put this with the chunk of pork and any sort of vegetables that you can secure into the kettle over the coals and let it

simmer there as long as possible until the contents become of the consistency of thick soup. Add salt and pepper, and, if it becomes too thick, hot water, and be sure to keep it stirring so that it will not adhere to the bottom of the kettle and impart a scorched taste to the stew. When it is thoroughly done dip it out with tin cups and sit around the campfire and enjoy it, because all that it requires to make a most excellent dish of this is that it shall be sufficiently cooked and well seasoned. If you have such a luxury as a jar of olives, a little olive liquor poured in while the mess is cooking will give it a regular Delmonico flavor. In the meantime,

SOME POTATOES

can be buried in the hot ashes at one end of your fireplace and baked. You can tell when they are done by stabbing them with a sharp, pointed, slender stick. If they are not done the potato will be soggy and offer some resistance, but when fully done, after the stick has penetrated the crust it will go through the interior as easily as it will through flour. A little salt on these is all that is necessary to make them a palatable dish, but, of course, they are improved by the use of butter. In cooking the soup just described, which is known in the South as a

"BURGOO,"

they use a very large iron kettle and stir it with long-handled wooden spoons, which the men cut out with their jack-knives; anyone whose spoon strikes another must pay a forfeit of some kind. If the girls are invited to one of these "Burgoos" the nature of the forfeit is easily determined; but when it is only the boys the forfeit is generally of a ruder and less pleasant nature than a kiss.

AFTER THE "FEED."

After you have had your feast you can secure a board up against the trunk of a tree or the fence, with a nail or two to hold it in place. Then rule, with a piece of chalk, a straight line down the centre of the board from top to bottom. After this decide upon a distance for a taw-line from this target and then begin at once throwing hatchets at the line drawn on the board. The Indians of olden times were experts in

THROWING THE TOMAHAWK,

and many of the old white pioneers were also adepts at this novel art. You will be surprised how accurately you can throw a hatchet after a little practice, and I have seen a group of boys in Kentucky standing forty feet from a target of this kind, stick one hatchet after the other exactly in the line and each hatchet so close to its neighbor that the wonder was that all the handles were not split. Let Daniel Boone make

A TOTEM MARK

of some kind on a piece of leather or cloth which will be awarded to the scout making the best score in throwing the tomahawk, and the winner can wear the totem on the breast of his hunting shirt just as the great Daniel Boone wore the totem marks bestowed upon him by his admiring Indian friends. Remember, boys, that any sort of husky, outdoor sport is perfectly consistent with your position as a pioneer, because all those buckskin-clad ancestors of ours indulged in athletic games, running and jumping and wrestling being favorite pursuits as well as turkey shooting and gander plucking.

GANDER PLUCKING

was a rude and cruel sport for the goose or gander was tied fast to a horizontal plank on the top of a pole and his neck, from his head down, was plentifully daubed with soft soap. Then the hunters gathered at the backwood's festival, mounted their horses and dashing by at full speed would strive to grab the gander by his neck and jerk him from his perch. It was rough on the gander, but these rude, half savage men enjoyed the sport, not because they were cruel, but because they were thoughtless. In the next number of RECREATION I will tell you how to have a gander plucking without being subject to any accusation of cruelty. In other words, we will preserve the fun of the game without tormenting the poor gander.

Wishing you all a very Happy New Year, chuck full of fun, I will close by a request that each fort will send in a report to the Founder of what interesting things they have been doing that we may publish these reports for the benefit of the other forts.

OUR SLOGAN

Since the boys have been asking for a distinctive cry of their own, we here give one gotten up in college style which is appropriate for the Sons of Daniel Boone:

Wow! Wow! Wow!
Row! Row! Row!
Gosh—all—hemlocks!
Buckskin and leather socks!
Waugh! Waugh! Waugh!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Cut-a-notch!
Cut-a-notch!
Cut-a-notch soon!!
For we are the Sons of Daniel Boone!!

I want to say, boys, that this slogan of the Sons of Daniel Boone is composed almost entirely of old Western expressions, and consequently is unique in its line. I trust that it will please you all and be successful in filling a long-felt want of which the boys have been writing. Now, get all together

and practice the yell in unison and see how much noise you can make with it and, when you have got it down fine, spring it on some of your friends and startle them. Also use it on all occasions of triumph, or as an expression of approval for anything that has happened, but, to be effective, it must be shouted in unison by a number of voices, and shouted with vigor and enthusiasm.

HE WAS NOT A SON OF DANIEL BOONE

Keyport, N. J., Nov. 26.—While handling a shotgun on Saturday afternoon Clinton Walling, 17 years old, son of John H. Walling, of Centerville, about two miles back of this place, shot and instantly killed his cousin, Mabel Walling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wyckoff Walling. Miss Walling would have been 17 years old to-day. The shooting occurred at the home of the young man while Miss Walling was making a call. The shot entered her neck and went up into her head.

This could not have happened had the boy been a Son of Daniel Boone, for our boys train themselves so as to never, under any circumstances, point a gun, with or without a load, at anyone.

ANTELOPE CAN JUMP

Editor RECREATION:

Some of the discussions in your magazine puzzle me extremely. The antelope, that pretty bundle of springs, does jump. I killed one with an arrow while it was in full flight over a clump of lull-berry bushes fully ten feet high. I have seen one take a shed, nine foot, sloping to six high, and eight feet wide, like a hurdler. I owned a fawn that cleared a piano box used to close (as a gate) a yard made of chicken wire three feet high. The fact regarding wire fences is that the antelope does not understand them, but will try to push through, like a fly on a window-pane.

This same fawn was "rushed" by the town's pack of greyhounds while in the yard. The picket fence it understood, as well as a six-foot tight board fence fifteen feet beyond. It hopped over both these and went down the dusty road like a ricochetting rifle ball. Even when the hounds straightened out they stood no chance whatsoever. The fawn led them a mile chase for the fun of the thing, and I had time to put her in the safety of the barn before the first dog appeared.

An antelope can beat the best dog that ever lived a hundred yards in a mile straightaway. After that it's different. We used to course antelope, deer, jack-rabbit, coyotes and gray wolves constantly. The jack-rabbit's speed is overrated, while the antelope's undoing, I believe, is entirely due to fright, lack of gameness, and, most of all, to the tremendous burst he makes at the start. Time and again I've seen them fly clear of the dogs like bouncing bales of lint in a hurricane. And they will assuredly jump any solid obstacle in their way.

Speaking of the wire fence and antelope, another curious lack of understanding, common to all animals, is that of a missile thrown by hand. It isn't until the throwing motion has been followed by the pain of being hit many times that even so intelligent a beast as a dog translates cause and effect. Of course, in many instances, the rapid motion of the arm will scare a brute. If not, it will calmly watch a stone (or whatever) while it is on its way, making no attempt to dodge or evade it.

I noticed this first in the case of a small puma watching me from a ledge about sixty feet above the creek. I didn't like to pass him, so, to get him out of the way, I "pasted" at him with a stone the size of a lemon. He looked fixedly at the stone. I yelled "Look out!" at him as though he were a man, but there he lay until the stone thumped him squarely on top of the head. He was half way up a hill a thousand feet high before I had gotten more than twenty feet up my tree.

This further proves that the mountain lion is a cowardly brute, and that people who live in deep gulches shouldn't throw stones.

"Lakota," Richmond, N. Y.

IS IT TRUE?

Even missionaries can draw a long bow when telling hunting stories, for one of them says, "A Hottentot, while asleep on the top of the thick spreading boughs of a Whitestone tree, rolled over in his sleep and fell kuflunk upon a lion which was snoozing beneath. The lion was so alarmed that he fled in dismay, while the Hottentot climbed up to his roost and went asleep again."

The killing of deer and antelope in western Nebraska during the closed season is being investigated by the State Game and Fish Department. Recently word was received that a deer had been killed in Hooker county and an antelope in Keith county. Sheriff Rector, of Hooker county, has reported that no deer have been killed in Hooker this year, and from Keith comes word that the antelope was killed during the open season, which closed November 15. Other reports of deer and antelope killing are being investigated. Several herds of deer and antelope exist in the northwestern part of the State. They are protected during all seasons of the year by the government foresters and ranchmen and are increasing rapidly.

THE NECESSITY OF FRESH AIR

When we speak of recreation in this magazine we mean OUTDOOR diversions, with a big, big "O." It is a common expression to speak with the utmost contempt of a hog, and we frequently hear people say, "as dirty as a pig." Yet

A WILD BOAR

is as clean, fierce, independent and self-reliant an animal as is found in the forests, and its habits are every bit as cleanly as those of the other forest creatures. Its food consists of nuts, acorns and succulent roots, a bill of fare to which no objection can be made by the most captious critic; but when the wild boar has, through ages of overfeeding and confinement, become

A DOMESTIC HOG

it gorges itself with swill, half-fermented garbage and the refuse from the kitchen, and wallows contentedly in its own filth. It is then A CIVILIZED PIG. The

WILD BEE

makes its honey from the sap flowing from the storm-broken branches of the sugar maple and box elder. The nectar stored in the blossoms of the forest trees, wild flowers, mints, nettles, wild thyme and other aromatic and delightful materials, and, consequently,

WILD HONEY

has as distinctive a gamey flavor of its own as do the game animals which shelter themselves under the foliage of the big tree or the grouse which roosts in its branches. But

THE DOMESTIC BEE

lives in an artificial hive, often deposits its honey in an artificial comb, and, in place of the spicy wild flowers to gather its honey from, the chemically prepared syrups furnished it by the owner of the hive and the civilized honey is over sweet, flat and insipid.

The lesson to be drawn from this is not that all men should revert to savages, but it is that all men should have elbow room, fresh air and be unconfined, mentally and physically, before they can develop the highest condition of manhood and produce the best work. Our CITIES, without exception, are

HUMAN PIG STYES.

In making this statement I speak by the book, for I have personally made a map of almost every town and hamlet between the Mississippi River and the Atlantic Ocean. And on these maps I located every house, barn and shed, and I can state emphatically that, although there are parts of every city in which the individual residents have the appearance of cleanliness, there are also whole sections of every city where the filth, moral and physical, is worse than that of any pig sty. This comes from overcrowding and herding people into limited quarters. Pigs, as a rule, have plenty of fresh air, which is denied to the people inhabiting the human styes; and the contamination of these places spreads in the form of impalpable dust, loaded with microbes, spoors, bacteria, which float on the tainted atmosphere and enter into and pervade even the neat appearing mansions of the rich. It is evident to the most casual observer and thinker that

MEN ARE NOT INTENDED TO LIVE IN PIG STYES.

Every city is a pig sty, and the products of the men who labor in them are likened unto the product of the bees fed on glucose. They are flat, unwholesome and insipid.

Of course, we are now running up against one of the most difficult and intricate of social problems; but it is not one that cannot be solved.

However, it is not the province of the editor of RECREATION to advance any economic theory, and whatever his private beliefs and convictions may be they will not be imposed upon the readers of this magazine; but *it is* the province of this magazine to preach

FRESH AIR

and to point out the evils which come from the lack of it. Take a man like Abraham Lincoln, whose early life was spent in the open air of the wilderness, who was born in a log house, through the chinks of which there was always a free circulation of ozone, and compare this man and his work with some of the gentlemen who have lately, most unwillingly, been placed in the limelight of the public. And you will see the difference, both morally and physically, between the man who split rails and the man who cuts coupons. We cannot all live in

a wilderness; but there is no good reason why every city should not be filled with parks and breathing places, and *they will be if the people demand them*, for there is nothing in the powers of a government like ours that will not be produced when called for by a stern, emphatic demand from the public itself.

THE SIDE HUNT

In announcing the side hunt in the June number we spoke of eating crow, but it never occurred to us then that the boarding house keeper would serve turkey buzzard to his guests. However, Joseph Peppe, proprietor of a commissary on the new Pennsylvania freight line, gave his boarders a game dinner, consisting of rabbits out of season, various song birds, and the piece d'resistance was a fine, fat turkey buzzard. The boarders became seriously ill after the feast and Joseph paid a fine of $420 in cash for breaking the game laws in order to keep himself out of jail.

We are glad that the game warden in this case did his duty. But we fail to understand why Sheriff John Zeller, former Freeholder Richard Vonderbach, County Committeeman Leonard Marcy, Boulevard Commissioner Louis Diehm, and Police Sergeant Philmore, when detected by the Game Warden breaking the laws of the same State should be allowed to go free. Each one of the party brought home with him a number of partridges, and is now grumbling because he did not get big game. The Game Warden really arrested these men, but, according to the Hoboken, N. J., Observer, as soon as he learned who his prisoners were he gave them their freedom. The men are personally unknown to the staff of RECREATION, but, as they were caught in the act of breaking the law, we can see no reason why they should not pay the same penalty as that inflicted upon the little dago of turkey buzzard fame. There should be no special privilege class in the game field.

BEAVERS CAUGHT

Seven hundred beaver skins, worth about $10,000, were captured by Game Warden Loveday, in Ottawa, on October 20; but the Game Warden had to release his prize because the *Quebec government itself was the law breaker.* The law up there forbids killing of beaver and otter, and also forbids anyone having in possession the skins of those animals. In justice to the Quebec government, it is well to state that the skins had already been seized as captured illegally.

Nevertheless, as the officials did not comply with the regulations regarding the transportation of these skins, we see no reason why these officials should not be arrested and fined the same as any private citizen who might be so careless.

AN EFFICIENT TOASTMASTER

Mr. Langdon Gibson, brother of Charles Dana Gibson, was toastmaster at the dinner of the Arctic Club the other night. Mr. Langdon Gibson is one of the few men who have navigated the whole length of the canyon of the Colorado and, for vacation, he went north with Peary on one of his expeditions. He was formerly stroke oar of the champion eight-oared shell crew of Long Island.

THE MANITEE REFUSED TO COME

A. W. Dimock, of the Camp Fire Club, lately spent six hours in the water with a twelve-foot manitee, which he was endeavoring to persuade to take a trip north and exhibit itself to the crowd at the New York aquarium. Mr. Dimock was successful in anchoring the manitee; but, while he was making preparations to ship the sea cow north, it made its escape. It will be interesting to the boys to know that this gentleman who could spend six hours in the water struggling with a twelve-foot manitee is past his sixtieth birthday.

A DILEMMA

Buffalo Bill has presented Mr. A. A. Anderson, the artist, with two buffalo *bulls* for his ranch. Mr. Anderson wants to start a herd but he don't see how he can do it under the circumstances at present.

TWO OF THE SAME MAN

We have just learned that Big Bill Otterman, of North Peak, Oregon, sat on a circular saw; and they buried both of him in the same grave.

A POT HUNTER

locked in a country jail in Wisconsin was heard singing:

We-e-e-ll, I ain't got no regular place,
That I kin call my home—
Ain't got no permanent address
As through this world I ro-o-o-am,
An' Portland, Maine, is just the same
As Sunny Tennessee,
For any old place I hang my hat
Is "Home, Sweet Home" to me.

CARP CURE FOR THUNDER

At last we have found some use for the carp. Re-shun Ro-jin says, "When any one is struck by thunder, make him lie upon his back and place a live carp in his bosom. If the carp jumps and moves, the patient will recover and the carp die. This is infallible."

WORDS OF COMMAND

With an increasing degree of amused interest I have recently watched a number of men—keen, practical, outdoor men, rush with common impulse to a most uncommonly false conclusion. The spirit with which these dog men of all degrees welcome the Utopian dream of a universal language has but few parallels in history. Generally speaking, there are five classes of men interested. The professional handler and his amateur brother, the owner, the field-trial judge and the reporter. Having myself been at various times in the position of handler, judge, owner and reporter, it is not only the amusing, but the pathetic side, which strongly appeals to me at this writing. I can well understand why each should, on first impulse, grasp almost any opportunity of escape from an old and deep-seated trouble.

The professional handler is a man who, as a rule, works very hard for his money, and who has to contend with difficulties, very much out of proportion with his duties. Bad weather, bad grounds, birds that are wild and birds that can't be found. Thick-headed dogs with soft-headed owners, and dough-headed dogs with hard-headed owners; judges who can't judge and reporters who shouldn't be allowed to report. With all these the professional *might* be a very happy man, but fate has willed otherwise. He must take an English dog, teach him to obey Irish or Dutch commands, and then turns him over to a Frenchman, a New Yorkers or a "Down Easter," who, with strange words, will ask the poor canine to do impossible things. Truly, the professional handler's lot is a hard one, and there should be a heavy punishment for the owner who asks his dog to "charge" when the handler has taught him to "drop."

The amateur handler also has mighty good reasons for demanding a uniform set of commands. After much careful thought and perusal of all the standard works on "breaking," or training, he has taught his dog to "come here," "fetch it," "drop," "steady," or, perhaps, "to-ho." Now, there is a movement set on foot to make certain commands illegal. Truly, there is need of prompt action. He can't teach his dog all over again, and he dares not fly in the face of the authorities and defy them. Therefore, he will endorse the plea for uniform commands, and when the authorities meet in solemn convention he will present a petition that the words which he has taught be adopted for all time. It was hard for him to decide what words of command to use in his work, but, having mastered the problem, and taught "Sport" the true inwardly meaning of "to-ho" (quite an accomplishment, by the way), the art must be protected and kept pure.

The owner (as he is here classed, the man who pays some one to break, or handle, for him), like the professional handler, has troubles of his own that the outsider knows nothing of—sick dogs, and dead dogs, handlers without conscience, amateur judges and anonymous reporters. In public competition he learns to accept these with good grace. But when he turns from the trials to his private shooting, and finds that his dog does not consider his words worthy of notice, he prays for a language that will convey his wishes, pure and unabridged, to the seat of that dog's understanding. He sometimes even desires words to express his feelings toward the man who gave his pup its education.

The judge, in his turn, would welcome as a blessing the establishment of uniformity in commands. Under the present conditions he feels that it is quite possible for him to be deceived. Unless he understands perfectly the meaning of the very numerous words of command how is he to know whether or not the dog is obedient. This is also true of the reporter. If the number of commands adopted is not too large, and is confined to words of one syllable, it will be an easy matter for him to learn them by heart.

In order to make this new idea a rule there must, of course, be a total elimination of all unnecessary orders or expressions used in handling the dog. This sounds quite simple, but when one stops to consider that to do this it will be necessary for some of our best handlers to forget a number of expressions which they've used on generations of field-trial winners, it looks like quite a proposition. However, admit for the sake of argument that this is quite feasible, and suppose that the field commands are reduced to a given number, what is the effect on the dog. In my opinion, after all is said and done, the dog will continue to obey the gesture, the whistle and the tone of the command, almost, if not quite regardless, of the word that is spoken. If the command is

given in the proper tone the same dog will obey "go on," "come in," and charge," just as readily as he will respond to "get away," "heel" or "drop." Put a well-broken dog in the field with a man who has the right tone of command—it will make but little difference what words he uses. The best handlers are the quietest; not because they confine themselves to a certain few words of command, but because they realize that nothing is to be gained by talking to their dogs. Some old handlers have the bad habit of keeping up a running stream of remarks to their dogs. But the dog is seldom, if ever, influenced by these remarks. When the influence is apparent it is not because of the words that are spoken, but, I must repeat, it is on account of the *tone* used. Of equal importance with the tone is the gesture; a great deal might be said on this phase of the subject alone. But I will merely mention one very common and important order which can never be properly conveyed to the dog by word of mouth. I refer to changing a dog's course in the field. He may be a quarter of a mile away, or perhaps within a few rods of you; but if you want him to make a cast off to the left or to search out a corner to the right, you can order him to do so only by indicating the direction with a wave of the hand.

There seems to be an impression that in order to control a dog it is simply necessary to be certain just what words have been used in educating him. The man who receives a supposedly broken dog from a trainer must, to a certain degree, become acquainted with the dog before expecting thorough obedience. Take, for instance, the case of an owner who has just received his dog from the trainer's hands. He does not know what terms have been used in breaking, but if he has any judgment, or the faculty for handling, the dog will obey him as soon as he becomes accustomed to his voice. On the other hand, if he lacks that faculty for handling, that peculiar ability to control, the fact of his knowing each word to which the dog has been accustomed, will be of no service whatever.

In conclusion, let me say that I do not wish to be understood as denying to the dog the ability to distinguish between differently worded commands. What I claim is: that when in the field he is influenced by the command conveyed in tone rather than in articulation. This fact, of course, does not interfere with the practicability of a uniform set of commands. It simply indicates that the advantage gained is of a very doubtful quantity, particularly when the difficulty of bringing about such a change is taken into consideration. It is really a case of "What is the use?" Under present conditions the dog has a real good excuse for not obeying, the handler has a reasonable excuse for not breaking, and the owner has a plausible excuse for not being able to handle his own dog.

William Tallman.

BOOK TALK

There can be little doubt in anyone's mind that Adirondack Murray was one of our pioneer apostles of out-of-door life, and, when we pick up the little volume by our young friend, Harry V. Radford, giving a biographical sketch of Murray, the old English ballad comes to our mind, "Lythe and listin, gentilmen, That be of freborn blood, I shall you tel of a gode yeman, His name was Robyn Hode."

Not that Mr. Murray was in any sense an outlaw, like the celebrated English bowman, but both Robin Hood and Murray loved the free life of the green woods, Murray being as good a shot with his rifle as "Robyn Hode" was with his long bow and just as genial a "yeman."

The book, "Adirondack Murray," termed a "Biographical Appreciation" by its author, is a tribute to the father of the Adirondacks from a young man who evidently looks upon Mr. Murray as his patron saint.

One might easily have a worse patron saint than the famous preacher, who made our New York wilderness famous. Published by Broadway Publishing Co. Price, 50 cents.

The New York Zoological Society is issuing four nature series. Number one is a book called "Sea-Shore Life," by Alfred Goldborough Mayer, Director of the Marine Biological Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution at Tortugas, Florida, which is a splendid volume and tells exactly the things which any person, visiting the seashore, wants to know. There have been occasions when we would gladly have traded the clothes from our back for such a book. It is written in every-day English, that kind which most of us understand and speak, and it is not loaded up with words with meanings only known to a few scientists. It is designed to be of use to the beginners, and, like all common-sense books of this sort, it will be of use to everybody whose interest in the seashore extends beyond the veranda of a summer hotel and a bathing suit. The book is a gift to the New York Zoological Society and the proceeds of its sale are to be devoted to the increase of the collections of the Aquarium.

AS IT SHOULD BE

Some readers seem to have taken our words last month to heart, and consequently we have a number of questions on various subjects which we have been called upon to answer. This is just what we desire. We want to make this department an open exchange of ideas. We, on our side, will answer your questions and help you out of your difficulties, while you can help us by suggesting topics you wish to know more about, and occasionally sending in a few notes yourself on the way *you* do things. You may be making bromide enlargements, for instance, a little better or a little differently than others, and we would like to know your method. Or your tank developer formula may be a specially good one of your own. Let our other readers share in your good fortune.

ENLARGEMENTS.

A reader writes for information as to how to make enlargements from engravings and drawings. He states he remembers seeing some method described in which reflectors are used, evidently with the idea of doing away with a negative of the print. How this could be done, we are quite unable to say, never having heard of the arrangement. The simplest way is to make a negative of the print, from which, then, any size enlargement can be made. Any one with a camera and a room with a window in it at his disposal can make enlargements, and a method of using the ordinary camera at the window for this purpose was described and illustrated in these pages some five or six months ago.

If the print or engraving is small and has no printing on the other side, a negative can be made by contact. If the picture to be enlarged is in a book, it is best to place a sheet of glass tightly over the page, so as to hold it in position and smooth.

ABOUT EXPOSURE.

Will you please tell me what exposure and what size stops to use in my camera in order to take successful snow pictures?

Not an unusual question at this time of the year. Snow pictures are by no means the easiest to take, and the average snow picture has as much resemblance to the real thing as a camera has to a rifle. Over-exposure is only too easy with brilliantly lit snow landscapes, but yet the general fault is under-exposure, giving nothing but harsh contrasts of black, formless trees and white snow without any idea of those soft half-tones which are so necessary. When the sun is shining and the snow lies heavily on everything, a very short exposure must be given. It is frequently advised to use the smallest stop of your lens and to run the shutter to its top speed. This generally results in under-exposing the shadows, making them hard and lifeless in the picture. It is better to use a slow plate and preferably a non-halation orthochromatic plate. Seed makes a good one which, if used with a very weak yellow ray-screen, will give fine results. Snow pictures should be taken in the morning hours, or when the sun is setting, casting long, transparent shadows on the snow. Development should not be too strong. A thin plate will give a better print, with more atmosphere and half-tone quality in it than one which has been developed until the high lights are as hard as rocks and the shadows so black that they seem fit to write with.

REDUCING A NEGATIVE.

In answer to a couple of inquiries, I would say that generally I use just plain ferricyanide of potash when I want to reduce a negative. I make a very weak solution, just a small crystal or two in four ounces of water, and after bathing the negative in a hypo solution I place it in the ferricyanide. The action can be stopped by bathing in water, or can be repeated as often as wanted. This is called Farmer's Reducer. Some of the patent reducers are all right, but the old Farmer's is usually good enough, and its action pretty certain.

TANK DEVELOPMENT.

Have my readers ever tried tank development when they have had a bunch of negatives to finish off? I tell you, it is a great institution. You can make a tank for yourself, with grooves down the side to hold the plates, if you are of a mechanical turn of mind; but here is one tank on the market now, called the Auto-Tank, which is a tremendous time-saver. A slow-acting developer, usually compounded with glycin, which does not stain, is used in a tank and the plates can be dropped in and the tank covered up while you go out of the dark-room and attend to other business. According to the

strength of the solution, you look at the plates every fifteen minutes or half-hour until they are done. You may not believe it, but you will get far finer average results from your negatives than by the old method of tray development. The negatives will be cleaner, crisper and not so dense as you are apt to get them when developing by hand.

COLOR-PRINTING.

Two or three months ago, I wrote about a color-printing process which had been put on the market and which gave really interesting results with very little labor. There is now another simple color process at the disposal of the amateur, which, if correctly worked, will give very nearly true reproductions of color. This process, which is now being exploited, is called "Solgram" by the inventor, and a little explanation of its working will probably interest. Strictly speaking, it is a three-negative process, but two negatives can be used, or even one, though with one negative the results are not so perfect as to color, but the manipulation is, of course, easier. We will suppose you are using one negative only. This should be made on an orthochromatic plate. The printing paper, as bought, is coated with a red solution, on which the first print is made. The print can be examined from time to time during exposure, and when a faint image appears it is removed from the frame and washed with cold water, a piece of cotton soaked in water being used to rub the surface of the paper and remove the color. This first print will give you a brilliant red image which must be thoroughly dried first, before proceeding to the next step. When dry, the paper is coated with a solution of a blue print powder which comes with the paper. The solution is brushed lightly over the red image and the paper allowed to dry. The print is then placed on the negative a second time, care being taken to register the image over the negative. This can be done easily, as the red image is quite visible through the blue coating. Print as before and then wash in cold water for five or ten minutes, dry and coat the paper again with a solution of the yellow powder accompanying the paper. After drying, you print behind the negative for a third time, allowing the print to become well tanned, and then wash again in cold water, and your print in colors is finished. Simple, is it not?

The finest results are obtained with the use of three negatives of the subject, which should be made with a green filter before the lens for the first or red coating, a red filter for the second or blue coating and a violet filter for the third or yellow coating. It would take too long and be somewhat too technical to describe the reasons for using these filters, but for those who have patience and use infinite care this last method will be an interesting study.

LOADING PLATE HOLDERS

Editor RECREATION:

I see in a recent issue of your magazine an article in regard to loading plate holders in the dark, in which you state that all plate makers pack the dry plates film side to film. I have been using the "New Record" plates, and they are all packed with the film side up; that is, all that I have used. My method of loading dry plates without a ruby light is as follows: Take a pin or needle, or other sharp-pointed instrument, and make a short scratch near the edge of the plate, say one-sixteenth of an inch from the edge. Try both sides of the plate; on the film side it will stick, but on the glass side will slip off very easy. The scratch will not hurt the negative in any way if made near the end or side of plate, as the printing frame takes off a margin of about one-eighth of an inch. If this method is of any use to you you may publish it.

Rannie Smith, Preston, Minn.

A DEVELOPER FOR SOLIO

Editor RECREATION:

Could you kindly let me know a good developer and fixing solution for solio paper. I like this paper, as I have had better luck with it than with others, and always used a combination fixing and developing solution put up by a large photo supply company in Nassau street, but the pictures I took two years ago, and of which I think a great deal, are fading. I keep moving the prints until they are a deep chestnut-brown and then put them in a vessel large enough so they do not lay in one heap and let a small stream of water run on them for one hour. Then I dry them and mount them. Should I get other paper (or some other brand) and a different solution, or is there something I can put into the solio combination to keep pictures from fading? I always use fresh paper and solution. Will send some pictures to RECREATION shortly. Hoping you can help me out, and thanking you in advance, I am,

Edwin Hauck, New York City.

NOW, YOUR TURN

A Wisconsin man has invented a rat killer made of 76 per cent. corn meal, 19 per cent, dynamite and 5 per cent. of glue. The mixture is rolled into balls and a little cayenne pepper placed in the centre of it; when the rat sneezes he is blown to pieces. This mixture is not effective on mice because they do not sneeze hard enough. Such genius is worthy of a native son of Kansas.

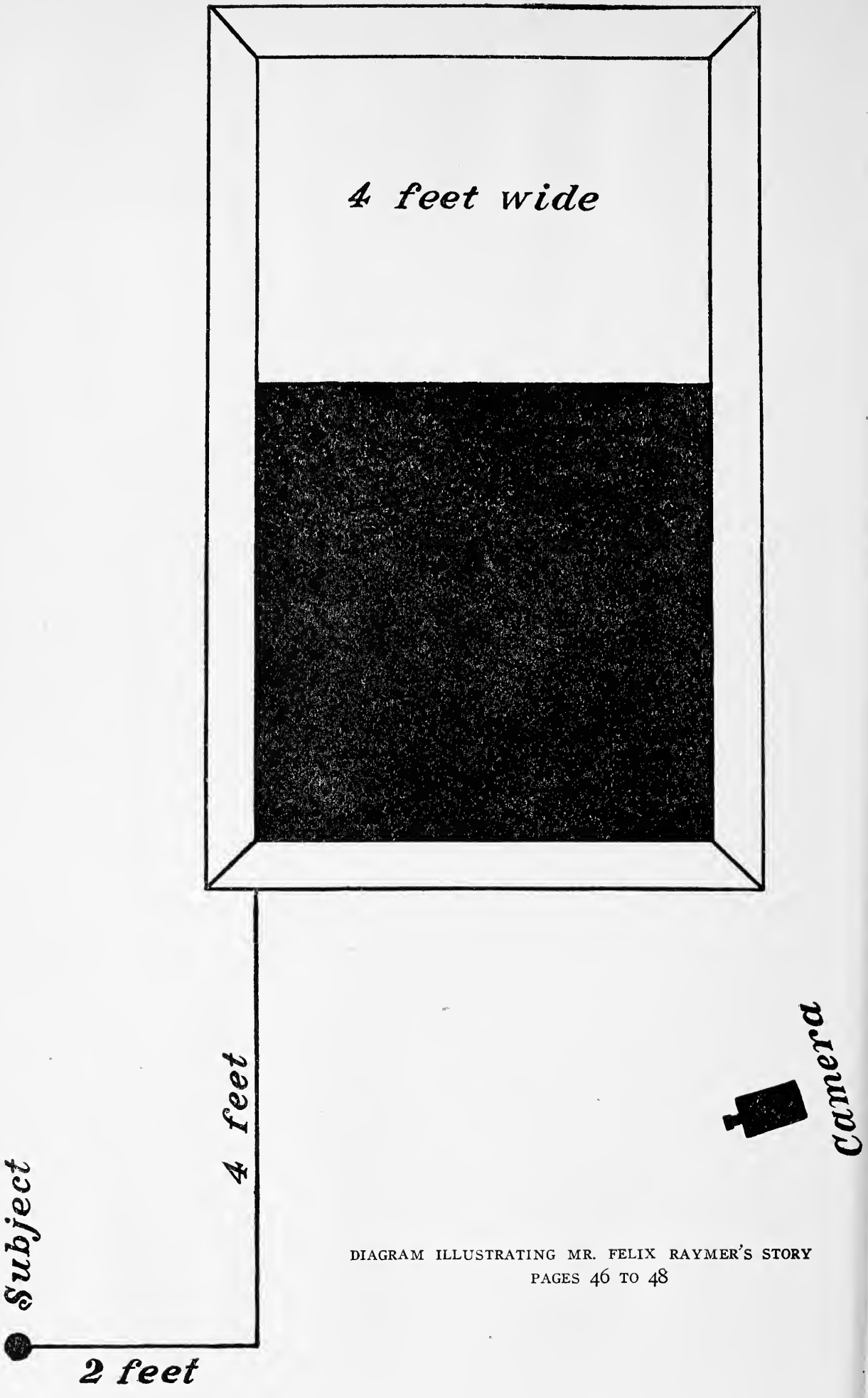


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING MR. FELIX RAYMER'S STORY
PAGES 46 TO 48

FROM FIELD AND FOREST

There seems to be a great difference of opinion as to the value of the present game laws in the State of Michigan. The *Times*, of Monroe, Wisconsin, says:

"A noticeable decrease is shown in the number of deer killed and shipped out of the state by non-residents. While there was a greater number of non-residents hunting in Wisconsin this year than last, they did not fare so well as the home hunters or as the non-residents of a year ago.

"The deputies will be kept in the deer counties for some time in order to prevent so far as possible the local people there going out after the game in the absence of the authorities. Reports from the deer counties are to the effect that while there was a great killing of deer this season, great numbers lived through the season, and the game will be doubtless more plentiful next season."

Chief Game Warden Swenholt thinks:

"It has been a fine season. The deputy wardens report that thousands of deer have been killed, but that the woods are full of them still. On a rough estimate I would say that there have been between 5,000 and 6,000 deer killed within the past fifteen days. The game laws of Wisconsin must be beneficial if this number can be killed off every year and still thousands more remain running at large in the woods."

The Racine *Times* states:

"The game wardens are not seen very often. The region through which the deer roam is so vast that the men now employed by the state are insufficient in number to cover it in anywhere near the manner in which it should be. Then again, it is said that the wardens, in many instances, favor the natives who look upon the deer much as does the moonshiner in the South the illicit whisky business.

"The natives can be likened to the moonshiner in another sense, it being one of their rules to never give evidence should one of their number by chance be arrested for shooting game out of season.

"The man who goes into the woods in the northern part of the state sworn to do his duty as a protector of game does so at the peril of his life. Little is known in this section of the state as regards the feeling which exists between the natives and the state's officers. The woods are so dense that it would be an easy task for a native to pick off a warden with his rifle without fear of being discovered. While cases of this kind are very rare the risk nevertheless is ever present and the work of a game warden in the woods is, using a slang expression, not the sinecure it is cracked up to be."

One fact may be gained from these varying statements and that is that there is still a very considerable amount of game in the State of Wisconsin.

The National Association of Audubon Societies is to be congratulated upon its action in placing wardens in charge of the three reservations set aside by the President last autumn. They are as follows:

"The 'Siskiwit Islands reservation,' embracing all of the unsurveyed islands of the Siskiwit or Menagerie group of islands at the mouth of Siskiwit Bay, on the south of Isle Royal, in Lake Superior, Mich. This reservation embraces sections 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 33, 34 and 35, in township 64 north, range 36 west. Upon these islands between 6,000 and 10,000 herring gulls breed annually, besides a number of other species not nearly so numerous. It is the largest and most important herring gull colony within the limits of the United States.

"The 'Huron Islands reservation,' embracing Huron Islands group lying near the south shore of Lake Superior and embracing sections 26, 27, 34 and 35, in township 53 north, range 29 west, Michigan. Some 1,500 gulls, together with a number of other water birds, breed upon these islands annually.

"The 'Passage Key reservation,' embracing an island near the mouth of Tampa Bay, on the west coast of Florida, known as Passage Key, and situated in section 6, township 34 south, range 16 east. Thousands of handsome terns have bred upon this little key annually ever since the Florida coast was first explored, but during the past year the egg hunters made regular trips to the island, and each time not only plundered the nests of the fresh eggs, but also destroyed all eggs partially incubated and unfit for use. This action promised annihliation of the colony within a year or two. At the time the egg hunting was most active other parties inaugurated a movement to secure title to the island for resort purposes. This effort, if it had been successful, would have resulted in a destruction of the breeding colony, as complete and almost as soon as the egg hunters would have accomplished that end, so that the creation of the reservation is said to be extremely opportune.

"The National Association of Audubon Societies has placed wardens in charge of each of these reservations, and the slaughter of the birds and plundering of their nests has been stopped."

For two years Dr. Clifton F. Hodge, of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., has been engaged in raising partridges to get photographs with which to settle the much-discussed question as to how partridges made their distinctive whirring noise.

Dr. Hodge did not care to have his neighbors' cats destroy his partridges, reared with so much difficulty, so he caught large numbers of cats in a trap and chloroformed them. For that reason some unknown person threw acorns filled with arsenic into the cage of the partridges. Now Mr. Hodge is without partridges, and to pursue his investigations further he will be obliged to begin all over again.

Ohio State Game and Fish Commissioner Paul North will make two important recommendations to the State Legislature for the improvement of the game laws. The most important of these recommendations will apply to the laws governing the fishing for

black bass. Mr. North will also endeavor to have the Legislature pass a law to stop spring shooting. The former will be of immense importance to the fish companies and the latter of import to the devotees of the gun.

The chairman of the Maine Fish and Game Commission, L. T. Carleton, of Winthrop, has issued a circular to the milliners of the state calling their attention to the law relating to the killing of birds.

Plans are being laid for a general overhauling of the fish and game laws of the State of Ohio.

On the one hand there is a demand for better protection for the game and on the other there is a demand for better protection for the people from the game wardens.

Under the law the entire fish and game question is in the hands of the fish and game commission.

The governor appoints.

The board numbers five and each man is appointed for five years.

Those posted on the lake fisheries realize that unless something radical is done to protect Lake Erie fish the grasping fish trust will soon entirely ruin the fish industry there. There is also a demand for the protection of birds. Senator Berry, in the last general assembly, introduced a bill to entirely prohibit the shooting of quail for five years, but it failed to pass. Many citizens believe it should be enacted this season. The farmers are discovering that the quail is valuable as a destroyer of insects that injure their crops and they are demanding that the quail be let alone.

Opposition to the new state game law of Kansas is already beginning to develop. It is likely that the law will have to run the gantlet of amendments at the next session of the legislature.

Many of the county clerks, who have to issue licenses in their respective counties, are complaining about the amount of extra work involved. They will ask to have the law changed so that the county shall get part of the fees collected. As it is now, the county clerks have to remit all they take in to the state treasurer, where it is placed to the credit of the game warden's funds. The county clerks say that the new law makes it necessary for the county to buy new books and records in which to keep track of the licenses issued. What the county clerks would like would be a regulation providing that they should retain about 10 cents for each license issued as their personal rake-off on account of the extra work involved.

The plea that the county is put to extra expense for the purchase of record books does not stand much investigation, for the licenses and stubs are all furnished free of charge by the state game warden. The law simply requires that the county clerk keep a record of the names and addresses of people to whom licenses are issued, and the date of issuance.

The shipments of "big game" from stations on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad during the month of October were as follows:

Deer	1541
Moose	81
Bear	14

This is a very substantial increase over October, 1904, and establishes a new record for deer, being 72 more than were shipped during October, 1902, which has been the record October up to this time.

In view of the fact that the weather conditions during October were decidedly unfavorable from a hunter's standpoint, this record may be taken as a fair indication that there is no decrease in the number of deer and moose in northern Maine.

Two of the employees of the Whitney estate on October Mountain, Massachusetts, have been appointed deputy game wardens, because of the number of poachers on the preserve. Hunters have invaded the Whitney land and have shot pheasants which are bred there.

The Ohio game laws provide that ruffed grouse, Mongolian, English or ring-necked pheasants may not be shot before November, 1908. Written permission must be obtained from the owner of the land upon which hunting is done. A fine of not less than $10 nor more than $15 is prescribed for the first offense. Non-residents of the State must secure a hunter's license from the clerk of courts. It is unlawful to sell guns or ammunition to boys under fourteen years of age, and persons who are owners of hunting outfits are not to permit boys of less than that age to use them. The penalty for a violation of this section is severe.

The market value of one roast duck served recently in Clinton, Mo., was $50.80. The eighty cents was paid by the traveling man who ate the bird, and the $50 was the fine assessed against the cook who served and sold it.

Mr. A. W. Galpin, of Phœnix, Arizona, who recently returned from a big deer hunt in the north, and who is entitled, therefore, to speak with some authority in matters pertaining to the chase, says that notwithstanding the protection of the game laws, the deer in the mountains are getting scarcer every year. The cause for it, according to the sheep men with whom Mr. Galpin talked,

is not that the people are seriously violating the game laws, but that the big, gray timber wolves are disregarding them entirely. The sheep men say that these big wolves are becoming alarmingly numerous, and are fast slaughtering the deer, especially the fawns, which are easier to catch, and it can be readily seen that if there are no fawns, there will soon be no deer.

The stockmen are fighting the timber wolves as hard as they can, but it seems with only small effect. There is a territorial law permitting the counties to pay a bounty of twenty dollars for each wolf scalp, and the county authorities are willing to pay it. In addition, the cattlemen pay a bounty of five dollars, and the sheepmen a bounty of five dollars, so that dead wolves are worth thirty dollars apiece. But even with all this inducement to the hunter and sportsmen the wolves are increasing. The sheepmen now all carry strychnine with them, and whenever they kill a deer, or sheep, or any other animal and dress it in the hills, they poison the entrails in the hope of killing one or more wolves. Some of them also are trying to trap them, though but with little success so far.

The antelope of the country have been under the protection of the game laws for the last ten years, yet they are rapidly disappearing through the ravages of the wolves. This is not an argument against the game laws, for, of course, this game would go still faster if it were not protected, but it is intended to call attention to the fact that everything possible should be done to destroy the wolves, and also to inform hunters that the wolf is a "gamer bird" than the deer, and also that his hide is valuable.

Mr. Galpin says one sort of sport that the herders sometimes engage in is to capture the young fawns and brand them, then turn them loose again. He said that one of the three deer that he shot had been branded when it was a fawn.

Mr. Galpin also verified the story to the effect that parties of Indians, in violation of the law, stray off their reservation into the forest reserves to hunt. There was one party of eight Indians in that region that a ranger found killing game and threatened to arrest. They made a defiant talk, and he went after reinforcements, but the Indians changed their minds and moved on.

At Kendall, Wyoming, a recent visitor had the pleasure of meeting Ranger Silas Yarnell, who informed him that during the late open season not a single arrest had been made for game violation. There is an abundance of game, and there is no doubt but that it is increasing very rapidly. In one day's riding shortly before the close of the season, Ranger Yarnell counted over two hundred elk. The various hunting parties which visit this section are watched very closely, and realize their predicament and are very careful not to overstep the law.

The great trouble in wanton destruction of game comes through the tenderfoot hunters who come in each fall, and when they run into a bunch of elk they get the buck fever and lose their head. The elk, when they become scared, will bunch, and especially when they are in an open park and can not ascertain the direction at once from which the shooting is coming, and will remain quiet for some time. This is when the hunters try to get in as many shots as possible, without care in aiming, with the result that they wound many of them which afterwards trail off and die. The rangers have had many occasions to track these bloody trails, and have found several dead and wounded elk.

It is estimated that possibly one hundred and fifty elk have been taken out of this country this year, which is not very many compared with the great increase which is apparent through the number of calves to be seen.

Hunters returning to Washington from hunting trips on the river report more ducks below Glymont than they have seen in many years. Off Mattawoman and Chicamuxen creeks the fowl were seen by the thousands, and in the flocks were mallard, red head and other varieties of choice duck. A flock of several hundred canvas backs are reported by Mr. Ned Clary to have been sighted yesterday off Aquia creek. It is stated the ducks are very shy and it is hard to get within gunshot.

"The wolves have been wreaking havoc on the Taquamenon," said State Game Warden Chapman, of Michigan, in a recent interview, "but there are still some deer left. I do not believe the deer will ever be exterminated, providing the wolves are killed off. This year we notice an absence of young life among the deer, indicating that the fawns and yearlings have been killed off in large numbers. If the deer are to be protected we must get rid of the wolves."

St. Louis commission merchants are making an effort to stop shipments of game into St. Louis from outside points in Missouri and other States. Although the game law prohibits the shipment and sale of all game except rabbits, shipments are received almost daily in St. Louis.

Benjamin Landauer, a commission merchant at 907 North Fourth street, who was arrested in November on a charge of selling game in violation of the law, says it

seems impossible to make shippers through the State understand the law.

Each time a shipment is received it must be reported to the game warden, who confiscates it. The shipper receives no returns from his shipment and demands an explanation. When this is given him, he frequently doubts. At this time the commission merchants are trying to make the law known throughout the State.

The new game law will net the State of Kansas about $25,000 a year. This money will all go to the building up of a State fish hatchery and the distribution of fish in Kansas lakes, ponds and streams. State Game Warden Travis will buy a fish car for use in distributing fish next spring.

The law compelling each resident of the State to secure a license from the county clerk of his county, at the cost of $1, if he wishes to hunt in Kansas, and all outsiders $15, went into effect the latter part of July. The books show that the sum of $6,257 have been paid to the State up to date from this source of revenue. But one-fourth of the counties have reported, which indicates that the total revenue annually will be close to $25,000. Barton county makes the best showing, with a total collection of $522. Reno is next with $431. Ellis reported $233; Labette $229 and Brown $223.

State Game Warden J. W. Baker, of Oregon, was in Grass Valley recently to give his personal supervision to the prosecution of a local man for selling ducks. The new license law has brought in about $12,000, and the law will be closely enforced. The law provides that ducks and game birds cannot be sold during any season of the year, but a few local dealers flooded the market until the deputy game warden stopped them.

Game Warden Chapman of Calumet, Michigan, is proving himself a most efficient State officer. Just now he is making life miserable for fishermen violating the law, and he has plans to make it warm for hunters who overstep the game provisions.

It is generally admitted that the Hoosier hunter has a hard row to hoe. Inside his hunting jacket he must not only have a license, but before entering upon the land of any farmer he must first have permission from the owner of the land. This is becoming more and more difficult to secure every year. Farmers are antagonistic to the hunter, as they generally want quail and rabbits themselves, and the birds are getting scarcer and scarcer.

Under the game laws, passed by the last legislature, there are some interesting features.

After securing his license and permit from the farmer, the hunter can kill but twenty-four birds in any one day. For every one secured in excess of this number he can be fined $10. A person may be fined $10 also for every bird sold or offered for sale. The birds can not be trapped or snared, the minimum fine for violation of this provision being $10.

Deputy Game Warden Charley Post, of Oklahoma City, recently seized two barrels of quail in the hands of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, which were being shipped out of the territory in violation of law. This is the largest haul of this kind made this season.

Under the Oklahoma law it is unlawful to sell quail or ship them out of the territory. Notwithstanding this law, some one in southwestern Oklahoma undertook to ship two barrels of quail to a Chicago commission house and routed them via the Wells-Fargo Express Company's line. At least, this is the supposition, inasmuch as the barrels containing the quail came over the 'Frisco from the southwest.

The barrels containing the quail bore the address of a Chicago commission house, to which they were consigned, but had nothing to indicate from whence they came or who the shipper was. If the identity of the shipper could be ascertained, he would be liable to prosecution for violation of the game law. The Wells-Fargo is also liable to prosecution for handling the shipment.

Since the game laws have been so vigorously enforced in Illinois a new confidence game has come to light. Two city sportsmen, with guns and dogs, go to a farmer and offer him five dollars for the privilege of shooting on his domain. To protect themselves they make a receipt, which a few weeks later turns up at the bank as a promissory note. In one locality farmers were caught to the amount of several thousand dollars.

New York State has rigid laws against the killing of birds, but the farmers have been compelled to carry on an organized warfare against the crows during the past season. The only way to kill the feathered destroyers is to soak some corn in a solution of poison and when the birds eat the corn they die in a short time.

Under the new game law, no one hunter in Missouri may kill more than twenty-five quail on any one day. However, that provision will not prove a hardship for the majority of hunters.

AMERICAN ARCHERY

Recreation is the Official Publication
of the National Archery Association

YE ANTIENT ARCHERS

Some of the old archery societies of Great Britain, and which still flourish, are: "The Royal Company of Archers," the king's body for Scotland, was organized in its present form in 1676. "The Royal Toxophilite Society" was organized in 1781 and represents the two ancient bodies, "The Finsbury Archers" and "The Archers Company of the Honorable Artillery." "The Woodmen of Arden" was revived in 1785. Their meetings are held in the beautiful grounds of the Earl of Aylesfort, who is Lord Warden of the "Woodmen of Arden."

THANKSGIVING SHOOT

(Ninety-Six Arrows at Sixty Yards.)

Owing to the very cold weather only a few archers had the courage to indulge in their favorite sport. Under the circumstances, the shooting was very high-class.

No report as to weather in Boston. In Chicago, the temperature 20 degrees above zero, with light snow. In Seattle, a wet wind and sloppy ground.

SCORES:

SEATTLE

	1st-24	2nd-24	3rd-24	4th-24	Total
Will H. Thompson	20-78	22-98	23-155	23-119	—88-450

CHICAGO

A. E. Spink - -	22-100	19-93	19 85	19-87	—79-365
E. I. Bruce - - -	19-85	16-68	16-86	19-87	—70-326

BOSTON

George Phillips Bryant	-	-	-	01-481
Wallace Bryant	-	-	-	86-410
Edward W. Frentz	-	-	-	87-403

Thanksgiving Day is generally too cold for archery, and an earlier date will probably be chosen for the shoot.

THANKSGIVING ARCHERY SCORES

FOREST GROVE, OREGON

Dr. Henry E. Jones, 24-130, 24-144, 24-134, 24-148 = 96-556.

F. S. Barnes, 25-95, 22-104, 21-91, 21-105 = 85-395.

Prof. G. E. Coghill, 14-72, 21-81, 18-82, 21-95 = 74-330.

Prof. H. L .Bates, 12-52, 12-66, 16-74, 17-79 = 57-271.

AN OLD BOOK

The following interesting extract is from Hansard's "The Book of Archery," published in London, in 1841:

THE WEIGHT OF BOW TO BE USED.

"In thus advocating strong bows and distant shooting, let it not be understood that the archer is to injure himself by overstraining his muscles, or mar his success at the target by using bows beyond his management.

"The strength of the drawing arm rapidly accommodates itself to the increased power of the bow, for nothing tends more to fortify and invigorate the muscles of that, and indeed every other portion of the human frame, than archery. We have all seen a bow somewhat above the shooter's strength during his first season, entirely under command by the ensuing summer, if in constant use. Let the archer, however, 'wrestle with his gear,' as Ascham terms it, and achieve these conquests in private; for no bow should be taken to a shooting match which the owner cannot use with perfect facility, since the struggle consequent on an attempt to draw up the arrow, when a man is over-bowed, will so disorder his aim that by chance only can he hope, under such disadvantages, to meet with the target. 'It makes some men,' writes the author just quoted, 'to overshoot the mark, some to shoot far wide, and perchance to hurt a bystander.' 'I had my bows,' says Bishop Latimer in one of his sermons, 'bought for me according to my age and strength, and as I increased in them, so my bows were made heavier and stronger.' 'Let the bow of every archer be proportioned to his strength, that is, not above, but rather beneath the power of the shooter,' says Leo in his tactics; and the observation proves him to have been well acquainted with the subject on which he wrote."

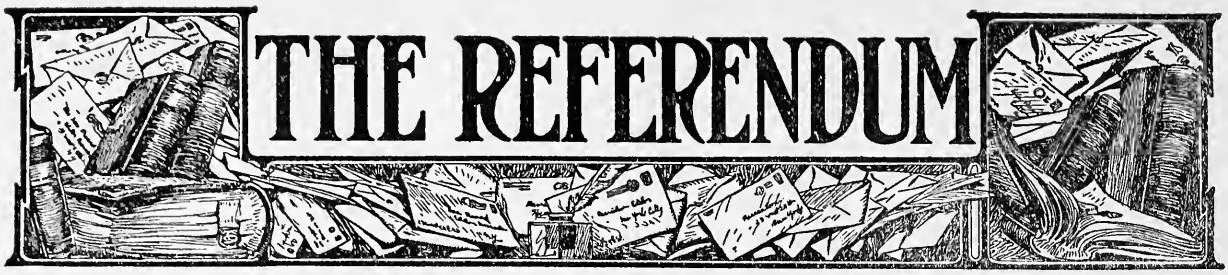
AGAIN THE DISGRACEFUL SIDE HUNT

The Effingham Hunt Club will have its great annual hunt on November 15th. Captain James Border is leader. The members of the club will be divided into two sections. Whichever section loses will have to give a free supper to the winners, at which the game that was shot will be served. The game is counted as follows:

Small birds	10	points.
Squirrels	10	"
Rabbits	5	"
Hawks	50	"
Wild Ducks	50	"

The above is from a clipping from the Effingham Volksblatt.

We have written to James Borders, Effingham, and hope to make him see the error of his ways, but to add weight to our letter we wish that as many of our readers as see this item will also write personal letters to this gentleman, for there is no more certain way of exterminating the game in any section of the country than by the introduction of the disgraceful items.



A HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

BY S. B. HACKLEY.

To the white man of America who feels his blood leap in his veins when his foot crosses the rim of the woods, and the blue sky, save the patches that gleam through the leaves above him, is lost to him; who hears music in the bay of his hound and in his rifle's crack—I, Io of the Umpquas, long gone to the land of the spirits, speak.

Listen to me, O Pale-face brother—I am come to tell of a land of good hunting! Fifty years it has been since I went into the ground, and my covering for the night and for the day became the canoe, the sand and the stones, which those who in their turn have blown out their breaths and followed me, laid over me. Since that time, O white friend, the Great Father at Washington has called my brethren with their squaws and pappooses, to his reservations, and no redskin remains on the Oregon coast save she whose years are numbered as the leaves of the maple—the widowed squaw bent over the embers in her hovel by the sea, with no companions save her dog-pack and her pipe to listen to her sighs, like the sighs of the east wind.

When I lived and hunted, the foot-prints of my bronze-skinned brothers were as thick as deer-tracks, in this country of mighty forests and wonderful valleys. Scrape in the sand about old Indian camping-places, and you will resurrect our household utensils and outdoor implements in numbers as great as the salmon that come up the rivers in spawning time.

Go to the deserted huts in the wilderness, long since given up to the denizens of the woods, and look on the threescore feet high mounds of shells and earth about them—mute and lofty witnesses to the numbers of the former hunters in these forests.

The wild geese that pass over my bones have whispered to me that in many parts of the States of this broad land not even a blackened stump remains to tell of the forests that are gone, and that in other places where the mighty trees hold up their heads the north wind is bitter in the hunting season, and the hunter can not carry his rifle for the freezing of his fingers. To him I, Io the Indian, send greeting, and commend him to the forests of the land that is lapped by the Pacific Sea!

Here, O white brother, the snow melts as it falls—the every-day rain is but a warm mist, and the white man can be comfortable in his shirt sleeves in the sunshine in the dead of winter. There are no warm nights and no cold days, and the air is pleasant and bracing through the twelve moons.

Here is found a greater area of untouched timber land than in any other state in the Great Father's dominions. Here, owing to the copious rains and the mild climate tempered by the ocean's breath, every green stalk reaches toward the stars. The evergreen brake measures the height of a brave, and the heads of the trees are three times a hundred feet above the earth. Many hundred years these monarchs of wood have stood in their summer's splendor and their winter's strength, unharmed by the winds, and since there is no day, even in the eighth moon, when these forests are not wet with dew and fogs,—unscathed by fire. And here in these forests of spruces, hemlocks, firs, oaks, cherrys, tamaracks, maples, junipers, cedars, pines—forests in many places so dense that the gloom of day is like the darkness of night—the wild things find hiding-places and live in numbers so great that, in the white man's language, the state is a "sportsman's paradise."

There are a few of the antlered elk in the state, but the rulers have forbidden the death of one of these for half a score of years, that they may increase and be many in the Oregon country.

Of the deer the hunter is permitted to kill five in the autumn season. Then to the chase, Pale Face—to the long run! Take your dogs and your companions and your fire-stick, and go into the woods a few hundred yards, and start the big buck, quenching his thirst at the fresh-water lake!

Then away like the west wind—past the miles of water-lily covered lakes, out on the knolls—on—on—to the sands where the bark of the dogs is drowned by the roar of the breakers—on—on—till the panting antlered one, seized with despair, runs into the surf to meet the crack of the good rifle!

There is another beast in these woods (the most cunning thing in the forest)—the wild creature the Great Father at Washington loves to hunt—the yellow mountain lion. The tame sheep and the foolish cow, chewing their cuds in their pastures, die as fish before

the otter, when the cougar leaps among them, and the lawmakers have said that he who slays the yellow cat shall claim money for his head.

The brush is so thick in the forest that in many places the dog can not force his body through and man can only go by the trails.

Quick—quick, hunter, when your dogs track the panther—quick, or he will be gone in the tree-top, whose branches are so thick they hide the long one, and you can no longer behold him with his eyes of fire!

What is that that has left its track, in the night, in the mud about your spring? Out, friend, with the dogs, and on the trail of the black bear grown fat on the acorns, the thimble, the salmon, and the sal-lal berries of autumn!

Maybe the hairy one will lead the dogs on a forty-mile run, and the hounds will creep into the master's door after two suns have set—wornout and sore of foot, while Bruin says, ha! ha! in the next county!

But better luck next time, brother—a little run in the forest—a crackling of the brush as the big bear plows through a thicket—a growl from the dogs—a snarl from the shaggy one as he turns under the firs, to strike out at the bellowing hounds—a swift shot from your rifle—a mad whirl—the swift blow of an axe—and a bear's pelt is yours!

Countless smaller beasts there are in the woods—the swift-leaping wildcat—the clam-eating 'coon—the fearless polecat—the nest-building woodrat—the springing squirrel. The beaver used to build his dams across every river—but now he has fled before the sound of the footsteps of the white man, and is found only in the most hidden places.

Because of the moist air the dog can trail in the sunlight the tracks the 'coon has made in the moonlight, and great are the number of narrow faces that hide in one hole in the ground!

Do you like to hunt the fowls of the forest, my brother? There are pheasants, there are grouse and quail—there are hawks, there are them of the bald head and the mighty wing—they who soar in the eye of the sun in numbers like the bloom of the laurel in summer.

Do you like to hunt the sea-bird, white hunter? Geese, as numberless as the sands, ducks, like the maple's bloom in spring, sea-gulls, loons, shags, cranes, float on the bay, ready for the aim of the gunner.

Stand on the edge of the bay, white hunter, and watch the big hair-seal come to the surface of the water. He will look at you without fear many minutes before he dives, but do not shoot him, brother—you can not reach his body, for he will sink like a stone and will not rise until his flesh is fit only for the fishes.

Look, white friend, from the beach where the breakers roll up a hundred feet and roar like the thunder—look out in the sea where the rocks rear themselves half a hundred feet out of the water and see the yellow sea-lion and his fellows covering the rocks, to bask in the great sun's rays!

The lighthouse keeper has seen over the bar, that whose pelt is worth in the Great Father's coin a hundred dollars five times over. Then out, good hunter, for a perilous day and a night among the breakers, and behold at daybreak a white dot in the distance—the silver sea-otter, curled up asleep, with its head pillowed on the water, as calmly as the white man reposes on his pillow of goose feathers! Then be quick, good hunter, shoot with sure aim, and secure the prize before it sinks in the deep!

Come, white man, up the side of the mountain—a hundred feet three times, above the level of the great waters, and behold the entire skeleton of a monster whale! Four cavuses it would need to draw the lower jawbone of the skeleton even on the flat earth—how, then, came the bones of the great creature entire, on the mountain side?

Listen and I will tell you. Half a century gone, when I, through age, leaned on my stick, an ocean water-spout lifted the monster and laid him down on the mountain. When the water came down it washed a basin so deep that the whale lived in it many days. I saw the whale—I and my red brothers ate of his flesh.

Farewell! The spirits of my brothers are calling me back. I must go. Heed well the parting words of Io, mighty huntsman of the Umpquas, O hunter! When the red lust for hunting is upon you, come away to this region where the wild things live—away to the land next the setting sun beside the mighty stretch of restless waters!

CANOE GUM

BY MARTIN HUNTER

In these days wooden canoes, canvas canoes, tin canoes and other contrivances to transport one from place to place have replaced the once familiar birch-bark canoe of our early days, but they are yet in use in the far-back country.

As we have no country so far back but what RECREATION reaches it, I propose, through its pages, to enlighten the uneducated as to the proper way in which a bark canoe should be gummed, *i. e.*, the preparation of the gum from the raw state, suitable for the heat of summer and the cold of late autumn.

A leaky bark canoe is the most miserable vessel one can be in; I mean a small touring or hunting canoe. As an old officer once said to me: "A small canoe with reasonable care and proper gumming should never have a drop of water in her."

There is some excuse for a large transport canoe which is loaded and unloaded, occasionally several times a day to make a

trifle of water, because she is racked considerably each time she grounds or the lading is shifted. But a big canoe, with careful gumming and due regard for her frailty, can be kept comparatively free from water.

The best gum to use, and for that matter the only proper gum, is from the white spruce tree. Some seem to think the only thing to do is melt the gum and smear it on the seams. As a result the action of the sun above board, and friction of the tepid water in under, will cause the gum to melt and run all over the bark in a most unsightly manner and leave the seams exposed in places, allowing the water to enter.

I had a canoe, comfortable size for three men and baggage, gummed on the twelfth of May, traveled eleven hundred miles; she was carried over eighty-three portages and we arrived back at the post without ever having occasion to even warm the gum. I admit the canoe was a well-made one in the first place, and I had two careful men, nevertheless without proper gum repairs would have been necessary and vexatious delays unavoidable.

Now, I must tell the secret of gum cooking ere I tire the reader or exasperate the searcher after knowledge.

Where a number of canoes are to be gummed or kept in commission it is the better plan to prepare a quantity of gum at once.

For summer use take ten (10) pounds of clean, hand-picked white spruce gum, put it into a kettle two-thirds too large for it and start to melt it over a gentle fire having a flat, paddle-shaped stick to stir it occasionally. When it gets to the boiling point constant care and watchfulness must be given, and almost a continual whirl of the paddle kept up, otherwise at this stage of the cooking it will boil over, ignite, and the whole kettle will be a mass of flames in a moment.

The process of making proper gum is lengthy and tedious, as it requires from six to ten hours' constant attention. Strange to say, during the boiling process it changes from the original yellow color of the gum to coal black. Another strange phenomenon is that about the time it gets deep black no matter how much fuel is added to the fire it is no longer possible to make the contents of the kettle boil.

Now, when you have arrived at this point of relief from the stirring process, add one (1) pound of pure rendered beef tallow, stir occasionally for another twenty minutes, keeping the same amount of fire going, and your gum is cooked.

The better way before it cools is to run it off into small receptacles for future use. Empty tomato cans, small kettles or other convenient vessels.

In applying the gum to a new canoe it is better to have the gum not too liquid. Have a little pallet of wood, dipping it into the gum as required and spreading it carefully along the seams. After all the seams are served heat a flat piece of iron, the end of a poker or some other suitable thing, and pass it little by little on and along the gum to give it a polish and firm set. The Indians, when doing this, keep masticating a piece of gum or a twig to create saliva; then, as the hot iron has warmed a certain surface they expectorate some of the spittle into the palm of the hand, rubbing the hand back and forth over the heated surface until it cools, hardens and has a polished appearance.

Like everything else, to do a thing well requires time, but when it is well done it lasts. I have seen a canoe, gummed in the way I have described, placed out on an exposed beach and left all day in the heat of a July sun and at night, upon examination, the gum had not melted or moved an eighth of an inch. This canoe belonged to the man who taught me how to cook gum.

As the water and the air is getting cold about the twentieth of September, we take all this gum off our canoes in commission and replace it with gum of a more plastic consistency. It is made in this manner, when boiled to a deep coffee color (before it reaches the black hue), add two (2) pounds of pure rendered beef tallow to ten (10) pounds of gum. Such gum does not crack with the frost, or if accidentally coming in contact with a rock only shows a dinge, thereby leaving the canoe still watertight.

To take off the summer gum a tent or tarpaulin is stretched on the ground, the canoe placed upon it and each gummed portion gone over with a small flat stick. With this he gives the gum short, sharp, decisive blows and the gum crumbles and falls on the canvas placed to catch it. When the canoe is perfectly free of gum she is lifted on one side and the gum carefully gathered for next summer's use, by adding half a pound of tallow and boiling for half an hour.

Even in the country where birch bark canoes are in use it is not every one who knows how to cook gum properly.

FOREST FIRES

BY ELMER RUSSELL GREGOR.

The forest fires which semi-annually rage through our forests, destroying all in their path and leaving behind desolation and barrenness, may indeed be called the scourge of the American wilderness. The havoc wrought by these destructive fires may be readily appreciated on traveling through the burnt lands over which these fires have swept. Nothing remains to gladden the eye or cheer the mind save blackened stumps and dead undergrowth. Not alone do forest fires destroy the beauty of the landscape and consume millions of feet of valuable timber, but live game of all descriptions suffer severely as well. Particularly is this true if

these fires occur early in the spring, for then do they destroy the nests containing the eggs or young of our game birds, while immature animals, unable to escape from their path, share a like fate. Forest fires are directly traceable to two causes. Carelessness, either intentional or unintentional, on the part of certain individuals, and the railroads whose tracks run through these forests are the chief causes of these fires. Thoughtlessness on the part of inexperienced hunters and campers in the woods starts many a destructive fire raging. The thoughtless knocking of embers from a pipe onto the dried leaves, or the careless throwing down of a lighted match, are quite sufficient to start a serious conflagration. Many of these fires are also started by some mean, low-minded people, to avenge a real or fancied wrong they have sustained at the hands of some neighboring timber owner. Thus they imagine that by firing the woods and destroying their neighbor's timber they have satisfactorily "squared accounts." It is a great pity that these despicable rascals cannot more frequently be caught in their treacherous act. The sparks from passing locomotives dropping into the forest bed of dried leaves and underbrush very frequently serve to start one of these fires. No matter from what cause, or how started, one of these fires once under headway in a country of large forests is indeed a serious affair to deal with. The flames, at first small, run rapidly over the ground, fed by the dry leaves and underbrush. Gradually growing larger, these flames reach up and ignite the low spreading branches of some bush. From this they gain headway and spread to other bushes, finally whipping around the second growths and larger trees, with a dull roar the flames mount higher and the forest fire is embarked on its mad career. Once started in a heavily forested country, one of these fires, with a good wind behind it, will sometimes burn fiercely for weeks at a time. Finally encountering the impassable barrier of some large river, it expends its force in vain endeavors to reach over to the brush on the opposite shore, and this failing, dies. Fighting a forest fire is indeed no small job and calls for much endurance, discomfort and exertion on the part of the fighters. I have helped fight many of these fires in the forests of northern Pennsylvania; oftentimes our exertions to check some particular fire continuing for several days at a time. The accompanying descriptions were taken by the writer, during a particularly fierce fire, which resisted our best efforts toward checking it, for three days and nights. It was one of those still, warm days of early spring; a haze hung about the horizon and everything seemed lazy and indifferent in the warm spring sunshine. Towards noon we detected a faint odor of burning pine, borne to us on the faint breeze. An hour or two later dense clouds of black smoke could be seen rising up from behind a neighboring ridge of pine, while the atmosphere was now so smoke-laden as to smart one's eyes. The wind began to freshen and the fire was now headed in our direction. Hastily summoning all hands, and procuring water buckets, we started on our work of fire fighting. Following down a woodland road for about two miles, we were on a parallel line with the oncoming fire. Here we struck into the woods and strung out along a small wood road used by lumber teams. Our right wing rested on a small spring, which was quite essential in our operations. Each man, provided with a lighted pine knot, ran along this road, starting the brush along one side blazing, and afterwards, seeing to it that the fire was kept on that side and prevented from crossing the road. We started a line of fire all along one side of this road for a distance of about two miles until we came to a fair-sized stream. Thus we drove our own fire against the forest fire, which was now bearing down on us very rapidly, being helped along by a strong wind. By forcing our fire against the oncoming fire, we thus burned all combustibles in its path, and so hoped to check its further advance. This method of fire fighting is known as "back firing" and is usually effective in checking or stopping these destructive forest fires. Great care must be taken in "back firing," however, to prevent the back fire from getting away from you, thus making matters worse than the original fire could. Back fires should be started along one side of a road or stream, as they can then be controlled and prevented from spreading in any direction, save the one desired. We were now enveloped in a dense smoke with the wind against us, and it required constant vigilance on our part to prevent the flames of our own fire from being blown back in our faces and across the road behind us. As a precaution against this we sent two boys, with buckets of water, along our entire line of fire, constantly soaking the undergrowth on the side opposite the fire. The heat and smoke from both fires were now intense and our eyes were streaming water, while our heads throbbed. It was at this stage that one of my companions loomed up through the smoke and gasped out that the fire had succeeded in crossing the road further on, and was rapidly bearing down on our valuable timber land and buildings. No time was to be lost, and blindly rushing through dense clouds of smoke and whirling sparks, we succeeded in making our way back to our main road. Stationing some of our men along this road to prevent, if possible, the fire from crossing at this point, the remainder of our party rushed on parallel with the fire, which was now raging through some valuable pine timber. The blinding smoke and suffocating heat from the fire at this

point was well-nigh unendurable, but still we were obliged to press on. At last we arrived where we must make another stand, and if possible turn the course of the fire. We sent the boys to a small lake about a quarter of a mile distant for water, while we began a line of back fire to turn the course of the forest fire from our possessions. The air was now filled with swirling sparks and cinders. Dense yellow smoke filled the road and the surrounding woods with a suffocating cloud, while the roar of the flames, the crashing of falling timber, the scorching heat and crackling underbrush, all combined to make a spectacle never to be forgotten. The smoke was so dense we were obliged to lie flat in the roadway, our faces but a few inches from the ground, to obtain air, while your companion but a few feet from you was entirely undiscernible. After checking this fire at various points, our exertions lasting until well on toward dawn, we at last succeeded in turning the course of the fire, thereby saving our property. When proceeding before a moderate gale I have frequently seen flames from one of these fires mount thirty feet or more into the air, while their roar can be heard for miles. On a dark night the effect of a forest fire seen burning along the top of some distant mountain range is indeed inspiring to behold. The red tongues of flame seem silhouetted against the crimson-tinted horizon, the dense clouds of illumined smoke mounting upward, the fragrant odor of burning pine on the night air and the distant roar of flames and crash of falling trees serve to nerve one to a high pitch of excitement. These forest fires, when burning against a fair wind, do not acquire such enormous proportions; though when burning slowly against the wind, their work is more thorough and deadly in its effect on the forest growth. Often after one of these fires has swept over a mountain range the twinkling glow of burning stumps left in the fire's wake may be seen for several nights, giving the appearance of tiny campfires shining in the distance. While these fires do not necessarily kill some of the larger trees at once, still they ruin the timber and kill the promising young growth, besides giving the wilderness a scar which takes many years to heal and disappear. Let us hope, therefore, that the thoughtless and unthinking camper and others will take heed, and be as careful in the dry woods of late autumn and early spring as one would be in a powder mill. A forest fire once started, often proves as disastrous in every way as an explosion in one of these mills would prove. Let us also hope that our forests will receive that same protection from state and government which is now so nobly extended to our game birds and animals. This done, and forest fires kept out, our great American wilderness will take on new life and blossom as the rose.

A JAMAICA BAY FISH STORY

Editor RECREATION:

Labor Day, 1904, while fishing for blackfish over the wreck, near Rockaway Inlet, in Jamaica Bay, I caught a few good-sized fish and a couple of small ones. I had a piece of an old woolen stocking, which I used to wipe off the fishing-pole and reel with, and I tore off a piece of this and wrapped it around the tail of one of the small blackfish, throwing him back into the water. A year later, it just happened to be Labor Day, I was fishing at the same old spot. The first fish I pulled up was a blackfish weighing about two pounds with a black woolen sweater on.

Edwin Hauck, New York City.

A CORRECTION

Editor RECREATION:

In your October number, referring to the wonderful success of Beals C. Wright, the present American lawn tennis champion, you unintentionally made a mistake in speaking of Mr. Wright's playing in the National Championship Tournament at Newport. You should say: "He lost one set in the tournament—to Larned—and this, "the first of the series, he followed by three easy wins." * * * Knowing that you would not intentionally take credit from any player who deserves it, or, in other words, believing, as I am sure you do, that where credit is due it should be given, I take the liberty of calling your attention to the mistake referred to, and pointing out the fact that Mr. Wright lost *two* sets in the tournament. In his match against Wylie C. Grant, Wright lost the second set by a score of 4-6, as you can see by reference to the offiicial scores of the tournament. The full score of his match against Mr. Grant being, as I now remember, 6-4, 4-6, 6-1, 6-2. Although the mistake may seem of not much matter, yet, the reason that I call it to your attention is that in the article referred to in your October number the fact that Mr. Wright only lost *one* set in the tournament is particularly mentioned. I am quite sure, knowing Mr. Wright, as I do, to be a thorough sportsman, that he would be the first to suggest this correction, and I also think that in justice to Mr. Grant it should be made, because the winning of even one set from Beals C. Wright, considering the way that he was playing the past season, is a most creditable performance for any player. I am a constant reader of your paper, and feel sure that you will appreciate my calling your attention to the above-mentioned matter, and that you will correct the error in your next issue.

Justice, New York City.

THE TRAGEDY OF JONAH

BY IRENE POMEROY SHIELDS

"Oh, mother, come quick! Come quick!" shouted a shrill, childish treble. "Here's a big snake with horns on."

The mother rushed out to the assistance of the terrified child, and sure enough, there was a snake of a species entirely unknown to her. Not very long but of an immense girth and with a pair of crooked horns extending back over his repulsive head. Greatly alarmed and surprised, as no snakes aside from an occasional water snake or a harmless garter had ever been seen in this northern region, she summoned her husband from the nearby potato patch. He came, incredulously scoffing, but speedily alive to the exigencies of the case, on catching sight of the repulsive reptile.

A few vigorous blows with the hoe and the mystery was solved.

His snakeship was a common garter that had swallowed no less than three toads and was then vainly endeavoring to engulf the fourth victim. His capacity being unequal to his appetite he had but partially succeeded in the effort, and the hind legs of the last captive extended back over his head in the exact similitude of a pair of horns.

On being released this modern Jonah seemed none the worse for his experience, and calmly hopped away to contemplate his miraculous deliverance.

As he sat beside a sheltering stump, blinking at Fate and the world, some doubt was expressed as to his survival, and the mother suggested putting a dab of paint on his back. Thenceforth Jonah became a marked character.

He lived for years in the garden, making his home in the old, hollow stump, and when that disappeared before the march of time and civilization he took up his abode beneath a large stone, screened by a grape vine, in one corner of the garden, and there lived as contentedly as before.

As years passed on he grew to such an immense size that the boys became proud of their pet toad, and began to aid him in procuring a varied and abundant diet.

It soon became his custom to hop up on the porch steps in the warm summer evenings and sit placidly awaiting the flies, bugs, spiders and other insects they caught for him. He took them at first from the end of a long, sharp stick and afterward from a toothpick.

After ten years of this halcyon existence the family built and moved into a new house some twenty rods from the first.

A few days after the flitting old Jonah was seen, laboriously hopping along down the path toward the new house. Some one compassionately carried him the remainder of the distance and he thereupon took up his residence under one of the porches until the next year, when a drive well was put down in the yard.

Soon after that event he disappeared and was seen no more for several months. Considerable speculation was indulged in regarding his probable fate. During the summer it became necessary to make some changes in the connection of the pipes at the well and the cavity at the top was opened. There, serenely winking at the sun, sat Mr. Jonah, apparently as cheerful as ever and little regarding the fact of his release.

The cavity was about ten feet deep and six or eight in diameter, and walls and floor covered with cement. It looked like a most undesirable home, and whether he had deliberately chosen it or fallen in while exploring under the loose planks covering the top was an open question.

Suffice to say that he soon again disappeared, and was again found in the same place, and so on for a period of about fifteen years. When, for any reason, the space was uncovered there would be seen old Jonah, looking as though he had just awakened from a refreshing nap, though one period of imprisonment lasted nearly two years.

He certainly did diminish considerably in size, however, doubtless owing to a less abundant diet.

Last summer the elements of a probable tragedy were disclosed. When the well was opened at that time the family gathered about to greet the old fellow, but no trace of him was to be seen. There was, however, the skeleton of a large snake lying coiled in one corner, and the conclusion was obvious. Poor Jonah had doubtless fallen a victim to his ancient foe.

A gifted pen might weave a romance from a far less tragic ending.

BAD CREE HUNTERS

Editor RECREATION:

Have been noticing various criticisms in RECREATION and I wish to register a complaint. The Cree Indians of Canada are spoiling our best hunting grounds. I saw, in a two weeks' hunt this fall, six black-tail deer, where two years ago I saw nearly one hundred in a four days' hunt. This year the Indians have hunted the country to a finish. They move as far south as the Missouri River brakes and go into camp there. Then they hunt the country surrounding with dogs. If you could bring these facts before some one in power I would be ever so much obliged. If there is anything I can do, I'll be glad to assist.

W. H. Kitts, Lewistown, Mont.

THE CAT PROBLEM

Editor RECREATION:

For more than two years past Dr. C. F. Hodge, of Clark University, Worcester,

Mass., has been conducting a remarkable study of the ruffed grouse in captivity. By his investigation of its foods, habits, instincts and natural history Dr. Hodge has not only made unique contributions to our knowledge of the grandest game bird we possess, but has solved the problem of its domestication. Starting with eggs under a bantam hen he has reared the grouse chicks in captivity, has seen them come to maturity, mate, and produce in turn strong and healthy offspring—an achievement long considered impossible, but in its fruition full of promise to those who have looked with dismay upon the growing scarcity of a bird that has no rival in the sportsman's esteem.

The greatest difficulty which Dr. Hodge has encountered has been the unexpected one that the birds offer strong attractions to cats. As it is through this circumstance that the writer has had his attention focused upon the cat problem, a few incidents may be cited.

During the entire course of Dr. Hodge's investigation, at all times of day or night, the family was likely to be startled by the birds flying wildly about the enclosure, always to find and chase away some bloodthirsty cat that was climbing about over the wire netting that shielded the birds. After losing two young grouse by being snagged by cats reaching through the inch mesh of the netting, and later an old bird that died with a burst crop, the plan was adopted of catching the cats in box traps, chloroforming those that appeared to be strays, and returning to neighbors those whose ownership happened to be known.

Ultimately ,of course, matters came to a crisis. A neighbor's cat, a persistent offender, was "put out of business" upon Dr. Hodge's premises, but by one of his assistants while he was out of town. The irate owner, with more feeling than wisdom, incited the S. P. C. A. to bring the protector of the birds into a local court.

In discharging the defendant, the Magistrate, Judge Samuel Utley, took occasion to say: "If there is one animal that is uncontrollable it is the common house cat. There is no wilder animal in Christendom, and I maintain that a man on his own premises has a right to exterminate cats that destroy his property and encroach on his good nature."

There is but one thing further to say in connection with the above incident. On the following Sunday morning all of Dr. Hodge's partridges were found dead—poisoned by acorns charged with arsenic thrown into the enclosure by some person unknown at this writing.

It would be easy to dwell upon the despicable character of this act of the cat owner, to enlarge upon the exhibition afforded of a type which dwells in every community and who, cast as he is in the same criminal mould as the dog poisoner and the incendiary, abhorred by all decent men. But our real concern is not with him. It lies in the problem of the cat, and it is the manifest duty of every sportsman, every lover of birds, to cover the question fully and in possession of the facts to wage relentless war upon every roaming, predatory cat he may chance upon in his days afield.

We may fairly state the claims of the cat under two heads: first as a household pet, second as a foe to rats and mice. The first claim I oppose on the grounds of unhealthfulness and unresponsiveness. Science tells us the cat is a well known, thoroughly proven carrier of contagious disease. Diphtheria, tuberculosis, eczema, ringworm, grippe and scarlet fever are among the more common diseases in which the contagion has been traced to the cat. Practically every cat we examine is diseased. Nearly all are mangy, all of any age have catarrh of the nasal passages, tubercular lungs are common, all are infested with fleas. All these things indicate that the cat is an unwholesome animal for a child to have as a pet.

Few cats are determined rat catchers—food comes easier in other ways and the war against vermin never being carried to the point of extermination is of slight value.

Against the cat an array of charges appear, among which I cite:

1. The suffering of the animals themselves by fighting, starvation, disease and exposure.

2. The annoyance, especially in cities, of their nightly caterwauling and their offensive habits about buildings.

3. Carrying contagious diseases from house to house.

4. Killing chickens, game, song and insectivorous birds.

Only No. 4 demands further comment in a paper addressed to sportsmen.

In the past few years, especially since active work for the protection of birds has been instituted, the cat problem has entered upon an acute phase. This work for the birds is determined and widespread; it is entrenched behind beneficial laws and founded, in part, on the fact that insect ravages—largely due to scarcity of birds—are taxing the resources of the country heavily, a recent estimate placing the annual damage of insects to forest and agricultural interests at $795,000,000. The situation demands that a solution of the cat problem fair to all concerned be reached as speedily as possible. Clearly every cat owner should provide means to keep the animal on his own premises, so that cats found running at large should be known as strays and could be dealt with accordingly. This is practically the solution of the problem reached in Germany, where in many cities official provision has been made to destroy all cats which are

allowed to trespass on either private or public property.

On all sides, from all civilized countries, in which measures are being taken to protect game and insectivorous birds, the evidence is overwhelming that the cat is the worst enemy of bird life. Nehrling goes so far as to say: "They do more harm to our familiar garden birds than all other enemies combined." Says von Berlepsch: "We may as well give up protection of birds about our homes so long as we tolerate cats outside the buildings."

Mr. E. H. Forbush, Massachusetts State Ornithologist, once shadowed an ordinary farm cat for one day and actually observed her empty six birds' nests, eating or carrying home all the young, and in the operation catching one or two of the parent birds. "The birds," he writes, "were all common orchard birds, robins, chipping sparrows, bluebirds, and, I think, one song sparrow." Mr. Forbush has made this a matter of careful observation and study for over twenty-five years; and from this record it would seem safe to say that his estimate is within the truth, viz., that if the birds hold out, a cat, on the average, will get ten old ones and forty young in a year.

Game birds, as well as song and insectivorous birds, are the recognized property of the State, and in Massachusetts the law specifies a fine of $10 for each bird killed or illegally taken. In many cases this fine does not constitute an equivalent for the value of the bird's work in a community overburdened with insect pests. Then where is the reason or sense in fining a man ten dollars for killing a single bird and in permitting him to keep an inconsequent and uncontrolled cat that kills fifty birds a year?

Moreover, every sportsman can testify from personal observation of the damage done among our ground-nesting game birds by roaming and half-wild cats. They are animals of ineradicably feral instincts, and make no return for the ravages they commit. Even as a pet the cat is unresponsive, exhibiting only that type of gratitude so well defined as "a lively sense of favors expected."

Finally, then, let the sportsmen of this country face the cat problem as common sense and a due regard for the value of our bird life may dictate. If the uncontrolled cat is a menace to our birds; if, under the guise of a household pet, the community harbors the worst sort of a wolf in sheep's of clothing, let us deal with the issue straight from the shoulder and waste no time about it. At any rate, we can make it apparent to cat owners that the safety of their pets can be assured only by having them kept strictly on their own premises. This will give us at least a fair start toward the final solution of the problem.

Ernest Russell, Worcester, Mass.

FROM FAR WASHINGTON

Editor RECREATION:

I am going to send you that photograph of Daniel Boone's monument that I promised you some time ago, also a photo of a ptarmigan that is changing from fall to winter style. I will also send to you a couple of twists of good old Kentucky tobacco. When you want to forget that you are a slave of the people and go back to the good old days, back off into a corner, get out the old cob, put your feet up higher than your head, shut your eyes and dream that you are on Lake Chelan, on Fish Creek, with a small frog trying for that big brook trout that would have nothing to do with any of the vanities and tinsels of the flymaker's art. No use to try and coax you out here, as you are chained and riveted to business.

I am living on my own place now, and am very comfortably fixed. Did intend to build a new house this fall, but was unable to do so. Expect to put it up in the spring, also build a new launch, as my other one is too small. I wanted to build a house like yours, but when I began to count the logs or trees on my place that were fit I found that I could not do it.

Business in the tourist line was slack this summer. I had a few parties to take out fishing, also a few hunting, and am glad to say that they left me well pleased and talk of coming back next year.

Jas. W. Nicol,
Moore P. O., Lake Chelan, Wash.

CONCERNING BR'ER RABBIT

Editor RECREATION:

As I am a lover and observer of nature, I wish to call your attention to a mistake by John Boyd in his article "Footprints in the Snow" in November RECREATION, page 417, in describing the tracks of the cottontail rabbit. Mr. Boyd's idea seems to be that the rabbit "doubles up" and thus overreaches and makes the tracks of the hind feet ahead of those of the fore feet. This is a mistake. The rabbit does not "double up." If Mr. Boyd will watch closely he will notice that Mr. Cottontail will touch the ground with the front feet first, give himself a push upward and come down on his hind feet considerably in front of the tracks of the fore feet; takes a long jump and comes down on his fore feet and repeats the operation. In fast running the tracks of the fore feet and those of the hind feet are often farther apart than the length of the rabbit; and Mr. Boyd can readily see that the rabbit could not overreach such a distance.

Many of the smaller rodents run very similarly, the squirrels and mice being no exceptions. The weasel and mink will usually make the tracks of the hind feet directly in those of the front feet, so that only those of the hind feet are visible.

Can you advise me where I can obtain domesticated quail? I have an ideal place for a small flock. These beautiful useful farmer's friends are almost extinct in this locality.

Wishing success to RECREATION,

C. J. Stahly, Middleburg, Ind.

AN ANTLERED DOE

Editor RECREATION:

I enclose you an item that I thought, perhaps, would interest your readers—the killing of a doe having a horn.

At this date, November 30, we are rejoicing in a heavy snow fall and deer hunting is good in the mountains.

J. S. Nash, Spokane, Wash.

WARDNER, Idaho, Nov. 29.—A full-grown doe deer, with a fully developed prong growing from its head was recently killed near Kingston by Thomas Holland. The prong is about five inches long and grew from the head a short space above its right eye. Another peculiar circumstance connected with the curiosity is that the prong was in velvet when the deer was killed. Mr. Holland, while hunting deer on the north fork of the Cœur d'Alene River, chanced upon a herd of three deer and succeeded in killing two. One was a big, five-prong buck and the other was the freak doe. Judging from the size of the latter it must have been three or four years old. Deer slayers in this section say they never before saw or heard of a doe deer with a horn. Dr. C. R. Mowery obtained the head and is having it mounted at Spokane.

FLIGHT OF WHITE OWLS

There has been an unusual flight of Arctic owls along the Atlantic coast. During November and the early part of December reports reached us from Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Long Island telling of the abundance of these birds as compared with the number seen during ordinary winters.

This probably means a failure of the food supply further north, and we should like to hear from our correspondents in Newfoundland and Quebec as to their opinions upon this subject. What has happened up in the Far North to drive such an unusual number of Arctic owls south to New England and New York State?

AN ISLAND IN THE AIR

Ernest Ingersoll's book, "An Island in the Air," is aptly named and is extremely enjoyable because of its peculiar plot.

The heroes of the stories are such bright, real, live people that you feel as though they were really human, and not merely a creation of the imagination. When one reads of the hardships and losses which came to the Manning family when they journeyed, as emigrants, to California, in 1853, one feels a real sympathy for all the party and a keen interest in what the future holds in store for the young Manning fellows and their bright, womanly sisters.

How the young people of the party go ahead to find a trail for their parents and the servants, and how they are overtaken by a severe Western storm, the horses frightened and lost and the wagon almost upset, is thrilling enough for any adventure-loving youth.

To give away just what this island in the air is would be to spoil part of the enjoyment of this most excellent book, and to those who want to know how Andy Manning and his sisters were lost for a long time from their parents, and how they were helped by an old Indian named Whalpi, and at last, by much planning, joined the rest of the party, we would advise reading this interesting volume. The book is well illustrated by W. A. McCullough. Published by the Macmillan Company; price, $1.50.

WINTER NIGHT

BY STACY E. BAKER.

Bereaved, the trees mourn for their children leaves;
Pale snow-tombs mark the summer flower graves,
And Boreas and all his monk-wind slaves
Chant aves the long night through; a white moon weaves
Fantastic shadows, and a wan sky grieves,
And weeps ghost rain to icy architraves.
. . . Barbaric clad, the Storm King and his braves
Shrill out: "Adone with truces and reprieves!"
Snow-bound, the dryad bides within her tree,
Dreaming of spring, and all the lure of fields
Spun gay with buds. The vikings of the air,
Outside, rush forth to battle to the glee
Of rolling drum, and madding fife; their shields
Breaking the spears of woody warriors there.

You need not go farther South than

PINEHURST

NORTH CAROLINA

FOR GOOD GOLF AND GOOD SHOOTING.

The WINTER GOLFING CENTER of the UNITED STATES—TWO EXCELLENT COURSES — FINE CLUB HOUSE.

THIRD ANNUAL MID-WINTER TOURNAMENT

January 18th, 19th and 20th.

Four sixteens to qualify. Gorham trophies for winning and defeated eights. Gold medal for best score in qualifying round.

ST. VALENTINE'S TOURNAMENT, Feb. 14th-17th.

SPRING TOURNAMENT, March 14th-17th.

Sixth Annual United North and South Championship

April 2nd to 7th.

Frequent Tennis and Trap Shooting Tournaments. ¶ **35,000-acre Shooting Preserve.** Dogs, guides and hunting wagons at reasonable charges.

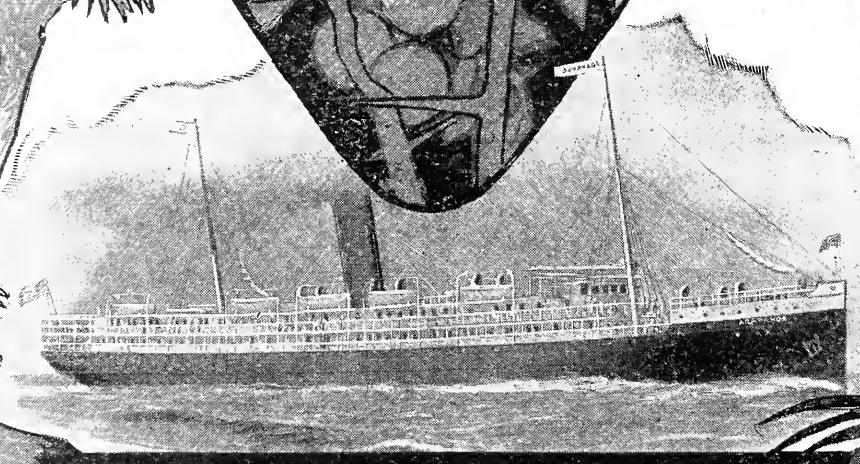
Through Pullman Service via Seaboard Air Line or Southern Railway. Only one night out from New York, Boston and Cincinnati. An exquisite book, with fac-similes of water-color sketches similar to the above, illustrating the out-of-door features of Pinehurst, will be sent on application.

Address, OFFICE OF MANAGER,

Pinehurst, Moore Co., N. C.

LEONARD TUFTS, *Owner*, BOSTON, MASS.

THE CLYDE LINE TO FLORIDA



ONLY DIRECT ALL-WATER ROUTE BETWEEN

NEW YORK, BOSTON and CHARLESTON, S. C. JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

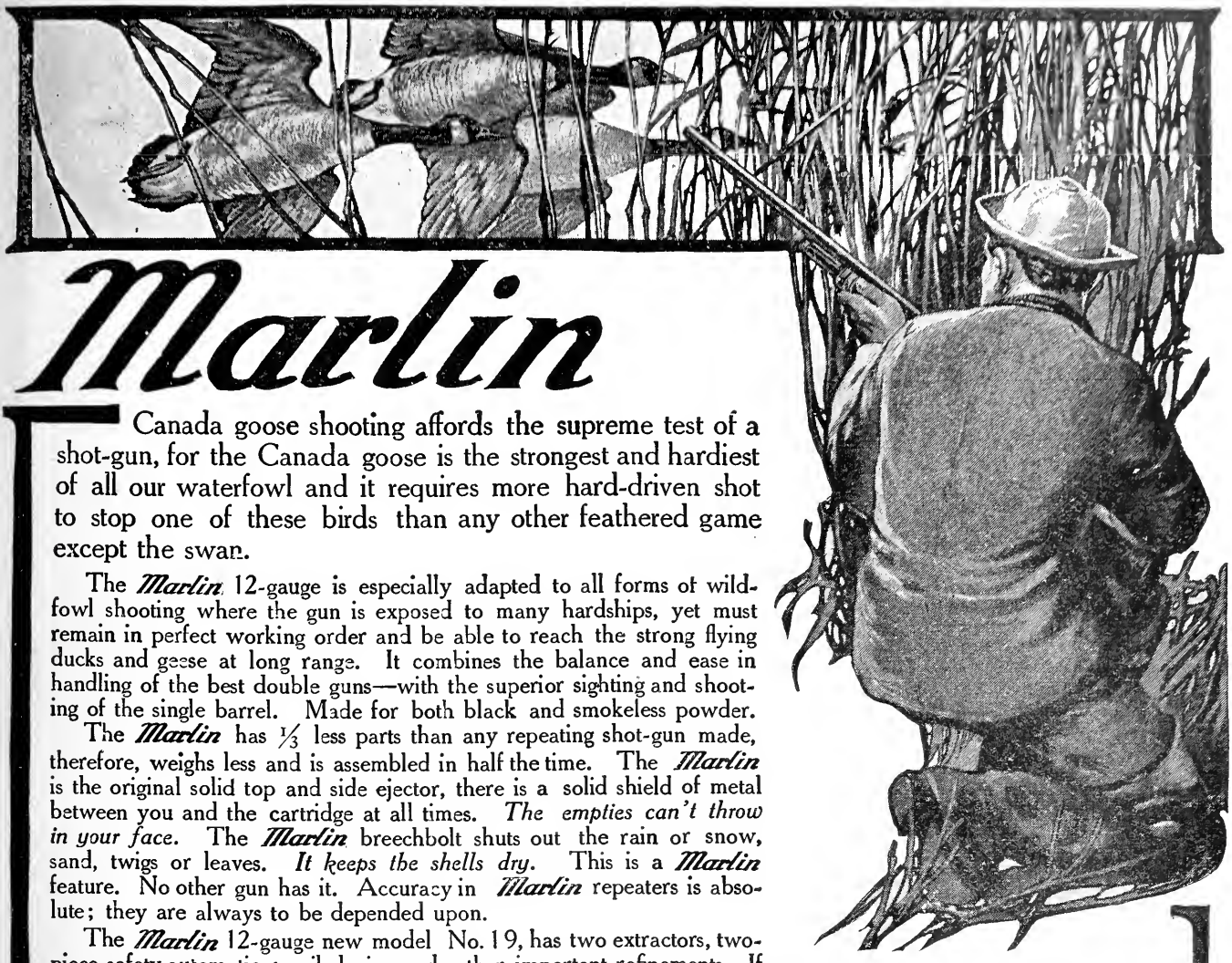
ST. JOHNS RIVER SERVICE BETWEEN JACKSONVILLE, PALATKA, DE LAND, SANFORD, ENTERPRISE, FLA., and INTERMEDIATE LANDINGS

The "Clyde Line" is the favorite route between NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, and EASTERN POINTS, and CHARLESTON, S. C., and JACKSONVILLE, FLA., making direct connection for all points South and Southwest.

FAST MODERN STEAMSHIPS AND SUPERIOR SERVICE

THEO. G. EGER, G. M.

WM. P. CLYDE & CO., General Agents, - - 19 State Street, New York.



Marlin

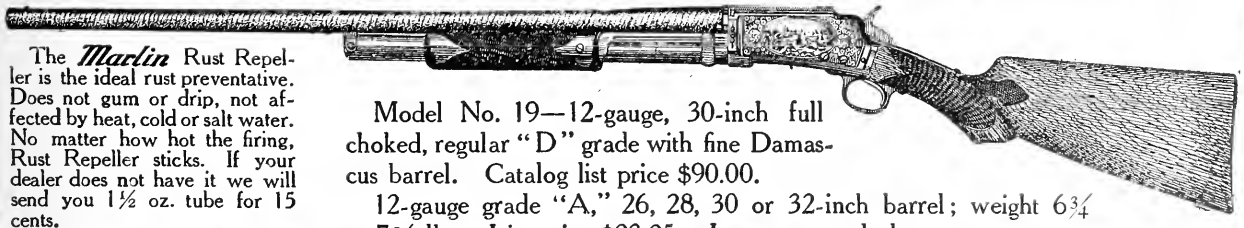
Canada goose shooting affords the supreme test of a shot-gun, for the Canada goose is the strongest and hardiest of all our waterfowl and it requires more hard-driven shot to stop one of these birds than any other feathered game except the swan.

The ***Marlin*** 12-gauge is especially adapted to all forms of wild-fowl shooting where the gun is exposed to many hardships, yet must remain in perfect working order and be able to reach the strong flying ducks and geese at long range. It combines the balance and ease in handling of the best double guns—with the superior sighting and shooting of the single barrel. Made for both black and smokeless powder.

The ***Marlin*** has ⅓ less parts than any repeating shot-gun made, therefore, weighs less and is assembled in half the time. The ***Marlin*** is the original solid top and side ejector, there is a solid shield of metal between you and the cartridge at all times. *The empties can't throw in your face.* The ***Marlin*** breechbolt shuts out the rain or snow, sand, twigs or leaves. *It keeps the shells dry.* This is a ***Marlin*** feature. No other gun has it. Accuracy in ***Marlin*** repeaters is absolute; they are always to be depended upon.

The ***Marlin*** 12-gauge new model No. 19, has two extractors, two-piece safety automatic recoil device and other important refinements. If you shoot you should know all about ***Marlin*** repeaters. Let us send you our 1905 Catalog and our book of real "Marlin Experiences." *Free for 6 cents postage.*

The Marlin Firearms Co. 30 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

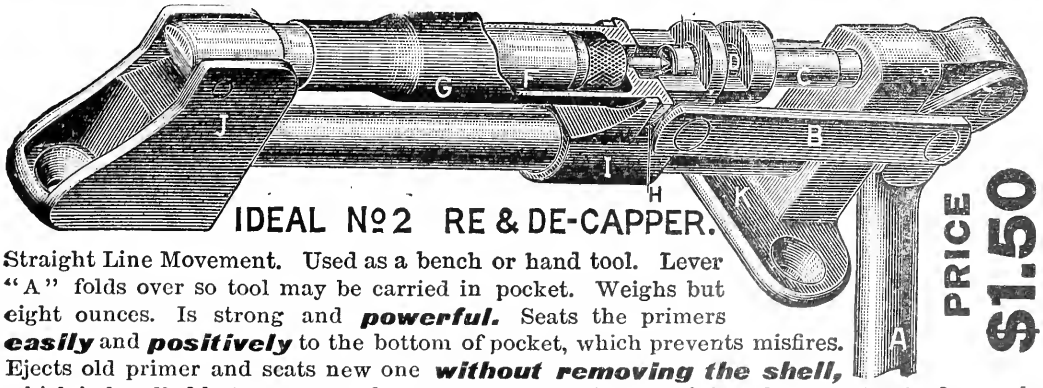


The ***Marlin*** Rust Repeller is the ideal rust preventative. Does not gum or drip, not affected by heat, cold or salt water. No matter how hot the firing, Rust Repeller sticks. If your dealer does not have it we will send you 1½ oz. tube for 15 cents.

Model No. 19—12-gauge, 30-inch full choked, regular "D" grade with fine Damascus barrel. Catalog list price $90.00.

12-gauge grade "A," 26, 28, 30 or 32-inch barrel; weight 6¾ to 7¼ lbs. List price $23.25. Less at your dealers.

Ideal No. 2
Re & De-capper



IDEAL Nº2 RE & DE-CAPPER.

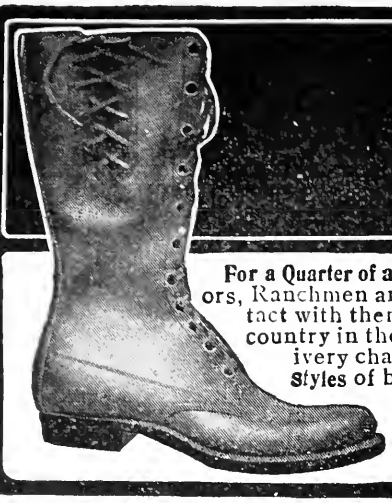
PRICE $1.50

Send three stamps for latest catalogue.

Straight Line Movement. Used as a bench or hand tool. Lever "A" folds over so tool may be carried in pocket. Weighs but eight ounces. Is strong and ***powerful.*** Seats the primers ***easily*** and ***positively*** to the bottom of pocket, which prevents misfires. Ejects old primer and seats new one ***without removing the shell,*** which is handled but once to perform the two operations, enabling the operator to do nearly ***twice the work*** in a given time. Now ready 25-35, 25-36, 30-30, 30-40 Krag, 30-45 Springfield (headless), 32-40, 38-55. Ask your dealers. If they will not serve you send cash to

THE IDEAL MFG. CO., 12 U. St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

The Phil. B. Bekeart Co
San Francisco, Cal.
Agents for Pacific Coast



THEY'RE MADE TO MEASURE

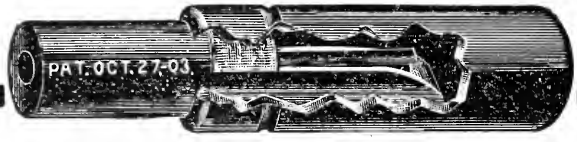
Putman Boots.

Go on like a glove *and* fit all over

For a Quarter of a Century Putman Boots have been the Standard among Western Hunters, Prospectors, Ranchmen and Engineers (who demand the best) and we have learned through our personal contact with them how to make a perfect boot. Putman Boots are in use in nearly every civilized country in the World. They are Genuine Hand Sewed, Water Proofed, Made to measure, Delivery charges prepaid, and cost no more than others. Send for catalogue of over **30 different** styles of boots, and self measurement blank. **Also Indian Tanned Moosehide Moccasins.**

Illustration shows **No. 200,** 14 inches high. Bellows Tongue, Uppers are Special Chrome Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on, making the leather **water Proof,** black or brown color. Made to measure and delivered for ...**$8.00**

H. J. PUTMAN & CO., 36 Hennepin Ave., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



The Mascot Call

"Brings in the Ducks"

Has that rattling, raspy, natural duck sound that "Brings 'Em In." Hard rubber throughout, won't check, crack or corrode.—We guarantee the MASCOT DUCK CALL to be the only one made that Water and climate positively does not affect or money refunded. Easily tuned by any amateur and after a few trials you can imitate instantly the cry of any duck. The MASCOT CALL is so natural ducks are easily decoyed—that means a good day's shoot and a good bag. The Mascot is simply perfection. If your dealer or wholesaler cannot supply you, write us. Price, only $1 prepaid. Manufactured by the

Multi-Novelty Company, 16 California Terrace, Chicago

THE AIM OF EVERY GUN owner is to keep his gun faultless—the finer the gun the harder he tries. If he uses "3 in One" the easier he tries.

"3 IN ONE" oils every action part properly, cleans out the residue of burnt or smokeless powder, prevents rust on every metal part, cleans and polishes the stock, contains no acid. Write for generous sample—free. **G.W. COLE COMPANY**

122 WASHINGTON LIFE BLDG. NEW YORK

"The Den"

25 YEARS

THE

Leading Taxidermist

WM. W. HART

451 Seventh Ave., New York

MOUNTING of Moose, Deer, Elk, Caribou heads, Mammals, Birds and Fish a specialty. Send for shipping tags, they insure prompt delivery. Game Heads, Rugs and Auto Furs

For XMAS

Make selection early. Everything moth proof.

CANOEISTS

Send 10 Cents for sample copy of

"CANOEING"

The only publication devoted EXCLUSIVELY to your favorite sport.

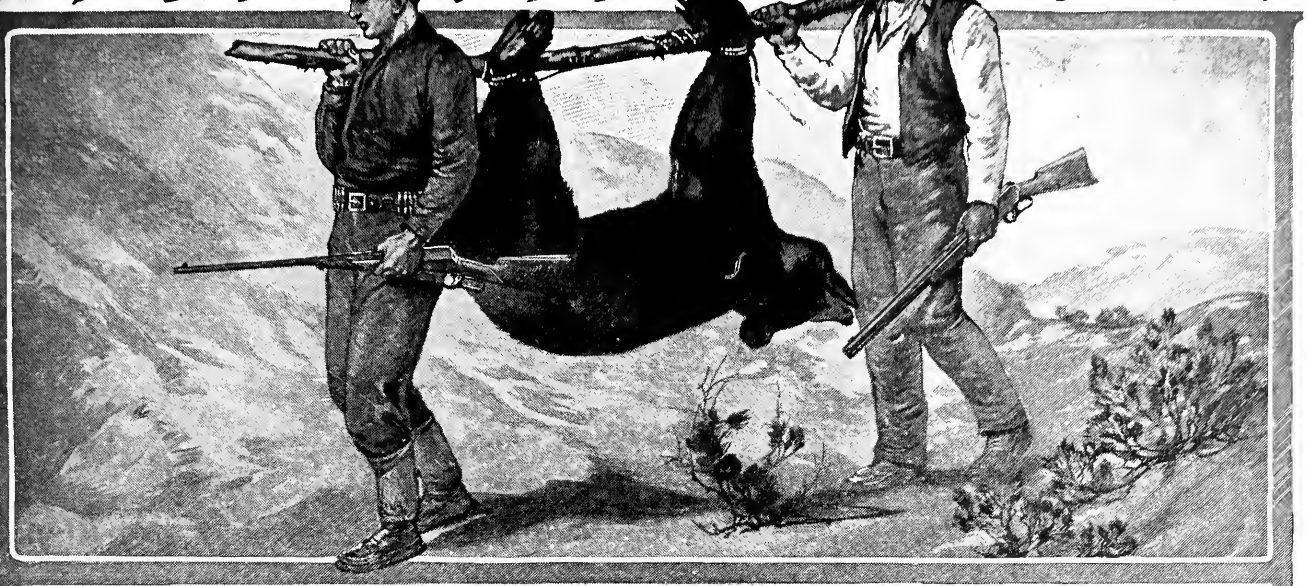
CANOEING is the one recognized authority on all canoeing matters, and is official organ of the American Canoe Association.

In CANOEING'S pages the prospective canoeist finds expert advice on craft and equipment, worth many dollars to him when purchasing his first outfit.

ADDRESS, **E. T. KEYSER,** EDITOR and PUBLISHER.

7 Beekman St., New York

WINCHESTER

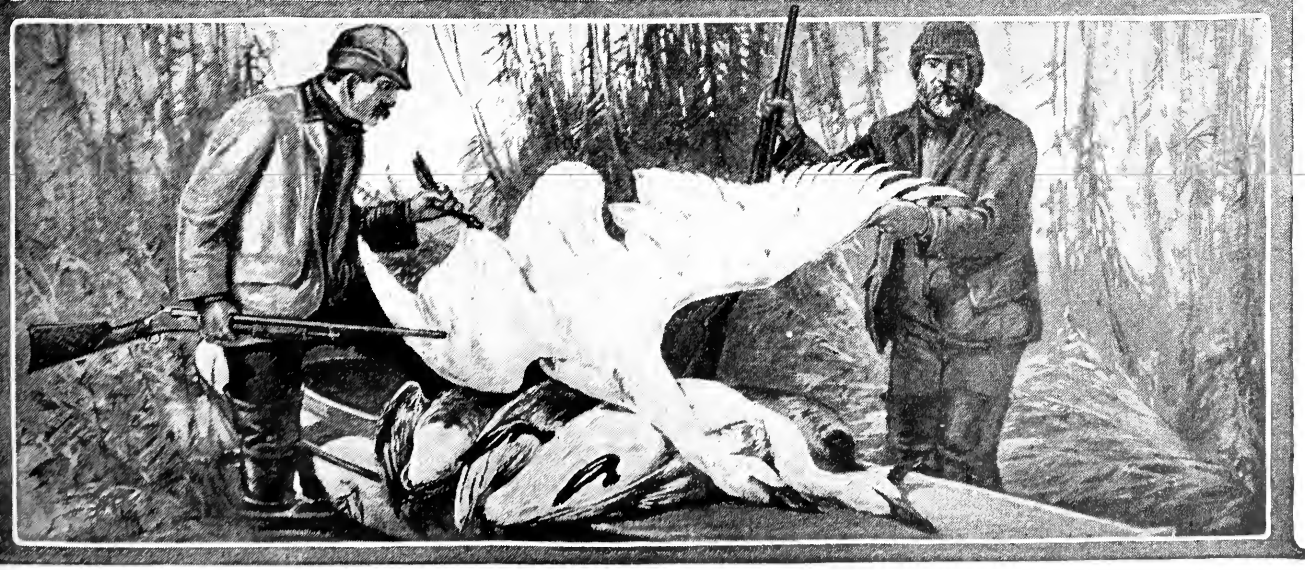


RIFLES, SHOTGUNS AND AMMUNITION

Winchester rifles, shotguns and ammunition are not the choice of any special class, but of practically all intelligent sportsmen who go to the woods, the plains or the mountains in quest of game. Winchester rifles are made in all desirable calibers from .22 to .50 and Winchester shotguns in 10, 12 and 16 gauge. The fact that we have sold over two million Winchester guns is pretty good evidence of their popularity. If you buy some other make you may get satisfaction; if you buy Winchester guns and ammunition you are sure of satisfaction. If you want to feel that confidence which gives results, use Winchester guns for all your shooting and Winchester cartridges in all your guns — they are made for each other.

FREE: Send name and address for our latest illustrated catalogue.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - - - NEW HAVEN, CONN.



THE Keeley Cure

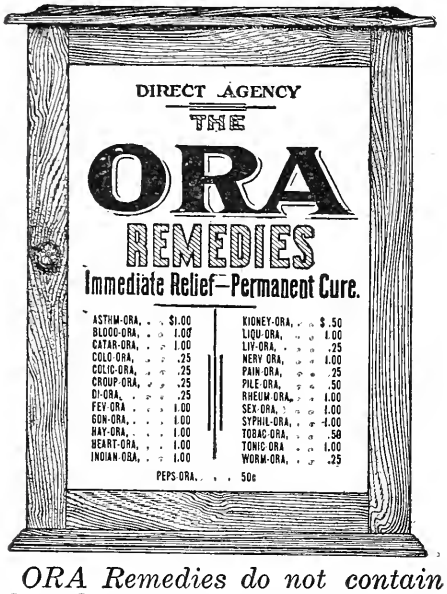
For Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 25 years

AT THE FOLLOWING KEELEY INSTITUTES:

Birmingham, Ala.
Hot Springs, Ark.
San Francisco, Cal., 1190 Market St.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C., 211 N. Capitol St.
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Plainfield, Ind.
Des Moines, Ia.
Lexington, Mass.
Portland, Me.
St. Louis, Mo., 2803 Locust St.
North Conway, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
White Plains, N. Y.
Columbus, O., 1087 N. Dennison Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad St.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Pittsburg, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Physicians' Formulas



ORA Remedies do not contain alcohol, opiates, morphine, coal tar products or any other harmful or dangerous druas.

ORA Remedies are prepared by skilled pharmacists from the formulas and under the personal direction of experienced and successful physicians only. The freshest, purest ingredients are used, compounded under modern methods original and exclusive with The ORA DRUG CO.

For this reason Ora Remedies are pleasant to take, easy of assimilation and prompt to relieve.

They may now be had at all drug stores displaying the Ora Cabinet illustrated herewith.

Our guarantee of their efficiency is ABSOLUTE. Our druggists are authorized to refund the purchase price without question, if you are not more than pleased with results.

If not on sale with your druggist, any of these preparations will be mailed on receipt of price.

If in doubt as to what you need, write us to-day. You will receive the advice of our skilled physicians free. All correspondence is held strictly confidential.

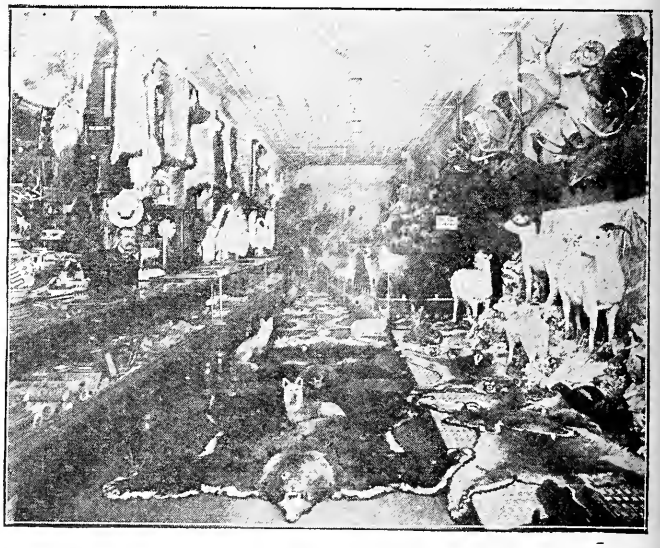
ORA DRUG CO., Associated Therapeutic Specialists, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

McFADDEN & SON

Taxidermists and Furriers

FUR AND CURIO DEALERS

"A" 1632-34 Champa St., Denver, Colo.



Artistic Taxidermy our Specialty

SATISFACTION guaranteed. All work moth proof. Our Winner Sleeping Bag, the best for all conditions of climate and weather, light, warm, durable and waterproof. Our new and artistic method of mounting fish can't be beat. We furnish Elk Lodges with whole mounted Elk or Heads or Horns, also Eagles mounted in any style for Eagle Lodges. Rattle snake skin belts, hat bands and neckties, the latest novelties made to order. We carry a full line of Ladies' Furs, also make them up to order. We have our own tannery. Tanning done to order. Highest prices paid for raw furs. We also buy the natural skulls. Taxidermist supplies, felt linings, artificial eyes, skulls, etc.

MARSH MOTOR CYCLE

PRICE $145.00

The world's finest **motor cycle** within reach of all. If represents the highest quality of workmanship and material. It far surpasses any other vehicle in speed, power and hill climbing ability. It has the fewest possible number of parts in its construction. **All 1905 machines** are equipped with detachable tires, automatic feed oilers, 1¾ inch wide flat belt, mud guards and tools. All ready to run when shipped. Rigged with **tandem attachment** for two people, for $20.00 extra. Can ship **motor cycle** promptly on receipt of order. No delay. Now is the time to order.

Our handsomely illustrated catalogue will be sent on request.

AMERICAN MOTOR COMPANY

715 Center Street :: :: :: BROCKTON, MASS.

STEVENS

The Indoor Man Longs for Outdoor Life

well knowing that the bracing air of woods and fields will rejuvenate his system and bring back the ruddy glow of health to his cheeks. The tried and proved adjunct for a day's outing is a Firearm branded "STEVENS."

¶ Be he hunter or marksman, a novice or experienced, one of our

RIFLES, PISTOLS, SHOTGUNS

will surely make his sport a real pleasure. We have an arm for almost every requirement listing from

$2.25 to $150.00

¶ Our 140-page illustrated catalogue will be mailed for four cents in stamps to cover cost of postage. Describes complete line, and tells everything you wish to know about the "STEVENS."

¶ Your dealer sells the STEVENS. **Ask him.** If he cannot supply your wants, we will ship direct, **express prepaid,** upon receipt of price.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL COMPANY
P. O. Box 444
Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

ITHACA GUNS SELL

Form No. 168.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

INCORPORATED

23,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA. CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.

This Company TRANSMITS and DELIVERS messages only on conditions limiting its liability, which have been assented to by the sender of the following message. Errors can be guarded against only by repeating a message back to the sending station for comparison, and the Company will not hold itself liable for errors or delays in transmission or delivery of Unrepeated Messages, beyond the amount of tolls paid thereon, nor in any case where the claim is not presented in writing within sixty days after the message is filed with the Company for transmission.
This is an UNREPEATED MESSAGE, and is delivered by request of the sender, under the conditions named above.
ROBERT C. CLOWRY, President and General Manager.

RECEIVED at

SY 39 H A 27 Paid 316 PM.

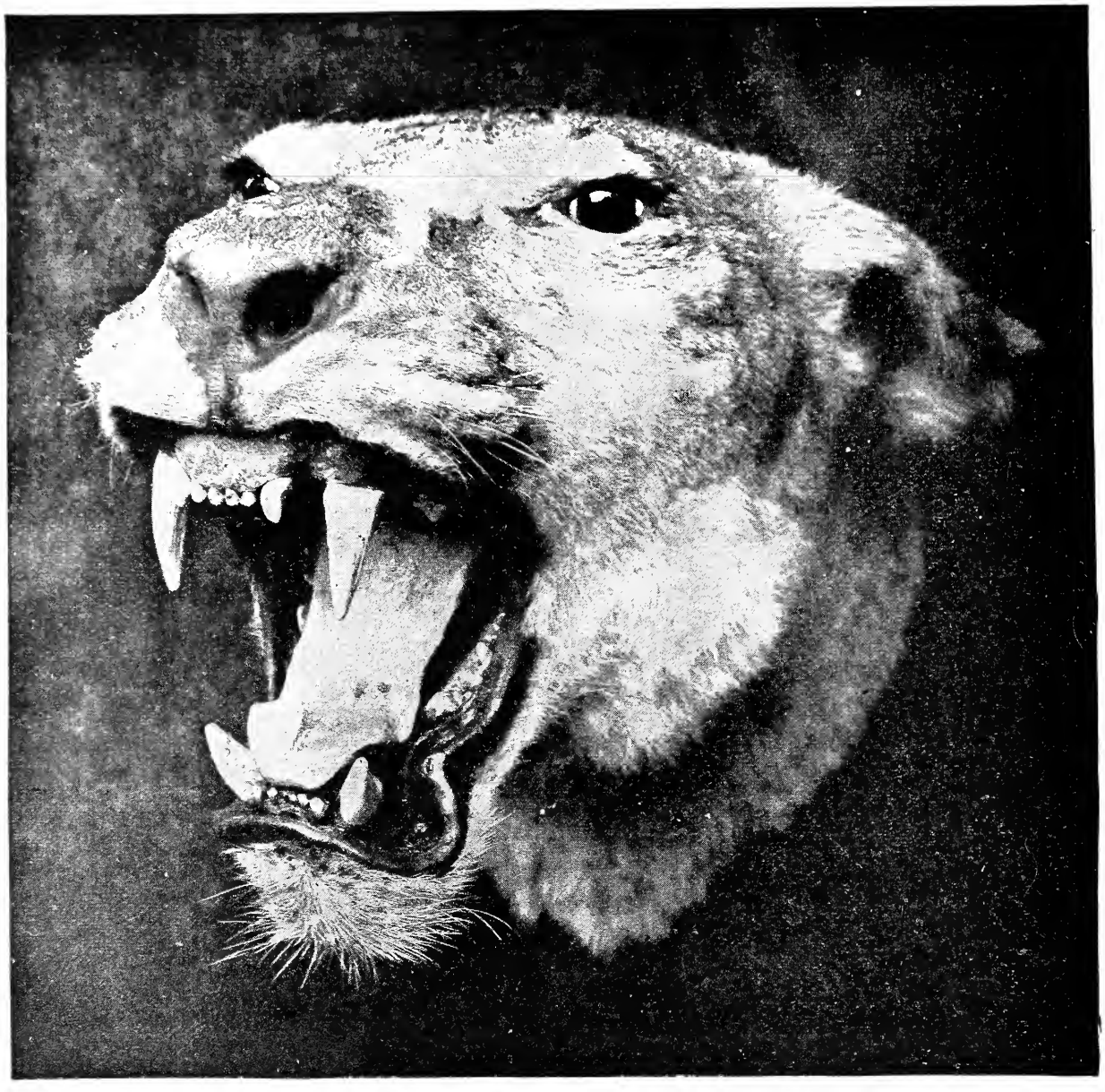
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF, OCT.13, 05.

ITHACA GUN CO.,
ITHACA,N.Y.

WE ARE CLEANED OUT OF EVERY TWELVE AND SIXTEEN GAUGE ITHACA GUN

CAN'T YOU RUSH US SOME. EVERYBODY FIGHTING FOR THEM.

PHIL.B.BEKEART.



TEN CENTS A COPY

OUTDOORS

A Magazine of Country Life

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

OUTDOORS is an illustrated monthly magazine of standard size, edited, pictured and printed in the best possible manner. It is a practical and beautiful magazine for all who love the life in the open, the country home, recreation, and every worthy outdoor interest, OUTDOORS is an inspiration and a delight to everybody

OUTDOORS COMPANY - - - 150 Fifth Avenue New York

SAVAGE

"Feather-Weight"

Hammerless Sporting Rifle

For the youthful sportsman—for the "crack shot"—for hunters of both sexes.

An effective, well-made, six-shot repeater that should be on the gun rack of every sportsman. Its light weight (6 pounds) makes it especially desirable. Its beautifully tapered 20 inch special barrel is made of **Savage "Hi-Pressure"** steel, and for all practical hunting ranges will kill as often as the longer lengths. Shotgun style stock, fitted with rubber butt plate.

Special metal-bead front sight and Savage micrometer rear sight. A perfectly balanced gun. Hammerless—safe against accidental discharge. The Savage "Feather-Weight" Sporting Rifle is a worthy member of the Savage family of fire-arms and possesses the "different" qualities that have made the name **Savage** celebrated.

Do you own one? If you don't, ask your dealer. Also ask him about the Savage 22-calibre Hammerless Repeater; and, besides, send to-day for our handsomely illustrated catalogue, free

SAVAGE ARMS CO., 591 Turner St., UTICA, N. Y.

Marble's Rifle Cleaner

This cleaner will attach to any standard rod and we guarantee that it will not injure the barrel in the slightest degree. ¶Each section of the cleaner is composed of six washers made of the softest brass gauze we can obtain and are smaller in diameter than the bore of the gun they are intended to clean. In this way the **spring** of the wire core holds only one side of each section against the bore and the **twist** in the wire causes the cleaner to follow the twist in the rifle. Thus many projecting ends of brass wire are forced into each angle of the entire rifling.

The implement cleans very rapidly and is exceedingly durable.

Price, prepaid, 50c. Field cleaner, 75c. Joined brass rod with strong steel joints, steel swivel in tip and cocobola handle, $1.00.

All of Marble's Extra Quality Specialties are for sale by dealers everywhere, or will be sent direct, prepaid.

Send for Catalogue "A"

MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO., Gladstone, Mich., U.S.A.

For Over 60 Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of Mothers for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with perfect success. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all pain, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind. **25 Cents a Bottle.**

An Old and Well-tried Remedy

LEARN POULTRY CULTURE

We can teach you thoroughly, successfully. Our original, personal correspondence course of instruction is interesting, practical, costs but little. **A safe guide to beginners,** invaluable to old poultry raisers. We teach you how to make any plot of ground, large or small, pay a sure **dividend of from 25 to 50 per cent on the investment.** Individual attention given each student. Write for free booklet telling how to make poultry pay. **COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF POULTRY CULTURE, 64 Harvey Bldg., Waterville, N. Y.**

Have you a Dog?

We will send, if you mention its breed, **Polk Miller's Great Book on Dogs;** How to Take Care of Them; **Sen. Vest's Eloquent Tribute to a Dog,** and **A Yellow Dog's Love for a Nigger** (the famous poem) all for 10c, just to advertise **Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies.** Address,

POLK MILLER DRUG CO.
863 Main St., Richmond, Va.

ROCHESTER MARINE ENGINE

7 HORSE—3 PORT—2 STROKE

WINS TROPHY

The Interstate trophy at the Hudson River Carnival was won by the "Durno," a 25-foot semi-racer fitted with a **Rochester** Engine; this after running under her own power from Rochester to New York. No stops in three days' racing—record 12.12 statute miles an hour. Speed and reliability combine in the highest degree because of construction. 3½ to 100 horse-power. *New Catalogue on request.*

ROCHESTER GAS ENGINE CO., 711 Driving Park Ave., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Learn to Mount Birds and Animals

Every sportsman should be able to mount and preserve his own fine trophies. The shooting season is now open, and you will secure many fine specimens. Why not mount them for your home or den?

We can Teach You by Mail

to mount **Birds, Animals, Heads, Fishes, Tan Skins, Make Rugs, etc.** This is a delightful work, easily and quickly learned. By taking our mail course during your spare time, you can soon mount all kinds of specimens true to life. These specimens when mounted are of great interest and value. You can double your income by giving taxidermy your spare time. The fall and winter months offer abundant leisure time to learn the business.

Thousands of Sportsmen are our Students "I have had great success in taxidermy under your instruction."—O. BRONSON, Topeka, Kan. "Have just mounted a fine eagle with complete success."—N. ROGERS, McCook, Neb. "Have earned $675.00 from my taxidermy work."—C. H. HAMMOND, Syracuse, N. Y.

Our school is endorsed by all leading sporting magazines, including RECREATION, and by the most eminent taxidermists. We teach standard methods only, and guarantee success. We mounted the mammoth collection at the Portland Exposition. Our school is incorporated, and the courses of lessons protected by U. S. Government copyright. The editors of this magazine will tell you that the school is absolutely trustworthy and reliable.

We want every sportsman, desiring to preserve his own specimens, to enroll for our course. We want to send you the testimonials of hundreds of successful students; also our new illustrated catalog, and a copy of "The Taxidermy Magazine."—All free. Write for these books to-day.

The Northwestern School of Taxidermy, No. 525 D St., Omaha, Neb.

A MOST WELCOME XMAS GIFT

to your photographic friends or relatives is a

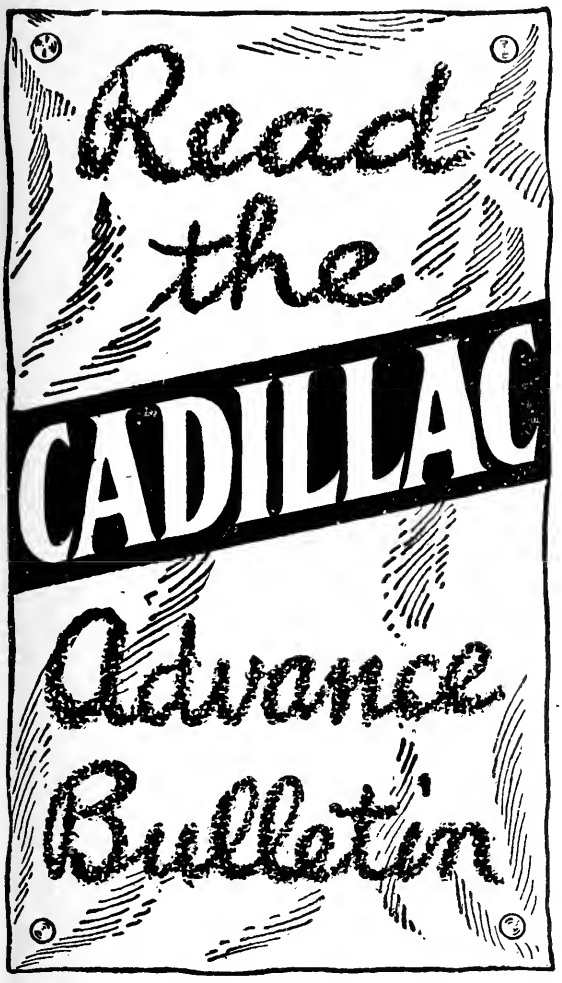
GOERZ LENS

¶ It will give good pictures when all others fail.
¶ Goerz Lenses catch anything, any day, any time, anvwhere.
¶ We have different models for different purposes.
¶ We allow you a ten days' trial free of charge.
¶ Don't be bashful about it; just write for our catalogue and get "lens wise." It tells all about Goerz Lenses.

C. P. GOERZ OPTICAL WORKS

52 Union Square, New York and Heywood Building, Chicago

BERLIN PARIS LONDON ST. PETERSBURG



If you are thinking of buying an automobile, there are a hundred reasons why you should get a Cadillac. Don't decide upon a machine until you have thoroughly investigated the remarkably fine and complete line offered for 1906. From it you can select a car to suit any requirements, whether a smart runabout at $750, a 40 horse-power touring car at $3,750 or one of the several intermediate types.

We want you—everybody—to compare, point for point, the many advantageous features of the Cadillac. Then you will appreciate why it is the most easily operated, most economically maintained, most dependable of motor cars. In beauty of design and finish it is unsurpassed.

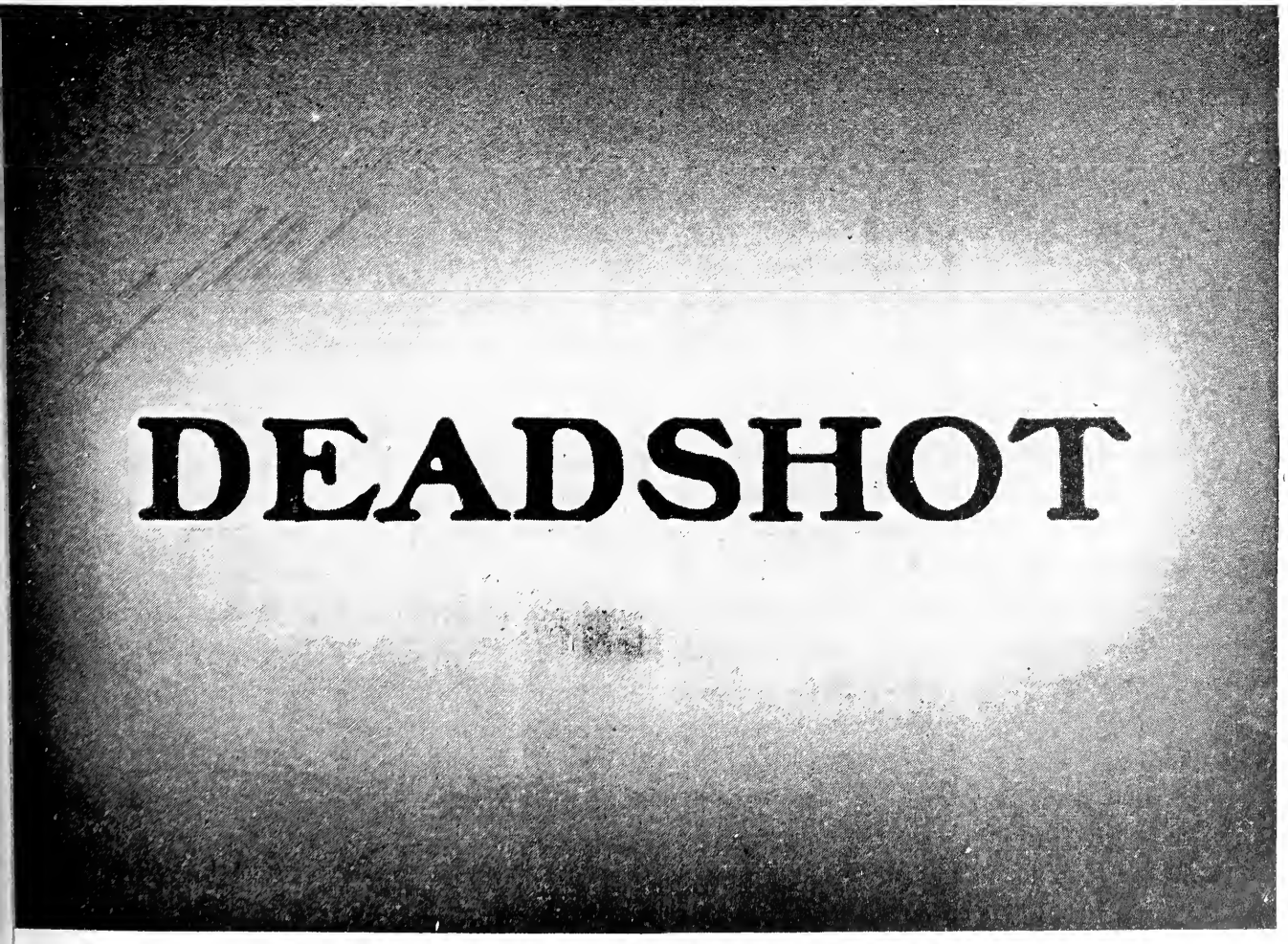
We can offer no greater argument of Cadillac superiority than the fact that in four years the Cadillac Motor Car Company has grown from a small beginning to the largest automobile manufacturing establishment in the world.

Don't fail to see the Cadillac at the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows.

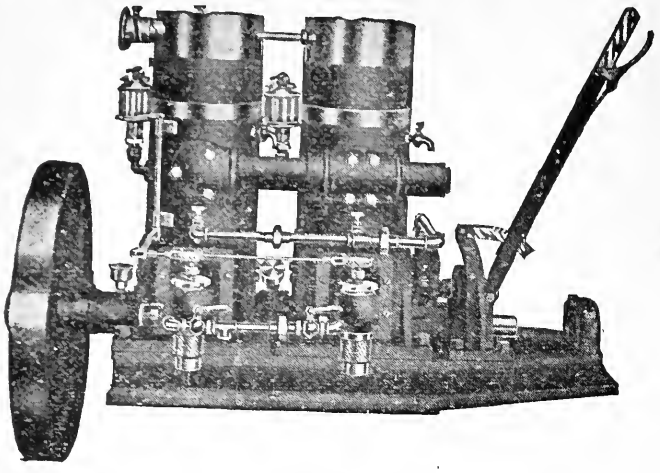
Illustrated booklet K and address of nearest dealer sent upon request.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.

Member Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.



Reliable Marine Motors

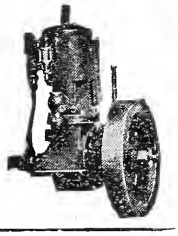


Reliability is absolutely the first consideration in a marine motor. ¶Fay & Bowen Motors have an unequalled record for reliability in numberless endurance and heavy weather tests. ¶Simplicity, durability, power and flexibility. No crank required for starting.

Send for free catalogue of Reliable Motors and perfectly built boats

Fay & Bowen Engine Co.

74 Lake Street, Geneva, N. Y., U. S. A.



1½ H. P. MARINE ENGINE

$33.50 Engine Only

Engine and Engine Fittings $37.50

For your Row Boat, Sail Boat or Launch

No cranks to start—No cams, valves, gears, springs or sprockets. All working parts in full view. We build all sizes of Boat Engines.

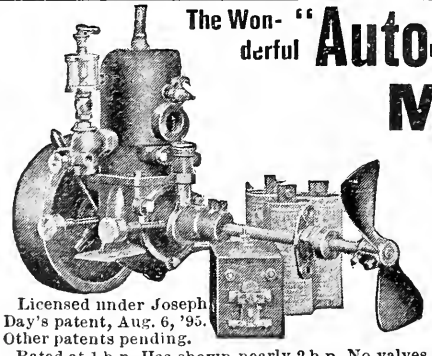
DETROIT ENGINE WORKS,

1395 JEFFERSON AVE. DETROIT, MICH.

Before You Invest

A dollar in anything get my book "How to Judge Stocks." It tells you all about everything you should know before making any kind of an investment, either for a large or small amount. This book gives the soundest advice and may save you many dollars. Send two-cent stamp for a copy, do it now. If you want to keep reliably posted on various kinds of investments send 10 cents for 6 months' subscription to the Investors' Review. Sample copy free. Address

Editor INVESTORS' REVIEW, 1604 Gaff Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.



The Wonderful "Auto-Marine Motor"

$37.50 Engine Only

Weight 37½ lbs.
Height 11¼ ins.

Convert your row boat into a Launch

Licensed under Joseph Day's patent, Aug. 6, '95. Other patents pending.

Rated at 1 h.p. Has shown nearly 2 h.p. No valves, gears, springs or cams. Jump spark. Reversible. Speed control. Only three moving parts. Could not be made better if it cost five times as much. **Order now**—they are selling so fast you may be disappointed later. *Write for our new catalog describing Auto-Marine Motors from 1 to 20 h. p.*

Detroit Auto-Marine Co., 77 East Congress St. **Detroit, Mich.**

FORMERLY DETROIT LACKAWANNA CO.

Cable address "Automarine," Western Union code used

Only Direct All-Water Route Between

New York, Boston and Charleston, S. C. Jacksonville, Fla.

St. Johns River Service between Jacksonville, Palatka, De Land, Sanford, Enterprise, Fla., and Intermediate Landings

The "Clyde Line" is the favorite route between NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, and EASTERN POINTS, and CHARLESTON, S. C., and JACKSONVILLE, FLA., making direct connection for all points South and Southwest

Fast Modern Steamships and Superior Service

THEO. G. EGER, G. M.

WM. P. CLYDE & CO., General Agents

19 State Street, New York

---

50 BULBS 25 Cents.

Will grow in the house or out of doors. Hyacinths, Tulips, Gladiolus, Crocus, Fuchsias, Oxalis, Tuberoses, Begonia, Jonquils, Daffodils, Chinese Lily, Dewey Lily, Gloxinia, Lilies of the Valley—all postpaid, 25c. in stamps or coin. As a premium with these Bulbs we will send FREE a big collection of flower seeds—over 200 kinds.

HILLSIDE NURSERY, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Army Auction Bargains

Revolvers	$ .50 up	Officer's Sword (new)	$1.50
Revolver Holsters	.10 "	Side-arm Swords	.20
Haversacks	.10 "	Bayonets	.10
Knapsacks	.50 "	Carbine Boot	.75
Carbines	.80 "	Cross Rifles (dozen)	1.00
Muskets	1.65 "	" Sabers "	1.00
Saddles	1.90 "	Screw Drivers "	1.00
Saddle Bags (pair)	.75 "	Linen Collars "	.30
Bridles	.65 "	Brass Letters "	.35
Navy Hats	.10 "	Blue Flannel Shirts	1.50
Army Campaign Hats	.35 "	Gunners' Hammers	.10
Leggins (pair)	.15 "	Army Spades	.65

Army Uniforms, consisting of New Helmet, Coat, Trousers, all for $1.65

176-page Large Illustrated Catalog mailed (stamps) 12c

FRANCIS BANNERMAN, 501 Broadway, New York

Largest Stock in the world Government Auction Goods. 15 *acres storage —2¾ acres Broadway salesroom.*

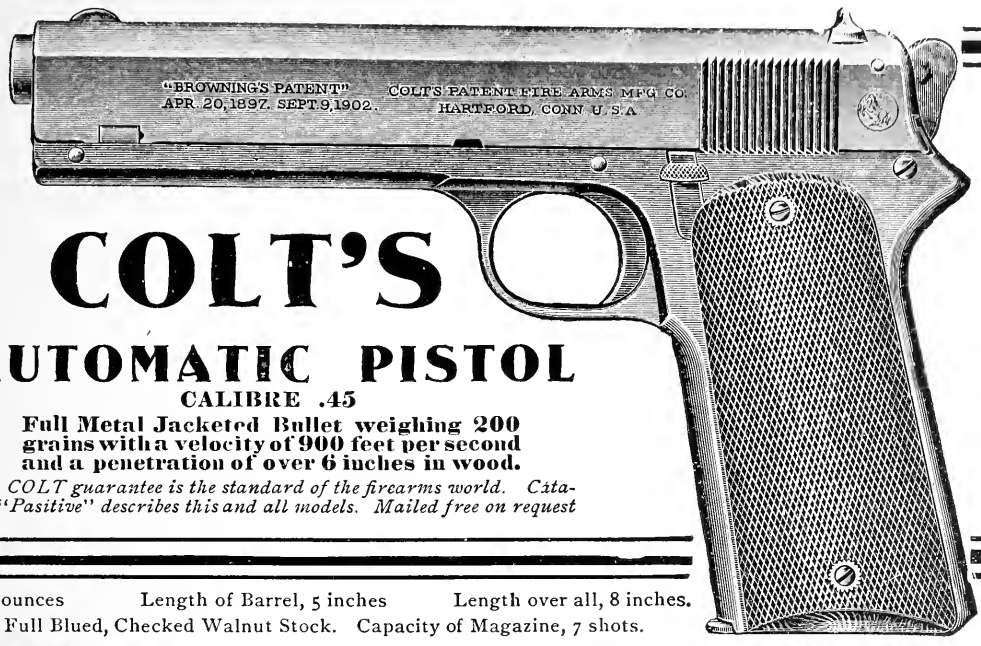
BROOKS' SURE CURE FOR RUPTURE

Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No lymphol. No lies. Durable, cheap, Pat. Sept. 10, 1901. **SENT ON TRIAL. CATALOGUE FREE.**

BROOKS' APPLIANCE CO.
Box 673. Marshall, Mich.

The Most Powerful Small Arm Ever Invented

READY FOR DELIVERY



COLT'S

AUTOMATIC PISTOL

CALIBRE .45

Full Metal Jacketed Bullet weighing 200 grains with a velocity of 900 feet per second and a penetration of over 6 inches in wood.

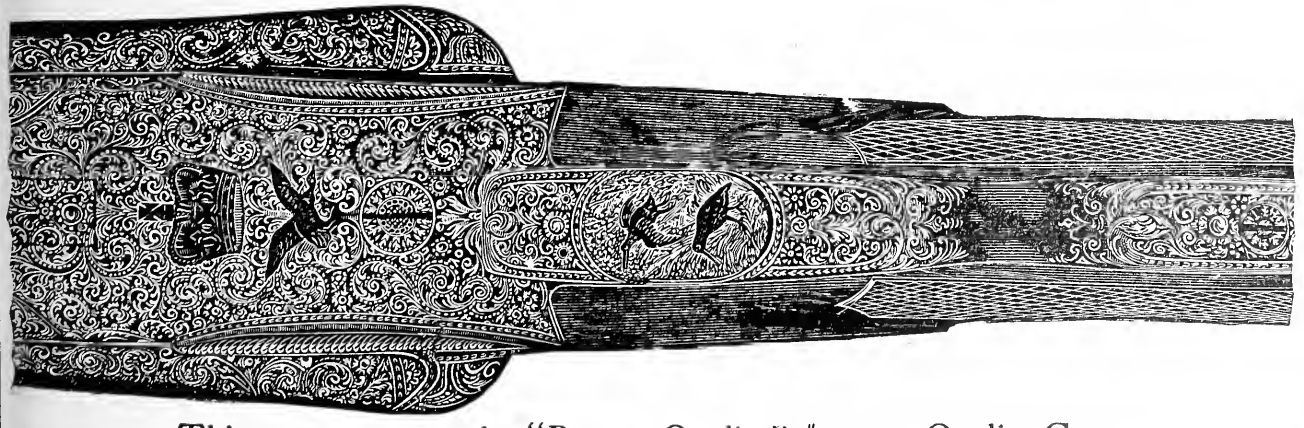
The COLT guarantee is the standard of the firearms world. Catalog "Pasitive" describes this and all models. Mailed free on request

Weight, 32½ ounces Length of Barrel, 5 inches Length over all, 8 inches.
Finish, Full Blued, Checked Walnut Stock. Capacity of Magazine, 7 shots.

COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MANUFACTURING COMPANY

HARTFORD, CONN. London Office, 15a, Pall Mall, London, S. W.

CHARLES DALY GUNS



This cut represents the "Regent Quality" $500.00 Quality Guns.

These and other high grade guns are quoted in our catalogue.
Mailed free on application.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES

302-304 Broadway **NEW YORK**

SEABOARD FLORIDA LIMITED

FROM ZERO TO 80° IN 24 HOURS

SEABOARD FLORIDA LIMITED

A magnificent electric-lighted, all Pullman train, commencing January 8th, 1906, will make quickest time

New York to Florida

Leaves New York, 12.25 noon every day
Arrives St. Augustine, 2.10 P. M. next day

Two other high-class trains for Pinehurst, Camden, Tampa and the Manatee Section and all resorts of **The Carolinas** and **Florida.**

A direct line to Atlanta, Birmingham and the Southwest.

For information, address, Northern Offices.
CHARLES B. RYAN, Gen. Passenger Agt.
EDWARD F. COST, Second Vice-President

NORTHERN OFFICES

New York, 1183 Broadway
Boston, 360 Washington St.
Philadelphia, 1429 Chestnut St.
Baltimore, Continental Trust Bldg.
Washington, 1421 Pennsylvania Ave.
Pittsburg, 503 Park Bldg.

SMITH HAMMERLESS and EJECTOR GUNS also HUNTER ONE-TRIGGER

win the

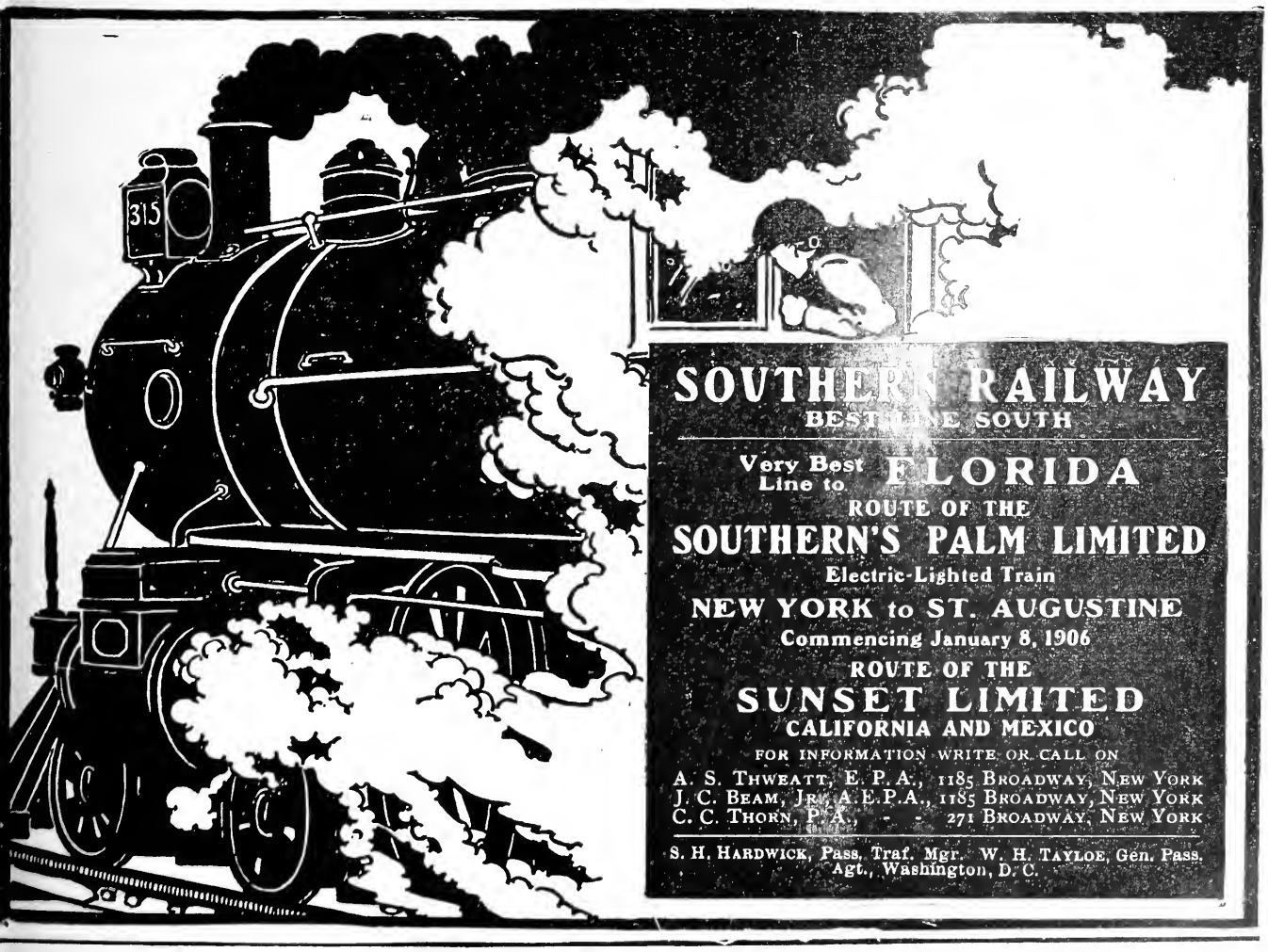
GOLD MEDAL

at the

LEWIS & CLARK EXPOSITION

ASK FOR CATALOGUE

Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y.


315
SOUTHERN RAILWAY
BEST LINE SOUTH
Very Best Line to FLORIDA
ROUTE OF THE
SOUTHERN'S PALM LIMITED
Electric-Lighted Train
NEW YORK to ST. AUGUSTINE
Commencing January 8, 1906
ROUTE OF THE
SUNSET LIMITED
CALIFORNIA AND MEXICO
FOR INFORMATION WRITE OR CALL ON
A. S. THWEATT, E. P. A., 1185 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
J. C. BEAM, JR., A. E. P. A., 1185 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
C. C. THORN, P. A., - - 271 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
S. H. HARDWICK, Pass. Traf. Mgr. W. H. TAYLOE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Washington, D. C.

THE LOS ANGELES LIMITED

Beginning Sunday, December 17th, this solid through electric lighted train between Chicago and Los Angeles will be placed in daily service via the

Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line

And the newly opened Salt Lake Route

Leave Chicago 10.00 p. m. every day in the year.
Arrive Los Angeles 4.45 p. m. the third day.

The entire equipment new from the Pullman shops, includes all the latest innovations for the comfort and convenience of patrons.

Pullman standard drawing room and tourist sleeping cars, magnificent dining cars, (service a la carte); composite observation cars, with buffet-smoking apartment and Booklovers Library.

The train is brilliantly lighted throughout. Individual reading lamps in every berth and compartment.

The Best of Everything

A new and desirable route for tourist travel to southern California. Variable route round-trip tickets permit return through the San Joaquin Valley or over the Coast Line to San Francisco and east on the famous Overland Limited.

Reservations of sleeping car space are now being made.

Booklets, maps, schedules and full particulars on application to any ticket agent.

LA.194.

SMITH & WESSON REVOLVERS

The Development of the SMITH & WESSON Revolver.

Watch for the next picture "The Buccaneer With His Wheellock."

The Man with a Match-lock

depended little upon his clumsy firearm. He preferred a short distance sword he was sure of, to a long distance pistol he was not.

The Man with a Smith & Wesson

needs no other weapon. Danger is absent where it is present. Unfailing in action, unerring in fire—SMITH & WESSON users have confidence in their weapon that makes their nerves strong, and their minds easy.

The 38 and 44 single action 5-shot models are made with automatic shell extractor and rebounding lock—and embody the finest SMITH & WESSON qualities of workmanship and balance. The .44 6-shot is bored for a large variety of ammunition from .32 to .45 caliber for fine target work, military or hunting purposes. The perfect alignment of cylinder and barrel found only in SMITH & WESSON arms, is accomplished and maintained by no other makes. A genuine SMITH & WESSON is like no other, either in appearance, or the work it does.

ALL SMITH & WESSON Revolvers have this Monogram trade-mark stamped on the frame. None others are genuine.

Our new booklet "The Revolver" illustrates and describes each model in detail and gives instructions for Target Shooting by an expert. The most interesting revolver catalogue published. Free on request.

SMITH & WESSON

15 Stockbridge Street, = Springfield, Mass.

U. S. AMMUNITION

Where accuracy and sure firing qualities are desirable use none but the U. S.

MADE BY

United States Cartridge Co.

Lowell, Mass.

JANUARY NUMBER

NOW ON SALE

THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

Price 25 cents

Annual Subscription $2.50

"THE OUTSIDER"

By BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD.

***A romance of modern Italy, of rare charm and literary distinction. It easily ranks with Henry Harland's "THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF-BOX."

"IN VINO VERITAS"

By GERTRUDE LYNCH.

***An unusual situation cleverly handled.

"MAITLAND OF THE BLUES"

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

***A story of real humor.

"THE GREAT PERHAPS"

By MARION HILL.

***A powerful story of a marriage relationship.

"THE SMART SET" MAGAZINE has achieved a reputation placing it in the front rank of periodical publications.

Its inauguration marked an era in the history of magazine literature.

Its success is a public recognition of the high quality and character of the contents — the BEST FICTION, the BEST POETRY, the BEST HUMOR, the BEST LITERATURE generally — which "THE SMART SET" offers every month.

"ASPECTS OF PAUL VERLAINE"

By ARTHUR SYMONS.

***An essay on the great poet by the most competent living authority, including nine hitherto unpublished translations.

STORIES BY

ROLAND FRANKLYN ANDREWS

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

ALICE MACGOWAN

JOHNSON MORTON

G. BRONSON-HOWARD

W. C. MORROW

ARTHUR H. ADAMS

THE NEW AND SPECIAL FEATURE IN THE BEAUTIFUL PHOTO-DRAWING FRONTISPIECE IS CONTINUED IN THIS NUMBER WITH THE PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF

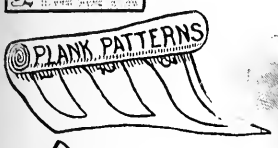
THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK

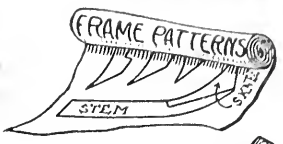
A specimen of art reproduction never before equaled in any magazine. The drawing itself is worth the price of the magazine.

THE SMART SET, 452 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT

BY THE BROOKS SYSTEM





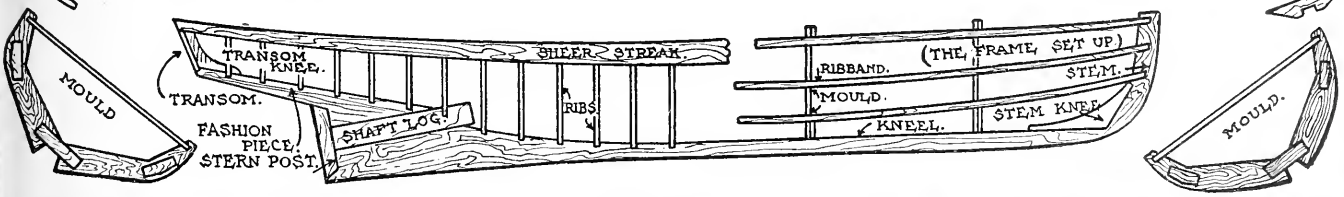
Anyone using the Brooks System, no matter how inexperienced he is in the use of tools, can build his own row boat, sail boat, launch or canoe, in his leisure time, at the cost of a little lumber and a few nails. All the boats built last year, by all the boat factories in the United States, combined in one fleet, do not equal the boats built during the same time by novices using the Brooks System.

The **Brooks System** consists of **exact size printed paper patterns** of every piece of the boat; **detailed instructions to build** and a complete set of **half tone illustrations** covering every step of the work: an **itemized bill** of **all material required** and how to secure it. We tell you how to lay the pattern of each part on the proper piece of material—how to cut it out—how to fasten each part in its right place.

One man built sixteen boats last season—another built ten—the material costs very little—we furnish the patterns,—they did the work and sold the boats at a big profit. Over six thousand amateurs successfully built boats by the Brooks System last year. Fifty per cent. of them built their second boat. You need buy nothing from us but the patterns. All kinds and sizes from a small row boat to a 51-foot cruising yacht.

When so ordered, patterns are expressed, the charges prepaid, c.o.d., allowing examination. Full line of Knock Down and Complete Boats. Catalog with full particulars free. For **25c** large catalog showing several working illustrations of each boat and a full set for one boat; also valuable information for the amateur yachtsman; rules for sailing, steering, passing, fog and engine signals, etc.

Brooks Boat Mfg. Co., Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building, **501 Ship St., Bay City, Mich., U.S.A.**



Duxbak

TRADE MARK

Sportsmen's Clothing

Sheds Water like a Duck's Back

Combines the advantage of perfect tailoring with perfect protection against rain. Waterproofed by a patent process, permitting thorough ventilation. Cloth as soft as chamois, yet rain cannot penetrate it, whether in driving downpour or dreary all-day drizzle. Equally appropriate to fair or rainy weather. Fit, finish and waterproof qualities guaranteed. Sightly and durable.

Coat double stitched and lined throughout with same material. Reinforced shoulder cap. Patent bellows under arm gives extra ventilation, and freedom of movement with paddle, rod or gun. Pockets everywhere.

Trousers reinforced from hip to knee. Double seat.

Give snug breast measure, height, and length of arm from center of back. Waist and leg for trousers.

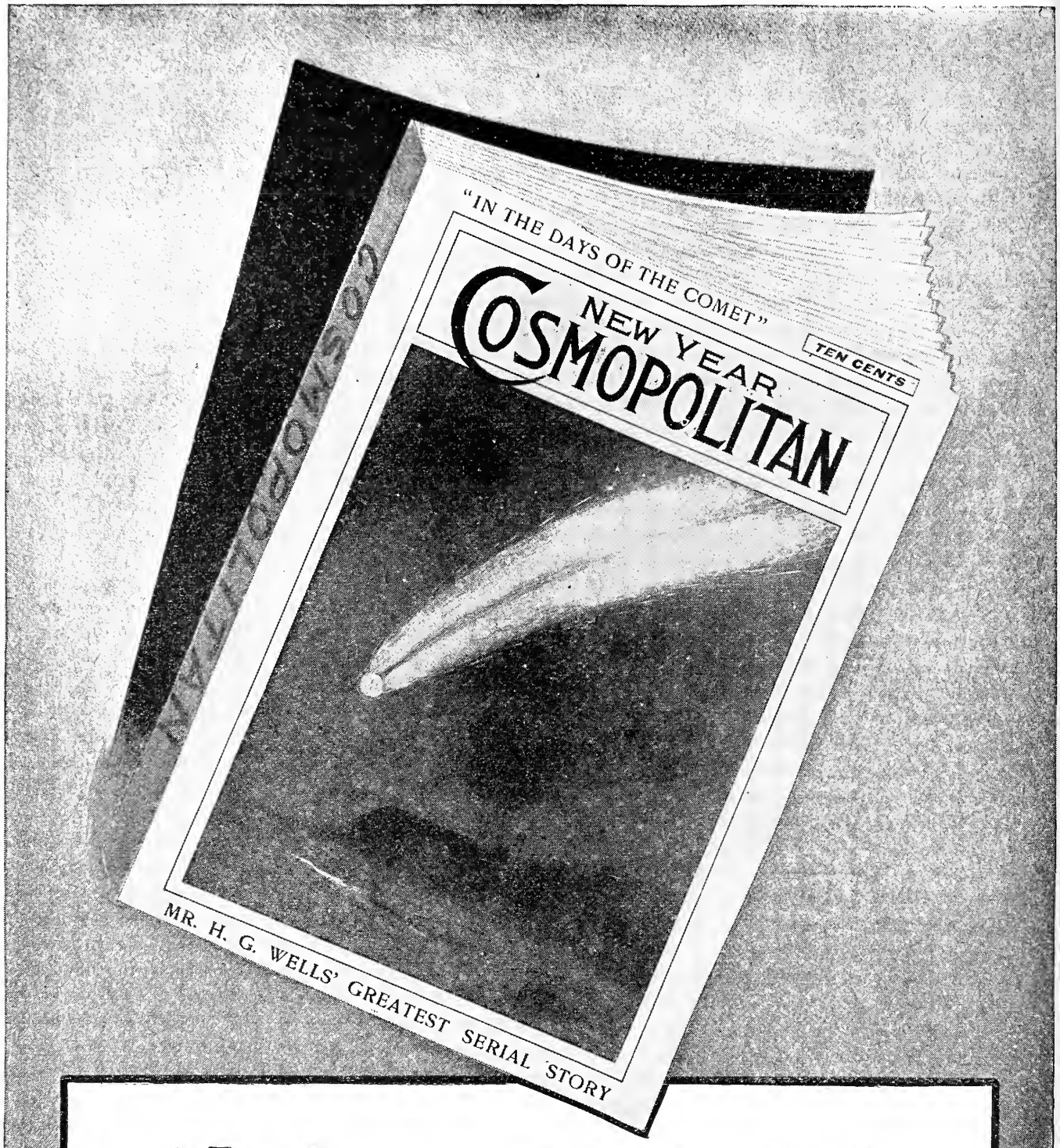
Light, tan or dead grass green.

Coat, $5; trousers, $3; hat $1. Express prepaid.

FOR LADIES' WEAR

Neatly tailored coat and skirt. Gives absolute protection on any outing trip. Suitable for gunning, fishing, tramping, boating, climbing. Coat, $5.00; skirt, $4.00. Express prepaid. Booklet, with samples of material and directions for self measurement sent free.

BIRD, JONES & KENYON, 1 Blandina St., Utica, N. Y.



"THIS YEAR IT IS THE COSMOPOLITAN."

The romance of H. G. Wells, the humor of W. W. Jacobs, the virility of Frederic Remington, the superb reason of W. T. Stead—these with a score of notable articles and stories, with illustrations in black and in colors—all contribute to your entertainment, your profit and your pleasure in the January Holiday Number of this splendid magazine.

Sold everywhere, 10c. a copy—$1 a year
Cosmopolitan Magazine, 1789 Broadway, New York City

Buy it Now— Take it Home

THE POSTED MAN IS A KREMENTZ MAN

The posted man never takes the just as good Button. He insists on the GENUINE ONE-PIECE

"Krementz"

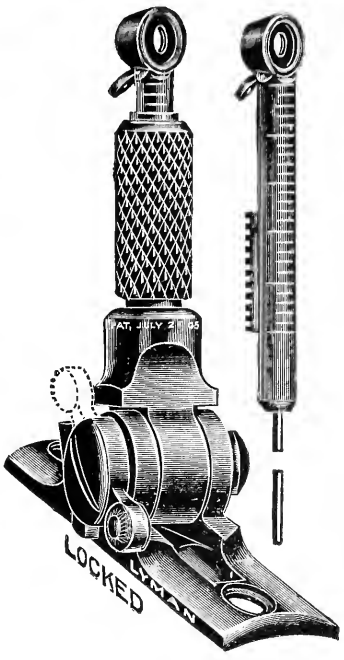
He knows the quality is stamped on back of button. Made in gold and rolled plate. Easy to button and unbutton. Stays buttoned. If damaged in any way, exchange it for a new one at any dealer. All jewelers and Haberdashers. Booklet "Story of Collar Button" will post you. Shows all styles and sizes. Send for it.

KREMENTZ & CO.

90 Chestnut Street

NEWARK, N.J.

LYMAN IMPROVED
Combination Rear Sight



Patented, July 25, 1905

The first combination folding rear sight ever accomplished which can be locked and reliably, rigidly held in exact position for shooting.

Instantly and easily locked whenever desired, regardless of position of rifle.

Cannot be locked except in correct position.

When locked can be freely carried through the woods, without risk of knocking out of exact position.

No. 1A., Price, $3.00

The Lyman Gun Sight Corporation
Middlefield, Conn.

MOST sportsmen are hunters. All such follow the seasons and the special tastes in taking days or weeks of recreation, and our house has long been their headquarters for outfitting.

But the vast majority of those who have come to regard out of doors as a God-given sanitarium, are sportsmen in a newer sense of the term.

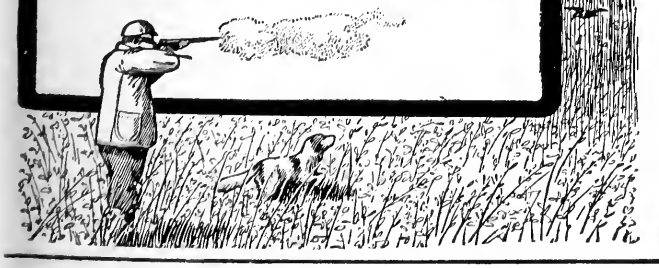
To these we offer the tested and proven devices which have given greatest protection and comfort to the seasoned veteran.

Catalogue R mailed post-paid for the asking.

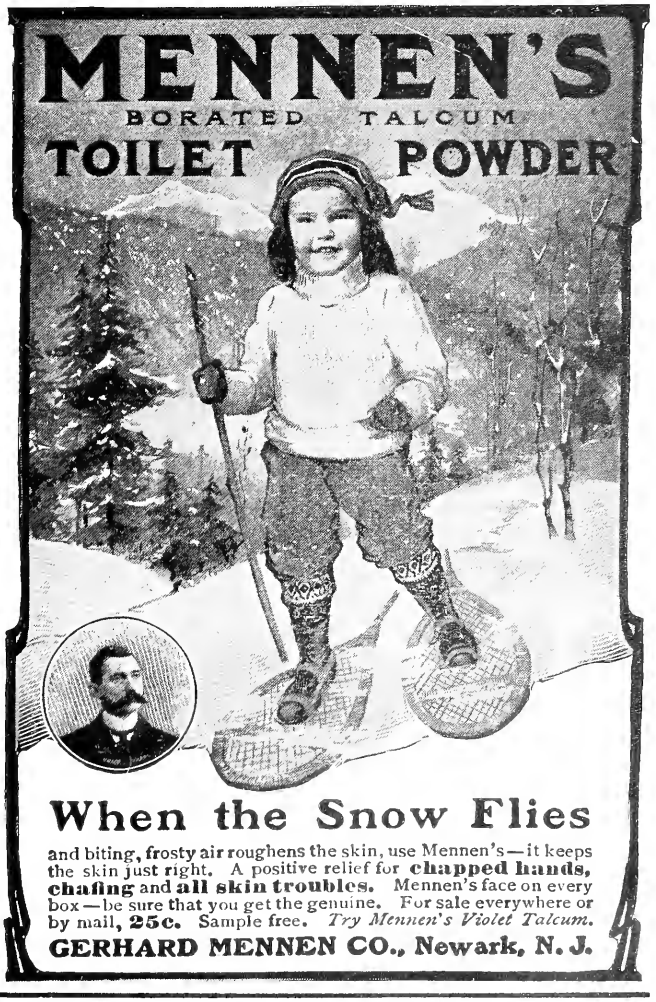
Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

Manufacturers of complete outfits for Explorers, Campers and Prospectors

314-316 Broadway, N. Y., U.S.A.



MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER



When the Snow Flies

and biting, frosty air roughens the skin, use Mennen's—it keeps the skin just right. A positive relief for **chapped hands, chafing** and **all skin troubles.** Mennen's face on every box—be sure that you get the genuine. For sale everywhere or by mail, **25c.** Sample free. *Try Mennen's Violet Talcum.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

The Encyclopedic Dictionary

ABSOLUTELY FREE for seven days' examination

The coupon cut from this page will bring you a set of the American Encyclopedic Dictionary on approval. If you find it satisfactory, we will cut the price to one-third the publishers' prices—and you may pay in easy monthly payments.

Five Big Volumes
5,000 Pages; 250,000 Words; 3,000 Illustrations; 50,000 Encyclopedic Articles

This magnificent reference work—costing **$750,000** to produce—is a Dictionary and Encyclopedia combined. In fullness of definitions, number of words defined, and accuracy, it is superior to reference works selling for five times its price. Our bargain offer gives you the opportunity to secure this reference library at less than half the price of any other first-class reference work. The set, in five large, handsome and durable volumes, contains **250,000 words**—more than any other dictionary in existence.

A $5.00 Atlas of the World FREE

To get a quick response to this offer, we will give **free of charge** to the first 250 persons who order a set of the American Encyclopedic Dictionary, a splendidly bound copy of the Modern Atlas of the World. The Atlas is 10 x 13 inches in size, bound in red cloth, and contains 100 maps in 6 to 12 colors. It gives separate maps of all States and Territories and all countries of the world. It is a thoroughly up-to-date reference Atlas and is a valuable addition to the Dictionary. The price of the Atlas is $5.00—*but* if your order is among the first 250, we send it to you without charge.

The Greatest Reference Book Offer Ever Made

AS A DICTIONARY

this work defines 25,000 more words than any other Dictionary, and every definition is so clear that a school boy can understand it. Dr. Parkhurst, the famous divine, writes: "The Encyclopedic Dictionary is a library condensed into a few volumes; a ton of diffusiveness reduced to 50 pounds of quintessence, and, withal, as delicate in detail as it is comprehensive in contents."

AS AN ENCYCLOPEDIA

it treats **50,000 subjects** in an encyclopedic manner, and this vast array of articles covers the whole field of human knowledge. With a set in your home it means a liberal education for your children and a constant source of reference for the older members of the family. The entire work has been recently revised and enlarged by a staff of American editors.

The Coupon Cuts the Price

There are three styles of binding—full sheep, half leather and library cloth. We recommend the half leather binding for ordinary use and the full sheep for those who desire a set bound in luxurious style. We have obtained a limited edition from the publishers at a bargain. These sets will be closed out to prompt buyers at one-third the publisher's price. Read the coupon carefully and act at once. Upon receipt of the coupon, we will send you a complete set at our expense, to be returned if not satisfactory. Remember, if your order is one of the first 250 received, **you will get the Atlas free.** The coupon gives the regular prices and our bargain prices. Note how much you save by ordering at once. Payments are 50 cents or $1.00 upon acceptance of the books, and as low as a dollar a month thereafter, depending upon the style of binding desired.

J. A. HILL & COMPANY
44-60 E. 23rd Street
New York

Mail This Coupon

J. A. HILL & COMPANY, New York:

You may send me for inspection one set of the AMERICAN ENCYCLOPEDIC DICTIONARY, bound in the style indicated by having the "X" beside.

Full Sheep Binding. Regular price $64.00. I will pay for the same, if I decide to keep the books, as follows: $1.00 after I examine them, and $2.00 a month until your special price of **$25.00** is paid.

Half Leather Binding. Regular price $56.00. I will pay for the same, if I decide to keep the books, as follows: 50 cents after I examine them, and a $1.50 a month until your special price of **$19.50** is paid.

Library Cloth Binding. Regular price $42.00. I will pay for the same, if I decide to keep the books, as follows: 50 cents after I examine them, and $1.00 a month until your special price of **$16.50** is paid.

It is understood that if this is one of the first 250 orders received, you will send me with the set, FREE, an Atlas of the World. You prepay delivery charges. If I decide not to keep the books, I am to return them to you, charges collect, together with the Atlas.

Name.....

City.....

Rec.-M. 1-06. *State*.....

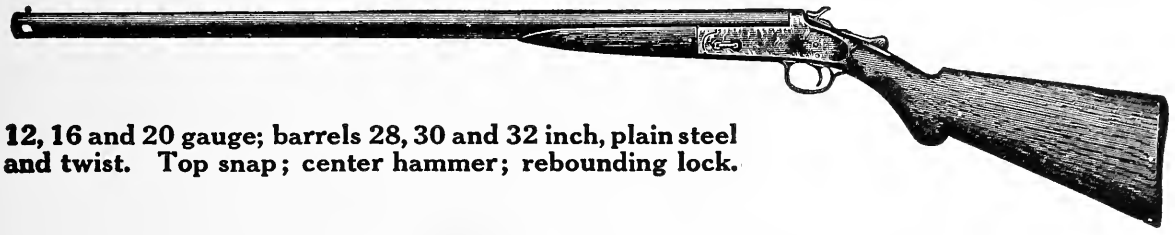
H. & R. Single Shot Gun

Automatic and Non-Ejecting

The cheapest absolutely safe gun, with improvements found heretofore only in the highest priced.

PERFECT IN MODEL and CONSTRUCTION

SIMPLEST "TAKE-DOWN" GUN MADE



12, 16 and 20 gauge; barrels 28, 30 and 32 inch, plain steel and twist. Top snap; center hammer; rebounding lock.

Your dealer can supply, or we will sell to you direct.
Write for Catalog.

Harrington & Richardson Arms Company

Dept. R, WORCESTER, MASS.

Makers of H. & R. Revolvers

Bargains in Fine Guns

Other Guns Taken in Trade

Send for Catalogue and List of Second-Hand Guns

Just now at close of the season we offer a number of High Grade Guns, some a little shopworn at much **Under Regular Prices.** Send for this list of

SCOTT, GREENER, PURDY, LANG and others

12, 16 and 20 Bores **Trap and very light weights** **26, 28 and 30 inch**

☞ Send 6 cents in stamps for catalogue with full illustrations and our list of Second-hands. ☜

JUST NOW ON HAND

☞ **100 Standard American Make Hammerless** former price, $33.00 We offer at **$15.00**

Are latest model, top snap, pistol grip, for nitro or black powder—a bargain to anyone wanting a good shooting, reliable gun for a little money. Sent on inspection on receipt of $5.00. Send for illustrated circular.

Wm. Read & Sons, 107 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1826

LETTER FROM CHAS. T. SCHOEN

The Prominent Capitalist.

Philadelphia, October 18, 1905.

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America,
Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen: When I insured with your Company, in 1900, under a 5% Gold Bond policy for $250,000, on the Whole Life FIVE YEAR DIVIDEND plan, paying an annual premium thereon of $18,270, I did not give much thought to the dividend. A short time ago I received from you an official statement, advising that my policy was five years old, and that I had the choice of two options, as follows:

1st. A cash dividend of $13,712.50; or,

2d. A reduction of $2,880 on each of my ensuing five annual premiums.

I choose the first option. The dividend was wholly satisfactory to me, and offers abundant evidence of a wise and conservative administration of your affairs.

I regard The Prudential as a safe and sound institution.

Very truly yours,

CHAS. T. SCHOEN.

THE FIVE-YEAR DIVIDEND POLICY

ISSUED BY

The Prudential

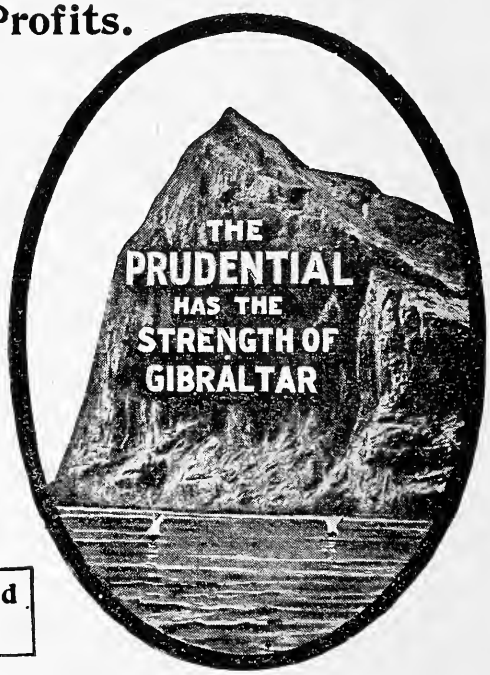
Provides for Early Distribution of Profits.

This policy appeals strongly to the man who wants to protect his family and at the same time realize for himself a substantial and early return on the premiums paid by him.

This is done by the apportionment of dividends every five years.

The various options at the end of the five-year periods are exceedingly attractive and the experience of the Company shows that business men and others carrying policies upon this plan recommend it highly.

At the end of each five-year period, as the dividend is apportioned, the person insured has the choice of Cash, Reduction of Premium for five years, or a Paid-up Addition to Policy.



The Premiums are Fixed and Never Increase.

For $.....

Name.....Age..

Address.....

Occupation..... Dept. 92

State whether Specimen of Whole Life, Limited Payment or Endowment 5-year Dividend Policy is desired.

Policies Issued on the Whole Life, Limited Payment and Endowment plans. Send coupon for free information about Five Year Dividend Policy.

The PRUDENTIAL

Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

Home Office, Newark, N.J. JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres.

U.M.C.
METALLIC CARTRIDGES

Farthest North

U.M.C. Cartridges have been nearly to the pole on the dog sleds of the Arctic Explorers.

The half-breed buys U.M.C. Cartridges at the trading posts of the Hudson Bay Co.

In the Klondike they sell at a big premium. Why? Because they are loaded with only Standard powders which the superior U.M.C. primers can ignite under the most trying conditions.

In fair weather or foul

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Agency—313 Broadway, New York City

Depot—86-88 First St., San Francisco, Cal.

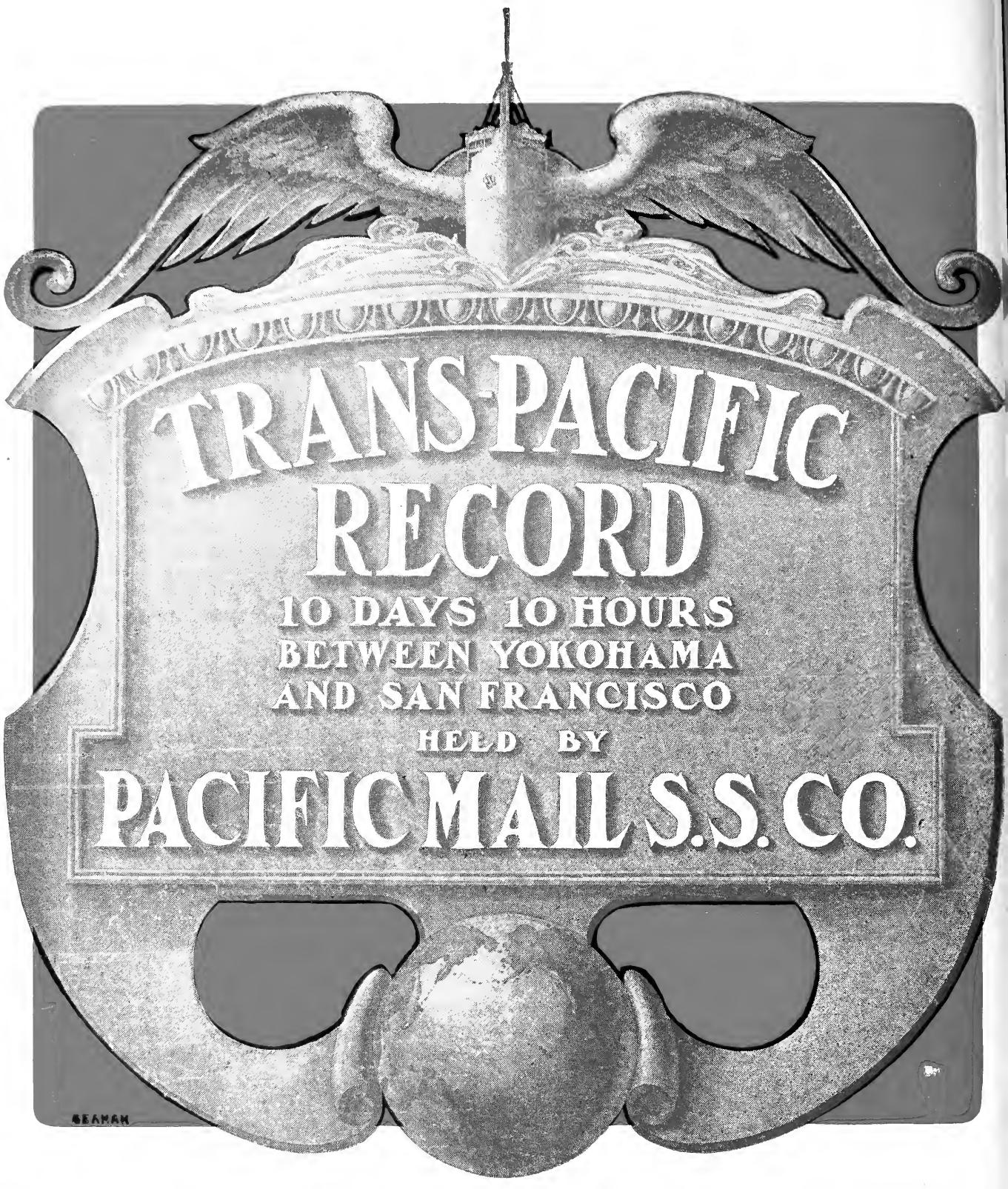
Remington

"I want my money to go into real gun value — not into mere show — so I shoot Remington Guns. They shoot hard and are safe. I'm afraid of some of these modern, cheap, hammerless guns of other makes. Remingtons are dependable."

Remington Arms Co.
Ilion, N. Y.

AGENCY
315 Broadway
New York City

DEPOT
86-88 First Street
San Francisco, Cal.



The great speed, immense size and exceptionally luxurious appointments of the new steamships of the Pacific Mail make it the choice of all experienced travelers to the Orient

From San Francisco to Hawaii, Japan, China and the Philippines
Rates and Information at any Railroad Ticket Agent or from

PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO., San Francisco, Cal.

R. P. SCHWERIN, Vice-President and General Manager

Chicago	New York	St. Louis	Baltimore	Boston
120 Jackson Boulevard	1 Broadway—349 Broadway	903 Olive St.	Baltimore & Hanover	170 Washington St.

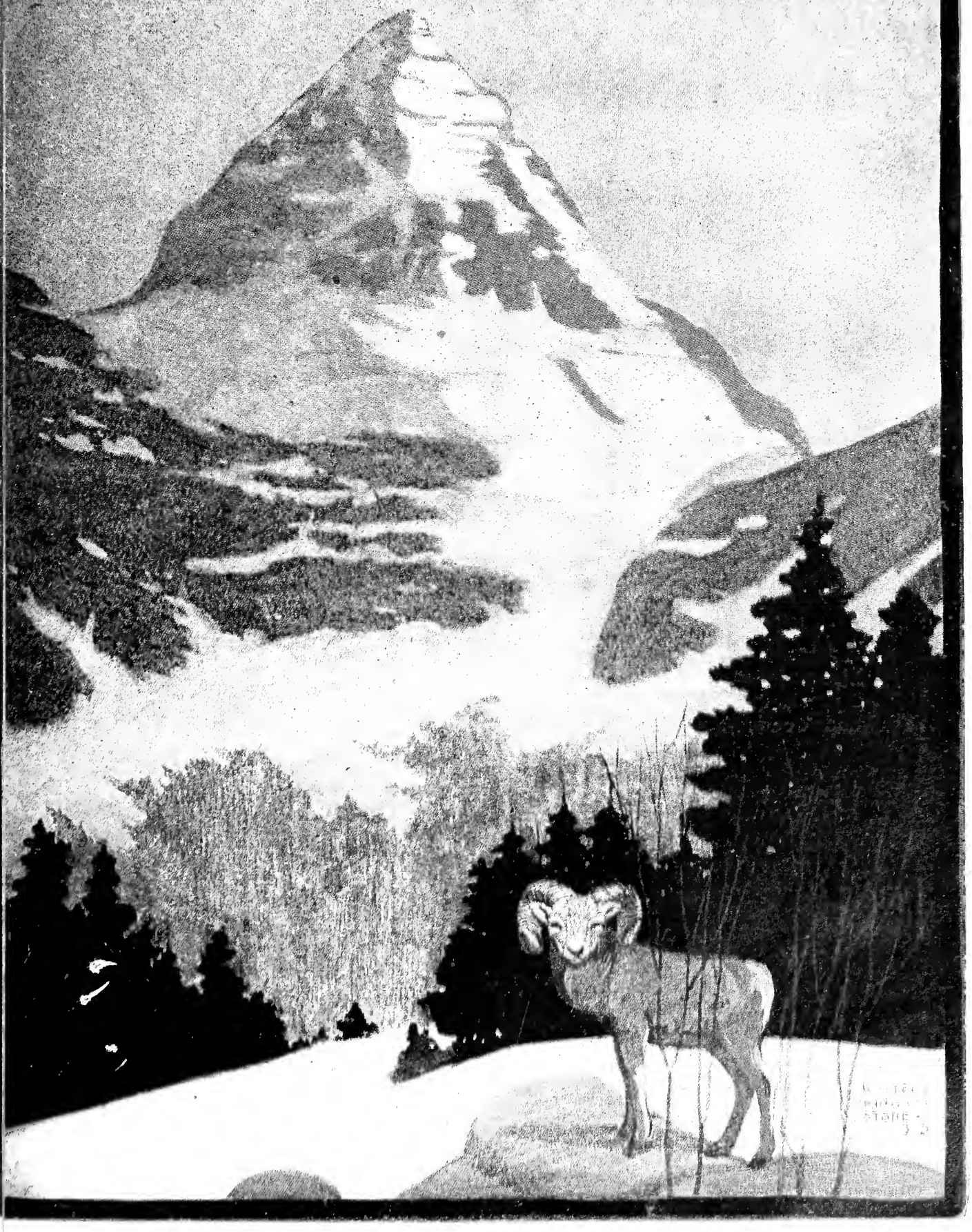
Philadelphia	Washington	Syracuse	Hamburg, Germany	London, Eng.
632 Chestnut St	511 Pennsylvania Ave.	212 W. Washington St.	Amerika Haus, Ferdinandstrasse	49 Leadenhall St.

CHARLES FRANCIS PRESS, NEW YORK

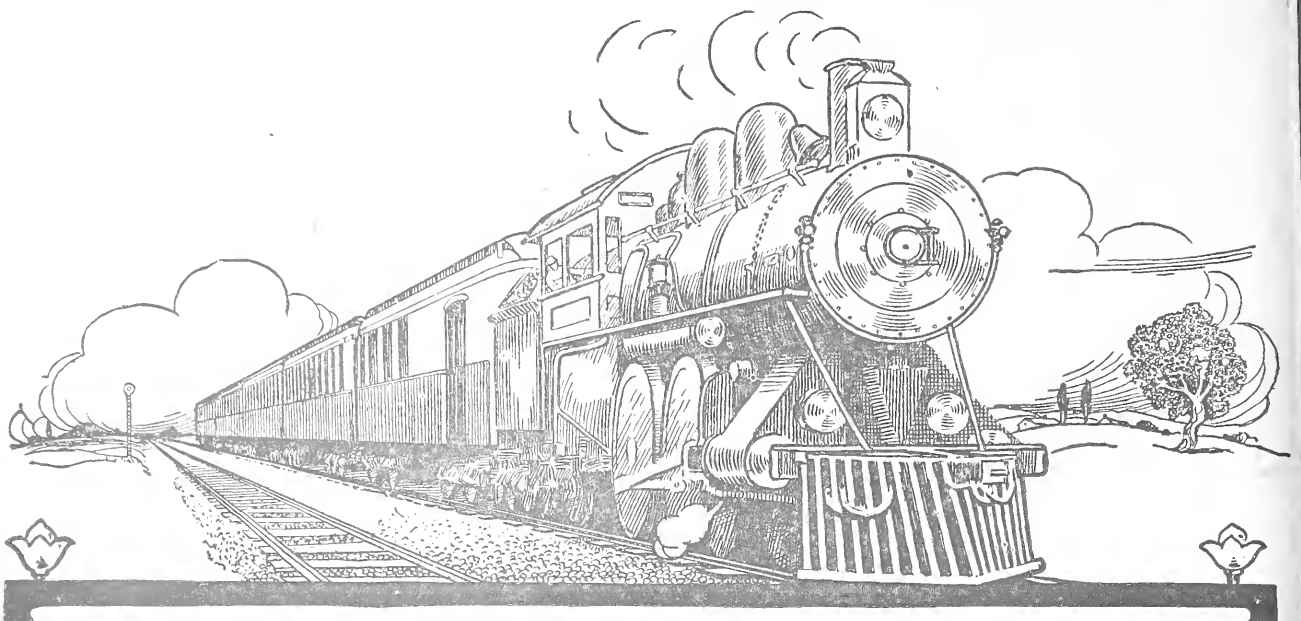
FEBRUARY 1906

TEN CENTS

RECREATION



PUBLISHED BY W. E. ANNIS, NEW YORK



California Trains

THREE FAST TRAINS

leave Chicago daily for the Pacific Coast, via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line, over the only double track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River.

The Overland Limited

The pioneer fast through electric-lighted train to San Francisco and Portland daily. The most luxurious train in the world. Less than three days en route.

The New Los Angeles Limited

Electric-lighted, daily through train arriving at Los Angeles afternoon of the third day, via the new Salt Lake Route. Entire new equipment. Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleeping cars, Composite-Observation cars, Dining cars.

The California Express

Daily to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland, through without change. Pullman Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleeping cars. Free Reclining Chair cars.

The Best of Everything.

All agents sell tickets via this Line.

Write for booklets, maps, schedules, rates, list of hotels, and description of limited trains.

W. B. KNISKERN, P. T. M,
Chicago & North-Western Ry.
CHICAGO.

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE

SALT LAKE ROUTE

(QL 198)

N March first RECREATION will be fifteen cents a copy, and the subscription price will be $1.50 a year. The advanced price of printing, and of paper, would have justified us in doing this one year ago, but we felt at that time, owing to the change of management, that it was due the old subscribers that we allow the price to remain unchanged until we had demonstrated the sort of a magazine we were capable of presenting.

Even now, all subscriptions received at this office before April 1st will be accepted at one dollar, and though your present subscription does not expire for several months, it will be well to renew now, rather than to pay the advance price later. If you wish to renew for two years send us two dollars.

All Subscriptions received on or before April first will be accepted at one dollar. After that $1.50.

In sending payment for the extension of subscriptions, please mention the year and month in which your present subscription expires.

WANTS :: FOR SALE :: EXCHANGE

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted under the proper heading in this department at the rate of 5 cents a word, each initial and figure counting as one word. No advertisement will be inserted at less than fifty cents. Cash must invariably accompany the order. A discount of 10 per cent. may be deducted from a twelve-time order. It is possible through this department to reach nearly 400,000 people twelve times a year for the sum of $6.00. Display type and illustrations at regular rates.

KENNEL

THE LARGEST Pointer Kennel in the World is
BAR HARBOR KENNELS,
Bar Harbor, Maine.

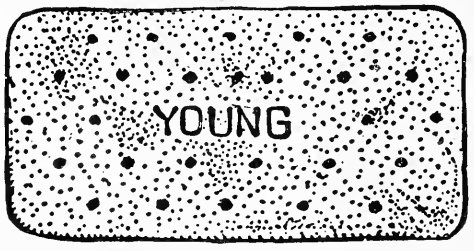
POINTERS AND SETTERS WANTED TO TRAIN. Game plenty.
H. H. SMITH, Brookville, Pa.

FOR SALE—Four English Setter Bitches, two are partly broken. Highly bred. Prices reasonable. For particulars, address
MILTON E. ROBERTSON, Smithville Flats,
Chenango Co., N. Y.

BEAGLE HOUNDS—Young and mature stock. None better. All eligible and bred to hunt.
"DEBONAIR," South End. Gloversville, N. Y.

MT. IDA KENNELS Blue Blooded Boston Terriers. 85 Topliff Street, Dorchester, Mass. Puppies, studs and brood bitches always on hand.

YOUNG'S IMPROVED
DOG BISCUIT



For sale by all Grocers and Sporting Goods dealers. Send for our special premium offer. YOUNG'S BISCUIT CO., 89 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.

BOOK ON
Dog Diseases
AND HOW TO FEED
Mailed **Free** to any address by the author
H. Clay Glover, D. V. S. - 1278 Broadway, N. Y.

HOTELS

APARTMENTS, 3 to 7 rooms each; rooms single and en suite. The Hinman, Apartment and European Hotel, MARSHALL COOPER, Mgr., 7th and Figuerda, Los Angeles, Cal. Booklet mailed free.

SOUVENIR POSTAL CARDS

COLLECTORS OF SOUVENIR POST-CARDS—Join the Exchange and receive from collectors throughout the country. Limited membership; at present only 10 cents. Special membership 25 cents, and large list of members names.
INTERNATIONAL SOUVENIR POST-CARD EXCHANGE,
Dept. R. Box 1332, Springfield, Mass.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE OR LEASE—Eleven hundred acres of wild land; two trout streams, grouse, rabbits, bear and deer. Lease for $150 per year. For further information, address EMERY, Lock Box 26,
Kittanning, Pa.

JUST NOW—Fifteen Hundred buys lovely Summer Cottage near good hotel. Growing summer resort, upper Hudson Valley, Adirondacks. Hunting, fishing, scenery, location all fine.
DR. MOREHOUSE, Wevertown, N. Y.

GUNS

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Guns and Sporting Goods. Lowest possible prices, new and second-hand. Circular Free. State your wants.
F. D. SAWYER, Gray, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—Beautiful Pea Shells, Curios, etc. List Free. GEORGE TILLS, Albion, N. Y.

BIG MAIL FREE—Send your address to C. F. Clarke, Agent, Dept. 3, Le Roy, N. Y., with 15 cents and your name and address will be sent to Publishers, Manufacturers and Supply Houses all over the United States. You will receive lots of Papers, Magazines, Letters, Samples, etc., Free. I will also give you, FREE, a year's subscription to "The Columbian," a large 16-page, 64-column, illustrated family story-paper. Order Early.

WILL EITHER, OR BOTH, of the two gentlemen who made arrangements with W. F. Euster, of Moscow, Idaho, last fall to hunt, communicate with CHAS. H. SLOANE, 4061 Aspen St., Philadelphia, Pa.?

CALENDARS of Four Different Photos of Alaska Indian Totems—grotesque carvings; also rare Photos of Indian Villages, Totems, etc. Sample Calendar or two unmounted Photos, 25c.
H. B. HERRICK, 226 Dexter Avenue,
Seattle, Wash.

FREE—1906 Catalogue. Forty varieties land and water fowl. S. A. HUMMEL, Box 68,
Freeport, Ill.

XCHANGE Browning Automatic for Disc Phonograph and Records. Must be extra large machine and horn. Address FRANK ERXLEBEN,
Leavenworth, Wash.

LOVELY COTTAGE in Adirondacks for sale, cheap. Rare bargain. Hunting, fishing, scenery, location, all fine. DR. MOREHOUSE, Wevertown, N. Y.

SKINS

FOR SALE—Entire Bighorn Sheep Skin for mounting; male, 35. Entire Canada Lynx, $10. One pair live Snowy Owls, $10.
CHRIS. P. FORGE, Carman, Manitoba, Canada.

TANNING RECIPE

PRACTICAL TANNING. I have the best recipe in existence for doing a first-class job on any hide, and it gives a kid-glove finish. Complete instructions and recipe, $3.00.
EDWIN DIXON, Taxidermist,
Unionville, Ont., Canada.

SQUAB

WE WERE THE PIONEERS IN SQUABS. Our Homers are straight bred and unexcelled for size. We have supplied equipment for many of the finest estates in America. Our plant is the largest and best in the world. During the past year we sold more Homers than all other pigeon breeders and importers in America combined. There is a reason for this; look around before buying. We publish a full line of printed matter, covering every detail of this rich industry. Send for our Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs." Visitors welcome at our plant and Boston office. Address,
PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.,
402 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.

SPECIAL SIXTY DAY OFFER:

Just to introduce our *Selected Imported Belgian Homers,* we will give FREE *a complete outfit* for breeding squabs. Send 4 cents in stamps for our special offer circular which tells you all. There are *no better* Homers in America than our birds, and our prices are lower than any other firm. Remember, we are the largest importers in America. We also have all kinds of Pheasants, Swan, Peacocks, Wild and Fancy Waterfowls, Turkeys, White Guineas, Poultry, Collie Dogs, Fancy Pigeons and Imported Angora Cats. Write for what you want. CAPE COD SQUAB, POULTRY AND GAME FARM,
Box G, Wellfleet, Mass.

RUBBER STAMPS AND STENCILS

DO YOU USE RUBBER STAMPS? We make the best rubber stamps and stencils in New York. Protectograph, the best safety check protector made. Rubber Type Alphabets, 5A fonts, $1.10 postpaid. Send postal for circular.
ABRAM AARONS, 16½ University Place, N. Y.

GUIDES

BIG GAME. Hunting on the Head Waters of the Stickine River. I am better prepared than ever to furnish outfits, pack horses and guides for the season 1905. Moose, caribou, Stone's sheep, goat, black, brown and grizzly bear are all killed within one hundred miles of Telegraph Creek. Season opens September 1st. References: Andrew J. Stone, J. R. Bradley, T. T. Reese. J. FRANK CALLBREATH, Telegraph Creek, B. C.
Via Wrangle, Alaska.

COINS

$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS; $4 paid for 1804 dimes; $15 paid for 1858 dollars; big prices paid for hundreds of other dates; keep all money coined before 1879 and send 10 cents at once for a set of two coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you.
Address C. F. CLARKE, Agent,
Le Roy, N. Y., Dept. 3.

BUFFALO HORNS

BUFFALO HORNS, matched pairs, polished and mounted; also make into showy hall racks; flint-lock pistols; Indian relics, ancient and modern; Navajo blankets; elk tusks; old brass, pewter and crockery. Illustrated lists, 2 cents. N. CARTER, Elkhorn, Wis.

REAL ESTATE

Mr. Frank Chick, of Madrid, Maine, writes:

"I have a lot of 105 acres, practically controlling the hunting on two townships, letter E and No. 6. I enclose map of Oxford county, showing location. It is the Northwest corner lot of the East half of No. 6. Letter E is owned by the International Paper Co.; No. 6, East half, by the Berlin Mills Co.; West half by E. S. Coe Estate. This lot was not for sale when the balance of these towns were sold, and its location makes it one of the most desirable hunting locations in Maine. Good log camp, two rooms, six double bunks, and log hovel for horse. Will sell for $800, or rent, $50 for the season. Branch of Sandy River runs through this lot. Brook trout plenty. Has been closed for five years. Open this season. Another branch within three-quarters of a mile. Good partridge shooting. Several old orchards near, easy to reach with wagon. Nearest inhabitant two miles. The country between this lot and the Great Lake and Byron is the best breeding ground for deer I know of, and is not hunted, as we get all the deer wanted near home. When the International Paper Co. begin to cut Letter E, the timber on this lot will be worth more than I ask for it now. I bought this lot for the hunting, but have another nearer home that is satisfactory, and so would like to sell or rent this.

PHOTOGRAPHY

When HUNTING or FISHING

you don't want to make a pack-horse of yourself by carrying a heavy plate or film camera. Take the celebrated

Vest-Pocket WATCH CAMERA

and be happy.

No larger than an Ingersoll Watch and yet a perfect instrument. Takes 25 pictures at one loading, each one the size of a postage stamp. Uses Eastman Films. So easy a child can handle it. Pictures can be enlarged to any size.

The price of the camera is $2.50; Film spools, 25 exposures, 20c. each; View Finder, 50c.

The Outfit as mentioned will be sent, postpaid, to any part of the U.S. or Canada on receipt of $3.20

D. C. DRURY COMPANY
Dept. B, 436 Manhattan Avenue, New York

Around Our Camp Fire

I leave this rule for others when I'm dead,
Be always sure you're right—then go ahead.
—DAVID CROCKETT.

Not the Quarry, but the Chase

The true spirit of modern sport is, to our mind, embodied in the foregoing.

In past ages, when man was a hunter, living by the products of the chase, this view of the subject would not be likely to strike him. When a fellow is short of a dinner the quarry is a highly important portion of the landscape, but few of us, excepting in extremely remote places, now hunt to allay the pangs of hunger. We have at our command the preserved pork that comes from Chicago or elsewhere, the delicious beans that we owe to the labors of the husbandman, and the tea which has come to us from the land of Washee Washee. Hence, we are not usually dependent upon the result of our shots or casts for our dinner. We hunt and fish that we may have an excuse for exercising in the open air; for training our muscles and our eyesight in Dame Nature's school; and we would fain match our cunning against that of the wild things of the woods and waters.

RECREATION'S PLATFORM

An uncompromising fight for the protection, preservation and propagation of all game; placing a sane limit on the bag that can be taken in a day or season; the prevention of the shipment or transportation of game, except in limited quantities, and then only when accompanied by the party who killed it; the prohibition of the sale of game. These are "Recreation's" slogans now and forever.

Out of the Groove

It is absolutely necessary, if a man would lead a sane, healthy existence, to get out of the groove occasionally—the oftener the better. "The daily round and common task" are, no doubt, excellent things in their way, but too much of a good thing is apt to become monotonous, and also unhealthy. It is as a break in the sequence of daily events that the modern man finds his benefit in sport. Too much sport is, perhaps, worse than too little. He who lives for shooting or fishing alone is throwing away his existence; voluntarily relinquishing the advantages that have come to him as the Son of the Ages. A happy medium is the thing to strive for. Some work, done faithfully, honestly and to the best of our ability; a little play with rod or rifle in hand; a communion with Nature wherein our soul may become somewhat attuned to the rhythm and melody of her voice, and we may rest assured that we are getting about all there is to existence.

The Metric System

Why is it that the Anglo-Saxon race—in many things the most practical in the world—persists in ignoring the metric system?

All the great nations of the world, with the exception of the United States and the British Empire, have adopted this common-sense system. Surely, it cannot be very long before we fall into line, and get rid of the absurdly clumsy and antiquated system in use at present.

To us it should be considerably easier to make the change than to our cousins across the Atlantic. The decimal system is in use in our coinage, while they are handicapped by farthings, pence, shillings, pounds.

The every-day terms of the Metric System are as follows:

Metric Table

Meaning of Prefixes.

Milli equals 1-1,000 or 0.001.
Centi equals 1-100 or 0.01.
Deci equals 1-10 or 0.1.
Deka equals 10.
Hecto equals 100.
Kilo equals 1,000.
Myria equals 10,000.

Measures of Distance.

10 millimetres equal 1 centimetre.
100 centimetres equal 1 metre (39.37 inches).
1,000 metres equal 1 kilometre (⅝ of mile).

Measures of Area.

100 square metres equal 1 are.
100 ares equal 1 hectare (2.47 acres).
100 hectares equal 1 square kilometre.

Measures of Capacity.

1 cubic decimetre or 1,000 cubic centimetres equal 1 litre (1.0567 quarts).

1 litre is a little more than a quart for practical purposes.

1 hectolitre equals 100 litres or small barrel.

Weights.

1 gram is the weight of a cubic centimetre of water or 15.432 grains.

1,000 milligrams equal one gram.

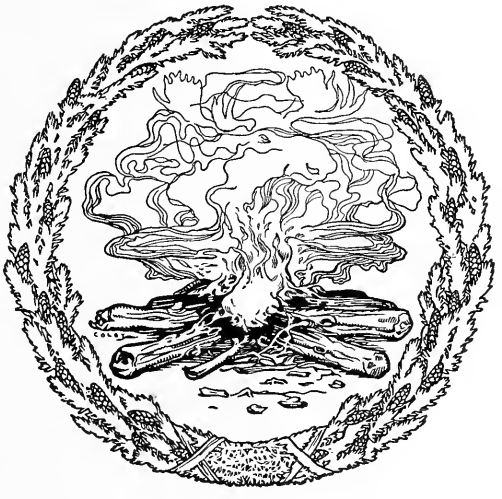
1,000 grams equal 1 kilogram (2.2046 or 2 1-5 pounds).

1,000 kilograms equal 1 metric ton (2,204.6 pounds).

To riflemen this system would seem of particular value, as the calibres of rifles may be stated much more neatly in millimetres than in decimals of an inch. A millimetre is .03937 of an inch, and continental manufacturers designate the bore of the weapon they manufacture in millimetres. For instance, the .236 Navy is equal to six millimetres. The .256 Mannlicher is 6½ millimetres. The .285 Mauser is 7 millimetres. The .815 Mannlicher is 8 millimetres. The .354 Mannlicher is 9 millimetres.

Powder weights are usually given in grams and decimals of a gram. The gram is equal to 15.432 grains. The metre is 3.37 inches longer than the yard, and the kilogram is equal to 2 1-5 pounds. One thousand kilos are almost equal to the long ton, being the equivalent of 2204.6 pounds.

Sportsmen are usually progressive, as is proved by the avidity with which they seize upon new inventions in weapons and charges, so that we may well take the lead in freeing the country from the trammels of a system of weights and measures that has become obsolete.



THE MYSTIC FIRE.

Our Photographic Contest

Many of our readers have been competitors in our photographic contest, and they will be disappointed in not finding the awards in the February issue, seeing that our last competition closed at midnight on December 31, 1905. A short explanation will, however, we trust satisfy them that it is through no fault of ours.

Anticipating trouble in getting RECREATION printed—a trouble which happily, in our case, did not materialize—the February issue was put to press in the middle of the month of December. Only the present and a few of the advertising pages were left open. In the month of March we shall publish the list of awards.

Frank Ford a Close Buyer

Owing to the fact that most RECREATION readers are far from Broadway, Frank Ford has been asked to act as buyer for them when they need anything that can be obtained better and cheaper in New York City than elsewhere. He has consented to assume this new responsibility, and will therefore be prepared to buy anything from a steam shovel to a packet of needles, provided money is sent with the order. His charge will be 5 per cent. As most things are fully 25 per cent. cheaper in New York than in the West, this will mean an important saving to many of our friends.

All letters from subscribers taking advantage of this offer should be docketed in the left-hand upper corner "Purchasing Department," to insure prompt attention.

You should follow one of two courses in order to obtain the best results from Frank Ford's services. If you have quite made up your mind what you want, instruct him to buy such and such an article, giving full details and making it clear that you wish no variation from these directions. If, on the other hand, you simply want a certain article, but are not quite sure as to just what it should be like, direct him to use his judgment, giving as full a description as you can of your choice and make it clear that, as you are putting yourself in his hands, you are perfectly willing to abide by his action in the matter.

Another Half-Dollar, Please

On the first advertising page of this issue (the one following the front cover) will be found a statement with regard to the price of RECREATION. Heretofore this magazine has been sold at a lower price than any of its competitors, although during the past year it has cost much more to produce. The recent troubles in the printing trade have resulted in a large increase of cost to all who use types, ink and paper. Consequently it would no longer be wise, from a business point of view to sell RECREATION for ten cents a copy, as it would mean a heavy loss on each number placed in the hands of its readers,—a loss that could be made up with difficulty out of the advertising.

You know what RECREATION has become, and you can readily appreciate that it will continue to improve in the future.

Frank Ford's Page

You must not look forward to a very long communication from me this month. It has been ordained that the only thing that can go on working night and day without a holiday is a mortgage, so I am taking a week or two off in the South. I shall probably combine business with pleasure. Before leaving, however, I have laid out a nice little collection of offerings that it will pay you to look over somewhat carefully.

An unusual number of "Wants" are inserted this month, and if you can supply some of them don't lose any time in writing, lest the other fellow get ahead of you. Above all things, if you have a dog that is no earthly good don't send him on trial, unless you are anxious to pay return express charges.

Mr. W. T. Mulford has a setter, 2½ years old, that he says knows all there is worth knowing about quail, woodcock and grouse. The color is black and white. The price is $25, which hardly pays for the dog biscuit he (the dog) has eaten.

Mr. W. A. Pike lives in sunny California. He went there a good many years ago from Dakota, or some of our other northern winter resorts, and has acquired a considerable amount of real estate. He offers lots 25 feet by 125 feet for sale at Pacific Beach, for $500 each. *N. B.—Purchasers will get their due proportion of one of the finest climates in the world thrown in without extra charge.*

Mr. H. A. Preston, one of our Canadian subscribers, will sell a large case of mounted game birds that he values at $500, for $300. Or he will exchange for a 3-karat perfect diamond.

Mr. Van William offers to sell 140 acres in Ulster county, New York, for $1,800. He states it is eight miles from a city, 3½ miles from a State road, and that the land has a fine growth of young white pine.

The Rev. T. A. Clagett desires a Luger Automatic Pistol. What offers?

Mr. John H. Bartholf, who is an enthusiastic pool player, desires a pool table with corner pieces in good condition. The cushions must be lively.

Dr. Jas. E. Magee has a fine lot of setter puppies for sale. They are by Sir Jim Jefferson—Miss Roumaine. Prices run from $15 to $50.

Colt is a name to conjure by. Colt led the way and the law followed all through the West. This reminds me that Mr. Norman M. Betts has a 16 shot, 44 Colt rifle, in good second-hand condition, that he will sell for $7.

Mr. Percy F. Browne is the owner of a W. & C. Scott Hammer Gun of good quality, 12 gauge, Damascus barrels, well engraved, pistol grip, that he will sell for $40.

If you have a Newfoundland pup, six or eight months old, you may possibly sell him to Mr. H. A. Dresser.

Are you looking for a good gun? If so, here it is, No. 3 L. C. Smith Hammerless, barrels 30 in. of four blade Damascus; stock, 14x2 5-8; weight, 7 lbs. 6 oz.; targets, right barrel, 200 pellets, left barrel, 250 pellets in 30 in. circle at 40 yards. Three drs. smokeless powder and 1⅛ ozs. No. 7 shot. Not pitted or rusted. List price, $100. Cash price, $50. Please don't ask for any more details about this gun. Just send your check along. First come, first served. Mention Mr. Botz.

Mr. Covenhaven, an Iowa taxidermist, offers a case of mounted birds containing mallard, woodduck, green and blue wing teal, baldpate, pintail, quail, jack snipe and ruffed grouse. Will exchange for a good revolver, Luger pistol, or will sell for $18 cash.

A Layman Pneumatic Sporting Boat that cost $52 may be had for $15. Mr. Thomas says that this is just the thing for going to some remote lake or river, where an ordinary boat could not be taken excepting at vast expense.

Vol. XXIV Number 2

RECREATION

A Monthly Devoted to Everything the Name Implies

Dan Beard, Editor

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR TEN CENTS A COPY

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1906

Cover Design	Roy Martell Mason	
Field Sports in the Army Illustrated	Robert N. Reeves	99
Photographing Prairie Dogs Illustrated	Charles Turpin	106
From the Delaware to Alaska Illustrated	Waverley Keeling	108
The Expert Trap Shot Illustrated	Ralph Trimble	117
In the Lardeau Illustrated	R. J. Warren	118
Down the Saskatchewan Illustrated	F. F. Wood	120
The Visitor Verses	Stacey E. Baker	126
An Idyl of the Tireless Bike	Dr. C. E. Cummings	127
Trilby	W. H. Martyn	131
In the Valley of the Puerco Illustrated	D. W. Johnson	137
Hiking over the Mountains Illustrated	James E. Sawyers	142
My New Brunswick Moose Illustrated	E. R. Ballou	149
The Ruffed Grouse and Its Ways Illustrated	L. B. Cooper	155
The Mystery of the Blue Goose	Dan Beard	161
The Joys of Camp Life	B. W. Keene	166
A Pipe Dream Verses	Myrtle Conger	170

Dan Beard and the Boys	171	Photography	181
Guns and Ammunition	174	The Game Laws	184
The Hunting Dog	179	The Referendum	186

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

WM. E. ANNIS, Publisher, 23 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York

Copyrighted, 1905, by Wm. E. Annis

Entered at the New York Post-office as Second Class Matter

Mrs. M. C. Griffin offers 136 acres of good land, bordering one of the cleanest, prettiest lakes in Burnett county, Wis., for $1,500. The lake is full of Oswego bass, running up to 7 lbs., and there is good trout fishing all around. As a shooting centre for deer and ducks this property would be hard to beat.

A St. Bernard puppy, whose parents were good-sized dogs, would be considered a fair exchange against three five dollar bills by Mr. C. H. Dyer.

Riflemen living on the Pacific Coast should read the following: Mr. R. F. Billings will sell a Stevens-Pope rifle, double set trigger, palm rest, wind gauge sights and fancy stock, one hundred .32-40 shells, bullet mould, tools, lubricating pump, in fact, everything complete. The rifle will shoot ten shots in a 1½ in. circle at 200 yards. It cost Mr. Billings $125. He will accept $75, although the weapon is in perfect condition.

For sale, one 3A Kodak, automatic shutter, developing machine and whole outfit in perfect order. $30 cash will be accepted. Mention J. P. Allen.

That $300 10-bore Duck Gun by W. & C. Scott, has not been sold yet. Mr. W. W. Hart will take $100 cash or a small launch in exchange.

Mr. C. F. Meyers writes to me and says: "I should like very much to procure for my collection an old-style, long barrel, flint lock, Kentucky squirrel rifle." If you have anything of this sort for sale let me hear about it.

A Trout Hatchery has always seemed to me a most seductive proposition. All you have to do is to encourage a few well-disposed trout to lay a good supply of eggs and place them in running water for a certain time, when they become little fish, and you sell them to some person in dire need of them and place the amount to your credit at the bank. This is the way it looks to an outsider. If you wish to begin life afresh and go into this lucrative profession it will pay you to correspond with me about a hatchery that I have for sale in the state of Michigan. It is capable of taking care of 1,000,000 eggs. There is a good dwelling and about 300,000 brook trout six inches, and 200,000 rainbow trout. It has been intimated to me that $7,500 cash will be considered. I should like to go into details with you. Mention Mr. L. Rosenbaum.

Now that the shooting season is over, Mr. A. F. Crawford will sell a Winchester Brush Gun and a .38-.55 Take Down Pistol grip Marlin. The gun lists at $27 and he will take $16. Rifle listed at $36 and he will accept $22. This looks like an investment that would yield compound interest next fall.

A Dollar Saved is Two Dollars Earned

Frank Ford can Save you Money if you will Permit Him to do your Buying in New York City

Prices of most things are very much lower in New York than in the South and West. Express rates are reasonable all over the United States and Canada, so there is no reason why you should not buy many things in New York that you are now paying exorbitant prices for elsewhere.

All you have to do is to send in your check with your order, and give as full a description as you can of the article you need.

You run absolutely no risk, as Frank Ford has members on his staff who are quite capable of buying any article to the best advantage. He will secure for you the lowest possible cash price, merely adding his commission of five per cent. for looking after your interests.

You, of course, will have to pay express or freight.

When writing, mark the upper left-hand corner of your envelope "PURCHASING DEPARTMENT."

FRANK FORD, Information Dept., Recreation, 23 West 24th Street, N. Y.

Leave Winter Behind You

Take a Trip to the Tropics

On one of the perfectly equipped "Admirals," the Twin Screw U. S. Mail Steamships of the

United Fruit Company

They afford the most delightful salt water trip of the winter months. Within 24 hours after leaving, you are in the warm airs of the Gulf Stream. Hotel accommodations in Jamaica satisfy every desire.

Weekly Sailings from Boston and Philadelphia. Steamships "Brookline" and "Barnstable" weekly from Baltimore.

ROUND TRIP, $75.00
ONE WAY, $40.00

according to location.

Rates include Meals and Stateroom Berth

"A Happy Month in Jamaica"

is a fascinating booklet we send on request. For this and complete information, write to one of these addresses.

DIVISION PASSENGER AGENT
UNITED FRUIT CO.
Long Wharf, Boston
5 N. Wharves, Philadelphia
104 E. Pratt St., Baltimore
321 St. Charles St., New Orleans, or
Raymond & Whitcomb Co.
Thos. Cook & Sons
Tourist Agents

STEVENS

RESULTS that count always follow if you shoot the STEVENS. Hold the weapon **right**—a STEVENS **Rifle, Shotgun** or **Pistol** will **hit** the mark—invariably.

Ask your dealer and insist on the STEVENS. If you cannot obtain, we ship direct, *express prepaid*, upon receipt of catalog price.	Send 4c in stamps for 140-page catalog describing the entire STEVENS line. Profusely illustrated—an invaluable Reference Book.

Beautiful three-color Aluminum Hanger will be forwarded for 10 cents in stamps.

J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.
P. O. Box 444
Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

BUILD YOUR BY THE BROOKS SYSTEM

There is no reason why you cannot own as good a boat as the best boat factories can produce if you will use your leisure time to advantage and build it yourself. The fact that anyone using the Brooks System, no matter how inexperienced he is in the use of tools, can build his own boat at the cost of a little lumber and a few nails, has brought boats within the reach of all.

All the boats built last year, by all the boat factories in the United States, combined in one fleet, would not equal the number of boats built during the same time by novices using the Brooks System. Our catalogue gives pages of testimonials with photographs of the boats built by amateurs using the Brooks System.

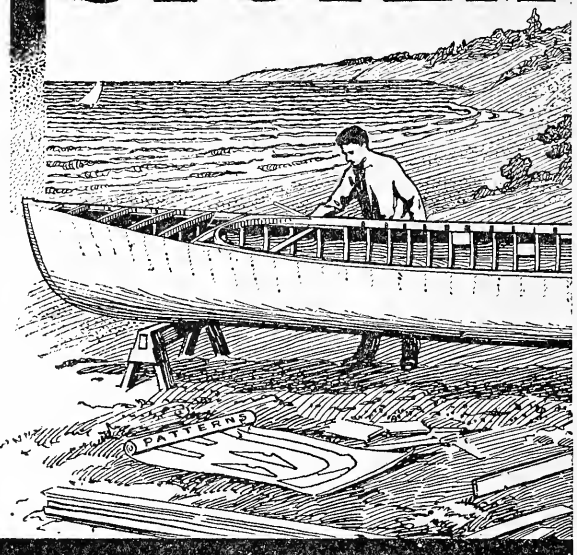
The Brooks System consists of exact size printed paper patterns of every piece that goes into the boat, a complete set of half-tone illustrations showing an actual picture of each step of the work properly done, detailed instructions to build, covering the entire construction of the boat, and an itemized bill of all material required and how to secure it.

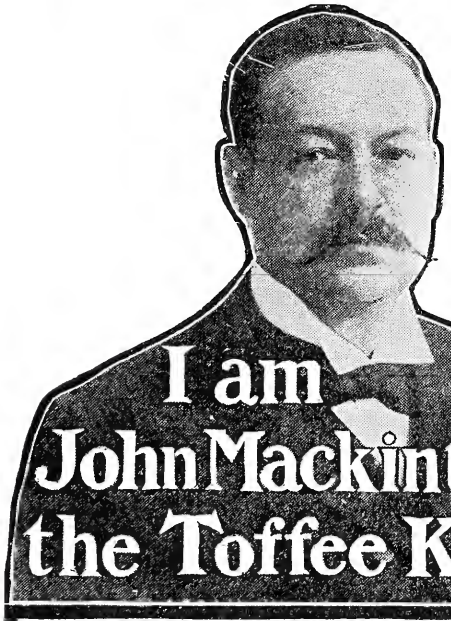
We tell you how to lay the pattern of each particular part on the proper piece of material and exactly how to cut—you cut. We then tell you how to fasten each part in its right place—what kind of a nail to use—how to drive it—you drive it.

You need no mechanical ability, the Brooks System supplies this—how is shown in the catalogue.

Many professional men are taking up the Brooks System for mental relaxation—for the pleasure of working with their hands and for exercise.

BROOKS BOAT MFG. CO., 502 Ship St., Bay City, Mich., U.S.A





They get up in the night to eat Mackintosh's Toffee

I am John Mackintosh the Toffee King

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE

IS AS SAFE TO EAT AS BREAD AND BUTTER

yet is as "more-ish" as jam-tarts.

THIS OLD ENGLISH CANDY

originated in Yorkshire, England, where its immense factories supply the world, is without doubt the purest and best candy made.

Whatever you are, whether tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man or poor man, eat MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE; it will make you feel happy and do you good.

Sold everywhere candy is sold, or you can send Ten Cents for the regular ten-cent package.

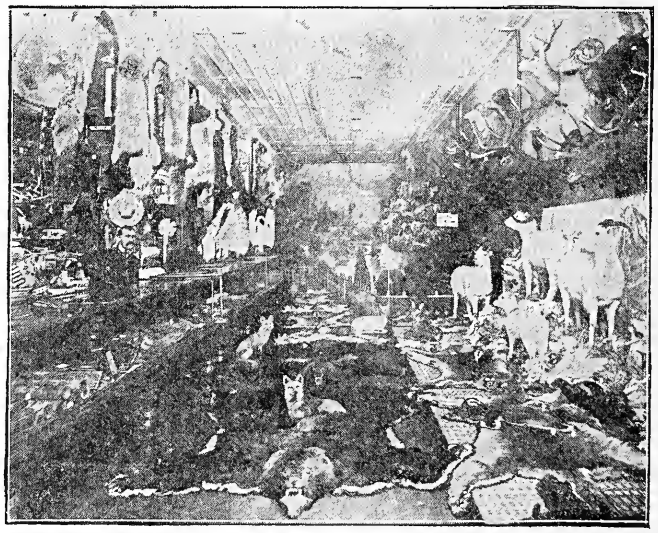
JOHN MACKINTOSH, Dept. 15, 78 Hudson St., New York

McFADDEN & SON

Taxidermists and Furriers

FUR AND CURIO DEALERS

"A" 1632-34 Champa St., Denver, Colo.

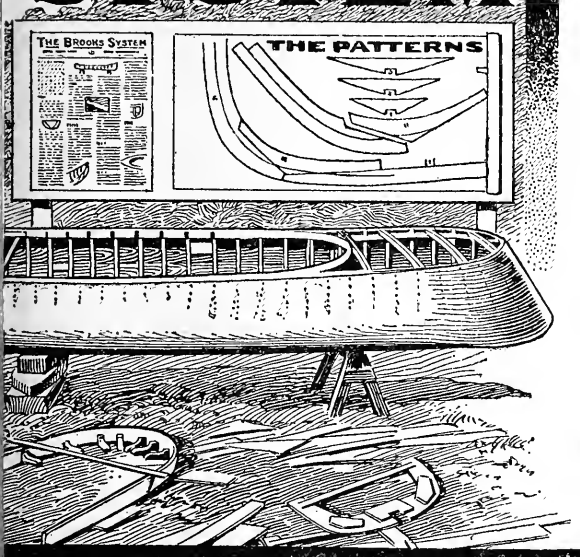


Artistic Taxidermy our Specialty

SATISFACTION guaranteed. All work moth proof. Our Winner Sleeping Bag, the best for all conditions of climate and weather, light, warm, durable and waterproof. Our new and artistic method of mounting fish can't be beat. We furnish Elk Lodges with whole mounted Elk or Heads or Horns, also Eagles mounted in any style for Eagle Lodges. Rattle snake skin belts, hat bands and neckties, the latest novelties made to order. We carry a full line of Ladies' Furs, also make them up to order. We have our own tannery. Tanning done to order. Highest prices paid for raw furs. We also buy the natural skulls. Taxidermist supplies, felt linings, artificial eyes, skulls, etc.

OWN BOAT

BY THE BROOKS SYSTEM



We have started hundreds in the boatbuilding business. One man built sixteen boats from one set of patterns last season; another built ten; the materials cost very little; we furnish the design; they did the work and sold the boats at a big profit.

You need buy nothing from us but the patterns. We have them of all kinds and sizes, from small rowboats and canoes to sea-going yachts. We have over 50 styles and sizes of boats and boat patterns, each one perfect in design for its purpose. Our catalogue illustrates the product of the best staff of designers in the world.

Over ten thousand amateurs throughout the world successfully built boats by the Brooks System in 1905.

When so ordered, patterns are expressed, charges prepaid, C. O. D., allowing examination.

KNOCK DOWN BOATS

complete from keel to cushions and fittings. We send you a complete Knock Down Boat, even to the paint, at a cost of very little more than the cost of the raw material.

Catalogue with full particulars free. For 25c. 100-page catalogue, showing several working illustrations taken from the instructions of each boat and a full set for one boat; also valuable information for the amateur yachtsman, rules for sailing, steering, passing, fog and engine signals, etc.

BROOKS BOAT MANUFACTURING CO.
Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building
502 Ship Street **Bay City, Mich., U. S. A.**

60

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS FREE!

25c. to pay the cost of packing and postage. You will receive this Grand Collection of Beautiful Flowers, and our New Seed List, the only liberal offer ever made, and a Coupon Check that will give you one of the finest Farm Papers published, by sending for this grand offer:

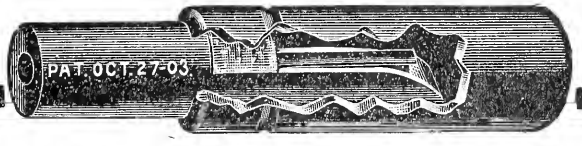
25 Packages Seed	
1 pkt. Snowball Aster.	1 pkt. Morning Glory.
1 pkt. Apple Blos. Balsam	1 pkt. Mixed Calliopsis.
1 pkt. Mixed Portulaca.	1 pkt. Mixed Calendula.
1 pkt. Mixed Sweet Pea.	1 pkt. Mixed Nigelia.
1 pkt. Sweet Mignonette	1 pkt. Mixed Phlox.
1 pkt. Sweet Alyssum.	1 pkt. Sunflower.
1 pkt. Sweet William.	1 pkt. Sweet Rocket.
1 pkt. Mixed Poppy.	1 pkt. Carnation Pink.
1 pkt. Mixed Candytuft.	1 pkt. Mixed Four o'Clk.
1 pkt. Mixed Larkspur.	1 pkt. Mixed Marigold.
1 pkt. Mixed Pansy.	1 pkt. Mixed Petunia.
1 pkt. Mixed Nasturtium	1 pkt. Mixed Zinnia.
	1 pkt. Mixed Verbenia.

25 Bulbs, a Beautiful Collection, sent with this order, including Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Tuberoses, Gladiolus, Caladium, Oxalis, if you will send at once 25 cents in silver or stamps.

E. C. HOLMES, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Highest Award at St. Louis World's Fair. Adopted by governments of United States, Canada and England. We supplied every U. S. Alaskan boundary survey in last 10 years. Hundreds of testimonials from government officials, navy commanders, army officers, prospectors, explorers and others; the best ever published. 15 models to select from. Catalog free. Write to-day.

ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.

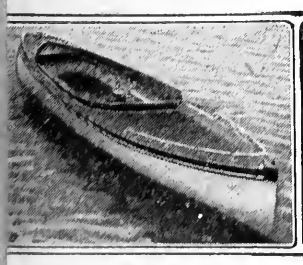


The Mascot Call

"Brings in the Ducks"

Has that rattling, raspy, natural duck sound that "Brings 'Em In." Hard rubber throughout, won't check, crack or corrode.—We guarantee the MASCOT DUCK CALL to be the only one made that Water and climate positively does not affect or money refunded. Easily tuned by any amateur and after a few trials you can imitate instantly the cry of any duck. The MASCOT CALL is so natural ducks are easily decoyed—that means a good day's shoot and a good bag. The Mascot is simply perfection. If your dealer or wholesaler cannot supply you, write us. Price, only $1 prepaid. Manufactured by the

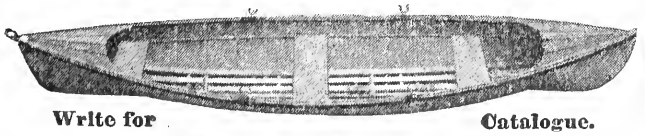
Multi-Novelty Company, 16 California Terrace, Chicago



Mullins Steel Boats

Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats

built of steel with air chambers in each end like a life boat. Faster, more buoyant, practically indestructible, don't leak, dry out and are absolutely safe. **They can't sink.** No calking, no bailing, no trouble. Every boat is guaranteed. Highly endorsed by sportsmen. The ideal boat for pleasure, summer resorts, parks, etc.



Write for Catalogue.

The W. H. Mullins Company, 320 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio

WHAT ORANGEINE

REALLY IS

Nux Vomica Acetani'id, Bicarbonate of Soda, Podophyllin (Mandrake), Iris Versicolor (Blue Flag), and Caffeine, perfectly Balanced in a 5-grain powder, to secure

"PURE REMEDY"

Orangeine was successfully thought out **fourteen years ago** by Dr. P. A. Aikman, Medical Director Monroe Sanitarium, Windsor, Ontario, to avoid the evils of narcotics, pain allayers, sedatives, and **unbalanced coal tar products,** so commonly used and prescribed by physicians.

Fourteen years test. Millions of powders prove the prompt, **always beneficial,** restorative power of ORANGEINE for COLDS, GRIP, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, BRAIN FAG, and a host of Common Ills, with Normally Stimulative Effect. Every physician, layman and druggist who **thoroughly knows Orangeine** attests these facts for

"The Most Humanly Useful of All Prescriptions."

REALLY DOES

Normally stimulates Heart Action, Perfectly regulates Nerves, Stomach, Liver, Accurately Adjusts the Nervous System.

Prevents Sickness! Secures Good Health!

The action of **Orangeine** on Chronic Conditions is gradual but *thorough.*

By Better Assimilation of Nourishment—thus Better Blood.

Perfect Regulation—thus thorough Elimination of Waste Matter.

Orangeine acts quickly, evenly, normally on

Colds	**Indigestion**
"Grip"	**Dyspepsia**
Headache	**Nervousness**
Neuralgia	**Brain Fag**

Offsets Chill, Exposure, Overwork

Orangeine is sold by all progressive druggists, in 10c pkg. (2 powders), 25c pkg. (6 powders), 50c pkg. (15 powders)' $1.00 pkg. (35 powders), or mailed on receipt of price. We are glad to send 25c pkg. free, with full information and illustrative experience, on receipt of request. Write us today.

Orangeine Chemical Company, 15 Michigan Ave., Chicago

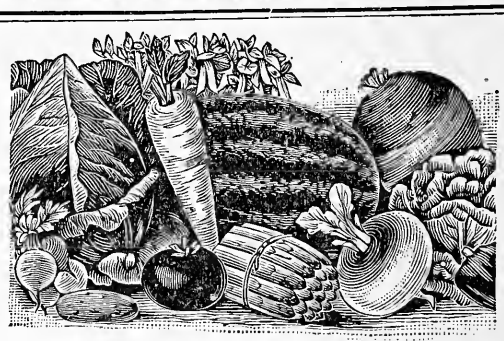
A GAME GETTER

doesn't allow rust on his gun—neither does "3-in-one." Heavy oils and greases cannot prevent rust because they simply coat the surface and dry out.

3 in One

sinks into the pores of the metal, forming a delicate, imperceptible overcoat that prevents rust or tarnish on the barrel, bore, action and every point. Lubricates the magazine, triggers, etc. Our booklet tells—a sample proves—both free.

G. W. COLE CO.
122 Washington Life Bldg., New York



What You Get For 50 Cts.

1 large package		Beet	1 large package		Squash
1 "	"	Carrot	1 "	"	Onion
1 "	"	Cucumber	1 "	"	Cabbage
1 "	"	Lettuce	1 "	"	Pumpkin
1 "	"	Parsnip	1 "	"	Pepper
1 "	"	Melon	1 "	"	Tomato
1 "	"	Turnip	1 pint		King's Wonder Early Peas
1 "	"	Parsley	1 "		American Wax Beans
1 "	"	Radish	1 "		Holmes' Early Sweet Corn

What you need for your table all summer. Get your vegetables fresh out of the garden every day, and know what you are eating. This entire collection of seeds, best in the world, only 50c. Send your orders early and get your seeds on time to plant.

GLENDALE NURSERY, EVERETT, MASS.

5 MILLION PACKAGES OF SEEDS

Martha Washington Collection

40 KINDS ONLY 10c.

of Aster, Balsam, Pansy, Sweet Pea, Salvia, Verbena, Petunia, Pink, Phlox Myosotis, Cosmos, Nasturtium, Heliothrope, Mignonette, Cypress Vine, with the following Bulbs **FREE: 1 Dewey Lily** (as above), **1 Begonia, 1 Freesias, 1 Tuberose, 1 Gladiolus.**

All of the above sent, postpaid, for **10** cents in coin or stamps. Order early. Avoid the rush.

MYSTIC VALLEY SEED CO., MEDFORD, MASS.

Army Auction Bargains

Revolvers	$ .50 up	Officer's Sword (new)	$1.50
Revolver Holsters	.10 "	Side-arm Swords	.20
Haversacks	.10 "	Bayonets	.10
Knapsacks	.50 "	Carbine Boot	.75
Carbines	.80 "	Cross Rifles (dozen)	1.00
Muskets	1.65 "	" Sabers "	1.00
Saddles	1.90 "	Screw Drivers "	1.00
Saddle Bags (pair)	.75 "	Linen Collars "	.30
Bridles	.65 "	Brass Letters "	.35
Navy Hats	.10 "	Blue Flannel Shirts	1.50
Army Campaign Hats	.35 "	Gunners' Hammers	.10
Leggins (pair)	.15 "	Army Spades	.65

Army Uniforms, consisting of New Helmet, Coat, Trousers, all for $1.65

176-page Large Illustrated Catalog mailed (stamps) 12c

FRANCIS BANNERMAN, 501 Broadway, New York

Largest Stock in the world Government Auction Goods. 15 *acres storage* —2¾ *acres Broadway salesroom.*

SMITH & WESSON REVOLVERS

The Development of the SMITH & WESSON Revolver.

Watch for next month's Picture "The Man With a Flint Lock."

The Man with a Wheel-Lock

never knew whether it would fire, or simply flash in the pan. It was quicker than the Matchlock, but not so *dependable*.

The Man with a SMITH & WESSON

knows he can depend on it. He knows it will shoot instantly, unerringly, and be effective at a greater distance than the ordinary weapon will carry. This immense advantage is sold to you with every SMITH & WESSON revolver.

The .32 and .38 5 shot—.44 6 shots—double action SMITH & WESSON revolvers—combine every quality of perfection—and are known, used and depended upon the world over. They give high penetration and because of their mechanical excellence—and the perfect alignment of cylinder and barrel—are unusually accurate. These models are made with automatic shell extractors.

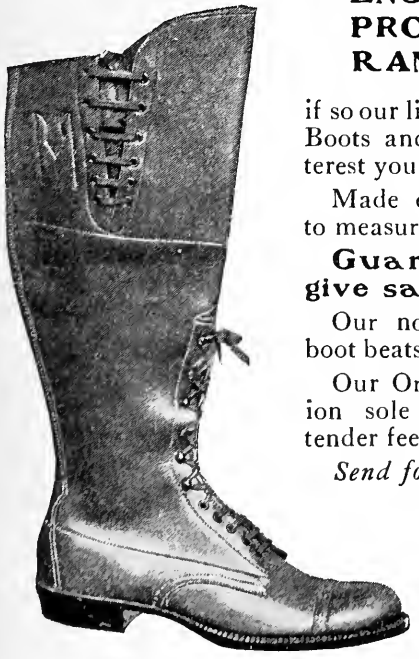
ALL SMITH & WESSON revolvers have this Monogram trade-mark stamped on the frame. None others are genuine.

Our new booklet "The Revolver" illustrates and describes each model in detail and gives instructions for Target Shooting by an expert. The most interesting revolver catalog published. Free on request.

SMITH & WESSON
15 Stockbridge Street Springfield, Mass.
Pacific Coast Branch—114 Second St., San Francisco

ARE YOU A SPORTSMAN

ENGINEER
PROSPECTOR
RANCHMAN



if so our line of waterproof Boots and Shoes will interest you.

Made of Moose Calf, to measure.

Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Our noiseless hunting boot beats anything made.

Our Orthopedic Cushion sole is comfort to tender feet.

Send for Catalog.

Agents wanted in every town.

THE SPORTSMAN'S BOOT

WM. N. GOKEY SHOE CO.

No. 1 West 3rd St., Jamestown, N. Y., U. S. A.

THE POSTED MAN IS A KREMENTZ MAN

The posted man never takes the just as good Button. He insists on the GENUINE ONE-PIECE

"Krementz"

He knows the quality is stamped on back of button. Made in gold and rolled plate. Easy to button and unbutton. Stays buttoned. If damaged in any way, exchange it for a new one at any dealer. All jewelers and Haberdashers. Booklet "Story of Collar Button" will post you. Shows all styles and sizes. Send for it.

KREMENTZ & CO.

90 Chestnut Street

NEWARK, N.J.

SMITH HAMMERLESS and EJECTOR GUNS also HUNTER ONE-TRIGGER

win the

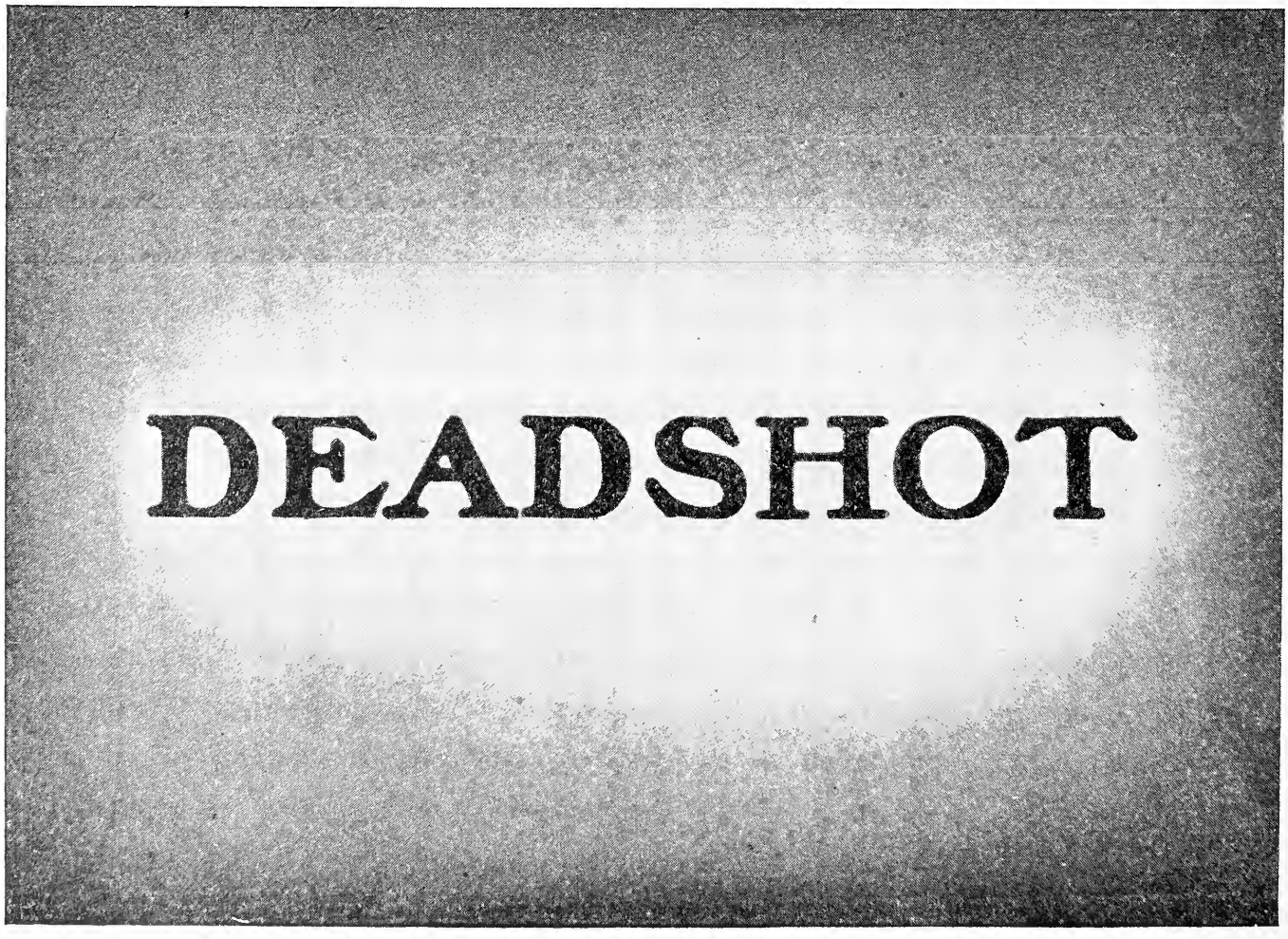
GOLD MEDAL

at the

LEWIS & CLARK EXPOSITION

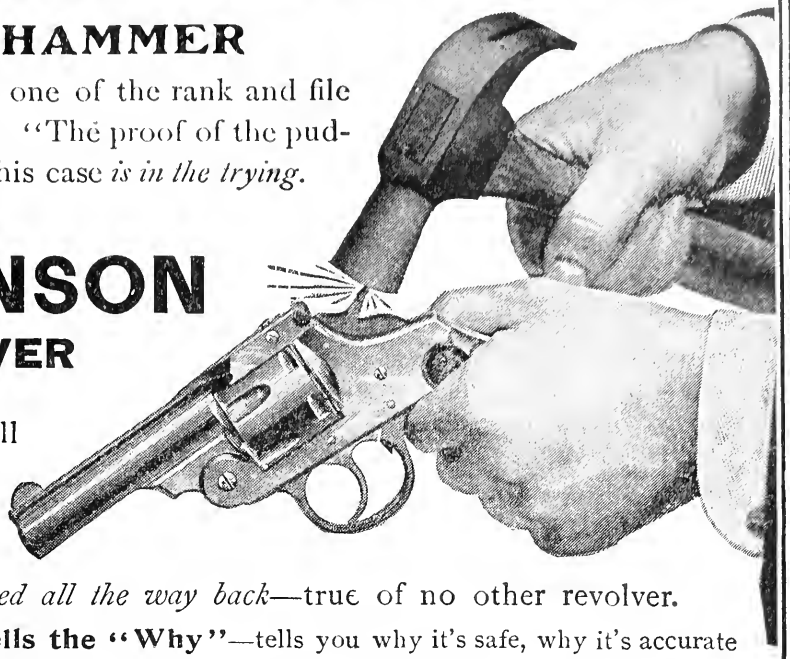
ASK FOR CATALOGUE

Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N.Y.



HAMMER THE HAMMER

and convince yourself that it is *not* one of the rank and file of the "went-off-by-accident" kind. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating"; the proof in this case *is in the trying.*



IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY AUTOMATIC **REVOLVER**

cannot be discharged unless you pull the trigger. It is so constructed that the hammer cannot possibly come in contact with the firing-pin unless the trigger is *pulled all the way back*—true of no other revolver.

Our Free Booklet, "Shots," tells the "Why"—tells you why it's safe, why it's accurate and why it's reliable—gladly sent on request, together with our handsome catalogue.

For sale by all leading Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers.

Hammer, $5.00 **Hammerless, $6.00**

Look for our name on the barrel and the owl's head on the grip.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS

144 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York Office: 99 Chambers St. | Pacific Coast Branch: 114 Second St., San Francisco, Cal. | European Office: Pickhuben 4, Hamburg, Germany.

is to write for our catalog describing

Sauer Guns | **Daly Guns**

and all other makes of Guns and Sporting Goods

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES

302-304 Broadway NEW YORK CITY

The Treason of the Senate

By David Graham Phillips, in the

Cosmopolitan

If you believe that there are many members of the United States Senate who are unfit to represent the people, because of their affiliation with the vicious plutocratic power of the country, you will be intensely interested in David Graham Phillips' tremendously vivid series of articles in the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Scourging the recreant Senators with a sharp lash of damnatory facts, Mr. Phillips will reveal a condition of affairs at which the average American will stand aghast.

The terrible story of "The Treason of the Senate" is bound to enchain and compel public interest to such an extent that the demand for the Cosmopolitan will be unprecedented. It therefore behooves the reading public to order the Cosmopolitan very early this month.

The January edition of over 400,000 copies was exhausted within ten days after publication and no more copies could be had. Next month the demand will be still greater. Better send a year's subscription NOW

10 cents a copy

$1 a year

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

1789 BROADWAY NEW YORK

King Folding Canvas Boats

Tempered light steel ribs running both longitudinally and diagonally for strength and lightness—the entire boat solid and stiff when in use, yet collapsible and portable in a minute—that, briefly, is the King, the only boat in the world that you can

Fold Up Into a Package

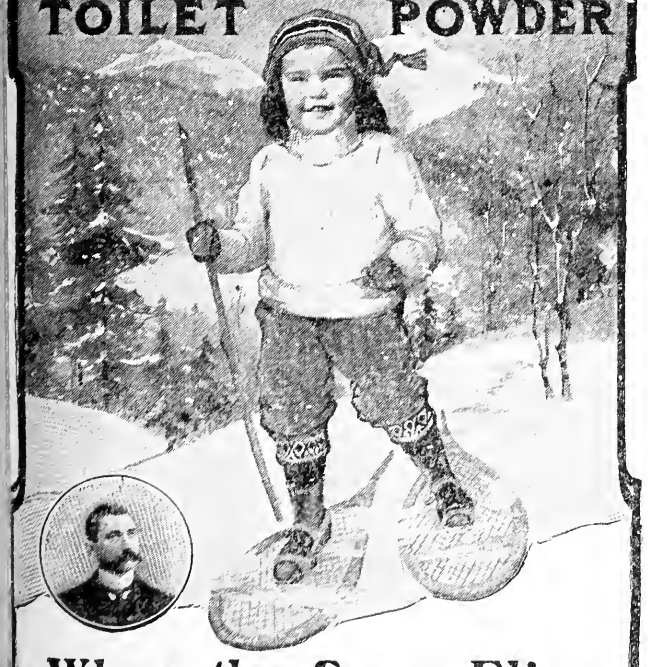
It's a revelation in boat construction. Nothing like it ever made. Non-sinkable. Can't tip over. Puncture-proof. Wears longer than a wooden boat. No repairs; no cost for storage. Always ready—you can boat when and where you want to. Carried by hand, on bicycle or in a buggy. A simply wonderful boat. Used by U. S. Navy.

We make them in all styles and sizes for hunting, fishing, family use, etc.

Our catalogue, sent free to adults, will post you—100 engravings—400 testimonials. When you write tell us where you usually go for your outing and receive valuable information.

King Folding Canvas Boat Co.
668 West North St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

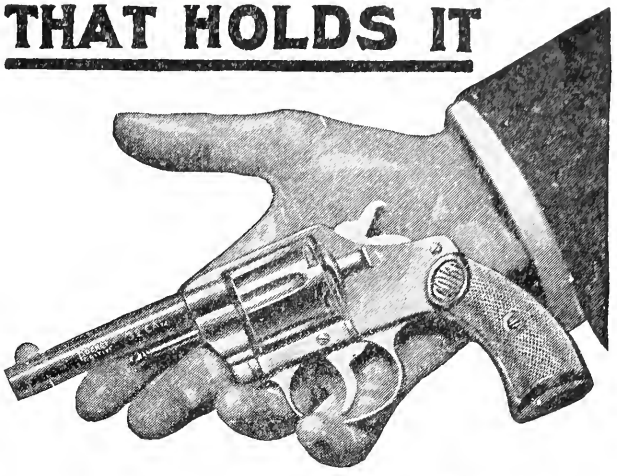


When the Snow Flies

and biting, frosty air roughens the skin, use Mennen's—it keeps the skin just right. A positive relief for **chapped hands, chafing** and **all skin troubles.** Mennen's face on every box—be sure that you get the genuine. For sale everywhere or by mail, **25c.** Sample free. *Try Mennen's Violet Talcum.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

CAN BE OPERATED ONLY BY THE HAND THAT HOLDS IT



COLT'S NEW POCKET POSITIVE

Calibre .32

THIS revolver is positively locked against accidental discharge. The perfect arm for the pocket or the home. ¶ Is reliable, accurate and is backed by the **Colt** guarantee, for over fifty years the Firearms Standard of the world.

¶ *Catalogue "Positive" Describes this and all other models. Mailed free on request.*

Colt's Patent Firearms Mfg. Co.

Hartford, Conn.

London Office, 15-A, Pall Mall, London, S. W.

FEBRUARY'S GREAT FEATURES IN

THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

ARE THE SPLENDID ROMANCE OF PARK ROW

"NEWS AND THE MAN"

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

A realistic and brilliant picture of New York journalistic life, written from the inside. *A novel that will be talked about*

EMERY POTTLE'S romantic tale, "HALF-GODS AND GODS"

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD'S emotional and beautiful story
"IN BLUEBEARD'S CLOSET"

JOHN REGNAULT ELLYSON'S "THE WOLF-PRINCE"
STEPHEN CHALMERS'S "THE FACE"
G. VERE TYLER'S "A SPLENDID DECADENCE"

and other stories by

Zona Gale, William C. de Mille, Mabel Herbert Urner, W. Carey Wonderly

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE'S Essay on
"THE LAUREL OF GOSSIP"
discusses with unusual cleverness the scandal-mongers of society.

BLISS CARMAN'S Poem, "THE MIRACLE"
and other Poems by KATE JORDAN, EDITH M. THOMAS, BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD ALGERNON TASSIN, and others are of the highest standard.

THE FRONTISPIECE, AN EXQUISITE PHOTO-DRAWING OF
MRS. POTTER PALMER
reproduced by a method new in magazine literature, is ALONE WORTH THE PRICE OF THE MAGAZINE

THIS NEW FEATURE HAS BEEN EVERYWHERE GREATLY ADMIRED

Price 25 Cents Annual Subscription $2.50

THE SMART SET, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York

SAVAGE

SEE! It is Hammerless

With the Little Savage Hammerless Repeater, accidents are averted, because there is no outside interference with a projecting or exposed hammer. The Savage Safety Device is *positive* and *sure* in its action. It is the only repeating rifle that successfully shoots 22-caliber long-rifle cartridges. The Box Magazine System makes this rifle practically always loaded. An exclusive Savage feature.

Handsome Savage Indian Watch Fob sent on receipt of 15c.

Little Savage 22-caliber Hammerless Repeater, - - $12.00
Savage-Junior 22-caliber Single-shot Rifle, - - - 4.00

"No savage beast would dare to trifle With a man who shoots a Savage Rifle."

The "Junior" is the only single-shot rifle of its kind that ejects the shell and throws it five or six feet to one side.

If your dealer won't accommodate you, we will. Either rifle delivered, charges prepaid, upon receipt of price. Try your dealer first, but send to-day for catalogue.

SAVAGE ARMS CO., 591 Turner St., Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

"The Den"

25 YEARS

THE

Leading Taxidermist

WM. W. HART

451 Seventh Ave., New York

MOUNTING of Moose, Deer, Elk, Caribou heads, Mammals, Birds and Fish a specialty. Send for shipping tags, they insure prompt delivery. Game Heads, Rugs and Auto Furs

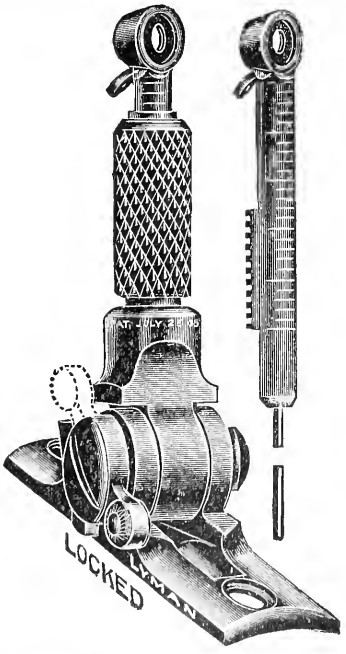
For XMAS

Make selection early. Everything moth proof.

LYMAN IMPROVED

Combination Rear Sight

Patented, July 25, 1905



The first combination folding rear sight ever accomplished which can be locked and reliably, rigidly held in exact position for shooting.

Instantly and easily locked whenever desired, regardless of position of rifle.

Cannot be locked except in correct position.

When locked can be freely carried through the woods, without risk of knocking out of exact position.

No. 1A., Price, $3.00

The Lyman Gun Sight Corporation

Middlefield, Conn.

How to Grow Tall

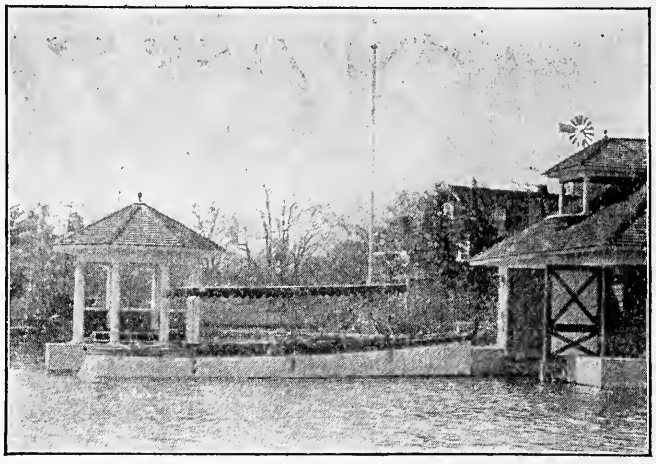
A Startling Discovery that will Revolutionize the Physical Condition of Mankind

Why Remain Short and Stunted when You may Learn Free how to Grow Tall?

No Matter How Short You Are or What your Age, you can Increase your Height

No new diseovery has attraeted more attention in the seientifie world than that made by K. Leo Minges, of Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Minges is to short men and women what the great wizard, Edison, is to eleetricity. He has gathered more information relative to bone, musele and sinew than any one else in existenee. Making people grow tall has been a hobby with Mr. Minges for years, and the results he has aeeomplished are startling to a high degree. By his method every man or woman not over fifty years of age ean be made to grow from two to five inehes in height, and any one older than that may inerease his height perceptibly. His method has the indorsement of leading physieians, and several prominent edueational institutions have adopted it for the better physieal development of their pupils. If you would like to increase your height, you should read the book whieh tells how this remarkable discovery was made, and shows you how to grow tall. It is free. You are not asked to spend a single eent, and if you desire it, we will send you the statements of hundreds who have grown from two to five inehes in height by following this method. The results are quiekly aeeomplished. Many have grown as mueh as three inches in two months. There is no ineonvenience, no drugs or medicines, no operation. Merely the applieation of a seientifie principle in a perfectly hygienie and harmless way. Your most intimate friends need not know what you are doing. All eommunications will be sent in plain envelopes. The book, "How To Grow Tall," eontains illustrations that will interest and instruet any one. One thousand of these books will be given away absolutely free, postage prepaid, while the present edition lasts. If you want to grow tall, write to-day, in strictest confidenee, for a free eopy. Address The Cartilage Co., 140 E, Unity Building, Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Motors & Motor Boats.



Reliability first, always. Beauty, Safety, Comfort;—

You get them all in a Fay & Bowen outfit.

Send for free catalogue of Reliable motors and perfectly built boats.

Fay & Bowen Engine Co.
74 Lake St., Geneva, N.Y., U.S.A.

On Feb. 1st we move to our new location No.

57 Reade Street

one door from Broadway

Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

Manufacturers of complete outfits for Explorers, Campers and Prospectors

314-316 Broadway, N.Y., U.S.A.

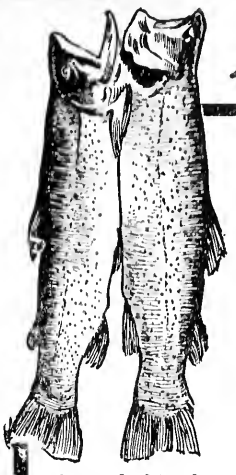
YOU like the uniformity of flavor in your favorite brand of cigars—how about your cocktails?

Are you going to accept any chance mixer's decoction, or order CLUB COCKTAILS? Their excellence has been attained through scientific blending and subsequent ageing to perfection. There is but one perfect brand—CLUB. Specify CLUB for your own satisfaction.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors

Hartford New York London



"Bristol" TRADE MARK

Steel Fishing Rods

GIVE AND TAKE

Where the "BRISTOL" Steel Rod Is Supreme.

They *give* just enough when the fish strikes, the delicate spring of the Rod hooking him instantly and securely.

They *take* up the slack line promptly, thus preventing the fish from shaking loose when he rushes toward the fisherman.

What the "BRISTOL" Rod is to the ordinary wood rod, our Combination Reel and Handle is to the ordinary reel. The reel is placed in the center of the handle, forming a part of same, securing a perfect balance of the whole.

These are only two of the desirable features of the "BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rods. Send for our beautiful Catalogue telling more. It's free.

Our Rods are the *original* Steel Fishing Rods. We have been making them for over 15 years. Look for our name and trade-mark "BRISTOL" on every reel seat. They are absolutely guaranteed to be free from defects in material or workmanship.

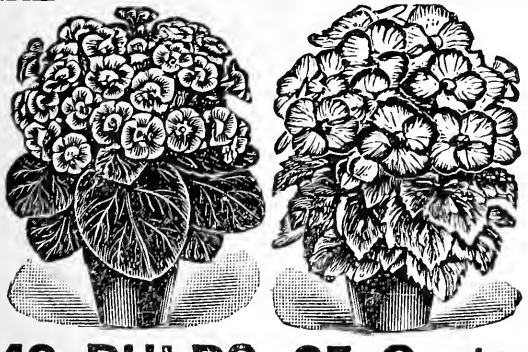
THE HORTON MFG. CO. 21 HORTON STREET BRISTOL, CONN.

A CALENDAR is an absolute necessity in every home and office. Why not have a beautiful one? Send 10 cents to-day in silver for our handsomely colored calendar for 1906.

ATLANTIC POWER BOATS

Motor Dories, Speed Boats, Sporting Dories, Rowing Skiffs, etc. Famous as the Best Built, Safest and Most Seaworthy Boats for all waters. Largest carrying capacity in proportion to size. Write for catalog 26.

ATLANTIC CO., Amesbury, Mass.



40 BULBS, 25 Cents.

For in or out of doors growing Gloxinia, Begonia, Iris, Scilla, Tuberoses, Jonquils, Daffodils, Oxalis, Freesia, Tulips, Hyacinths, Crocus, Japan Lily, Snowdrops, Narcissus, Allium, Chionodoxa, Paconia. For 25c., stamps or coin, we will send this magnificent collection of bulbs, and also as a premium a fine **FREE** collection of flower seeds, 250 varieties. Order to-day, and be sure to get them in time for planting.

WOODLAWN NURSERY, MALDEN, MASS.

GOLDEN YELLOW CALLA LILY, 5 Bulbs.

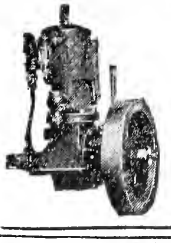
50 KINDS FLOWER SEEDS 10c.

Asters, Balsam, Canna, Calliopsis, Nasturtium, Larkspur, Jobs Tears, Morning Glory, Poppy, Cosmos, Snapdragons, Golden Glow, Pink, Zinnia, Verbenia, Pansy, Monkey Plant, Sweet Rocket, Candytuft, Primrose, Castor Oil Beans, Sweet Peas, Portulaca, Petunia, Ice Plant.

5 CHAMPION BULBS.

The Summer Hyacinth, Gladiolus, Humming Bird, Giant Tuberose, Golden Lily, Baby Breath, Oxalis, all this beautiful collection of seeds and bulbs only 10c. in silver or 5 2-c. stamps to pay the cost for packing and postage. Order quick and be sure of this grand offer—only **10 cents.**

CHARLESTOWN NURSERY, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.



1½ H. P. MARINE ENGINE

$33.50 Engine Only

Engine and Engine Fittings $37.50

For your Row Boat, Sail Boat or Launch

No cranks to start—No cams, valves, gears, springs or sprockets. All working parts in full view. We build all sizes of Boat Engines.

DETROIT ENGINE WORKS,

1395 JEFFERSON AVE. DETROIT, MICH.

The fastest boat of its size and power built. Length 22 feet—6 and 10 H. P.—speed, 11-14 miles an hour—fast—safe—noiseless.

Mullins Steel Boats

are the fastest boats built—the safest boats built—the most durable boats built—the most elegant in design, finish and ease of operation—they are "noiseless" and **absolutely safe—They can't sink.**

Write Today for Our Free Catalogue of

Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats, which illustrates and describes our complete line of craft.

The W. H. Mullins Co., 320 Franklin St. Salem, O.

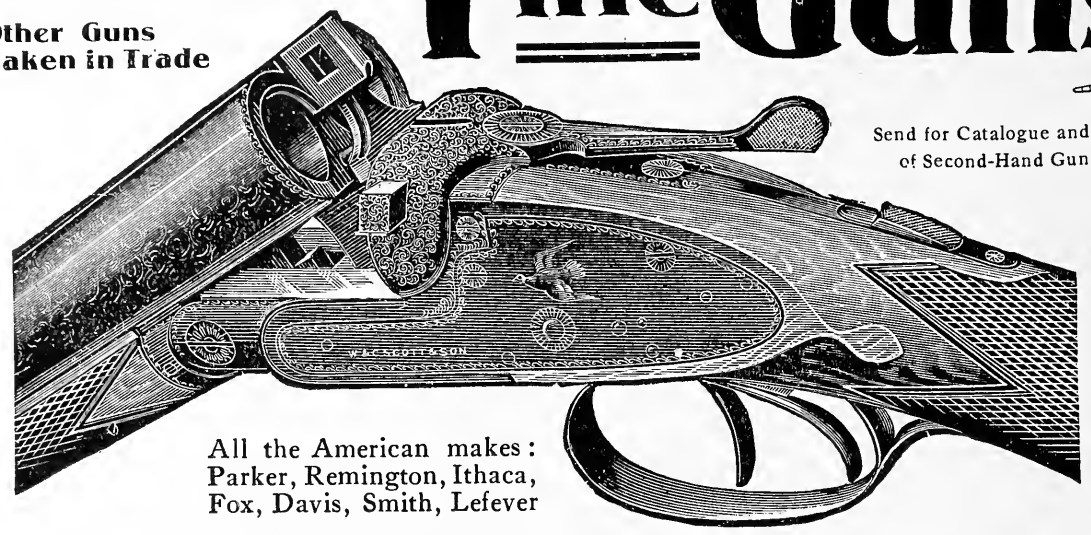
SCOTT — GREENER — LANG — PURDEY

12, 16 and 20 bores
Trap and Light Weights

Other Guns Taken in Trade

Fine Guns

Send for Catalogue and List of Second-Hand Guns



All the American makes:
Parker, Remington, Ithaca,
Fox, Davis, Smith, Lefever

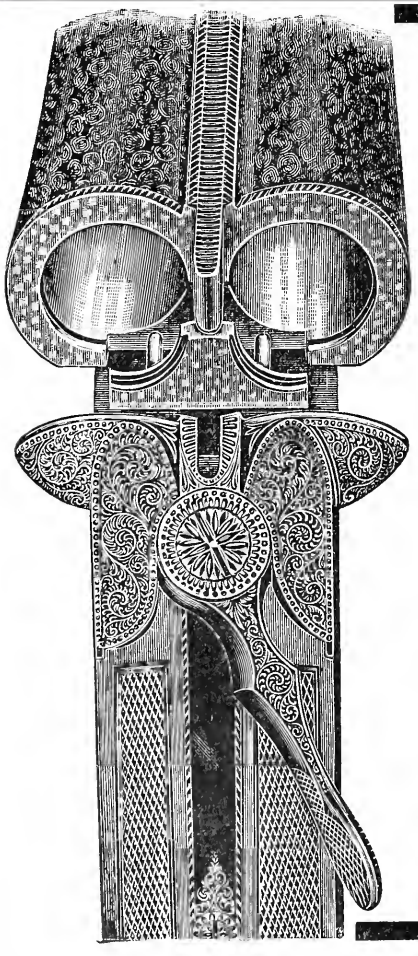
Send 6 cents in stamps for catalogue with full illustrations and our list of Second-hands.

Our Specialty: IMPORTED SWEDISH LEATHER JACKETS.

Send for circulars—Of Finest Quality—For Duck Shooting—Perfect Protection from Cold.

Wm. Read & Sons, 107 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1826



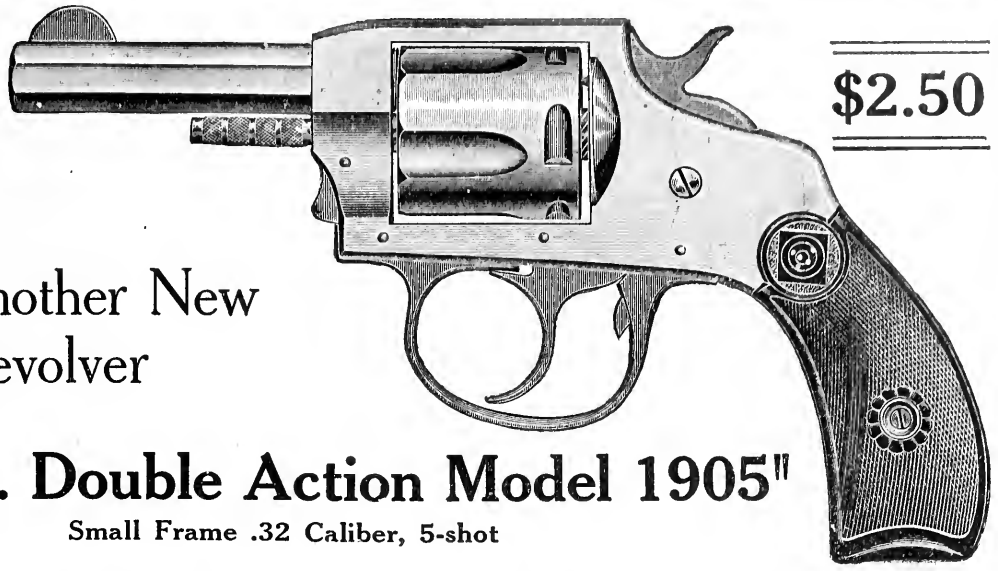
ITHACA GUNS

THIS illustration shows the double thick nitro breech and narrow skeleton rib of an ITHACA No. 7 $300 list gun. ¶ This feature, together with the reinforced frame, reinforced stock and double bolt, makes the ITHACA the strongest and safest gun for Nitro powder. ¶ We build everything from a featherweight 5¾ pound 20 gauge gun to a 10½ pound 10 gauge duck, fox and goose gun. ¶ Send for Art Catalogue describing 17 grades 10, 12, 16 and 20 gauge guns ranging in price from $17.75 to $300.

ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH, 114 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

$2.50 **$2.50**



Still Another New Revolver

"H. & R. Double Action Model 1905"

Small Frame .32 Caliber, 5-shot

Following the announcement of our Mode "1904" we are now ready to supply this new revolver conforming closely in frame and stock to the lines of the well known "H. & R. Premier."

SPECIFICATIONS:

.32 Caliber; 2½ inch barrel; weight, 11 ounces; C. F. S. & W. Cartridge.
Finish—Nickel or blue. We can also furnish with 4½ and 6 inch barrels.

Harrington & Richardson Arms Company

Dept. R, WORCESTER, MASS.

Makers of H. & R. Single Guns *Catalog for postal*

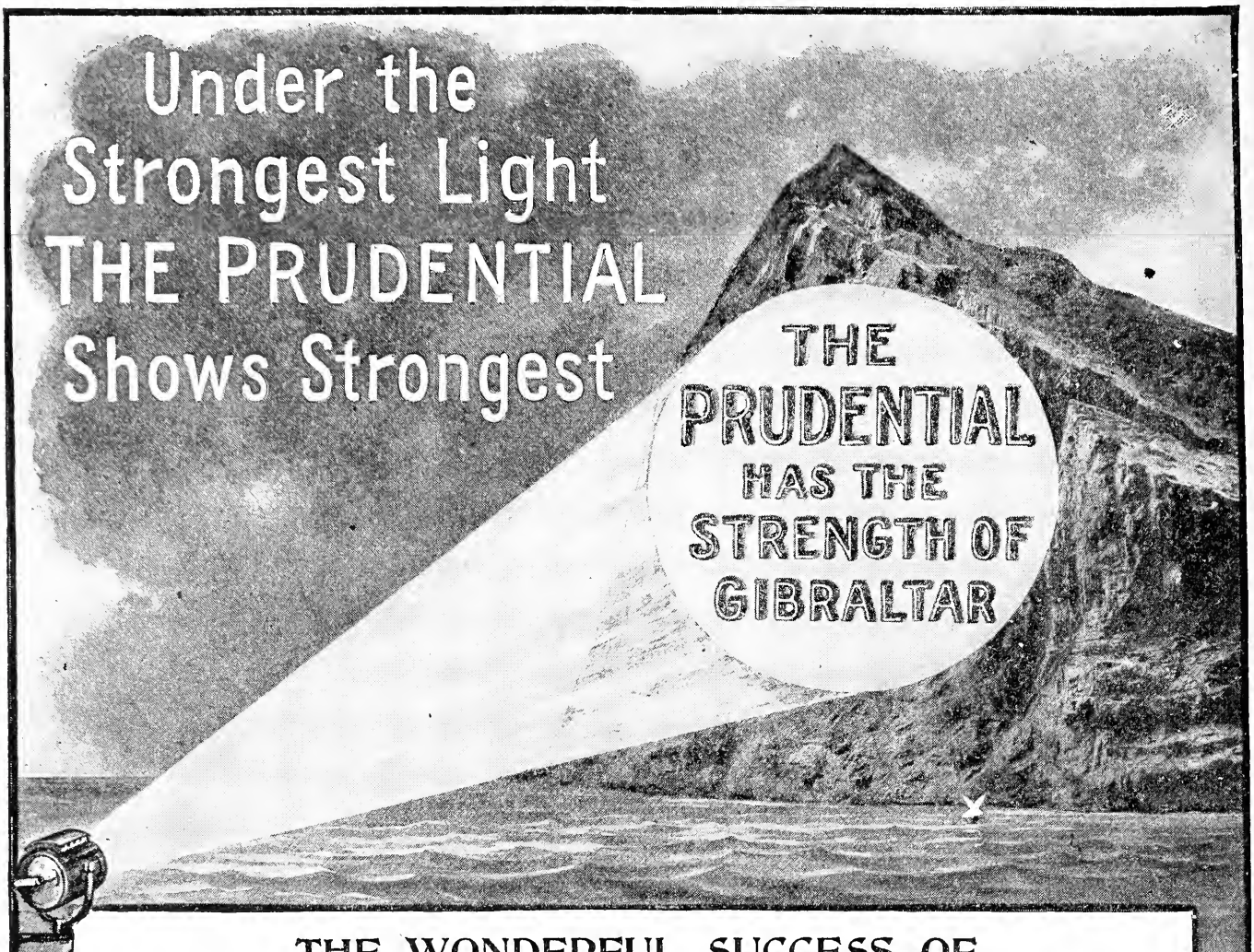
U.S. AMMUNITION

Is used by both Army and Navy because it is the best.

Made by

United States Cartridge Co.

Lowell, Mass.



THE WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF

THE PRUDENTIAL

Has been due to

Careful, Conservative Management,
A Progressive Policy,
Just and Liberal Treatment of Policyholders,
Absolute Fidelity to its Trusts,
Perfect Fulfilment of Obligations.

This is the Company for you to insure in. Through its Profit-sharing Life Insurance Policies, from $15 to $100,000, you are afforded an opportunity to choose a plan exactly adapted in cost and benefits to your needs and conditions.

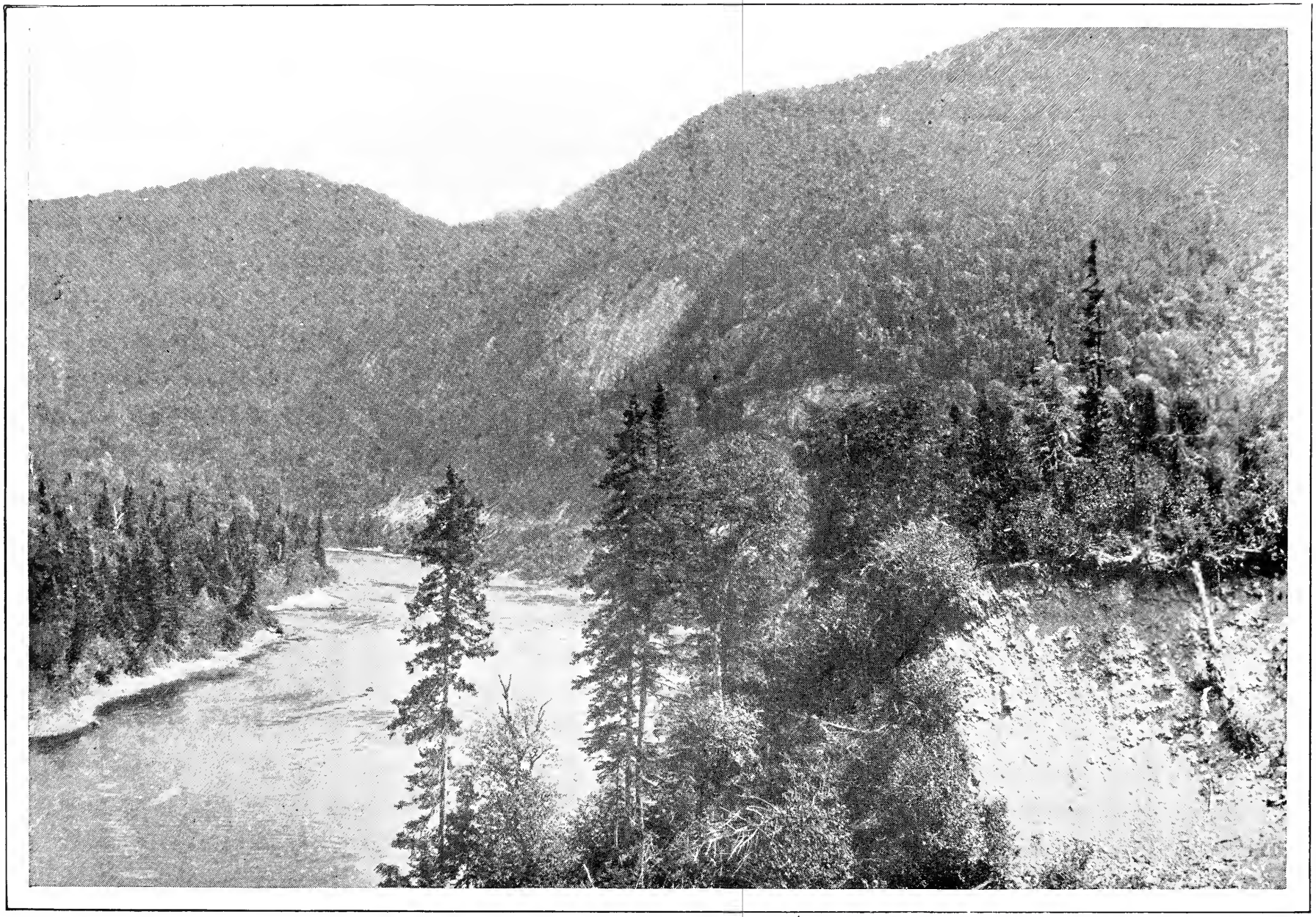
In calm or in storm Life Insurance is the one resource always certain and secure.

Write now, while you think of it, for full information, Dept. 92

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.



THE CANYON OF THE LOWER HUMBER

Photo by L. F. BROWN

RECREATION

VOL. XXIV. FEBRUARY 1906 No. 2

FIELD SPORTS IN THE ARMY

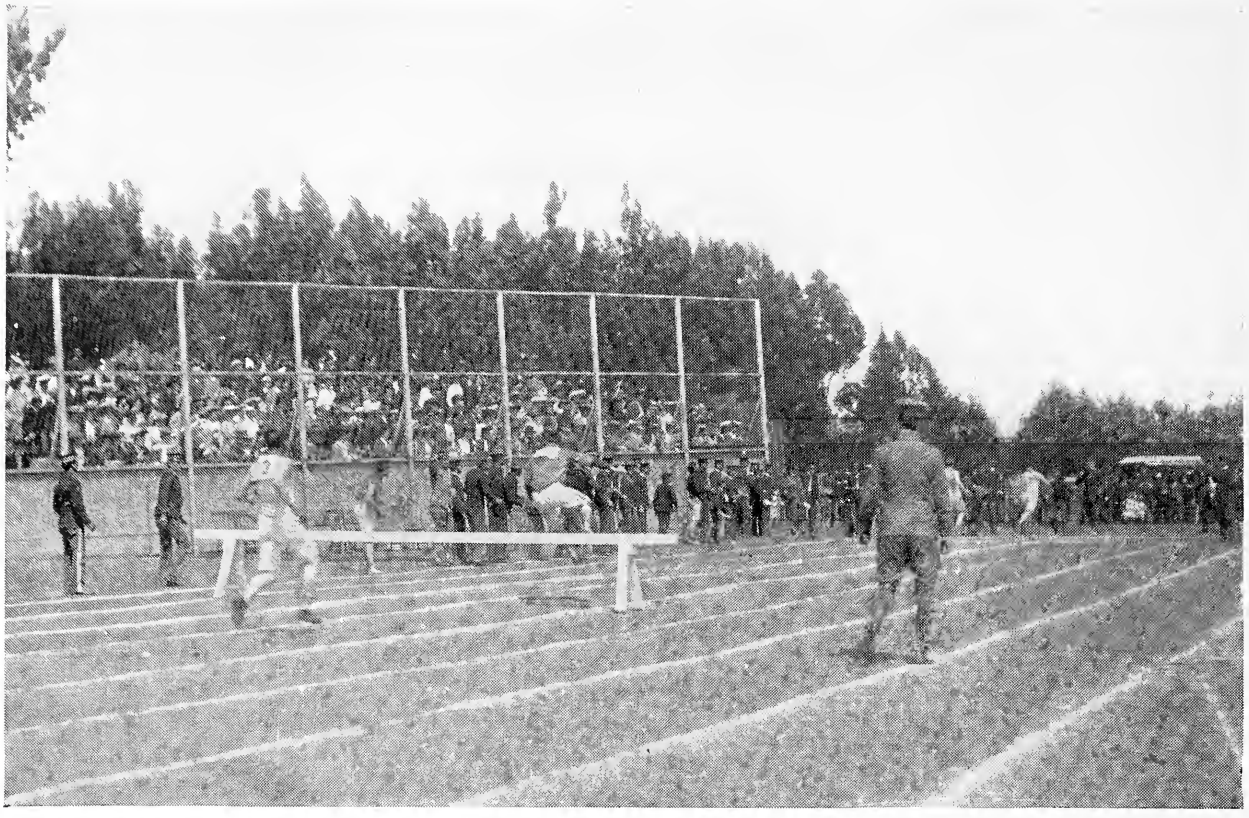
By ROBERT N. REEVES

THE War Department, so slow to act, yet so mighty when it does act, has finally awakened to the importance of physical training in the American army, and more has been done by it to encourage army athletics during the past few years than during all the former years of our national life.

The United States, however, has not been the only nation to sin against the physical welfare of its warriors. It seems but to have followed the bad example set by the nations of Europe, which have done nothing, until within a comparatively recent period, toward establishing a system of physical training in their various armies. For centuries the question of training the individual soldier physically has not received in any country the attention that it should have demanded. If a soldier marched with precision, kept accurate step and true alignment, he was not encouraged to take any further exercise that would increase his strength or afford him healthful recreation.

The ancients seem to have had a much finer appreciation of the value of physical training among their soldiery. In Greece and Rome everything was done that possibly could be done to improve the strength and agility of the individual soldier, and in their competitive athletic games the victorious soldier was crowned by the state with the highest civic and military honors. Even during the middle ages jousts and tournaments were encouraged that the strength and prowess of the knights and soldiers might be properly put to the test. But with the invention of gunpowder and a change in the mode of warfare, the notion arose among nations that in the presence of powder swiftness and strength were useless virtues. Nothing was done to overcome this false notion until about the year 1850, when France introduced physical exercises into her military service. Germany, Austria, and England followed. In the United States, however, nothing was done toward establishing a system of physical training in the army until 1890, when three gymnasiums were erected—one at David's Island, New York; one at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri; and one at Cleveland, Ohio. Prior to that time the ordinary drill of the enlisted man and the "settings up" that the raw recruit received were the only physical exercises insisted upon by the government. As for general field athletics, that was unthought of. Save for an occasional game of baseball, outdoor sports were, for the most part, unknown among the enlisted men.

The excellent results obtained at the

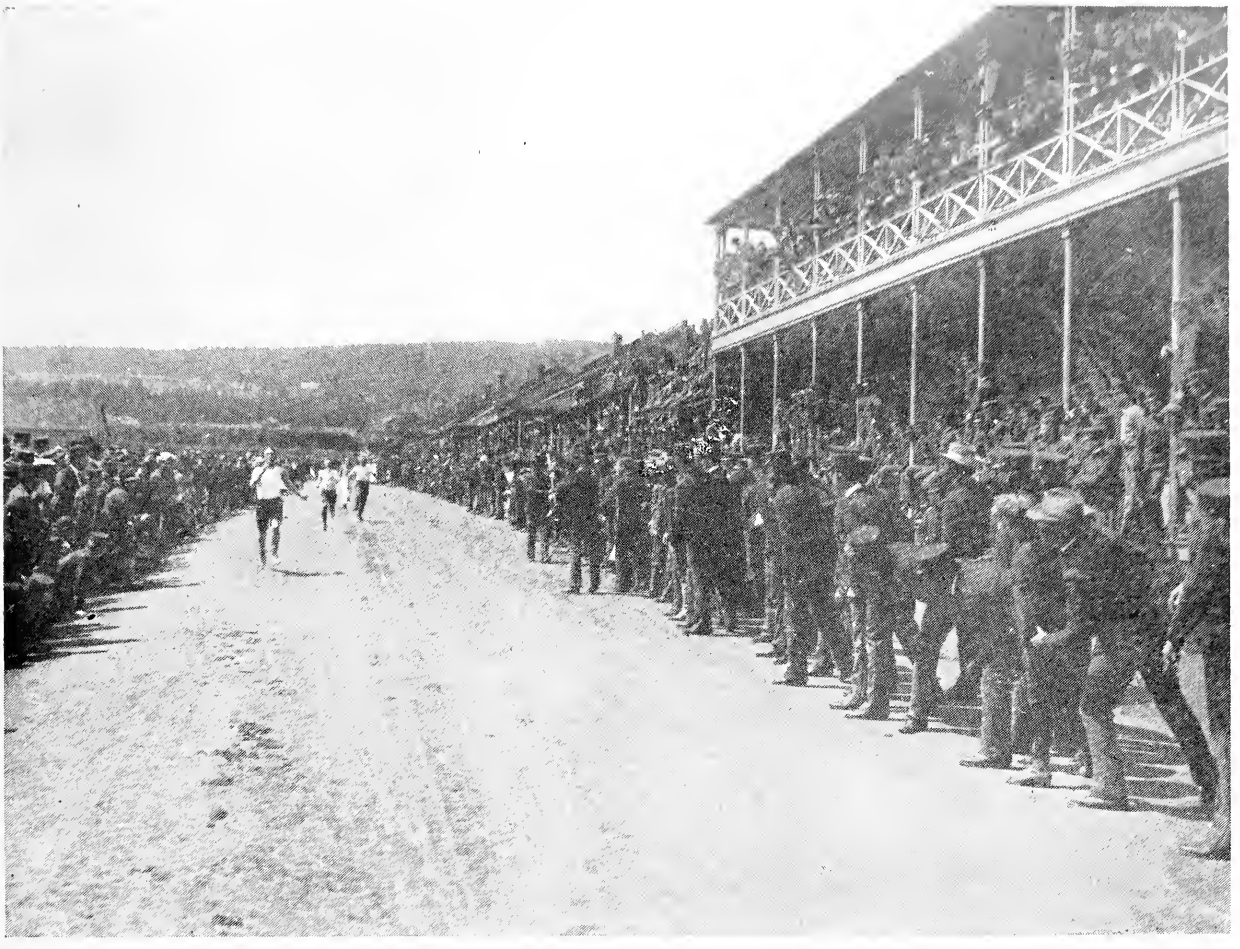


A HURDLE RACE

three gymnasiums established by the government, and the great benefits derived by the cadets at West Point, who, under the able direction of Lieutenant E. S. Farrow, had already attracted the attention of the country by their athletic sports, soon caused the War Department to regard athletics as an important part of a military education. "It became apparent," as some wit said, "that victories could be won by a soldier's legs as well as his arms." Urged by those in charge of the government gymnasiums and by some of the officers at West Point, the War Department finally consented to introduce a system of physical training at all the military posts.

The innovation was received by many of the older officers of the army with apathy, and even with opposition. But by the younger officers—graduates of West Point, who had seen and experienced the good of physical exercise—it was received with enthusiasm; and they took it upon themselves to infuse into the men of the regular army some of their own love for indoor and outdoor athletics. Every post now has its gymnasium; and in pursuance of the present policy of the War Department to encourage athletics in the army, most of the comanders of the various departments have directed that one day in each month, designated as Field Day, be devoted to athletic sports and exercises; the object, to use the words of the War Department, being to "give the day the air of a holiday devoted to wholesome recreation."

The soldiers have entered so enthusiastically into the new work that today the sports indulged in by the United States army are more varied, more exciting and more practical than those of any other nation. Not only do the army sports comprise nearly every kind of track and field games known to the larger American colleges, but also other sports, which are not seen upon the college Field Day program. Uncle Sam's soldiers are now taught to throw the hammer, to take the broad and high jump, to use the swinging rope and vaulting pole, to run at full



A SPURT PAST THE BARRACKS

speed, with or without accoutrements, to hurdle, to wrestle, to box, and where the situation of the post permits it, to swim and hunt.

These exercises have no object further than to cultivate the physique and furnish amusement; but there are other exercises of a peculiarly military nature, known as applied athletics; that is, exercises which best prepare the soldier to overcome those obstacles likely to be encountered in a genuine campaign. This latter class of exercises consists of climbing steep walls by means of dangling ropes, crawling through networks of tangled wires, running along narrow ledges with cannon ball in hands, leaping over spiked fences, scaling walls by the aid of fingers and rifle, driving field batteries at break-neck speed and riding cavalry horses with the recklessness and daring of Cossacks.

To the spectator the military exercises are by far the most novel and interesting, and the proficiency with which they are executed proves the American soldier to be both an athlete and an acrobat. The wall-scaling contest alone one would think sufficient to test the powers of the strongest and swiftest. A wall ten feet high and perfectly blank is erected upon a field. A team made up of five men, each equipped with haversack, canteen, blanket, shelter tent, cartridge belt and rifle, is stationed twenty feet from the wall. At a given signal from the officer in command the five men rush forward; two of them place their backs to the wall, while two others leap upon their shoulders and are hoisted to the top, where they instantly fire five shots at an imaginary foe. Then they assist two more comrades to the top and drop to the ground. The last two to reach the top raise the fifth man by the aid of his rifle, and all three follow the first

"COSSACK" OR

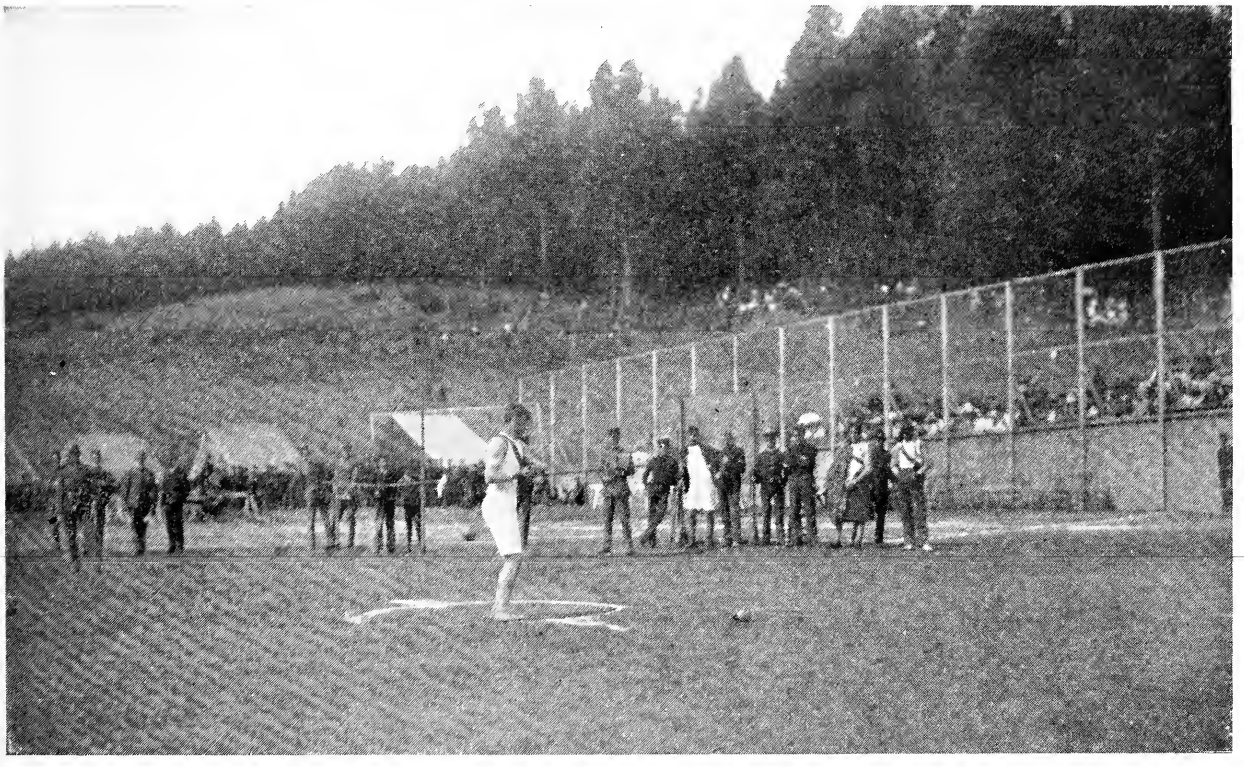
two to the ground. The team then rushes to the twenty-yard mark, where the last three men over the wall each discharge five shots. All this is generally done in less than half a minute. The value of such an exercise was demonstrated during the late Boxer rebellion, when two companies of the Fourteenth Infantry, United States Army, led by Trumpeter Calvin P. Titus, scaled the walls of Pekin and planted there the Stars and Stripes, much to the surprise and admiration of the assembled troops of England, Germany and Russia.

While all the exercises of the infantry are open to the cavalrymen, there are certain exercises in which the infantry cannot participate. These are the exercises known officially as mounted gymnastics, but more familiarly known to the men under the name of "monkey drills." They are exercises of a highly exciting kind and decidedly practical, though they have been disparaged by some army officers as too spectacular to be of practical use. It is not enough for the American cavalryman of today to mount and dismount with ease, or bring his steed to a walk, trot or gallop at will. That much is always expected. If he wishes to catch the eye of his commanding officer, he must now be able to perform those feats of

"MONKEY DRILL"

horsemanship that ordinarily are expected to be seen only within a circus tent. To ride with or without saddle; to stick to a horse while it rears and pitches; to vault from the back of one galloping horse to the back of another; to ride two horses, one foot on the back of each; to stand erect upon the bare back of a horse while it walks, trots, or gallops, or suddenly stops—all these are common sights at most field day exhibitions. But there are other sports of even a more strenuous and more spectacular nature, such as relay racing, where horses are ridden and changed with amazing speed; horseback wrestling, where two men and sometimes two teams made up of ten or twelve men pull, maul and thump one another until one side or the other is pitched from the saddle to the ground; and "Indian riding," where a cavalryman going at a fair rate of speed, hangs to the side of his horse while he picks up from the ground anything from a cartridge to a comrade. The artillery, too, has its special sports. The thundering rush of the artillery horses, the dexterity of the drivers and the snappy, clock-like movements of the cannoniers by no means furnish a minor part of a field-day exhibition.

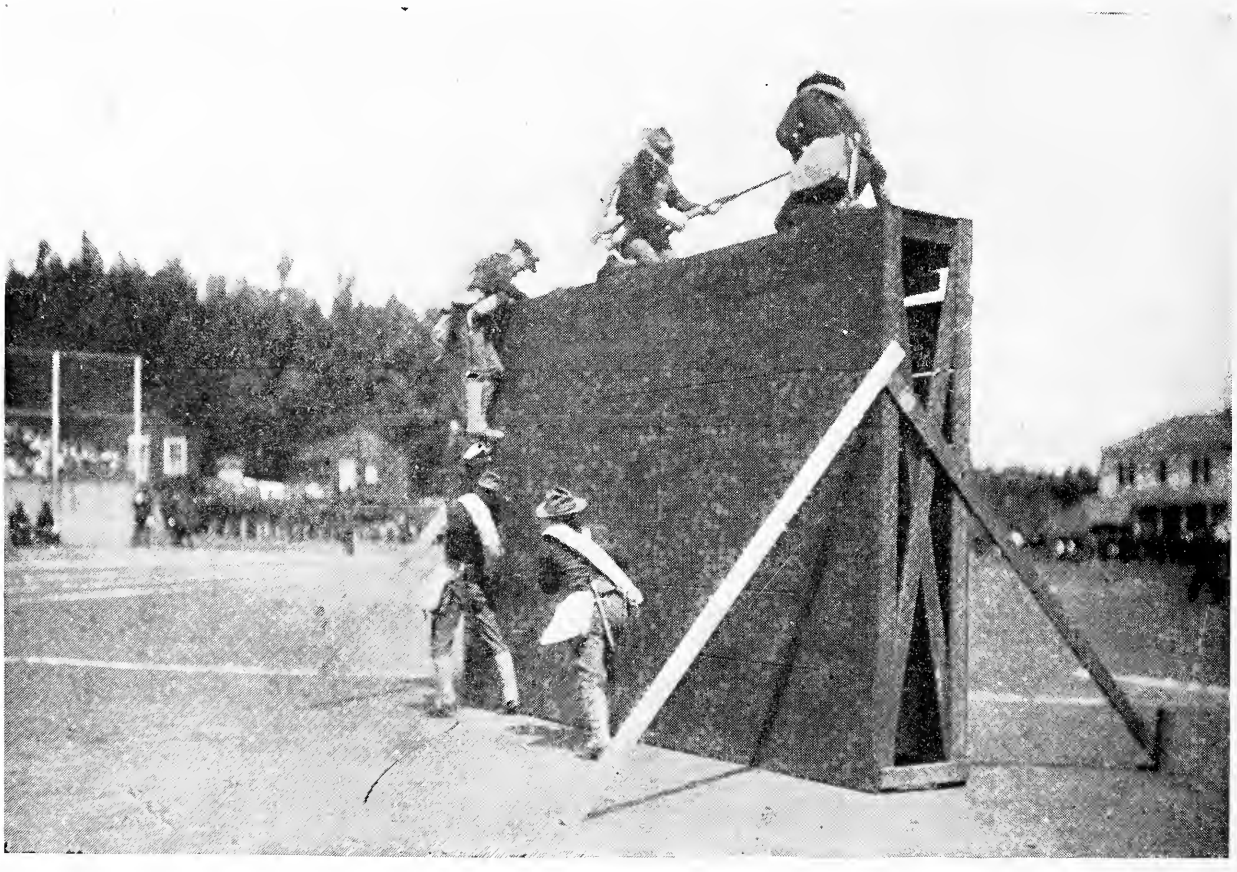
It is safe to say that from what has already been accomplished by the men that the government need have no scruples nor hesitancy in making athletics one of the most important branches of military training. Some of the ingenuity that has heretofore been employed to perfect weapons of war can well be employed in perfecting those who wield the weapons. And this is fast being done. Modern military discipline throughout the world tends toward educating the soldier individually rather than *en masse;* and this mode of discipline has its advantage in that it develops in each man those physical and moral qualities which in actual battle enable him to render better service as a developed part of a perfected whole. Vital stamina is the capital upon which the soldier must depend. He must be a man of strength—active, persistent and indomitable. These are the things most required on the march and



THROWING THE HAMMER

on the field of battle. He must be in fit condition to move quickly from place to place; to ascend steep hills and mountains; to circumvent forests and streams, and at the final assault be in good breath and strength; and how can the government better prepare him for all this than by establishing, during times of peace, an extensive system of athletic sports and gymnastic exercises? of sport, displaying substantial qualities within him which years of routine drill would probably never have brought forth. There is an element of battle in all athletic contests which brings out the courage, endurance and sagacity of a man quicker than anything else save the din and strife of actual war.

That the service is at least more in-

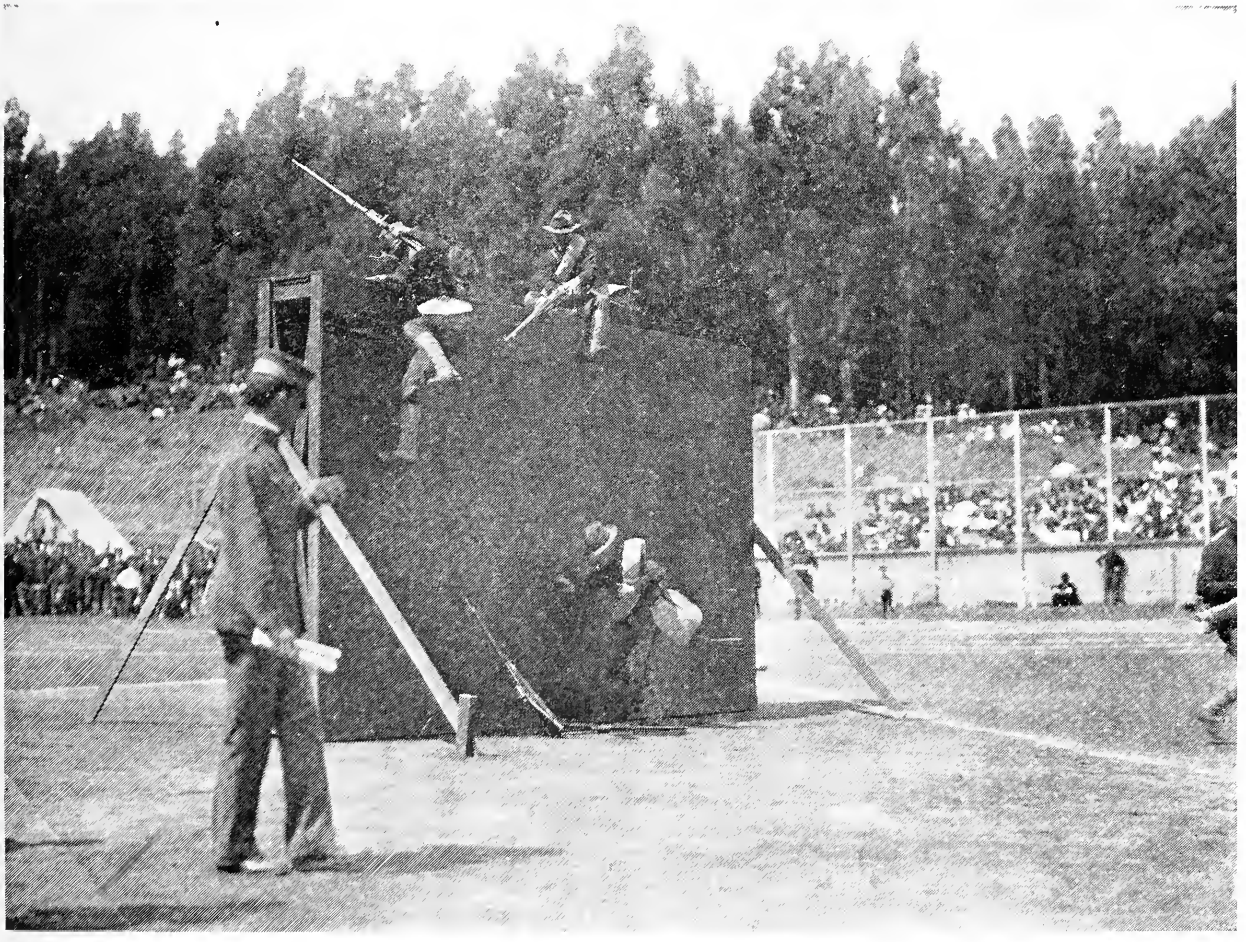


CLIMBING THE 10-FOOT WALL

Aside from the physical benefits derived by the soldiers, there is another way in which athletics work for their good. The Field Day contests cultivate the *esprit de corps*. It makes the men happier and more contented, because it relieves the monotonous routine of barrack life and gives them something wholesome to think and talk about. Many an awkward recruit has raised himself in his own estimation and has surprised his officers and comrades and won their lasting respect by the daring and skill with which he performed some athletic feat upon the field

teresting than before is indicated by the fact that since the introduction of Field Day sports there has been a smaller percentage of desertions from the army. This fact, together with the muscular additions to the arms and shoulders of the men, and the increased expansion of their chests, must be very gratifying to the War Department. The money that the government has thus far expended to further athletic sports has proven a wise investment of public funds. But there is much that yet can be done to increase the athletic spirit among the men. Of course, the facili-

ties of the various posts have something to do with the kind of sports indulged in by the men, but most depends at present upon the personal beliefs of the post commanders. At some posts wrestling and boxing are absolutely prohibited, while at others they are encouraged. Even bull fighting has been permitted to be a part of a field day program at some of the military posts



OVER THE WALL AND AWAY

in the southwest. An effort should be made to have the sports more uniform. Then, too, a good-natured rivalry should be promoted between the various posts and departments. The men should be encouraged to take part in the contests of posts other than the one to which they are attached, and the time they are away from their own posts should not be considered as a furlough. Secretary Elihu Root has given his approval of such contests by advocating a system whereby annual tournaments of field sports in every Department might be held, provided that such tournaments are not held at the expense of the government. But one can hardly understand why the men should be compelled to draw upon their private funds in order to promote wider contests of field sports that ultimately work for the good of the government. So enthusiastically, however, have some of the posts taken up the work that, regardless of the expense, they have held frequent inter-post contests. For several years New York has had an organization known as the New York Harbor Army Athletic League, which has done much to advance army athletics, its object being "to initiate, encourage and foster athletics in all posts and between all posts which are members of the league." The success of this league had much to do with the success of the splendid military tournament held at

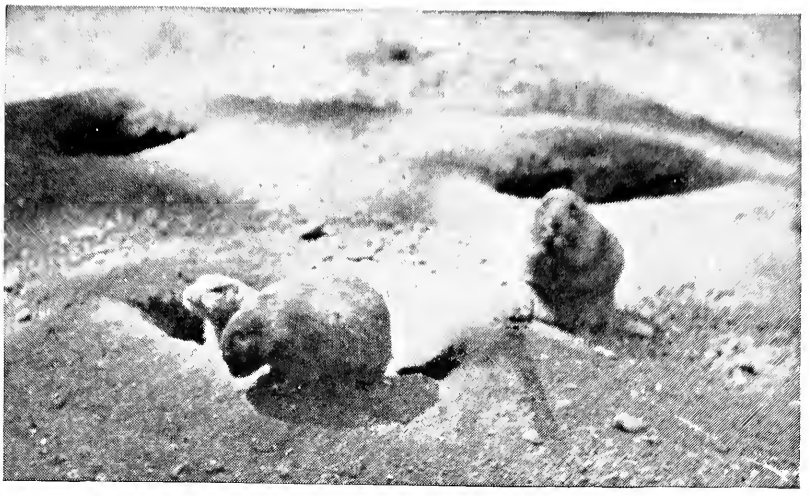
Madison Square Garden in the spring of 1904. If the interest in army athletics increases during the next few years as it has during the past few years, we can probably look forward to the army holding its regular Departmental meets just as the colleges now hold their intercollegiate meets; and when such time arrives what excellent results it will produce, and what an amount of healthy gossip it will occasion among the enlisted men of the United States army!

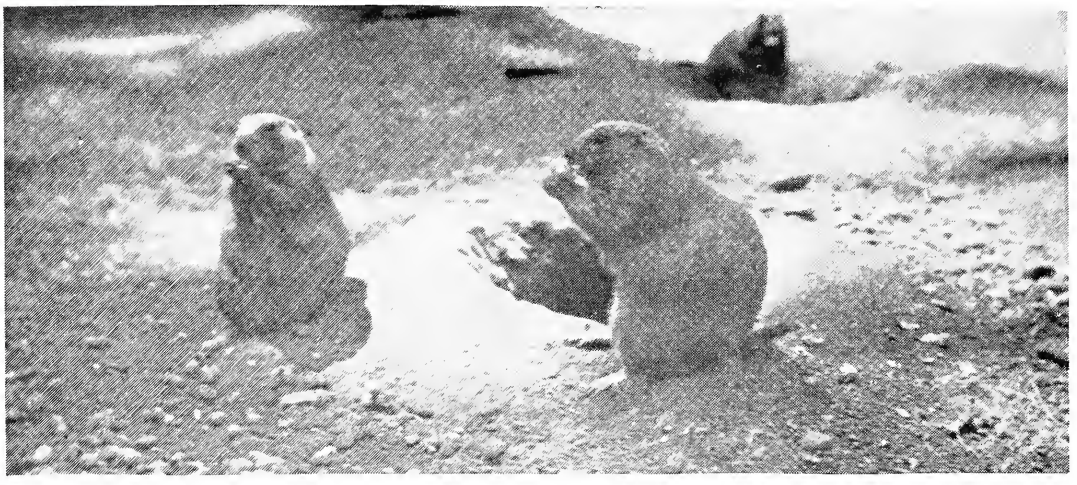
"To go barefoot, to live on the bare ground, to be satisfied with little meat and drink, to suffer heat and cold, to be exercised continually in hunting, wrestling, running on foot and horseback, to be inured to blows and wounds so as to vent neither complaint nor groan—these," says the historian, Rollin, "were the rudiments of Spartan training." Let us hope that the American soldier will never have to endure the harsh discipline of the Spartan, but continue, whether "rookie" or veteran, to have comfortable clothes, clean barracks, healthful amusements and a plentiful supply of good food; and that he will be required to emulate the Spartan only in courage and in the variety and extent of his athletic sports.

PHOTOGRAPHING PRAIRIE DOGS

By CHARLES TURPIN

It's hard work to photograph prairie dogs. They are very scary I tried a half-dozen times to get them to stand still long enough to make an exposure, but the very sight of the camera seemed to drive them nearly to distraction. For two or three days I spent many hours in the little village reproduced here. Its inhabitants finally grew to know me; then to like me, the friendship gradually being cemented with liberal "treats" of ginger-bread, cakes, nuts, etc. At last we were on such friendly terms that the prairie dogs felt well disposed even to the kodak which I set up a few feet from the "atrium" of the largest house. Then taking the photos was easy enough. They did not mind me moving around to turn the film or adjust the shutter; but the moment a stranger approached, no matter how softly, the little fellows, losing interest in the proceedings before them, vanished like a flash into the earth.





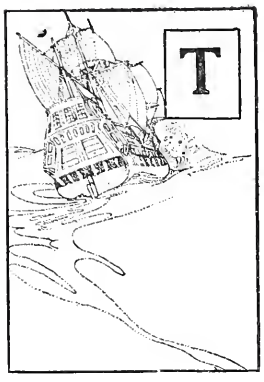
PRAIRIE DOGS

Photo by CHARLES TURPIN

FROM THE DELAWARE TO ALASKA

By WAVERLEY KEELING

(*Funter Bay, Alaska, January* 11, 1906)



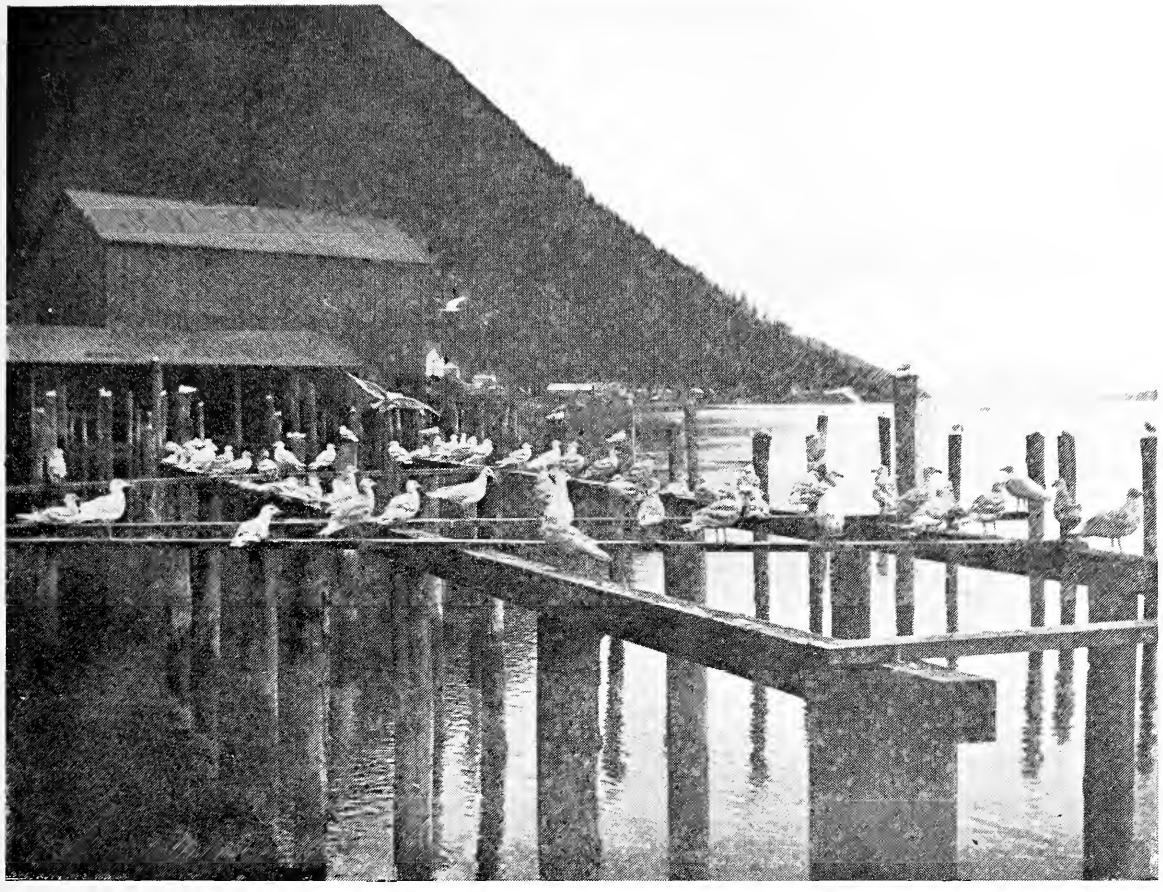
THE date line sounds funny, doesn't it? And the reader may wonder why one should be "engaged in" an Alaska journey in mid-winter.

Well, that is because you have not had any friends do it, and have not their personal assurance that in many ways it is the best time to undertake such a trip.

So imagine me at the above place if you can, dressed in the oldest clothes I have, seated in the kitchen of a large wooden building known as the boarding house of the mining camp; and imagine, also, that I am sitting at the combined kitchen and dining table, writing by the combined light of a large swinging lamp, which is far away in the centre of the town and a tallow candle stuck in the neck of a beer bottle which is near my elbow—and empty.

This is just the first stopping place in Alaska,—away down in southeastern Alaska, not very far from Sitka; and we are staying here in camp for a while on a business visit before making the real tramp over snow and ice to the in-

CANOE DUG FROM A CEDAR LOG



SEA GULLS AT JUNEAU

terior country, near where the great Yukon lies beyond the coast range.

But this, too, is Alaska in mid-winter, and very delightful. This boarding house is near the shore of a beautiful little harbor called Funter Bay, and just back of us are the peaks of Snow Mountains some 4,000 feet high. Around a little bend in the bay there will be some fat mallards in the morning, "quacking" away as though they totally ignored the fact that there were near at hand four shot guns, two Winchesters, and a miscellaneous camp assortment of other firearms variously estimated to be dangerous.

Now, most any hunter could imagine something like this right at home in Pennsylvania or New York. Just try to imagine it, whether you are a hunter or not; then complete the picture by imagining me as I write sitting upon the hardest spruce-board stool that man ever constructed, and you have it all,—a little winter camp-life in Alaska twenty days after leaving Philadelphia.

There were six of us in all, and one a woman, too, who, accompanied her husband. We left Philadelphia, December 22, 1905, for a trip to some mining properties we had bought in the new placer mining country around Lake Atlin, British Columbia, on the edge of the Northwest Territory, near where the head waters of the Yukon begin their long journey to Behring Sea, and about 150 miles inland from Skagway on the Alaska coast. We are making it in winter because the trails are hard and the sledding easy, for we are going to take in about a ton of provisions each with which our horses can easily jog along. We shall save many dollars in freight, and in the summer have our horses for much valuable work. This little sojourn at Funter Bay is a side trip to see a quartz mine, shoot some of the thousands of ducks and a few deer, dig clams at low tide, and catch halibut at any tide.

KLOOCHMEN WEAVING BASKETS

In regard to the beginning of the trip, I prefer to be brief; for most of us were crossing the continent for the first time, and these first impressions of the portions of one's country over which so many thousands have traveled before, are not what the daily newspaper editor commonly speaks of as "hot stuff." So I'll pass across the country quickly to Seattle, although the trip was very pleasant all the way. The sleeping car porters accomplished the remarkable feat of appearing somewhere within cannon range when wanted, and fellow travelers were sociable. On Christmas Day we were dashing across the snow-clad prairies of North Dakota and Montana, the thermometer below zero, but the air so dry and the sun so bright that we spent most of our day on the rear platform watching for coyotes, or other stray prairie animals.

On Tuesday, December 27, at 8:30 in the morning, we arrived at Seattle. It was raining hard. It is usually raining in Seattle in December, or thereabouts; and at first I made up my mind that if all queens were like this "Queen of the West," as Seattle is called, I should not think seriously of trying to marry into the family. But Seattle should not be judged hastily. It grows upon one,—this city of terraces with the great snow-capped Mount Rainier on the east towering above it, more than fourteen thousand feet; the beautiful Olympic range, blue and white-capped to the north; Puget Sound upon one side, Lake Washington on the other. Certainly no city in the world has a lovelier location, and none with a destiny more surely great.

We met Congressman James Hamilton Lewis in Seattle, at dinner in the

Rainier-Grand, and this incident of Seattle pleased us particularly, for Mr. Lewis told exceptionately well a good "coon" story.

It was told of a real Kentucky colonel, well known in New York, particularly around the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he lived much of the time. Equally well known was the colonel's body servant, Jonas. The colonel never traveled the least distance without him. He was part and parcel of the colonel himself. Imagine the surprise of several who knew them well, then, when one morning that the colonel was supposed to have gone on a hunting trip to the Adirondacks they found Jonas with solemn expression, slowly walking down the main corridor.

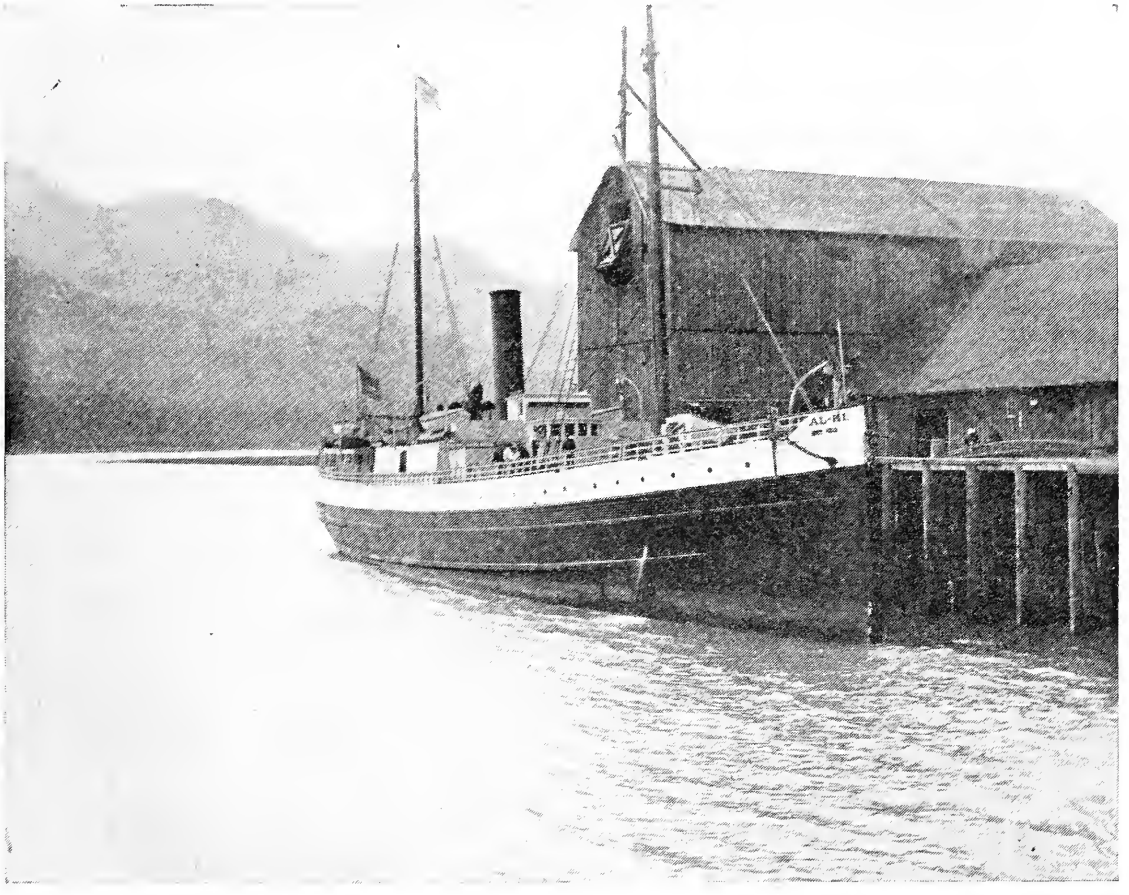
"Why, how is this, Jonas," one asked; "hasn't the colonel gone to the Adirondacks this morning?"

"Yas, suh, de Curnel done gone dis mawnin'."

"What are you doing here? When are you going?"

"I ain' gwine, suh."

"What do you mean, you rascal? The Colonel never leaves you behind! And on a hunting trip, too!"



THE AL-KI AT HER WHARF

"No, suh, I ain' gwine dis time. I'se dischawg'd, suh."

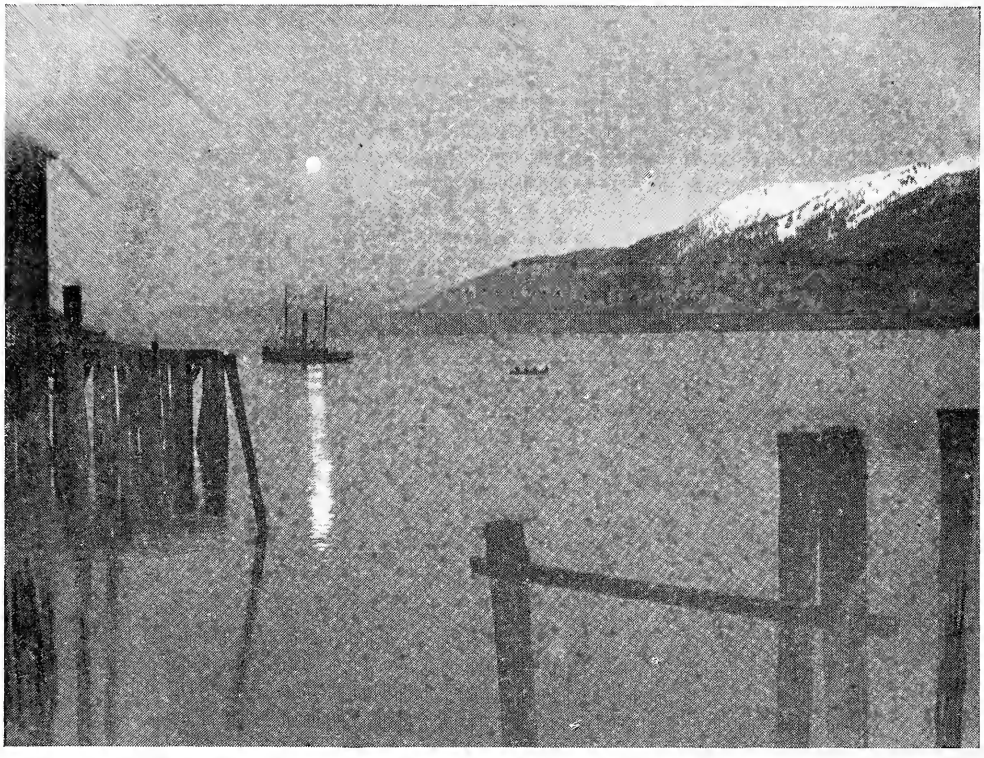
"Discharged!-You are joking with us. The idea of the Colonel discharging you! What is all this about, anyhow. Tell us about it."

"Well yo' see, suh, de Curnel he say to me dis mawnin' soon—'Jonas, heah's ten dollahs, an' you go an' buy sum provishuns.' I ain' jes' shoah w'at de Curnel mean by provishuns, but I got nine dollahs an' fifty cen's worf o' whiskey, an' fifty cen's worf o' brade loafs; an' de Curnel dischawge me 'cause I got too much brade."

On the strength of this, Jimmie Huston and I ordered some "provishuns" for the table at once, without "brade";

and we drank to the Adirondacks and forgot the rain outside.

And now for Alaska. We sailed from Seattle December 30. There are a number of larger, much nicer boats on the route, but it was our lot to draw the Al-Ki. I assure you we didn't take this steamer merely for the effect of the thing, to make "roughing it" more dramatic. It simply happened that the good steamers had all sailed in a day or two of one another before we arrived, and only the Al-Ki was available for some seven days. She is a freight steamer with passenger accommodations; or rather she has places for passengers to sleep, but no accommodations. There is a small place aft designed as a saloon, but, modesty forbade her owners to give it so pretentious a name, and it is merely labelled "Social Hall." This "hall" consists of the space around the top of the stairs leading from the main deck to the dining saloon. I didn't measure it; but it was so small we didn't dare try to discuss but one topic at a time. It was just as well. Our fellow passengers were not social, literary, or scientific lights; far from it.



MOONLIGHT ON GASTINEAUX CHANNEL

Now it isn't uninteresting to be seven days making a trip by water of less than a thousand miles, especially when it is through the channels to any south Alaskan port by the "inside route." But when you have food that is cooked by the "heathen Chinee" to which you are not accustomed; and apparently the sole accomplishment of your fellow travelers is the assimilation of the same, the trip becomes monotonous when the fogs close in, or the rain pours so hard you cannot stay on deck without getting soaked.

It is a country of rains, too, by the way, all of this southeast Alaska coast country; and there is no particular season of the year when it doesn't rain. The thermometer at Funter Bay since we came has been up to 40, and the rain which descended that day was as unmistakably an outpouring of "settled cloudiness" as anything I have ever seen or felt in Pennsylvania.

In this connection, I warn all who may read this, that should they ever make this wild, beautiful trip, there is one story which will be told them on an average of three times a day from the

THE CITY OF JUNEAU

". . . around a little bend in the bay there will be fat mallards in the morning"

time they board the steamer at Seattle until they have been at least six months in the country, whenever there are enough old settlers about to tell it. This is the weather story:

A tourist on one of the excursions who was unfortunate enough to travel through four days of steady rain, said to an Indian boy who stood on the wharf at old Wrangel: "Does it always rain in this country?"

"Nope. Sometimes snows."

The copyright ran out on this about ten years ago, so that every one who tells it to you now claims to have personally heard the conversation between the woman and the Indian. I believe I heard it first of our party, and with such a good piece of news to break the monotony, I hurried to find my old chum Jimmie Huston, who dearly loves a good story or joke, to spread these good tidings before him. I met him 'midship, by the purser's cabin, looking for me.

"Say," said he.

"Say," said I, both in nearly the same breath.

"I've a new story," said he; "went down in the steerage for 'recreation'; found an old miner down there who told me a good one on this weather."

I heard him through, and found that his new mining friend had heard the conversation between the woman and the Indian boy at Sitka last June. Jimmie and I agreed to see it through without flinching for the rest of the trip, after two others had backed us up against the smokestack and related the adventure; and before that famous day of rain was over, one after the other of our party, and four other "old settlers" had told the wonderful tale.

ICE IN JUNEAU HARBOR

The following day was bright, and so was the next—clear, crisp air of that northern land—and everywhere we looked were those great, beautifully rugged mountains, white-sheeted from base to summit. Oh, these peaks are superb in their winter dress! And over them on those clear days there comes briefly before the darkness that glorious halo of a northern sunset.

It all made me feel so light-hearted and fond of every one that when we

slowly steamed into Wrangel harbor on the afternoon of the second bright day, I was ready to go ashore at the drop of the "gang," and make friends with any of the aborigines or other inhabitants. I wanted to be cordial. So I had barely stepped on the wharf when I walked up to a genial looking man in sou'-wester and yellow "lammy," or Mackinaw coat, and said: "Well, partner, you certainly do make good weather up here."

"Yes, sir, this is purty fine"—and then, woe is me, I thought I saw a deadly, reminiscent smile begin to work its way through his whiskers—"but we don't always get it this way. Some thinks it rains most always. A lady tourist who came by here last May—"

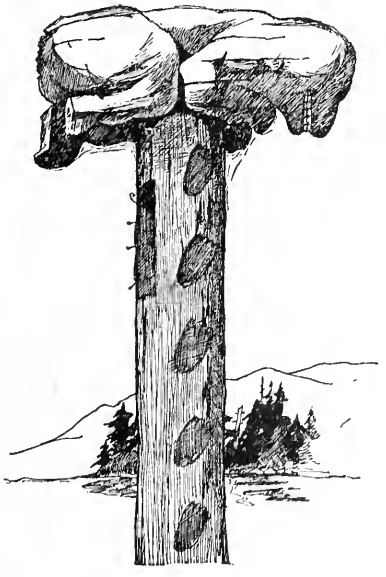
I contrived to fall over a crate of chickens then, and when I recovered I saw Huston not far away.

"Come on, Jimmie," I called; "let's go look at the genealogical registers of some of the aboriginal aristocrats on those totem poles uptown. I think it is going to rain again."

Some of the Wrangel Indians have fine "specimens" of totem poles. The beauty of such poles is judged largely by their relative hideousness, if you can appreciate at this distance such a highly technical description. The larger, more intricately and hideously carved—the greater intermingling of various animals represented—the more "beautiful" the specimen. There are various tribes of Alaska Indians, as is the case with other Indians, and they are divided into families, such as the crow, bear, eagle, and whale families; and as the Indians of one family usually marry into other families than their own, these great totem poles which show in characters the general family history and legends, are usually hideous conglomerations of crows, whales, bears, eagles, etc. One must not think that every Alaska Indian displays a totem pole in front of his shack, however. The poles are comparatively few; for the same reason, I presume, that many American families do not have family trees framed in the library.

At last, late one night, we saw the lights of Juneau twinkling in the distance. Here we were to make our first actual stop in Alaska; and from here we were to go over to the camp at Funter Bay.

Two days in Juneau, getting used to things; then to this camp, whither we came in the big Columbia River sailboat of that famous southeast Alaskan, Windy Bill. Few know him by any other name, and Bill has the reputation of knowing every rock, and shallow, and halibut fishing ground along this rough, tortuous coast within two hundred miles of Juneau.



MISS FRANCIS ALTHEER, EXPERT TRAP SHOT

THE EXPERT TRAP SHOT

By RALPH TRIMBLE

TRAP shooting has made America a land of straight shooters, and no country in the world can compare with the United States in shooting. Gun Clubs in America are directly responsible for that reputation which Uncle Sam so proudly bears. By constant practice at inanimate targets the American unconsciously prepares himself for his country's call to arms.

Gun Clubs are really the outcome of the abundance of live game in America. The average business man loves to tread the woods in search of live game, but usually his time to go on these hunting trips is limited to perhaps once a year, and during the interval he has lost his "shooting eye." He needed practice to keep his eye keyed up properly, and in order to get practice at home during spare moments, he organized the gun club, where between hours he could get all the practice he needed.

Once an expert with the shotgun, it is but a short step to the rifle, and when the trap-shooter goes to the front to defend his country's honor, he soon masters the problems of ballistics, and it is this experience which has made the American the premier shot on land and sea.

Trap-shooting accustoms one to nervous shocks, is a fine outdoor sport, develops the lungs, and is a good chest exerciser. Some of the most expert shots in this country indulge in intoxicants and tobacco to a limited extent, but abstain almost entirely when trying for records.

Requisites for the making of a good shooter are: good eyesight, good physique, steady nerves; abstinence from too free use of intoxicants.

A word to the beginner who is trying to master the art of trap-shooting:

Practice diligently at known angles.

Select a gun suitable for trap-shooting purposes.

Select a load that will not recoil too much.

Practice and seek instructions from veterans at the game.

The delightful sport of hunting, rarely enjoyed by the fair sex on account of their natural born fear for firearms, finds an exception in the doings of a Cincinnati girl, Miss Frances Altheer, member of the Cincinnati Gun Club, all around good shot at live game as well as at clay pigeons. That women may find as much enjoyment handling firearms as men do is proven by this young Cincinnati enthusiast who has recently won distinction at the traps by breaking 97 clay pigeons out of a possible 100. The misses were caused by an overzealous newspaper photographer, who, the young lady claims, "was too anxious to get a snap-shot of her."

Not only does Miss Altheer enjoy trap-shooting but she also takes frequent trips into the wilds with her father after real game. Facing big game is not half so bad as facing the camera, says the fair shooter. According to those who have hunted with Miss Altheer she is more certain of her mark than the average man, rarely missing a bird on the wing even under difficult conditions. This remarkable accuracy has been developed from an inborn love of shooting with both gun or target pistol, her pride being a little 22 cal. revolver "that just fits into my purse." If this little instrument of self-defense is always in its place within the purse Miss Altheer refused to admit it, but a twinkle of the eye intimated that the art of self-defense has been given due attention.

IN THE LARDEAU

By R. J. WARREN

IT was last fall, in September, "my partner" and I left the little gold camp early in the morning with our packs on our backs and our trusty rifles in our hands, and started up the "Old Rawhide Trail." We trudged slowly and wearily along, stopping here and there to refresh ourselves with a drink of ice-cold water as it came tinkling or tearing down the mountainside, as it may be, either in the streamlet or the rushing, roaring mountain torrent which was formed by some mountain spring or the mighty glacier above. The sound of the thrud, thrud, thrud of the stamps in the mills below us is soon lost to our hearing as they drop incessantly on the quartz, crushing it for the extraction of the precious metal.

We stopped at an old camp ground to "Boil the Billy" (as the Australian says). That is to make the tea and eat our lunch.

After a short rest we started on again, and during the afternoon we shot five grouse. At night we camped at the "crossing," cooked our grouse, ate them all but two breasts, which we kept for our lunch next day. Nice fresh grouse don't taste too bad, I guess, to a pair of hungry hunters who have lived in a mining and prospecting camp for several years, where the bill of fare has been bacon, salt pork, beans, canned vegetables and occasionally ancient beef long ago killed, preserved in cold storage, shipped in by railroad, boat, freight wagon and, lastly, on pack horse up to the mine, to be seized by that hungry miner the very moment it entered the dining-room, and devoured before the very eyes of his best friend, who had to be content with hearing all the balance of the day, "Didn't you get any?" "Well, I got mine," etc.

That night two tired hunters slept "the sleep of the just," awoke early the next morning, ate their pork and porridge, slung their packs on their backs and left the trail to go over the summit into the game country beyond, a place I have visited several times before and where I have never failed to get game, Six long, weary hours of climb, climb, climb and at last we have reached the pass. Here we stopped to rest and eat our lunch, surrounded by open glades, sunny slopes, grassy parks on one side and on the opposite by mighty glaciers, craggy heights, yawning chasms. Here all was grandeur, all was magnificence and awe, with naught to greet your ear except the shrill whistle of the "Sentinel Whistler" as he warns his tribe that possibly danger may be near.

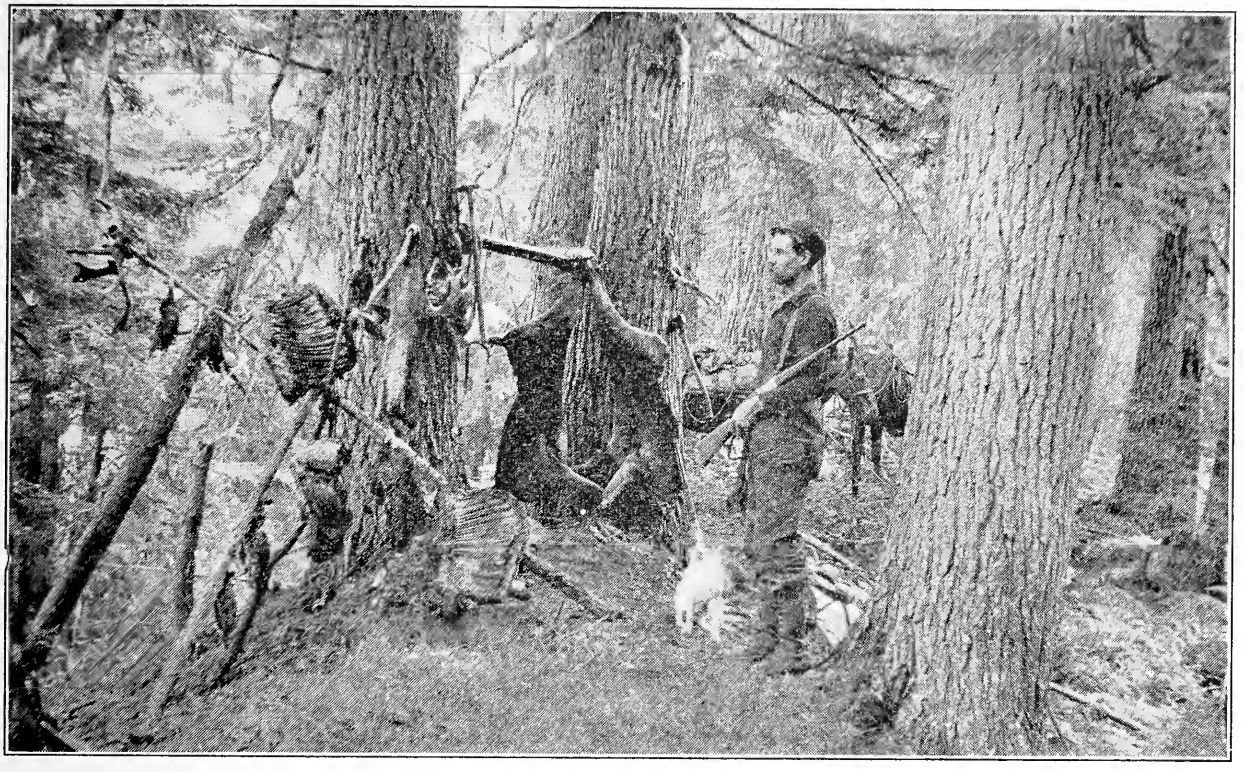
(The whistler is a small animal of the woodchuck or ground hog species that dwells in the rocks.)

After our lunch we started on again to some parks and meadows. We saw plenty of sign that afternoon, but no game. We pitched camp at night under a spruce tree near some iron springs, a place where caribou like to drink. It was very cold that night for September, and we kept a fire all night at the risk of scaring the game out of the country.

The next morning, after we ate our rations, we left camp to "shoot the big caribou." We separated shortly, and I followed some fresh trails uphill, downhill, across meadows and parks, but I did not see any caribou.

After wandering around several hours I shot some grouse, returned to camp,

dressed and put them to cook, and proceeded to "bake the bannock" (bread). In a couple of hours "my partner" returned, having shot a fine young caribou, and missing an old fellow with in the bush, and in piercing through I spied a fine young bull which I brought down with a shot through the neck. By the following night we had secured another, and packed them down the moun-



THE MEAT HOUSE *Photo by* R. J. WARREN

horns as long as—well, I won't pretend to say, as I did not see him.

But if they were as large as he said, I am very glad that he missed him, for carrying a head of such dimensions is no small trick, I can tell you, when you have to pack it on your back six or eight miles. I have had this experience and I know what it is.

Next morning we started after the carcass, as he had dressed it and left it where he had shot it. We had not gone far when we lost the blaze he had made with his knife on trees and bush. We separated, and shortly I heard a racket tain to an old camp I had made a couple of years before and to which we could get pack horses.

We camped here for the night, had caribou steak, caribou stew, boiled it in the "billy" with barley, and a finer dish I never ate, although I had had several before and several since. Next morning we went to the little town in the valley and got some pack horses and returned for the game; took some pictures of "the kill" and "ready for home," and then returned home to the old game of "grab"—"Didn't you get any?" "Well, I got mine," etc.

DOWN THE SASKATCHEWAN

By F. F. WOOD

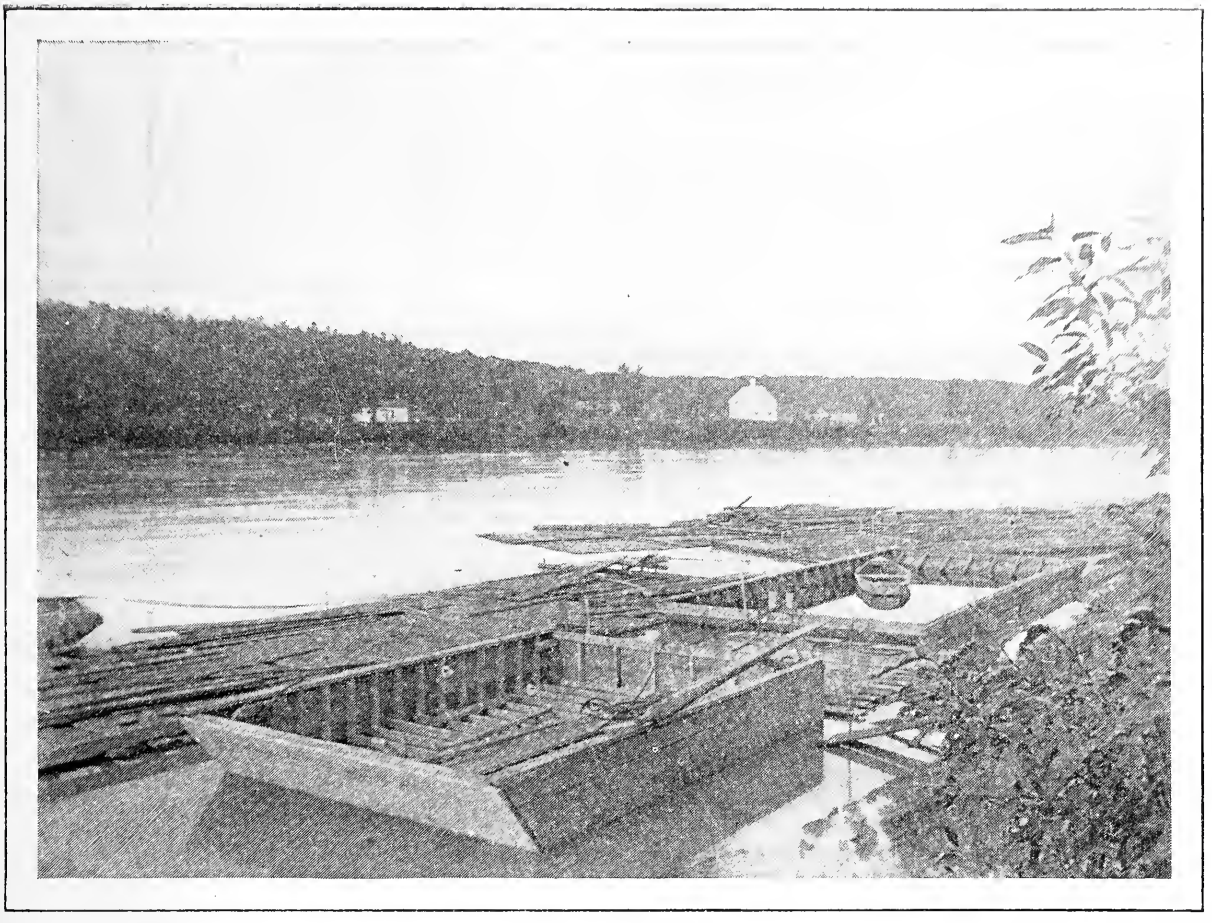
IN these days of trains, and boats, and automobiles, the average person has no chance to see or travel on the old-fashioned scow or barge. It is only in the development of a new country, or, more correctly, in the settlement of a new country, that such means of travel are usually employed. The present rush of settlers into the great Saskatchewan valley of Northwestern Canada, traversed as yet by neither boat nor train, has made this mode of travel very popular. The greatest disadvantage in the use of scows is the fact that they will only go one way; that is, of course, down stream, but where the settler can take his boat apart and use the lumber in his house or barn the disadvantage is reduced to a minimum.

Edmonton is the centre of trade so far, and every year scows and rafts, numbering well into the hundreds, leave for various points down stream. No pilot's license is necessary to be allow to navigate the Saskatchewan. The intending sailor goes to one of the combined sawmills and lumber yards, builds his boat according to his fancy or his pocket-book, piles in his goods and pushes out into the current, trusting for the most part to luck and a kind Providence.

The boats are all sizes, ranging from 14 or 16 feet long by 6 in width, to 50 feet long and 16 or 18 feet wide. A majority of the scows have their bottoms and sides (which range from two to four feet in height) made of two layers of inch boards. The framework is always of heavier material, either two by four or two by six. The outer layer of boards is always placed so as to cover the joints or cracks of the inner, and the cracks of both layers are filled with spun oakum and soaked with hot tallow or tar. Those who can afford it build their scows of plank, which renders them stiffer and stronger and less liable to spring a leak. The cracks in the plank scows are treated the same as those in the double-boarded ones. In some of the boats the front end is made sloping, in some both ends, and again in the smaller boats one end is just like the other, straight up and down, and the result looks more like an overgrown dry-goods box than a boat. At each end in all of the boats there are long, heavy sweeps working between two upright posts or poles. In an ordinary sized scow only one sweep an end is used, that is, two in all; but in the larger ones two are not uncommon. A man to a sweep is the usual order, although one or two extra men are often very useful. The big lumber rafts for the colonies away down river, anywhere from 40 to 175 feet long, and always loaded heavily with merchandise, require more men and more sweeps, but they hardly come under the heading, scows.

* * * * *

It was the Fourth of July, Saturday afternoon, and a clear, bright day. Our two scows had at last been loaded and, tied one behind the other, lay swinging idly in the current. One was 12 by 18, the other 12 by 36. They were built of plank, with sides three feet high and sloping prows. The smaller scow was tied securely to the rear of the larger one, practically making one long, large boat, in either end of which was a long,



SCOWS AND RAFTS AT EDMONTON

heavy sweep. Over the greater part of the small boat was stretched a piece of heavy sail cloth to protect the flour, sugar, etc., with which this boat was loaded. Tied to a rope from the front scow was a small, flat-bottomed boat, built for the occasion, to use in case of accident.

"Are we all ready?" said my father.

"Oui," said the Frenchman.

The thick, strong tie or snub ropes were loosed and thrown in, a few vigorous heaves, and we splashed through the water and scrambled aboard; we were off at last. The sweeps were manned at once, and we worked out near the centre of the river. In a very few minutes we came in sight of the big stone-piered bridge spanning the river from Edmonton to Strathcona. There are large pointed structures of masonry just upstream from the bridge piers proper, built to protect the latter from the ice jams in the spring. I was a little afraid we might collide with one of these, and thus wreck our boat at the start, but luckily we found the proper current and swung through all right. From the bridge, high above, a few people watched us languidly. A scow there has little novelty. A little distance below the bridge we passed the second sawmill and yard, where we saw numerous scows and rafts in various stages of construction. In passing the mill we took good care not to get near the pier holding the outer end of their boom in place. In a little while the mill, bridge and other evidences of civilization passed from sight, and we seemed to be alone, floating down a great, lonesome river. Not quite alone, though, for after a time we noticed here and there rough frame-like chutes and one or more dark holes where the soft coal in the river banks is mined and loaded. At one mine a flat scow-like coal barge was under the chute, and a small, pad-

dle-wheel steamer was waiting to push it upstream.

We had little to do now except to keep the boat as straight as possible and in the best current. In fact, we were all rather tired from the hard work necessary in passing the bridge and sawmill At its best, a sweep is a heavy, unwieldly thing to use, and after swinging one an hour or so one feels no desire for patented physical culture exercises. We soon noticed that the Saskatchewan River was very crooked, winding in and out in an apparently aimless fashion. The banks for the most part are steep and high, and a considerable portion are covered with trees and brush, spruce, willow and poplar the most numerous, with here and there a clump of white crooked birch. Along about seven in the evening we passed under a ferry wire stretching from bank to bank in a long graceful curve. There was no ferry-keeper's house in sight, but the tinkle of a cow-bell and a dog's bark told us it was not far. Rounding a curve an hour or so later we were startled by a loud, weird call.

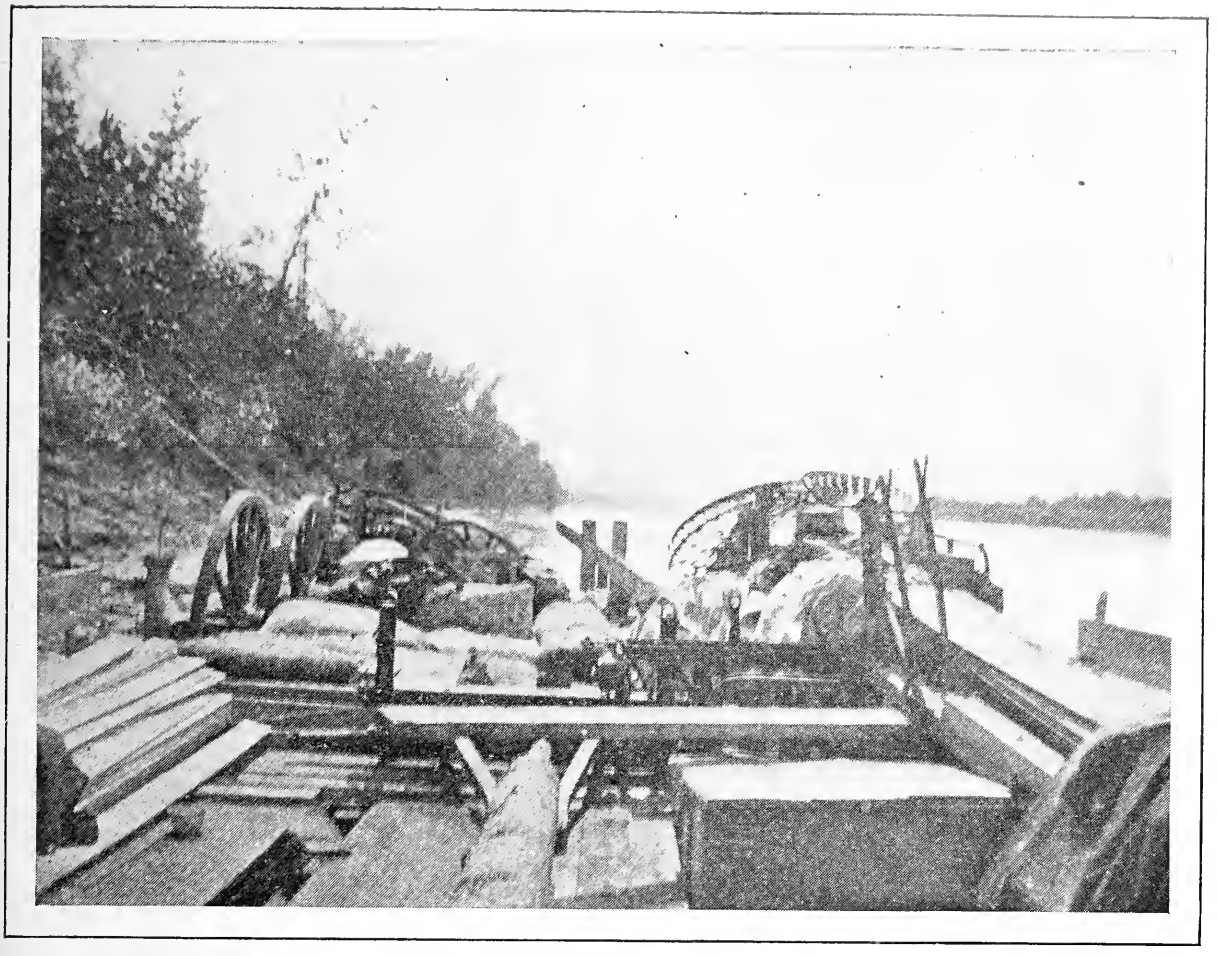
"What's that?" I asked sharply, for the sound was new to me.

"Only a loon," said the Frenchman, and, sure enough, in a few minutes we passed the bird. He was close to the shore, and in the lengthening shadows we soon lost sight of him, although his mocking laugh floated down to us once more. About nine we pulled nearer shore and began looking for a harbor. One of the Frenchmen (we had three along) was in the rowboat with the tow rope coiled at his feet, and when we neared a little cove where the water was almost still he paddled rapidly ashore, snubbed to a convenient tree, and we swung gracefully around and stopped. The sweeps were swung ashore for a gangplang, and we pitched our tent on the high bank. A fire was kindled for supper and a smudge, and in due time all was silent, save the flow of the water without the tent and the hum of ambitious mosquitoes within.

We were up at four the next morning, only to find the river hidden by a thick, heavy fog. The water, from where we stood on the bank, was quite invisible. After a time, however, the sun grew stronger and the mists lifted slowly and melted away. We untied our boats and worked slowly out into the current. There were a number of sharp bends to be rounded that morning, and as the water swept round these places with greatly increased velocity, we had plenty of hard work to keep our boat from being flung ashore. About ten o'clock we passed the little village of Fort Saskatchewan, nestling high on the south bank of the river. As we passed we could see the roofs of the Northwest Mounted Police barracks. About an hour's journey down river, when rounding a curve, we surprised an old Canadian goose leading her little brood of goslings up the river. As soon as she saw us she flew off across the river, squalling and squarking as noisily as possible. The little geese were swimming bravely upstream, and although one of the Frenchmen took the rowboat and tried to capture one they easily escaped by scattering and diving.

Our dinner was prepared on the boat, a small fire being kindled in a low box filled partly with earth. The afternoon passed without special incident. Once or twice we had small rapids to descend, but the increased speed and the motion were more pleasures than otherwise. At one place we saw an old Russian woman coming down a narrow path. As we passed her she drew up some sort of home-made fish-trap and took out a large fish. We were too far away to see what species.

The scenery along the river was always interesting. The banks for the most part were covered with trees or brush. Occasionally there would be stretches of grassy slopes, a little farther great masses of yellowish brown limestone would predominate, and again there would be long places where the clay banks were almost bare. Many of these clay banks were literally



THE SASKATCHEWAN EXPRESS

honeycombed with the nest holes of the sand swallows, whose owners circled around the nests and over the river in countless numbers. Many places along the river banks show plainly the different layers in their formation and would no doubt prove of interest to the geologist. There were no coal mines to be seen after we passed the Fort. At several points swift flowing creeks emptied noisily into the river, and still more numerous were the many little streams coming from the springs. The gullies or runs through which most of these reached the river were almost buried in a tangle of trees and brush, both living and dead.

We had hoped to reach Victoria, a small Indian post or agency, that night, but were badly disappointed. Nine o'clock came, ten o'clock, and no Victoria to be seen. About twenty miles back we had hailed an Indian on shore, who told us Victoria was ten miles. It was now growing very dusky; the long, gloomy stretches along the shores increased all too rapidly. In the front scow two of the Frenchmen tended the sweep, and my father and I manned the one in the rear. The third Frenchman stood in the front scow, straining his eyes in a vain endeavor to pierce the darkness ahead. There was little said, but every one hoped fervently that no rocks or sandbars were near. Half-past ten came and we dared travel no longer, but pulled blindly for shore and were lucky enough to strike a place where we could snub the boat. We found next morning that we were only a short half-mile above Victoria. It was too late and dark to pitch the tent that night, so we rolled in our blankets and slept on the boat, slept as soundly as any one can with a herd of hungry mosquitoes wanting refresh-

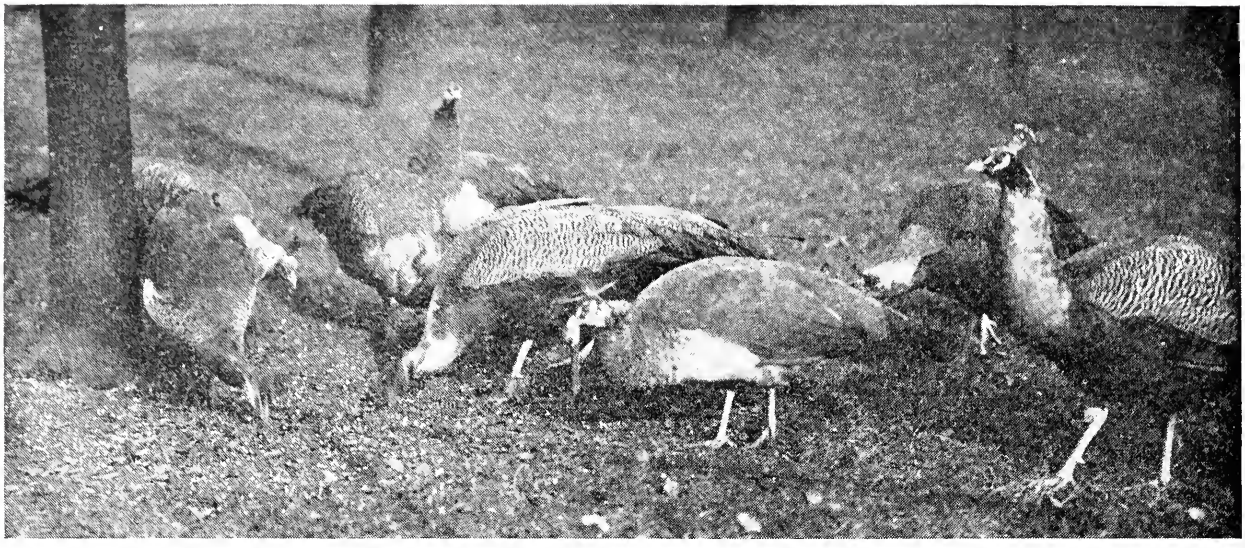
ments. Several times we were startled by the hoot of an owl in the nearby trees, occasionally we heard the mournful yip-yowl of a coyote, and once away in the distance a dog barked, sounding to me strangely out of place.

The next forenoon passed calmly, long stretches of comparative idleness alternating with short ones of hard work. One or two small rapids were passed in safety and we began to hope that we should see home that evening. But it was not to be. About four we reached Crooked Rapids, the only place on the river we had worried about, and passed through and on in safety. Our troubles were over now surely, so I lay down for a little quiet sleep. The boats were going along nicely when the pilot Frenchman saw the water breaking over a boulder square in the course ahead. The utmost efforts to turn the boats were unavailing, and my sleep was broken by a tremendous crash and jar as the foremost boat struck the rock. The force of the water swung the boats, and the rear one missed the rock entirely, while the front one was scraped from corner to corner. The water commenced to rise in the damaged boat, and although I manned the hand pump at once it gained rapidly in depth. We pulled nearer shore, and about two miles farther down found a place to snub. The last mile was one of terribly hard work, for the extra weight of the water made the boats exceedingly heavy to manage. One of the Frenchmen had sustained such a severe nervous shock that he had to empty nearly a whole bottle of gin to regain his composure. I might add that he had brought the liquor to frighten away any colds that might be wandering around loose.

We unloaded all perishable goods from the broken scow and piled some on the bank and some on the smaller boat. The next morning we untied the small scow from its leader, which was now resting securely on the bottom, rigged up a small sweep in its prow, and pushed out for the last time. Gold Island was passed; another long, gravelly island, and in a little while we rounded a big, gentle curve and saw Storm Hill looming up; home was near. A short half-hour more and we swung gradually into shore and snubbed for the last time. The French family living at the landing, including the mother, two grown-up daughters and several youngsters came hurrying down to meet our passengers. One of the Frenchmen was a relation of theirs, the other ones—well, they were going to be soon. All came in for a goodly share of greetings, which were very realistic, and no doubt highly satisfactory. Then everybody clambered up the bank, and in a few minutes rapids, mosquitoes and other evils were forgotten in the attractions of a well-loaded table.

DEER SHOOTING IN ALASKA

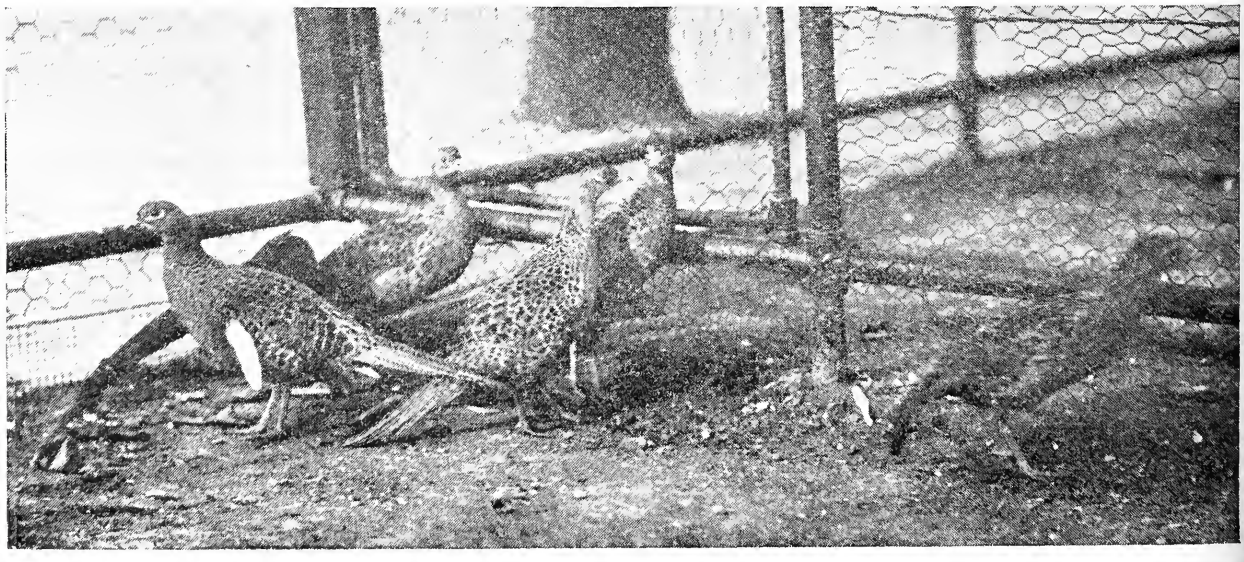
Photo by H. B. HERRICK



THE VISITOR

By STACEY E. BAKER

Sweet with the perfume of the long days dead,
  Old Memory knocked softly at my door,
  And bade me dream of times agone, once more—
When Life, and Youth, the optimist, were wed,
And rosy moments gauzy winged, quick sped,
  And golden hours yielded me their store:
  Old Memory, from Time's receding shore,
Came back to conjure up the joy days fled.
I strolled beside the singing rill, I heard
  The rustle of the forest breezes, and
  The trilling cadence of the mocking bird;
Dream-bound, I wandered o'er the meadow land
  With, all beyond, the yellow ripening grain,
  And, close beside, the cricket's sad refrain.



AN IDYL OF THE TIRELESS BIKE

By DR. C. E. CUMMINGS

EVER ride a motor-cycle? It's great! Many years ago when the modern machine, perfect in appointment and unlimited in power, was but a vision of the far future we used to get up quite early on a Sunday morning, don a suit of worn-out apparel, grease up the chain on the old wheel, and proceed to kick ourselves over as many miles of road and pavement as our wearied extremities would stand for. The country lanes invited us, the balmy air filled our jaded systems, and we returned at night filled with joy in living, a desire for a hot bath, and much fatigue. And oh, the memory of those awful hills! Like a dismal blot on a perfect page, how they spoiled the beauty of the otherwise perfect ensemble! Often we realized as we felt the steady drag and pressure of the rising grade, that life would never be complete till we had secured a new means of locomotion, combining the speed of the wind, the hill-climbing ability of a cart-horse, and the ready adaptability and simplicity of the old reliable bike!

And to-day, as if to satisfy that very longing, the dream has been realized, the ideal has been accomplished — the motor-cycle stands before us. Come with me this pleasant morning. We trundle the machines out of the shed, stop but for a moment to be sure that tanks are full, try the spark, feel the tires, and take a look at nuts and bolts. Everything seems right. We mount the machine, kick the compression on, turn in the lever, and we are off. The pavements skim by under the restive and eager wheels, the city line is reached, and the broad country lies before us.

To describe the positive exhilaration of a well-tuned motor-cycle on a smooth road is beyond my power, therefore will I attempt it not. I can only ask you to imagine the glorious sensation of the road as it slips by beneath us, the rushing of the wind by our ears, and the feeling of reliability which the well-timed spark and proper mixture give us as the regular throb of the engine tells us that its work is being properly done. The joys of the automobile are too well known to need mention here, but the automobilist knows as little of the pleasure of the two-wheeled motor as does the rider in a carriage appreciate the sport of an equestrian mounted on a favorite hunter. The first idea of the beginner at the game is to open up, turn on all speed, and soon we are striving to keep in sight a fleeing figure far ahead. But we know how it is, and with the full assurance that this mad desire for speed will soon wear itself out, we are contented to plug along at a reasonable rate with a well-defined idea that we will get there about as soon as our eager comrade. And soon we see him, his machine against the fence, his hands full of miscellaneous tools, and a mind uncertain whether to take off a tire, cuss the engine, or telephone for a horse. We dismount, look the machine over, and find that the gasoline feed-cock has been jarred shut by the speed of the engine. We turn it on again, flood the carburetor, and in a moment are speeding along again as merrily as before.

At the bottom of the hill one of the party dismounts to get a drink and we keep on, but at the top we, too, dismount to rest for a moment in the shade. We draw in big lungfuls of the bracing air, and wish we were dead—not. Presently we hear the roar of an open exhaust, and we see our thirsty

. . . *"Gasolene from the hotel keeper"*

friend turning the crest of the hill. Tired? Not he! His machine has been "going faster all the way up," he gleefully informs us. A few miles further on we begin to feel that the inner man is being neglected, and so at the first roadhouse we stop for dinner, and, profiting by past experiences, secure enough gasoline from the hotel-keeper to fill our partly exhausted tanks.

Somehow the ride home always seems shorter than the trip out. It seems but a few moments till the cross-roads are reached, and the old tree which marks the "half-way." We presently begin to congratulate ourselves that for once we will make a trip without marring incident. But not so. Suddenly our wheel hits a stone and the jar of the impact is followed by a terrible crash and rumble from the engine. We shut off the power, dismount hastily, and find that one of the links in the chain has given away. A new link is quickly inserted, and we are presently as good as ever.

As we ride slowly along in the evening sunlight, we can hear far behind us the muffled whirr of some big four-cylinder, which is tearing along the road at a race-horse clip. In a moment the honk-honk of the horn warns us that we must get out of the way. But shall we admit for a moment that any four-wheeled machine shall crowd us out of the road? By the shades of the full gasoline tank — a thousand times no! So we set back the spark and open the throttle ready for a spurt, and as the coughing monster approaches us we begin to let her out. We can hear the driver turn on more power, but he must turn on a lot if he is going to pass us by. We will let him work up all the speed his big heavy-loaded machine is capable of, in reckless defiance of law or ordinance, but at a proper moment our spark goes way over, the light machine fairly jumps from the ground as we leap ahead. Hitting only the high places, we cover a couple of miles, gaining all the time, but soon we cross the city line, where blue-coated minions of the law and a sense of consideration for the public safety combine to check us down, and we slowly roll home without

further incident. Will we eat? Watch us!

And we will find that on Monday morning our tireless steed is both ready and willing to serve us again. No matter how far from our work our homes may be, we are independent of the street cars, and can feel assured that we will get there on time. Not only as a means to a glorious outing, but as a steady, reliable, every-day convenience, the motor-cycle stands in its appointed place. Distance ceases to exist for us now. Without care or attention beyond that of a bicycle, exacting only a supply of gasoline and oil, and demanding only a common-sense treatment as to its care, it will carry us mile after mile, day after day, and last us season after season.

But there is one phase of the motor-cycle game which I never could quite understand. To the ordinary mortal, a motor-cyclist is either a speed-crazed freak or else a reckless fool. Why this should be I know not. Possibly the old days when the "infernal machine" served to pace the riders on the track has much to do with it, and the public has not as yet realized that a pacing machine and a motor-cycle are not one and the same. But the fact remains that while to a very few of my friends I am a hero, to the majority I am only a suitable risk for an accident insurance company to reject. Time and time again I have heard people say, "I wouldn't get on one of those machines for a hundred dollars." Perhaps not. But I feel fully as safe on my machine as I do in my bed. Occasionally somebody makes a few pointed remarks about the danger of the game, and I then admit that a reckless man has no business on a motor. Neither has he any business driving a horse. Come, let us reason together. Did you ever know of a man getting killed on a motor-cycle unless he was racing and deliberately taking great chances, or even then? Well, no,—but they might. Possibly, but how many people are killed hunting every year? Would you say a man was safer in a boat than on a motor-cycle? Did you ever see a party riding to hounds? Or a game of football? And

. . . *"feed cork has been jarred shut"*

all these are considered not only as proper sport, but as pastimes to be encouraged in every way. To my mind, the dangers of reasonable motorcycling exist mainly in the minds of persons who have never been on a machine in their lives. In the matter of control a motor-cycle can be stopped much more quickly than a wheel, as you have the powerful compression of the engine to aid as a brake if the spark is cut out, and the efficient pedal brake in addition. I have frequently gotten out of a tight place by turning on all reserve power and shooting ahead of an obstacle. I can run from four to thirty miles an hour simply on the spark control. People complain of the noise. A powerful motor-cycle engine running with the spark back and the muffle cut out makes an awful bang, but I can run my machine within five feet of people without their hearing me coming. In fact I often have to open my muffle to keep from running over them. A reasonable skill in setting spark and throttle will make a standard machine as still as a sewing-machine. But when I get away into the country, where noise is no object, I open up to keep my engine cooler and see what kind of explosions I am getting.

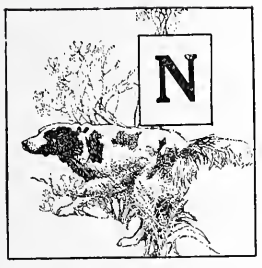
Two questions are almost invariably asked by everyone to whom I show my machine, "How fast will she go?" and "How far on that much gasoline?" I always try to evade a direct reply. I never rode a racing machine and never timed a mile on a road machine. Twenty miles an hour is a good touring speed. It is also a good tiring speed, and I rather like a slower pace. The speed question very quickly settles itself. My machine never yet failed to get there in a reasonable time. A good road machine never should be limited to a gasoline capacity of less than seventy-five miles, — and there you are.

Troubles? Yes, I've had 'em. I have been lucky, I'll admit. Never had but one puncture, and got that right in front of a repair shop. Most of the troubles of the beginner are only those of ignorance. If you make it a golden rule never to take your machine out of the house without filling the oil and gasoline tanks, your machine will appreciate your kindness by carrying you many miles without further attention. It is more disastrous to start out on a long trip without oil than without gasoline. An engine without gasoline won't run, without oil it will run, and run itself to pieces. Look your machine over daily for loose screws and nuts. If you hear a squeak, get off *at once* and search diligently till you find it. Tighten up all your battery connections and tape them, and don't try to run on exhausted batteries. Finally, don't try to jump too wide a ditch, and never, under any circumstances, try to climb a tree. If you mind the above, nothing short of a broken part will stick you. I haven't had a broken part in four seasons' riding. If my feeble remarks could but persuade one jaded office-toiler to but taste the joys of the empowered wheel, I am sure that the disease contracted could be cured but in one way, and that according to the practice of the homeopathic school. Get a motor-cycle, know what real joy in living is, and don't forget to join the F. A. M.

TRILBY

By W. H. MARTYN

> We are alone, absolutely alone, on this chance planet; amid all the forms of life that surround us, not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us.—MAETERLINCK.



NOBODY knew whence Trilby came or who were his progenitors. He happened into our lives one summer morning when we were at breakfast. A shadow fell across the door to the sound of a timid knocking. It was the sort of a knock that a nervous young book agent would give who had just begun to realize that the dissemination of moral and elevating volumes was not likely to lead to the glorious and happy career predicted to him by an enthusiastic sales-manager. But we were determined to be inveigled into buying no more unnecessary tomes. As it was, the coffee-pot rested on a Webster dictionary, and I reclined amid a subscription set of the World's Best Books. Billy, particularly annoyed at the persistent refusal of editors to regard his poems as worth printing, shouted angrily:

"Get out. There's nothing doing."

We heard retreating steps and were happy.

A week later, at the same time, we heard this hypothetical agent again; and Billy, feeling he owed him some return for his behavior of the last week, determined to invite him in to have coffee, asking us, at the same time, to restrain him, by force if necessary, from purchasing any book under any condition whatsoever. I was nearer the door than he, and when I reached it I understood that the timid knocking was caused by the gently wagging tail of one of the biggest and yellowest dogs I have ever seen. He looked up in my face with big, honest eyes.

"I am glad," said I, "to meet you. Will you come in and have some breakfast?"

He followed me in with perfect gravity and sat down. Lorry, who dislikes dogs on prejudices, which he miscalls principles, was for the animal's ejection. Billy and I stood for him while the Other Man was neutral.

Trilby declined coffee, but accepted some condensed milk and what was left of the sausages. He seemed to eat with considerable restraint; and our later knowledge of him convinces me that on his first visit he was not far from starvation; but he would not show it, although he could have eaten everything in the house, for, after all, Trilby was a gentleman.

We called him Trilby because his feet were so noticeable, and in those days Du Maurier was still remembered. They were large, and there were two toes missing from one of them, which gave him a peculiar halting gait. Indeed, to hear Trilby move reminded one of a telegraphic instrument clicking out three short taps and a long one.

Trilby's coat was fine, and denoted distinguished ancestry at a probably remote period. He was the sort of dog over whose parentage everyone can say something true. Billy saw in him distinct traces of the Great Dane. We agreed with Billy. Lorry fancied the head was indicative of the English mastiff, and we were fain to admit it. The Other Man saw in his feet the dachshund, and we could not conscientiously say he was wrong. I was reminded as

I looked at his powerful shoulders of the big trek-hunds which pull carts in Belgium. This theory was unanimously accepted. Other men, when they called on us, found fresh traces of other breeds, and it became a matter of pride when a fresh species was introduced into his family-tree. Through it all Trilby sat and smiled. He had the most wonderful eyes I have ever seen in a dog. Beautiful, big, brown, honest eyes they were, and no animal possessing them could be false.

But on this first morning Lorry was not his friend, and directly breakfast was ended suggested his removal. Billy and I were against it, and the Other Man being, as usual, neutral, it was agreed that Trilby should stay. But when we came home—we had left Lorry in charge—the dog had gone. Lorry declared that he had merely said to the dog that he was a nuisance. On being pressed, he admitted qualifying the word Nuisance. Trilby, thereupon, and he stuck to his point, arose and disappeared. For a week Lorry's life was one of abuse. At the end of this time Trilby returned and was formally adopted. At first I don't think he cared very much for the Other Man or Lorry, although he was consistently courteous to them. Lorry is small, and Trilby persisted in regarding him very much as a spoiled child. He would accompany him to the ferry, and was disinclined to let him abroad alone after dark. All this was to Lorry's mind an insult, and he hurled reproaches and rocks at his protector, who only smiled kindly at him from his regulation distance of fifty yards.

But a time came when Lorry was very glad to have him there. The old woman who attended to us was used to go home at five every night; all errands run after that hour were run by us. One night Lorry had letters to write and found there was—unwise virgins that we were—no oil in the house. The village shop would close at six, and the only thing to be done was to fetch it himself. Thus, with disgust, for Lorry had social aspirations and had heard of a fashionable club in London where members are blackballed if they have ever been seen to carry a parcel—he started to the shop a half mile away. As he neared the cottage he beheld, bearing down him and cutting off all avenues of escape, an elderly lady accompanied by a very much younger and prettier one. Now it so happened that Lorry had marked the elder down as a desirable mother-in-law while the other was to be the principal heroine in a little drama he was weaving. This drama, by the way, developed later into a farce, but it was a serious business then as he drew near to them oil-can in hand. To be seen with such a thing he felt would be social extinction, and he gazed 'round despairingly to meet the inquiring eye of Trilby. In desperation he put the handle into the dog's mouth and told him to go home. Trilby, without a moment's hesitation, performed the errand, and a minute later Lorry, looking as if oil were as far removed from him as Hoboken, was looking into his divinity's eyes. This did much to win Lorry's heart. The Other Man, who read Mallarmé, but in his less lofty hours dabbled in real estate, grew to believe in Trilby's wonderful intelligence. By intelligence it must not be supposed that Trilby was one of these impossibilities, who, on being sent to post with a letter, bring it back and indicate by a pointing paw that a word is wrongly spelled.

Trilby was a reasoning animal and a friend. On Sunday afternoon the Other Man's fiancée came to see him, and Trilby came forward to greet her with the perfect courtesy he invariably exhibited.

But she drew back and wondered in a very shrill voice why we could tolerate such a hideous beast near us. It was the most yellow of all yellow dogs, and if she had her way she would have it shot. She waved her parasol at him viciously.

I did not dare to meet Trilby's eye. I was wretched with shame to think I

knew a man whose fiancée could use such brutal language and abuse hospitality to such an extent. I know that Billy felt so, too, for I heard him explaining at length to Trilby when he thought we were all asleep.

A week later the Other Man startled us at breakfast by asking this question:

"Don't you think," he said, "that cruelty in a woman is a terrible thing?" We all agreed that it was.

"And beside," he said as he rose from the table, "Trilby is not yellow in a strict sense of the word."

When he had gone we looked at each other and whistled softly. So it had been given to Trilby to wean the Other Man from the affection of a most unworthy woman!

This was another of the useful actions of Trilby.

Trilby's life must have been very happy then, but even he had trials to bear. In the case of the Spotted Dog, I am bound to say he accepted them with a fortitude which would have done credit to the proudest hound in all Sparta. The Spotted Dog must have been possessed of the spirit of divination in no uncommon measure, for he always knew when Trilby went villageward for oil. It was on these occasions that the Spotted Dog lay in wait and harried our messenger in the rear. It all arose out of Trilby's acceptance of the word Duty. Perhaps his definition was too fine for modern manners; but if given a parcel to carry he deemed it wrong, unfaithful to his trust, to put it down until his journey was accomplished. And this the Spotted Dog knew, and poor Trilby, whose pedal extremities were not conducive to rapid traveling, could only make guttural sounds and try to bite his tormentor with a mouth full of other things than teeth. Directly the oil, or whatever it was, was given into the charge of one of us Trilby would go back to where he last saw the Spotted One, intent, not on vengeance, but proper chastisement. And alas! the Spotted Dog was safely resting on his unvirtuous couch a mile or more away. When we found this out one of us would make an excuse to walk into the village with Trilby; because, as we assured ourselves, it was unsafe to intrust him with the postage-stamps we needed.

Only once did Trilby leave us, and that was under peculiar circumstances. I was walking back with him from the village when a singularly beautiful girl passed on horseback accompanied by a man of—to use the phraseology of a former day—a sinister aspect. Trilby gave a glad bark of welcome and raced after them in the fading light. We had no oil or oil-can until Trilby returned two days later very footsore and with only half the oil. For a week he seemed depressed, and Billy immortalized the episode in verse, and Lorry drew pictures of a beauteous maid escaping on a fiery mustang from the clutches of a demon lover, while toiling in the rear came Trilby and the oil-can.

With the end of the summer came many debates as to Trilby's lot in winter. Billy was going to Florida, Lorry was bound for the Islands, while the Other Man and I were to share a tiny apartment where Trilby would have no air and no exercise. So we decided to send Trilby as a boarder to the man from whom we bought vegetables. He was to have one dollar a week and we paid him in advance until Christmas. I was away from Manhattan a great deal that fall, and it was not until Christmas morning that the Other Man and I went over to call on Trilby, bearing various trifles from a delicatessen store we knew he would like.

The cottage in which we hoped to find him was empty, and its former proprietor in prison. Vague and unsympathetic were the reports of Trilby's probable destinies.

One man guessed he had been shot and another that the rigorous December had starved him. Some slight interest was awakened when we offered a reward for any authentic information concerning him, but their attitude was one of profound pity that men with

money should take so much trouble about a mere dog.

I think the hope that perhaps Trilby might come back to us was largely the cause of our retaking the cottage on the bluff. The first few weeks without him were terribly lonely ones. We missed his kind, wise old face and the little bark of pleasure which was wont to greet us on our return, and at every sound we would listen hoping it might be our Odysseus returned.

At last one rainy night we heard in the distance the three short steps and the one long that heralded Trilby's approach. A moment later, for none of us could move, we heard that mellow baritone of his lifted up in joy; for doors were no doors to Trilby when the friends he loved were near.

But Trilby was very thin, and half of his right ear was gone, and he was feebler than we had ever seen him. The veterinarian we called in said he had probably been starving and would need all kinds of nourishing foods. He had port wine in beef tea, and Lorry only forebore to cook other dainties for him when we assured him that such execrable cooking would defeat its own ends.

When the warm weather came Trilby regained his old strength and the amount of oil we bought simply to gratify his desire to carry a full can, must have inflated Rockefeller's stocks.

It happened that all four of us were to be in New York for the winter, and we determined to live near the Park, so that Trilby might have daily promenades. He sat on the stoop and smiled down on us when we came near to quarreling as to whom should take him out on Sundays. That was a delightful summer, and I think we were all the happier and better for a dog's companionship.

It was Trilby's habit to make a last patrol of the cottage before turning in for the night. One night, early in September, it was so hot, that, for the sake of coolness I left my bed, and with only a light covering over me, tried to rest on the veranda. I don't know how long I had slept when the sound of the three short steps succeeded by the long one, partially awoke me. Even in the semi-somnolent state I was in I noticed that he seemed to climb the seven steps to the veranda with marked slowness. Presently he came to my side and licked my face, and I, desiring sleep more than any earthly blessing, told him to be a good man and lie down.

It grew so cold in the early morning that I determined to return to my bed and finish my eight hours of sleep. Trilby was lying at my side, his nose resting as was usual on one paw so that he might scent any danger to the friends he loved.

It was light enough to see some dark stain on the painted white boards of the veranda, and I stooped to examine them and found they seemed to end with Trilby.

Something seemed to frighten me, and I called sharply.

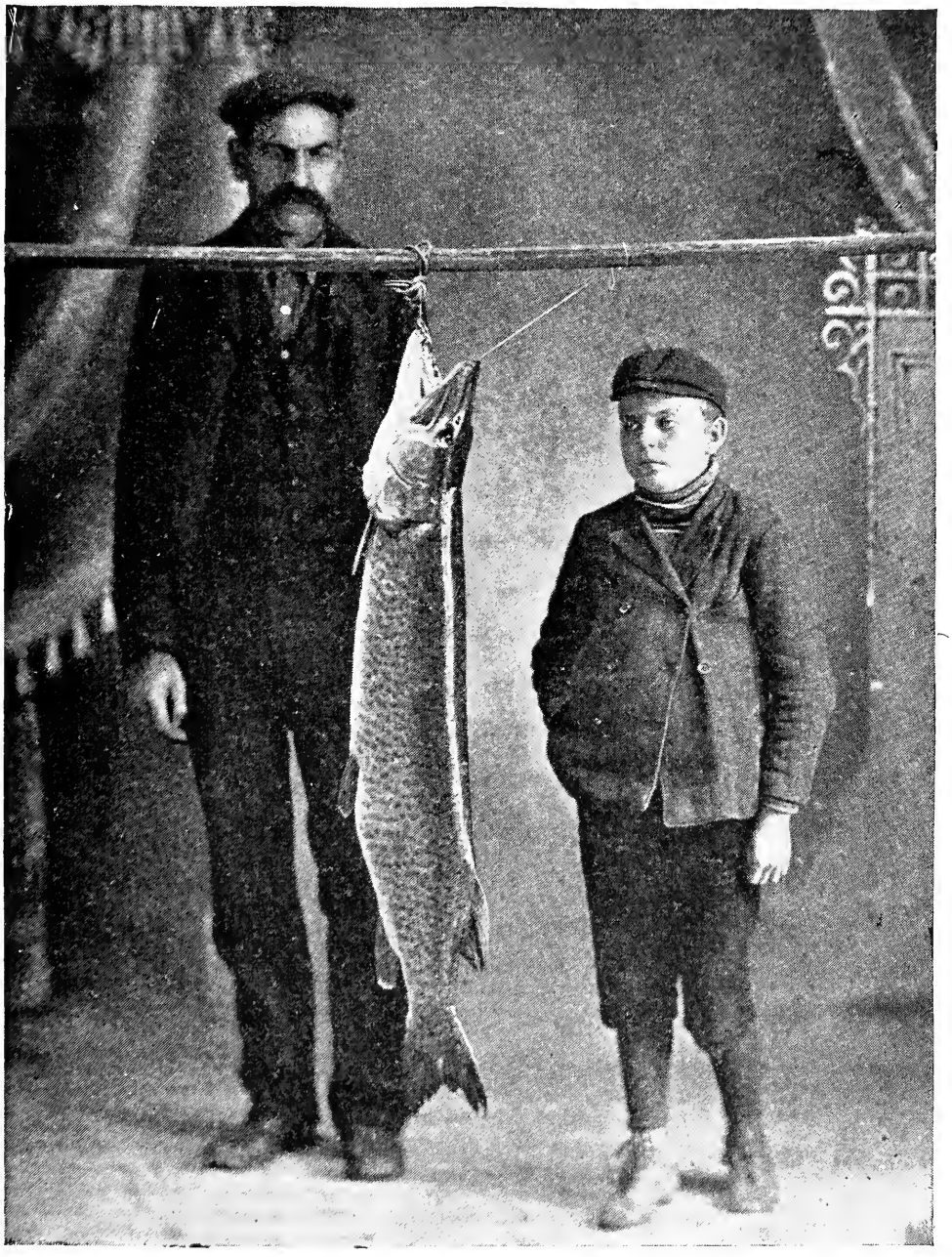
"Trilby, Trilby," I said.

But for the first time those honest eyes did not look up with love into mine, nor did his tail wag.

Trilby was dead and in his side was a hideous gun-shot wound. There was his body lying stiff in the cold morning light, and his soul gazing down on us from some other place. What does it matter where? The Moon maybe, or the Dog Star. Somewhere it must be, for how can the soul of a friend like Trilby pass into the waste of nothingness?

I called to the others and we mourned together.

There are some things in my life of which I am very much ashamed; but that I knelt by his side and cried is not one of them. Under the pine trees with his head turned toward the road by which we came nightly from the ferry, so that he might rest the happier, we laid him. And there he must rest until the end of all things — our Trilby.



A ST. LAWRENCE MASCALONGE—WEIGHT 22½ POUNDS

Taking trolling by John A. Morrison, between Fishers' Landing and Grass Point, St. Lawrence River

". . . hauling them up over the cliff" *Photo by* PROFESSOR D. W. JOHNSON

IN THE VALLEY OF THE PUERCO

By D. W. JOHNSON

IT was one of those hot, dusty afternoons, by no means wholly unknown on the plateau region of New Mexico. The glare of the sunlight on the broad, sandy stretches of the Rio Puerco valley was exceedinkly trying to eyes unused to the strain, and one or two of the party loudly deplored the fact that we had failed to provide ourselves with dark-colored glasses. Having spent several years in the Territory, I was more accustomed to the bright reflection from sandy soil, but my two companions, Oliver and Edwards, were just from Eastern cities, and suffered accordingly. The three of us had been camping in the San Mateo Mountains, about twenty miles southwest of the little mining town of Magdalena, and were now on our way to Albuquerque. The river roads being in poor condition, we had taken the more roundabout route west of the Bear Mountains, and were now within a long day's drive of our destination.

While this near home, and with the peaks of the Sandias easily visible on the horizon, our trouble had commenced. A friendly Mexican had volunteered the information that a much nearer route to Albuquerque could be found by driving up the Puerco valley a few miles and then turning eastward over the mesa. Following his directions, as we supposed, we continued up the valley some miles, but found our road gradually bearing off to the west, with no branch to the east. In our uncertainty we were relieved to see another Mexican coming slowly towards us, riding a sleepy-looking burro. Replying to our questions he told us that he knew of no short route to the city, but that he had a camp a mile or two further west from which a wagon-trail led to San Ignacio. I knew the road from San Ignacio to Albuquerque, and since we had come so far along the wrong way we decided it would be better to follow the trail than to turn back. We found the Mexican's camp without difficulty, and from it a fairly-good wagon-trail leading away to the north. And so it happened that on this hot afternoon, late in June, we were driving along the dusty trail with the hot sun above us and the hot sands below.

The valley of the Rio Puerco, at the point of interest to us now, is several miles broad and as level as a floor. A scattered growth of sage relieves the monotony of the sand, while the windings of the river itself are marked by a much-broken line of green—clumps of cottonwood trees growing only along the river's brink. The "river" is a narrow gorge, some forty or fifty feet in depth, whose sandy bed is usually dry, save during the rainy season, or just after occasional showers. Were it not for the cottonwood trees no one at a distance would suspect the presence of the river, for the walls of the gorge are vertical, as a rule, and it is but rarely that one can find a point where the sides are sloping.

As the afternoon wore away we noticed that the trail we were following was also bearing off to the west, and soon it left the river valley for the ups and downs of the foothills. This was unfortunate enough, but, to increase our annoyance, the trail grew fainter and rougher, gradually disappearing in that mysterious way peculiar to western trails. At last nothing remained but a double-wagon trail, and, after careful

examination, I felt sure it must be the track of the same wagon, going and returning. About four o'clock we drove down into a little viga, where grass had evidently been recently cut. The remnant of our trail showed one large loop of a single wagon's tracks, where the wagon had come into the meadow, turned around, and gone back. We were a day's journey from the spring we had left that morning, our own supply of water now exhausted, and our ponies tired out by a hot day's work with nothing to drink. Under these circumstances we could hardly expect to turn back, except as a last resort. Yet, there was not the sign of a trail by which me might go forward.

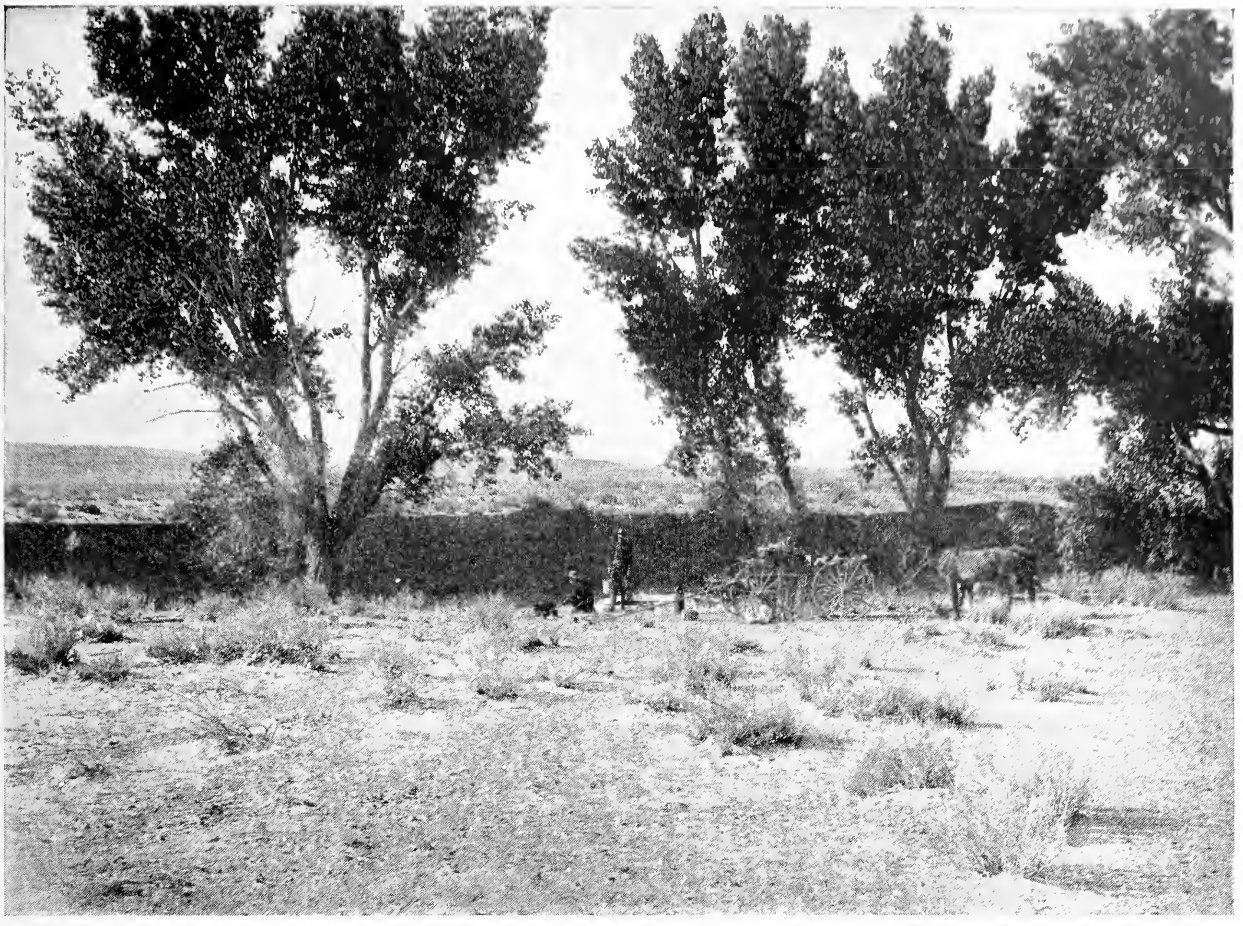
To the man who has attempted "cross-country" traveling in southwestern lands the undesirability of such journeys will appeal with peculiar force. He may even take occasion to smile at our lack of good judgment in deciding on the course we did. But the green of those cottonwoods only a few miles out across the flats spoke to our parched lips of the probability of running water, and the appeal was too strong to resist. Besides, the level mesa was but two or three miles beyond the river, and if we could only gain that point a cross-country journey from there on would present no serious difficulties.

"Well, what do you say, fellows?" I asked, ready to let my companions decide the question, so that I might escape all responsibility in case any discomfort resulted. But my pretty scheme was immediately spoiled. Edwards had noticed the outlines of several ugly gullies between us and the river. "Go back the way we came," he said quickly. Oliver looked beyond the gullies to the wavy line of green. "Make for the river as fast as we can," was his reply. Thus was the decision forced upon me, and, after considering the condition of the ponies, the time of day, and the various other elements involved, I cast my vote with Oliver's.

The next three hours were spent in crossing the few miles of flats between the foothills and the Rio Puerco, Edwards driving, while Oliver and I went well in advance, looking for the best places to cross the gullies. Of the latter there seemed to be an inexhaustible supply, and two or three of the worst ones very nearly balked our progress. But, by dint of persevering searches along the gully's edge, hard work with pick and shovel in improving those places that appeared least perilous, and owing to the excellent strength of our light mountain wagon, we camped that night on the bank of the Rio Puerco.

But what a disappointment it proved! Where we first struck the so-called river it was as dry as the sandy flats over which we had just come. A search both up and down the "stream" was necessary, and it was some time before two shots in quick succession from Oliver's rifle told us that he had found water. When we joined him some moments later we found our salvation in the form of two scum-covered pools of a warm solution of various alkaline salts. Still, our luck was not uniformly bad, for this was one of the few places where at least one bank of the river was sloping—the one where we were camped. It is true that the opposite bank was a sheer cliff thirty-five or forty feet high, but we hoped to find a better place when morning came.

While Edwards and I prepared the evening meal of bacon and biscuits Oliver succeeded in scaling the opposite bank farther downstream and walked over eastward to the foot of the mesa. On his return he reported that there was no road between us and the mesa, and that he could find no place where a wagon could get up on the mesa from the valley below. The outlook was not encouraging. Our ponies, when led down to water, pawed the edge of the pool and snorted angrily, but refused to drink, thirsty though they were. For our own use we made the water into coffee, but found it any-



THE RIO PUERCO CAMP *Photo by Professor* D. W. JOHNSON

thing but palatable. As were already longer on the journey than we had anticipated the grain for the ponies was getting low, only enough for one small feed being left after giving them their supper that night. But all of our troubles were soon forgotten, for we rolled into our blankets and slept.

Next morning we were up before the sun, and breakfast was over before he rose above the mesa into the clear blue of a typical New Mexico sky. A rainy day was a blessing hardly to be hoped for, as the rainy season had not yet begun. Edwards made an excursion down the river some distance, and found where the opposite bank could be made accessible by an hour's work with pick and shovel. We accordingly removed all of our outfit to the ground and let the empty wagon go backwards down the sloping bank near camp, into the river, controlling it with a long rope tied to the tongue and then drawn around one of the trees. It was an easy matter to get the wagon down to the place selected by Edwards, but here the real work began. The bank at this point was formed by a series of steps, each one several feet high, but broad and flat on top. The first of these steps was the worst, and we set to work to cut out a roadway, building up the incline with the excavated dirt. In less than an hour the task was done, and, hitching both the ponies and ourselves to the end of the long rope, we pulled the empty wagon up the first step. Thrice more was this process gone through with, but as the other steps were less difficult they were soon passed, and we drove the wagon back to a point on the bank just opposite camp.

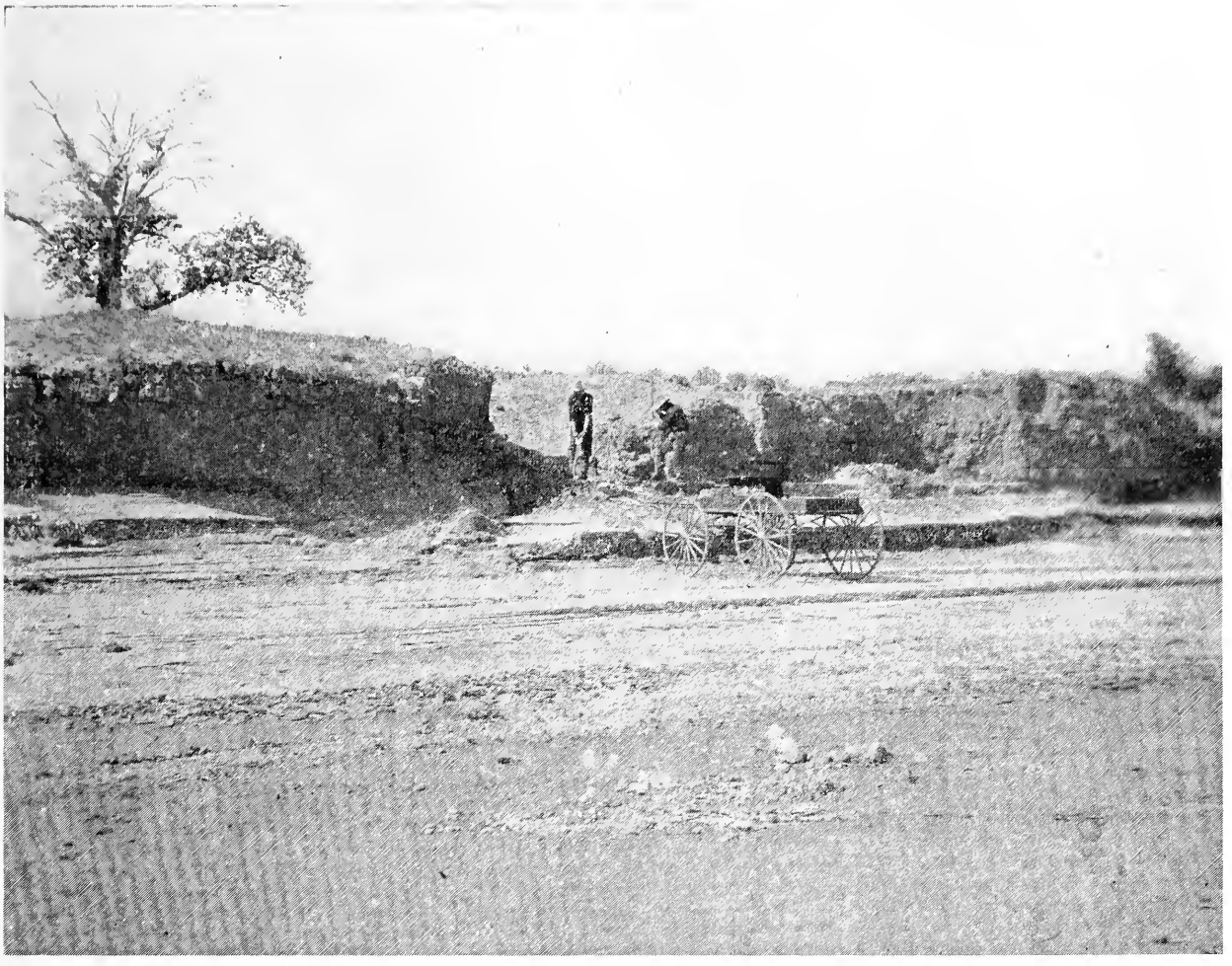
Turning the ponies loose to let them graze, the reloading was accomplished by carrying the things down the slope to the foot of the wall, and then hauling them up over the cliff with a rope. This done, and our canteens filled with the salty water, we again continued on our cross-country trip, our immediate plan being to drive over to the foot of the mesa, and then continue north until we found some place where we could get up to its level top. In this way we would avoid the worst part of the numerous gullies, which were impassable

nearer the river. Even here we found the ground extremely rough, and two of the party had to walk ahead of the wagon continuously, prospecting for passable routes. The sun seemed even more unrelenting than the day before, and the sands were correspondingly hotter. The ponies had condescended to drink before leaving camp, but unless they were more fortunate than we, it did them little good. Instead of quenching our thirst the salty water seemed to increase it, besides making us sick. In regard to provisions, the ponies were less fortunate, having eaten the last of the grain that morning, while we had plenty of provisions.

About two o'clock we stopped in the shade of a low cedar and ate a light lunch, giving the ponies a chance to rest and graze. So far we had been unable to find a way to the mesa above us. The ponies were very evidently becoming worn out, the pull through heavy sand, over rough country, and without roads, telling on them severely in their half-fed condition. The abnormal thirst, which compelled all of us to drink heavily of a water we detested, had lowered the contents of our canteens alarmingly. The problem was now a very simple one. We *must* get to the top of that escarpment and cut across the mesa to the Indian pueblo of Isleta, even if we had to abandon the wagon temporarily to do so. Oliver and myself accordingly set out on another exploring tour, climbing to the top of the cliff and keeping along its edge, hunting the most accessible points. To the north I found several places where the ponies could get up, but no place where it would be possible to take the wagon. About a mile further south Oliver found a ridge leading up to the mesa along which he thought it might be possible to get a wagon, although he considered it a very dubious proposition. After a council of war we decided to take the latter route, intending to leave the wagon when absolutely necessary.

Half after four o'clock found us face to face with a couple of hundred yards of the worst driving I ever saw during my stay in the Territory. Where we first began the ascent it was necessary to hold down the upper side of the wagon in order to prevent its upsetting. Then, by a quick turn we were able to gain the apex of the sharp ridge, where the ponies could take a breathing spell. From this point it was a question of two or three steep climbs, with a chance to rest on less precipitous slopes between. If the ponies were equal to the task all would be well in a few moments' time. If they lost control of the wagon for an instant the whole outfit would surely go down the steep sides of the ridge to the gully below. We emptied the wagon of its load and fastened a long rope to the front end of the tongue. With pick and spade we changed the hard, smooth surface of the steepest slopes into a sort of "make-believe" stairway—rough enough to give the ponies a better foothold. Then, with Oliver and Edwards at the rope in front, and urging the ponies to their utmost endeavors by voice and whip, we started up the hill with a dash.

Only a moment and we stood panting for breath at the top of the first hard pull. A good, long rest, and then the second hill was as successfully passed. The last was the shortest, but steepest, of all, and many were our misgivings as we confronted it. But the pick and spade were again called into action, and some improvement effected. A shout, a dash, two ponies lying almost on their bellies and crawling along, as it seemed—and we could look across the rolling, grassy plains to the valley of the Rio Grande. A rather feeble, but sincere and expressive shout went up when we knew the victory was won. Piece by piece the load was carried up the hill and repacked in the wagon. The light of the late afternoon sun made the Las Lunas volcano stand out in bold relief, while the position of the Isleta cone



". . . made accessible by an hour's work" *Photo by Professor* D. W. JOHNSON

was just discernible. Toward the latter point we urged the tired and faithful ponies, making but slow progress.

Sunset gave place to twilight, and that in turn to darkness. Still we plodded along, until nearly eleven o'clock, when the ponies stopped short and refused to go another step. Turning them loose to find what comfort they could in the dry grass about us, we partook of some bread and condensed milk, and rolled into our blankets. By four o'clock in the morning the ponies were again in the harness, and we were slowly lessening the distance between us and the Indian pueblo.

Many are the pilgrimages made to the quaint Isleta, but it may well be doubted if ever the doors of the pueblo opened to receive a more thankful trio than entered there that beautiful summer morning. Water running in an escequia gave the ponies a chance to drink, while the hospitable agent gave us right of way at his well. A beef had been recently killed in the village, and we secured a supply of fresh meat for the breakfast we prepared under the shade of a cottonwood beside the escequia. All our trials were forgotten as we devoured that camp breakfast, a meal which seemed to us even more appetizing than the sumptuous repast served at the elegant Alvarado in Albuquerque a few hours later.

"HIKING" OVER THE MOUNTAINS

By JAMES E. SAWYERS

WHEN the business man, goaded and worn by carking cares, is seeking restoration to health and renewed courage, he should go to the mountains, carrying his few necessaries on his back.

Such a trip suggests hard work, climbing over steep hills, cooking for self, and freedom from the bustling cares of the swirling commercial world. Did you ever take such a trip? If not, then try it.

It requires of a fellow a proper adaptability to the conditions incident to such a journey. To enjoy such an outing one should go into a wild country, and as far away from the influences of man as possible. If you do not enjoy scrambling over rugged mountain divides, or are fearful lest you may get lost, select a good trout stream where you may fish, and then move camp at leisure time.

It has been my good fortune to "rough it" in a country where both angling and hunting could be enjoyed; and one should avoid taking more game than necessary for actual use.

The equipment should be as light and simple as possible, and consistent with the needs of the outing, yet, only containing the absolute necessaries. I have made trips of a week's duration on several occasions during each of the seasons, viz.: summer, fall, winter and spring, and always carried the following provisions in my pack sack: One blanket, rice or beans, flour, bacon, coffee, salt, fry-pan, stew-kettle and clothing, amounting in all to about twenty-five pounds; also kodak, fishing outfit and rifle. Usually one or more friends accompanied me, and we always went into the remote regions of Oregon's many famous mountains.

In beginning such a journey great care should be taken not to overwork yourself the first day; in fact, over exertion at any time is apt to impare the pleasure of the outing.

Last summer my brother Gard and I "hiked" over the Umpqua Mountains, carrying our provisions in a pack sack, and thus enjoyed a week's vacation. We took two good "varmint" dogs to aid us in trailing the bears, cougars and lynxs, said to be plentiful.

That summer morning as we looked from the mountain crown down at the homestead of our friend, who lives on the farthest outskirts of civilization, the balsamic air and keen anticipation made our blood flow with renewed vigor; and the realization of a camp in the wilderness (we knew not where) within a few hours' journey.

And we traveled in an unfamiliar country with high mountains towering above us, where the long dividing ridges wound snake-like away to places unknown to us, trusting to the watersheds to guide us back to the habitation of man. The bewitching cadences of the mountain voices coming from the silent forest thrilled the naked soul and brought forgetfulness of the rush for gain. Surely, we were at the shrine of Nature. Ah, the balmy air, how it inspires the soul and infuses new action into the body! And from the sunlit summits the dark green firs that clad all the cañons and hills from base to top reflected the subtle hues of the emerald and blue of the fragrant forest.

We wandered slowly along the mountain side, gradually working upward,

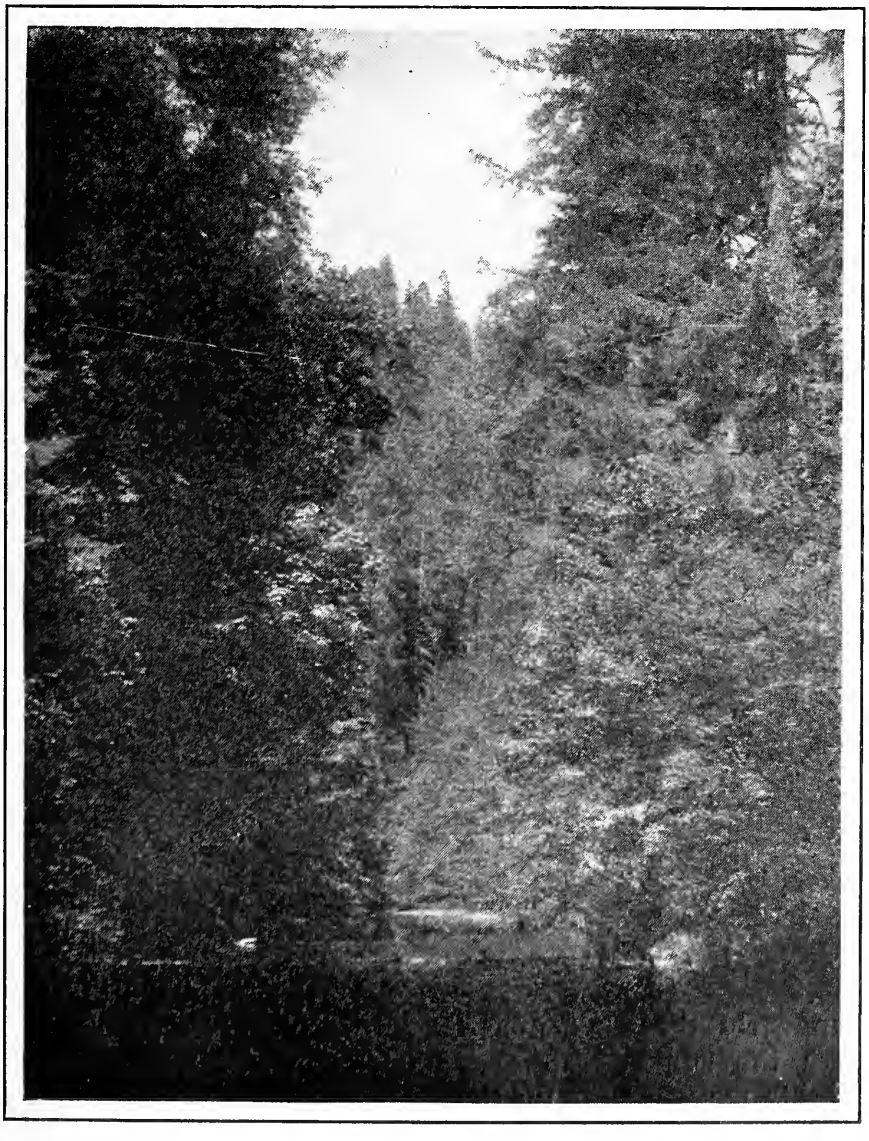
until we reached a long divide, which we followed until we reached a spring known as Elk Spring. Here, some trapper or hunter had carved the words "Elk Springs" on the side of a tree, and hard by was a deserted trapper's cabin.

The remarkable feature about that spring, is the fact that it rises almost on the very top of the loftiest promontory of the whole mountain range; the spring being named for the herds of elk that frequent that locality, and often came to it to drink, and to wallow in the swamp just below it.

From this place of vantage we could see, far to the southeast, a long valley covered with evergreen timber, winding through the irregular mountain defiles. So continuing our journey that way we reached the stream that drained that magnificent stretch of forests. This stream is known as Lake Creek and is seldom visited by man. Hence the waters are not often whipped by anglers, and the trout are unsophisticated.

There we decided to select a suitable camping site, with a view of remaining a few days for the purpose of exploring the cañons, fishing, and hunting the beasts that prowled nightly in search of prey.

That evening we caught twenty-five trout, enough, as my brother said, "to make the frying-pan smell good."



LAKE CREEK

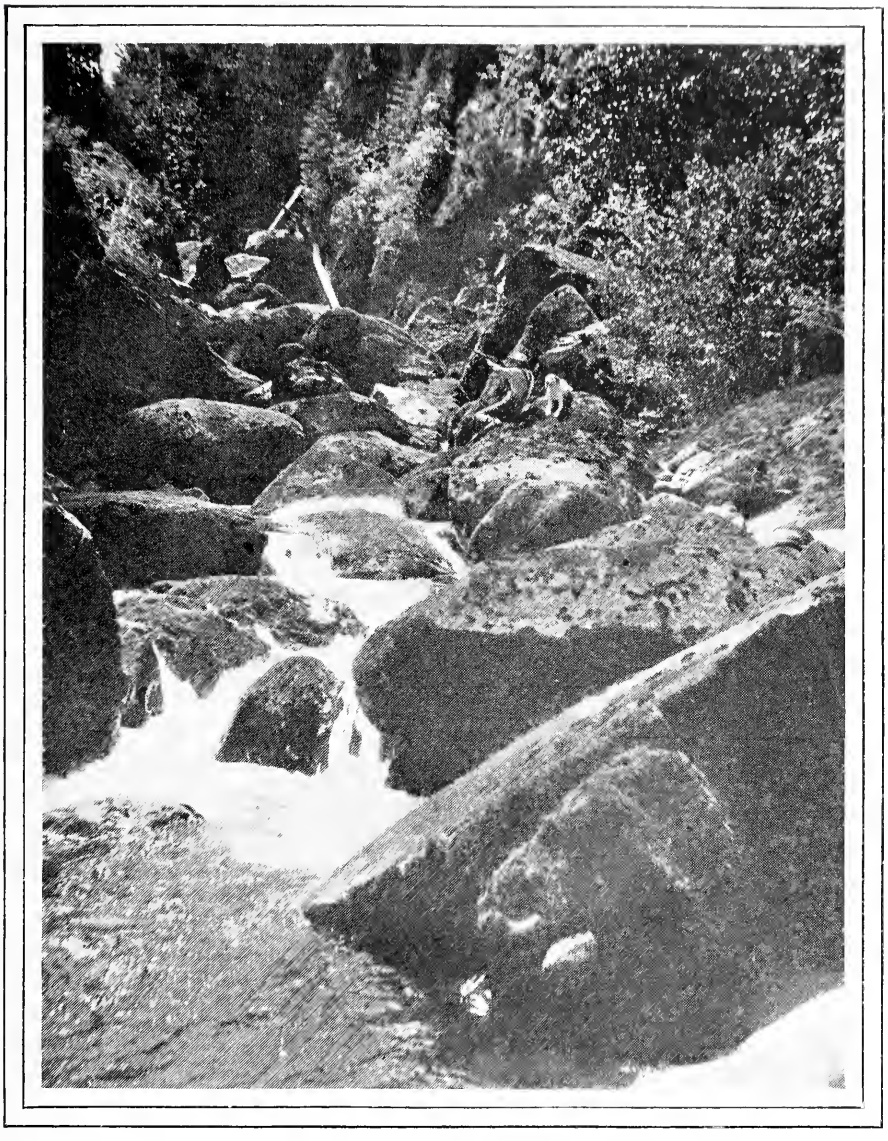
Truly, we did full justice to those trout after they were fried brown and crisp in bacon grease.

When the shadows of night begin to lurk about the yawning cañons and the last golden rays of the sinking sun tint the hilltops, one realizes how vast the lonely solitudes are. And after we had rolled into our blankets we gazed heavenward, looking up through the thick growth of stately firs, towering like ship masts above us, and in the dim distance the pale light of shimmering stars seemed to greet us and cast a charming glow upon Nature's robe. The music of the tonic winds and the songs of night birds, with now and then the weird, rumbling call of the owl—the king of the night—finally found us asleep.

We were up early the next morning, and before the sun peeped over the eastern heights we were far up the mountainside, where deer, elk, bear and panther once roamed, almost free from disturbance by man. On the benches and in the dales signs of elk were found, but as we rambled through this game paradise evidences of the destruction of this splendid deer were obvious. Elk trails, grown over with mosses and vines, reminded us of the great herds that formerly lived on those hills in the days before the tusk and hide-hunters levied toll upon them. Their skulls, antlers and bones were everywhere. In fact, the course of the hunters might have been followed by the relics of the wanton slaughter. And where elk formerly lived in herds of uncounted thousands to-day there are less than a hundred—divided into a few small herds only. The stories of old hunters concerning the vast numbers that lived there could hardly be credited were it not for the dim trails, which, although grown up, can be found even now.

Our thoughts were soon changed, for the hounds had started a bear and

A "BOB CAT"



THE HOME OF THE WATER OUZEL

were following him at a rapid rate, their tremulous baying echoing in the cañons brought a tingle of excitement. We followed them through tangled thickets, over windfalls and over the rolling hills, but we came off victors.

The excitement of the chase soon wore off, and we pursued our way among the changing mazes. Ferns, azaleas and trailing vines interspersed the fascinating reach of woodland grandeur, while the shaggy limbs of the old trees were draped in golden mosses.

The music of the crooning wind coursing through the boughs came softly from the peaceful hills, and the talkative brook added its liquid voice to swell the "harmonies of nature," as it wound its tortuous way through the forest. In the depth of the forest gloom the brooding calm enhances the enchanting picture, where the evergreens, Oregon grape, maiden-hair ferns and leaves of scarlet, gold and sepia brown, interwoven with mosses of every imaginable color, vie with each other in jealous rivalry in the effort to be most beautiful. Gaily plumaged birds were there, singing, scolding and flitting among the branches, as if trying to attune man's wanton heart with the wonders of Nature's book.

There the mountain brook races over the rocks and plunges down to the depths, where the dainty gray

moth flutters on the green pool, only to be captured by the sportive trout.

A smoothly patted sand bank shows where the otter has wallowed, and further down is the home of the cheerful water ouzel. What is that slate-colored bird, bobbing up and down, erratically imitating a lunatic, a singer? He cares not, sultry summer and bleak winter are alike to him, and he sings his merry song of but few notes in presence of the elements, and glories in the midst of rushing, turbulent water where the spray dashes over him.

The hunter and shy panther, shaggy bear or eager mink, may watch this happy little companion of the mountain stream, yet he goes merrily on his way, heedless of friend or foe.

The long shimmering strands of golden illusive light reach down through the great masses of firs and cedars, and are finally lost amid the lacework of vine maples and winding vines, with now and then a lingering orange tint reflected from the noisy cataract.

Here in Nature's sanctum the ozone from the balsamic forest fills the lungs with a new lease of life, and the sluggish blood rages through the body with a reviving thrill that makes the man feel like a boy once more, and he forgets the weary travel over mountain heights to reach this citadel in the wilds, surrounded with its health-restoring agencies—the heritage of every man that shall strive for its exhilarating influences.

Signs of animal life were in evidence everywhere. A tree with cat-like scratching on the side told of a panther that had sharpened his claws there, while hurriedly made tracks with toes distended, long bounds between each, indicated that a startled deer had seen or scented the intruder. And along the sand banks the tracks of this fastidious cat denoted his playful mood. In some places he had wallowed in the sand, while in other places the long distance between tracks indicated that he might have been leaping at a passing bird, or, perhaps, jumping at some imaginary victim.

Not far away we found the carcass of a deer covered over with twigs and leaves, and the signs of the panther led us to believe that the playful cat had killed it. The hounds worked faithfully on the old scent, but were unable to follow it up. However, the next day the dogs found fresher signs, which resulted in bringing the cougar to bay and my brother killed him. Later in the day a large black bear was started and he led us a hard chase. We were unable to overtake him, although he was brought to bay many times, but when we got near enough for him to hear us he would move on. The big bear outdistanced us, and the baying of the hounds could not be heard, so we were foiled.

The chase was soon forgotten, for the grand old mountains all around us, replete with nature's wonders, awe-inspiring as they were, attracted our attention, and held us in a fascinating embrace, while ever-changing shadows, colors and scenery blended in one continuous stretch of beauty that brings one in closer communion with "Nature's visible forms" and "Peace that passeth understanding."

From the ridge we looked across the cañon, where the irregular contours of the mountains spread out like a half-opened fan apparently leaning against the sky line.

The exhaustless charms of the quiet, dark green wilderness, with its deep cañons filled with blue-black shadows, and the gray crags, covered with mosses and creeping vines, with here and there a fringe of ragged trees, makes one feel insignificant in Nature's kingdom.

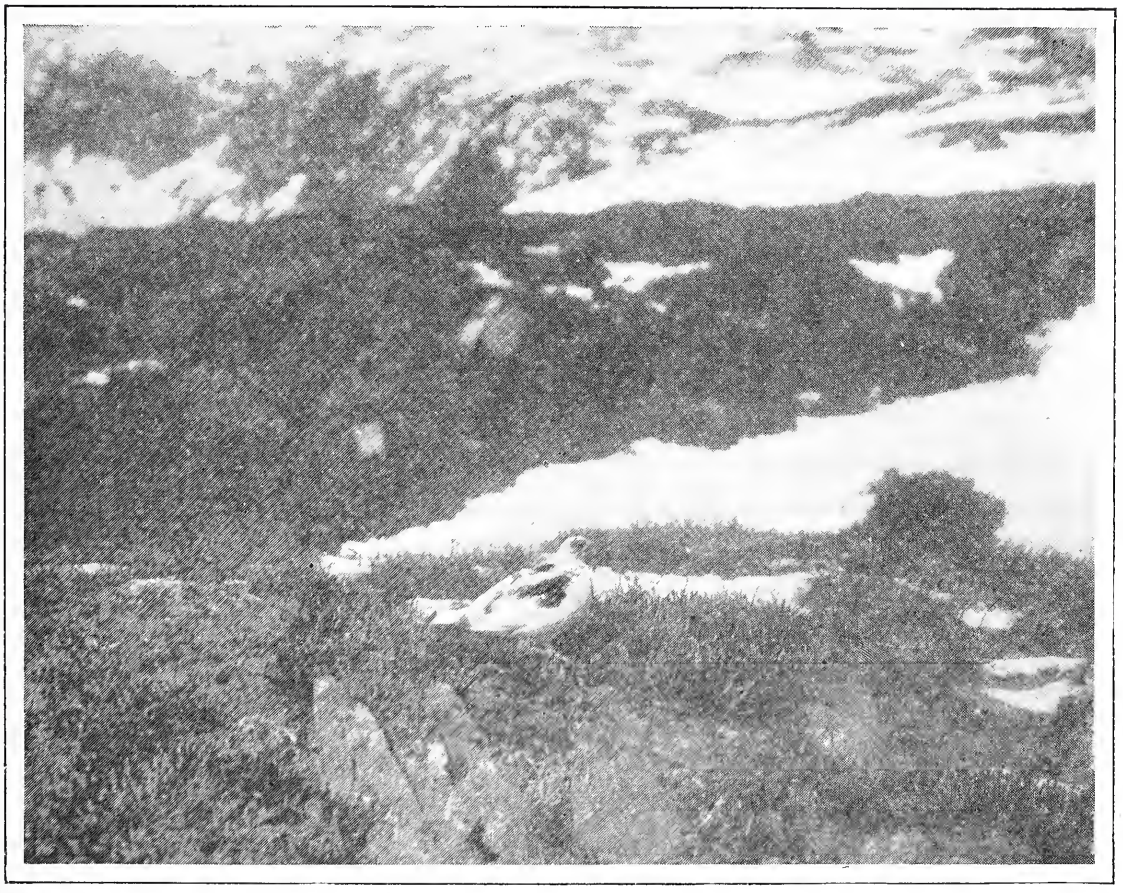
One follows along a rim under the bluff, hugging the rock walls, almost afraid to look down into the dizzy depths below him; but in a short time the sense of danger gives way to the sense of the beautiful. One stands

looking away as far as the eye can see, and beholds all the manifestations of Nature, that fill the soul with unutterable thoughts and lasting inspirations. As one looks down over the brink upon the irregular hills with great yawning cañons between, looking not unlike crooked, gaping furrows in the earth and all clad in everlasting green, the sights and music of wild nature wakes the human soul from its lethargy and enthrones new and better ideals.

We loitered about these inspiring places where peaks innumerable point upward, and the great sandstone cliffs between us and the roaring streams below almost forbid our descent.

But we zigzagged across the steep inclines and crawled under windfalls, gradually descending. And as we approached the benches and gulches near the streams the gray rocks above stood out more vividly, while the red and yellow leaves seemed more highly burnished, and the many shades of green that would distract the most gifted painter.

The shades of evening bring a soft, mellow light, and the forest seems to be alive with living creatures; and a great variety of bird notes coming from the shrubs and trees remind one of his unfamiliarity with bird lore. The wild animals, both large and small, stole out noiselessly to feed. And as we looked along the gray cliff above us we saw the stately deer silhouetted against the sky, and scarcely had we discovered him when others took up their station by the leader. It was, surely, a fine trio of Columbian Blacktail deer that stood guard over us there on those silent hills and added their charming presence to the limitless scenic wonder. And soon, down by the roaring stream



PTARMIGAN, NEAR THE SNOW LINE *Photo by* JAS. W. NICOL

the camp fire burned brightly, while the deer and elk went to their evening browsing ranges.

The drapery of night settled about us while the odor of frying trout mingled with the evening air, and the voices of the nocturnal wanderers disturbed the evening calm with their calls.

The last night among the everlasting hills was one to be remembered. While we had not gone to the mountains merely to slaughter we did have the satisfaction of killing cougars and wildcats, not so much for the joy of killing them, but rather to prevent them from destroying game; and then we only killed enough deer to meet our actual needs.

The roseate dawn on the far-away peaks and the morning blue made us wish for more time; but as we ascended the zigzag way through the gorge, thoughts of home and the miles of inspiring beauty to be traversed, added zest to every homeward step. And to the westward the angry flames of a forest fire were creeping madly up the mountainside and changing the virgin forest of green to a blackened waste; and the balsamic smoke hanging over the charred tree trunks like a dark cloud made the western view look gloomy.

Even as we journeyed homeward the denizens of the wilderness were in evidence, and their fearlessness made us almost feel that we would be welcome to their grand dominion again, so long as we should leave them unharmed and be contented with the reviving and uplifting influences of their ever charming realm.

HELD FAST

Photo by CLARENCE BRAYMER

MY NEW BRUNSWICK MOOSE

By E. R. BALLOU

HAVING lived and talked nothing but moose hunting and New Brunswick, not being worth over 40 cents a day for two weeks at my work from thinking about the trip, Monday morning, September 25, 1905, found Dr. B—— and myself, of Keene, N. H., ready at last for the trip. Leaving on the morning train, we went to Boston, Mass., arriving at 11:40 a. m., then we secured tickets and berths for Bridgewater, Me. Leaving Boston at 7 p. m., we arrived at Bridgewater at 9:16 the next morning, and were met by our guide, Dr. H. A. Greene, of Centerville, N. B. After securing grips from the baggage master we left Bridgewater for Centerville, arriving at 12 o'clock. After a good dinner at the Perkins Hotel we changed our glad rags for our hunting rig. The guide being at the door with two teams waiting for us, for we were in a hurry to get to the hunting grounds as soon as possible, as the cold, frosty nights were just the time for making the moose answer to the call, we lost no time in piling into the rigs, Dr. B—— and the guide into one rig with the largest horse and the provisions, while I had the pleasure of driving the guide's thoroughbred four-year-old. We made a drive of thirty miles that afternoon and evening, arriving about 8 o'clock at night at a hotel known as Staton's. After a good supper and plenty of it, and that was no small amount, as we were all as hungry as any one could be, we were shown to our rooms, where we found as good beds as ever were slept in. After a sound sleep and rest we were awakened by the welcome news that breakfast was served, it being 5 o'clock we were up at once. After another good meal we were ready to continue on the rest of our journey with the teams; driving twelve miles we came to the head waters of the Miramichi River, where we were met by a boy, Lee White, who had been out with the guide the week before and helped set up tents and get the camp ground ready, and had been staying at lumber camp waiting for the guide and his party to come in. We left the horses in charge of a farmer a short ways from the river. We soon had the camp duffle and provisions in the two canoes which the guide had taken out with him on his first trip, the guide and Dr. B—— in one canoe, Lee and myself in the other, we started on our twelve miles down the river to the Miramichi Lake region. The water being very low it was some time before we reached camp, both guides getting out and wading a good part of the way, but we came in sight of the tents about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Unloading the two boats, we had our first lunch in camp, being Wednesday, September 27, three days from home and in camp ready to begin hunting at last. Clearing the dishes away the guide and Dr. B—— took their boat and went down the river to an island to call. Lee asked me if I wanted to take a run up the river with him and see if we could see any game. I was ready at once, not knowing that he had learned the art of calling moose from the guide, and the guide did not think he could make any kind of a noise but what would scare all game out of the woods. I was not very pleased to have him begin making a noise on an old birch bark horn the guide had thrown away. I had never heard any one call before and did not know what kind of a noise should be made, but certainly thought that if a

BULL MOOSE SHOT BY DR. F. D. BIGAREL IN QUEBEC

moose heard the noise that Lee was making he would be scared out of the country never to come back again. You may imagine my surprise when after the second or third call that he made I plainly heard a large animal grunting and breaking down the brush about 400 yards back in the woods. I was still more surprised when a bull moose came into an open space across the river. We were hidden on a small island. He stood for perhaps a minute, grunting all the while; then he came towards us and slid down the bank into the water, which was very shallow, not being above 3 or 4 inches deep. The moose kept coming right along towards us. I began to think of shooting or running, about once for shooting and about four times for getting somewhere besides in his path. Lee saw that I was beginning to get nervous and wanted to shoot at the moose, but he told me not to shoot, as the head was too small, the moose was then about 60 feet from where we were laying. I told Lee that he was as near as I cared to have him, and if he did not get out of the way I should shoot or get out of there myself. Then Lee stepped out of the bushes and yelled at the moose and asked him what he was there for. The moose stopped then about 30 feet from where we were, and I did not think he would go away, as he did not seem frightened at us, but I was frightened, I will admit, for I do not care to play with moose in that way. We had a camera with us, but I was not thinking of taking his picture at that time. After standing and looking at Lee for two or three minutes, I think, though Lee says it was not more than half a minute, he turned around and walked slowly back across the stream, and when he got to the place where he slid into the river he stopped and looked back at us, and he did not seem inclined to leave the stream. I suppose he still thought there was a cow moose somewhere around, and we were keeping her out of sight. Lee wanted to stone him, but I did not think it best, as he might charge us and we would have to shoot him, and as his head was not worth the price of a $50 license and the mounting I did not want to anger him, so we let him alone, and he at last went into the brush and we saw nothing more of him. It was getting dark, so we got into the canoe and went back to camp, which was only half a mile. Then we built a fire and by that time Dr. B—— and the guide had returned without getting any answer or seeing any game, after telling about the moose that we had seen, and being warned by Greene not to let another get as near as that one, as moose are dangerous during mating season. We all turned in for the remainder of the night on our beds of spruce boughs. Having made five trips into the Maine woods after moose and deer I expected to be routed out of the best part of my sleep, which is about 4 o'clock in the morning. But I slept until 8 o'clock the next morning and got up because I was hungry, finding both Greene and Lee still in bed. Not wanting to get them into the habit of getting up and waking me up if there was no need of it, I took the 22-calibre rifle belonging to Lee and went down the path alongside of the river, which was made by the moose and other game. Hearing partridges drumming all around me I soon saw one on a rotten log. I shot him and three more, also a rabbit, not being gone more than half an hour from camp. When I returned to camp I found Dr. B—— up, with fires going in the stove and in the fireplace. Greene stuck his head out of the tent and wanted to know what we were up so early for, and it was 9 o'clock. We said we supposed it was time to get after the moose, but Greene said that he never had any luck until afternoon, so he always took it easy in the morning while in camp.

We set about getting breakfast and had things cleared up by 10 o'clock. Then we took a lunch and started hunting about 11 o'clock, the guide and Dr. B—— going down stream and Lee and myself going up the river. We stopped where we called the one out the night before; saw tracks of a small moose which Lee thought was the same

moose, also tracks of a very large bull. Lee gave one or two calls on the horn, but got no answer, thinking it too early in the day he proposed going on up the river to another island and trying calling and waiting. He said it was a good crossing place and we might catch one crossing the stream and save the island we were on until later in the day, when the chances would be better for getting one out. So up the river we went and waited, watched and called, but did not see or hear anything. Remembering the night before and the big tracks on the island caused us to leave about 2 o'clock. It began raining quite a bit; we pulled the canoe out of the water and made a shelter of it by placing it on the side with the bottom next to the wind. Everything being in readiness, Lee took the horn and gave a call, waited five or six minutes, gave another; not getting any answer we ate some lunch; then Lee took the horn, walked along the beach a way and gave another call; walked back in the water, making a splash as a moose would when walking in the water. When he got up to where I was he gave another call, which was answered at once by grunting back in the woods, with the wind blowing from where the noise was towards us. We both waited anxiously for him to make his appearance, which he did in a few minutes. When he was within a few yards of the river bank he came into a bunch of alders, being in too big a hurry to go around he reared on his hind legs and broke the brush down with his front legs. It was then that we saw that he had a head that was worth getting. When he had smashed through the brush and came into view on the river bank he was standing quarterly towards me, giving a chance for a good shot, and as we afterward measured he was three lengths of our 16-foot canoe, making the distance 48 feet from where I was standing. I had a Winchester rifle, half-

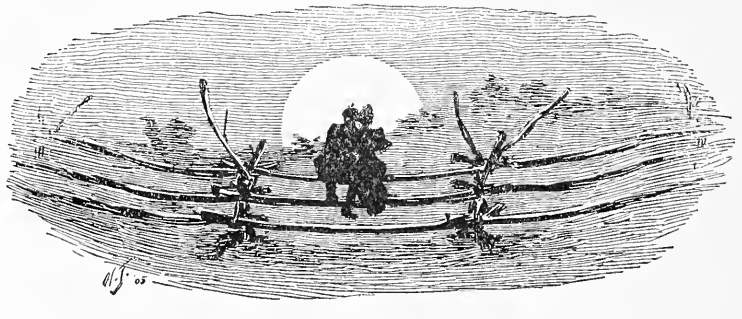
THE WRITER WITH HIS MOOSE

magazine, holding four cartridges in all, Winchester .32 special calibre, soft-point bullets. I gave him two shots before he moved, then he jumped straight into the river. I gave him another when he jumped, and my last one when he was in the water. He struck and floundered around in the water, which was about five feet deep at this place, being above where the one came in the night before, and above a sand bar.

After he was through struggling we fired a signal shot to let Greene and Dr. B—— know that we had killed a moose and needed their help. We then waded into the river and began to work him toward the beach on the island. When we got him as far as we could we began to look him over to see where I had hit him; there were two bullet holes back of his shoulder, one going through the heart and the other just over the heart, one in the point of the shoulder, going slanting and cutting the jugular vein, and the fourth one going through the forward leg close to the body, almost taking the leg off. After some little time the rest of the party put in their appearance, having stopped at the camp to get cameras, axes, knives and other things. With their help we soon had the moose high and dry on the beach, and then began the job of taking off the head, hide, feet, etc. After getting the hide off we took both hind-quarters and the sirloin steak and carried it to camp with the rest of the plunder. We wanted to bring the meat home if we could keep it in good condition. We kept the meat all right, but it was taken by Warden Neil at Bangor, Me. We worked hard to keep the meat, making a brush house and hanging it up to smoke, so as to keep the flies away from it. After getting the meat cared for we measured the head and found it to be 52-inch spread, with 16 points and 11-inch webs or palms. After the usual smoke talk and pow-wow we turned in for the second night in camp, and I had killed my moose and a good one at that. The next day Lee and I stayed in camp to skin out my moose head, smoke meat, loaf and clean up camp, Greene taking the Dr. and going up the river to try their luck, for there seems to be more moose

BRINGING OUT THE HEADS

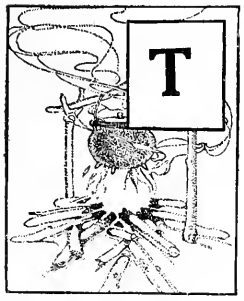
up the river than down. Everything was quiet until about sundown, when we heard the guide calling where we had killed the moose the day before. After some little time we heard the reports of a gun being fired very fast, and then the firing stopped and everything was quiet for a minute, and then it broke out again. Lost him, we said; then waited 15 or 20 minutes until the others came to camp, and reported calling a big moose out and shooting at him, knocking him down. Dr. B——, thinking he had got him, stood watching him, when he got on to his feet and made across the river, the Dr. being so surprised that he forgot to shoot until he had gained the woods on the other side of the stream, when he began shooting at him, but on account of the poor light he did not hit him. He was feeling bad about it all night, but the guide told him to cheer up, as he was almost sure they could find him in the morning, as the moose was bleeding badly and was hard hit. So the next morning they went across the river and took his trail, which they could follow easily, as he had bled so badly. Dr. B—— used a Winchester 405 calibre, and it made a big hole in the moose. Lee and I were in camp smoking meat, cleaning and salting hides when we heard more shooting in the direction that Dr. B—— and the guide had taken, followed by the signal shot, letting us know that the moose was dead. We immediately took cameras, axes and went across the river to where they were and they had him down and he was a big moose. We took his measurements and found him to be 8 feet 6 inches long and 6 feet 4 inches high from point of hoof to top of the shoulders, having a nice even head of 54 inches spread with 18 points. After taking pictures and cutting off his head and hide we left him to the moose birds, as he was an old fellow and his meat was tough, and we had all we could do to keep the flies away from the camp. I wished it had been some of this meat that Warden Neil, of Bangor, Me., seized instead of the other, as that was good meat. Having all the moose the law allowed, we waited until Monday and went on to some barren land, hunting caribou. Saw plenty of tracks, but it was so hot and the black flies bothered us so that we gave it up after one day, and spent the rest of our time around camp, having a good time. We left camp the next Monday and arrived home Wednesday, October 14 being gone seventeen days from home. We expected our meat, which we had taken such good care of, but we found that Warden Neil, of Bangor, Me., had seized the same on some cock and bull story about illegal shipment, and sold it for the good of the state. He probably got 7 or 8 dollars for it, and I guess the state of Maine needs it if any state does. It will never get another $15 license out of me or any one that I know of if I can help it. Would say that if any one wants to kill a good bull moose and wants to be practically sure of it before he leaves home, I don't know of any one that could do anv better for them than Dr. H. A. Greene, of Centerville, New Brunswick.



THE RUFFED GROUSE AND ITS WAYS

By L. B. COOPER

(Photos by the Author)



THE ruffed grouse, so continually called the partridge in the northern states, and also called the pheasant in several other localities, is perhaps the hardiest and most rugged bird we have. It remains with us throughout the entire year.

During the summer and early fall a brood rarely separates, and when the young need no further care in the autumn, the old cock selfishly joins the covey, for all the earlier care and attention of the chicks is done entirely by the hen.

During the months of October and November the time comes, known to hunters as the "mad moon," when the birds seem to be frantic in their flights, as they have been known many times to fly into towns and even cities, where they generally dash themselves against some building or object, usually breaking their necks in their mad rush for concealment. Whether the restless nature shown at this time indicates an instinct of the bird wanting to migrate is not fully understood, but there is one fact, however, and that is, it scatters and mixes the broods, so that in-breeding to any extent is impossible. At this period of the season the birds will not lie close, so a dog can find them, but flush wildly ahead, before the dog has even had a chance to make game. Quite

WHERE THE GROUSE WINTERS

HERE THE TRACKS END

often a foxy old cock will play a cunning trick by running some distance, then flying low and dropping to the ground, running and hiding. The dog striking this first scent begins making game in earnest, while the eager sportsman is kept in an exciting suspense, but the bird fails to flush. Your dog, if he is clever, begins roading in until that keenly desired scent is again found, then the slow and cautious work begins, and if you are wise you will not lag behind, but keep well up and near the dog, for the roar of wings may be heard at any moment when the old fellow tears loose from his hiding place. It is these incidents that make the sport so keen and keeps one on his nerve at all times.

Later in the season and even into winter in localities where the birds are plentiful, coveys of from six to eight are often found, yet they never pack in large quantities in the winter, as do their cousins, the prairie chickens. As winter approaches, the grouse by nature has been preparing for the long, cold siege, the plumage becoming heavier and denser all over the body, the legs being thickly feathered even down to the toes; then, too, the feathery hard scale which lines each side of the toes, being barely noticeable in summer, becomes quite extended by winter, giving the bird a firmer footing while walking on the icy crusts of the snow, or in grasping snowy and ice-covered branches. Also after a heavy fall of light, fine snow it may to some extent do the work of a snow shoe. Very often in the woods I have tracked a grouse for nearly two hundred yards where it has been walking in the snow, the chase ending generally in routing out a wily old fellow squatting quietly beside a log, or when the snow is light and fairly deep the track suddenly comes to an end with a fan-like depression in the snow, showing the print made by the tail as it gave the snow a sweep when the grouse took wing. Perhaps, too, this may prove that the bird's tail is a prominent factor in aiding him

ROADING

to jump into the air on his sudden flights, for it certainly takes a great deal of fast wing-beating to get such a large bodied bird under way, as every one knows who is at all familiar with hunting our king of all game birds, but once under way the bullet-like flight can only be stopped by one who is an experienced sportsman, being both a quick and a crack shot combined, and who, by the way, takes his time, yet never looses any. Of course, on a straight-away shot the whole thing lies in getting the bead on your bird and then touching your trigger at the same instant, but just let one of these fellows come sweeping across your path after your hunting companion has shouted, "Mark, mark!" then, if you pull the instant you see the bird at the end of your barrel, you need not be surprised to find that you have shot several feet behind him.

Many a time as a novice I have stood with open mouth after two successive shots at one of these right angle shots and watched our coveted game bird disappear in the woods beyond. Yet it is all these little hardships which make one feel that he has done some work when one of the fellows is brought to bag, and afterwards makes your game supper not one of the market kind.

Quite often in winter, when the snow is very deep, and the weather is extremely severe, the grouse, like the bob white, will dive under the snow for protection, and there, like an Eskimo in his snow-covered hut, he is well-sheltered from a severe storm. The grouse never seeks company on any of these occasions, but like a solitary little hermit he buries himself alone, while on the other hand the bob whites nestle together in snug little family parties; but, alas, for any of them, if on one of these occasions an impenetrable ice crust forms on the snow, as it is sure to seal up our feathered friends to die of starvation in their ice-bound prison. These sad tragedies have been reported often of the quail, when the spring thaws have revealed a circle of feathered skeletons all huddled together. Early in March one year, I remember finding the skeleton of a grouse under a rail fence, where the snow during that winter had drifted as high as the top bars, and having had several sleety rains followed by hard freeze ups that January, it was undoubtedly in some such storm the poor bird was caught under the snow, and being locked in by a crust fully a half inch thick it made struggling out im-

WATCHING A FLUSHED BIRD

possible through such a death seal. However, it is safe to say that a very small per cent. of the grouse ever meet their death in this way, although reports of this sort of the bob whites are not uncommon in the northern states, where the winters are long and cold, but the grouse being such wonderfully hardy and rugged creatures are better adapted to such climatic conditions than are the quail.

When the snow is so deep that it makes feeding from the ground impossible then the buds of young trees form the principal part of the birds' menu, the

MEDITATION

birch buds seeming to have the preference. Of course, during the whole year their food is of such a variety that it would be too long a list to enumerate, as it would include several kinds of insects, most all the varieties of wild berries, together with their foliage, and even the poisonous variety of sumach berries, which do the grouse no injury, also any grain dropped in the stubble, and a few kinds of nuts may be added, the beech nuts being especially fattening, as birds shot in beech woods in the fall are always found to be extremely plump, and is it any wonder, then, that from this varied menu, which produces such luscious meat, these birds are so sought for by the sportsmen?

During the very cold winter days the grouse are not prone to move about a great deal; after the day's meal, which is taken early in the morning, the birds make for pines or hemlocks, both for concealment and warmth, thus woods of this variety of trees are the grouses' favorite winter resort. On a bright and sunshiny day, however, I have often quietly come upon one squatted peacefully under a thorn apple tree, quite in the open, too; but let there be the slightest sound to disturb him and Mr. Grouse is out and gone in less than the twinkling of an eye.

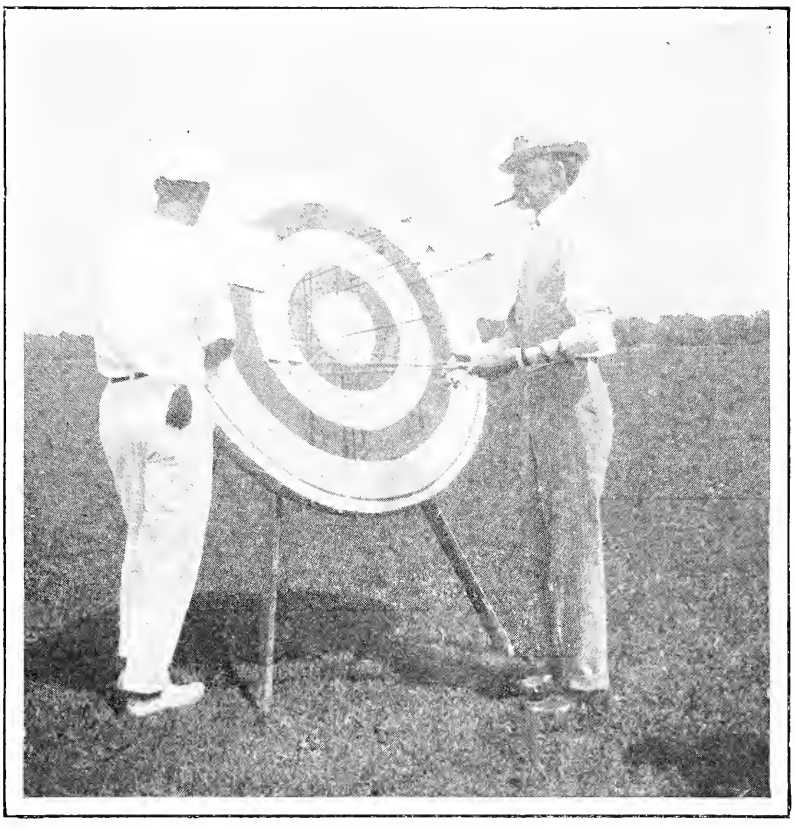
Thus all through the winter each bird, independent of its fellows, generally manages to exist and find its own living, even the cocks paying no attention or showing any signs of gallantry toward the hens, as it is simply a case of each one looking out for self.

From the many hardships which the

ruffed grouse has to endure in his struggle for mere existence and the many cunning and gamey habits, which he displays when pursued by the hunter, together with his proud, noble and erect carriage, giving him a regal appearance in his native woods, surely, then, can there be any reason for ever disputing his claim to be called "King of American game birds"?

NOW LOOK OUT

THE GREY SQUIRREL *Photo by* J. A. PRESTON



MESSRS. HENRY RICHARDSON AND C. C. BEACH

COLONEL ROBERT WILLIAMS, JR.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE GOOSE

By DAN BEARD

CHAPTER VII

THE LANDSLIDE—LOCKED IN

(*Continued*)

I AM as materialistic in thought as a young medical student, and as free from superstition as the late Mr. Robert Ingersoll. I would rather face an army of ghosts than one live man with a gun, or a park full of wizards than one half-grown grizzly cub.

Of course, the reader will immediately claim that the gigantic figure of the Wild Hunter was merely an example of the well-known Hartz Mountain illusion and that what I saw was nothing but the shadow of the real man cast upon a fog or cloud bank. Well, it is easy to think of this explanation as you sit in a comfortable chair before the fire with your book; it is a different story when all alone in a solemn, silent, mysterious wilderness.

One glance at that shadowy man and bird would have been sufficient cause to send some of my critics scrambling down the mountain at such a rate of speed as to seriously endanger their life or limb and there is reason to believe that if they did reach camp it would not be with their rod and fish in hand.

Big Pete's remarks regarding the "pesky mess of yaller fish" must not be taken too seriously. Even when I confine myself to my short-hand notes of actual conversation the difficulty I encounter is that the printed quotation often conveys an entirely different impression from the one intended by the speaker. This is because cold type is incapable of reproducing the gestures, pose of body and expression of face which accompanied the spoken words, and has as much to do with their meaning as the words themselves. The conversation of the rudest clown, when inspired by true love, is composed of the sweetest poetry, contains the deepest meaning and is tinged with the great mysticism of creation; nevertheless, a verbatim report of any man's love-making, be he ever so highly cultured, would read like meaningless idiotic drivel.

Fortunately this is not a love story, but the reader must understand that Big Pete's caustic remarks about my "pesky" string of yaller fish were accompanied with a merry twinkle in Pete's deep blue eyes, for he was a sportsman through and through.

Because the conversation and sayings of Big Pete are here recorded at considerable length, the reader must not for one moment suppose that Darlinkle was given to talkativeness; on the contrary, he was remarkably silent and self-contained. An ordinary New York club man can utter more words in an hour than Pete did in a week, but he could not say as much if he let his tongue wag for years. Big Pete often went longer without speaking than the club man can without a cocktail. Occasionally, however, the big fellow would unlimber his tongue, and it was then generally to some purpose.

Once when I was among a herd of

elk and was blood mad, killing all in sight, intoxicated with the brutal delight of slaughter, Pete administered a severe reprimand, and with a look of disgust upon his handsome face turned and left me among the slain and wounded animals. It was days before he forgave me and then he gave me a lecture, and to it I owe the first satisfactory explanation of the difference between a sportsman and a butcher.

"You see, tenderfoot, it's like this," he said, "when a man goes out to kill a deer for the fun of blood spilling or to get the poor critter's head to hang in his shack, he's nothing more'n a wolf or butcher; hain't half as good a man as the one who never shot a deer, but goes hum and lies about it. The liar hain't harmed nothing with his lies, his fairy stories don't hurt game an' are interesting to the tenderfuts in the States. The real sportsman is the pot-hunter. Yes, that's jist what I mean, a pot-hunter—he's out 'cause the camp kettle is empty, and it's up agin him to fill it or starve. Now then, this fellow is not after blood; nor is he hunting for the market. It's self-preservation with him, that's what it is. He's an animal 'long with the rest of 'em, and he knows he's got just as much right to live as they have, an' no more! He is hustling for his living 'long with the bunch, forcing it from savage nature, and I tell you, boy, there is no greater physical pleasure in life than holding old Mother Nature up and jist saying to her 'You're got a living for me and I'm going to get it.'

"Such talk pleases the old girl, makes her your friend, 'cause she likes your spunk, an' because of it she'll give you the wind of the gray wolf, the step of the painter,* the strength of the buffalo and the courage of a lion; she is always generous with her favorites. Ah, lad, she kin make your blood dance in your veins, make fire flash from the eyes and give the steady nerve necessary to face a she-grizzly when she's fighting for her cubs.

*Panther.

"Why? 'Cause, you see, you are a grizzly yourself *when the camp kettle is empty!*" And Big Pete relapsed into silence, turned to his tin platter, examined it carefully, and then with a piece of dough-god† carefully wiped the platter clean and contentedly munched the savory bit.

All out-door men, like Big Pete Darlinkle, Davy Crockett, Daniel Boone and Kit Carson are a constant source of annoyance and wonder to that tribe of students whose whole lives are spent in seeking second-hand knowledge from books. The book-worm cannot grasp the reason why the foolish public insist upon considering these illiterate mountaineers, plainsmen and hunters as great men. They do not understand the possibility of developing intellect outside of a regularly established university, and any knowledge possessed by a man without an M.A., Ph.D., LL.D., or similar set of initials after his name, is looked upon as spurious.

Even the existence of such men as Abe Lincoln and Thomas Edison, with their brilliant resourceful minds and great knowledge, is thought by the university man to be irregular, revolutionary and dangerous, and the possessor of this illicit moonshine knowledge is looked upon as a living paradox, an anarchanic in the field of knowledge.

Few but professional astronomers have a more intimate acquaintance with the heavens, and none can read the shorthand notes of nature as accurately as the Pete Darlinkles, the children of the wilderness. Their knowledge is all first hand, fresh knowledge, derived from personal investigation, and they do their own thinking while in the saddle, on the trail and in action. It is with them as it is with the beasts of the field, the penalty of mistaken judgment is death, and the fact that many do live and have lived to a ripe old age is a guarantee that they have fairly won Nature's highest degree of Healthy Normal Man. You will not find the initials H.N.M. printed after the names

†Camp bread baked before open fire.

of such men. It is unnecessary, their honors are stamped upon their person. We recognize the H.N.M.'s at a glance, but if Nature stamps her approval on the Boones, Kentons and Darlinkles she is just as emphatic in placing the brand of her disapproval upon men who seek only after second-hand knowledge. If you may know a healthy normal man by his clear, hawk-like eyes you may know a Ph.D., F.R.S. by his weak dull or spectacled eyes. If an abundant head of hair is one of the marks of a healthy normal man, just as truly is a bald pate the mark of a D.D., LL.D. or M.D. Seldom will healthy hair grow upon the bonded warehouses of junk and antique knowledge which our professors call their heads. If a quick, noiseless step is one of the signs of a healthy normal man, then is the halting, blundering Horace Greeley walk the sign of Nature's disapproval of a life devoted wholly to book lore. If a quick perception and wide-awake mind is the stamp of an H. N. M., we all know that absent-mindedness is one of the most constant symptoms of the seeker after borrowed knowledge.

Big Pete, though illiterate, was not without considerable legendary knowledge, and he seemed to know all about the traditions of the wehr-wolf, and to believe in the existence of such creatures. His conception of a wehr-wolf (or, as he called it, Weguldiooch Bochtusum) is identical with that of our superstitious ancestors. He said, "This spirit-wolf is a man who anoints himself with an ointment made by instinct of the devil, puts on a magic girdle and then assumes the form and nature of a veritable wolf."

He had no knowledge of any modern examples of this breed of animal, but said that "in the fatherland over the sea, a couple of hundred years ago, many wehr-wolves were caught and killed." It was only little by little that I succeeded in pumping this information from him; he appeared to fear that I would ridicule his ideas. One day I asked if the Wild Hunter was not what he would call a wehr-wolf, and he answered: "I reckon if he is he must be a new kind of one, an Americanized improvement on the old Dutch 'were-wulf,' too good-hearted to kill women and children, as did old Peter Stump.* Say! Peter wa' a terror, Peter wa'!" exclaimed my informant, warming up to the subject, "but he wa' only a Dutch wolf, after all, and didn't know no better than to play an unlucky number; he owned up to killing *thirteen* children and the people pulled the old fool to pieces with hot irons! Reckon if he could play the game agin he wouldn't touch number thirteen with a ten-foot pole." And Big Pete chuckled to himself for a moment, then gazed at the sky attentively, wet his finger in his mouth and held it aloft to catch the direction of the wind, nodded his head approvingly and remarked, "That's what the crows been talking about." "Why, Pete, did you learn all about wehr-wolves from the crows?"

"Waugh! tarnation cly thee for a jack rabbit," he laughed, "Pat told me about old Peter Stump, but the crows been saying rain fer a day or two; didn't you hear 'em quock like a heron?"

There were no visible signs of a change in the weather, which had been clear for weeks, and overhead the sky was clear blue, save where a white-winged cloud sailed over the valley, yet when we sat down to supper that evening I could hear the rumbling of distant thunder and see the heads of some dark clouds peering at us over the mountain tops.

It rained all that night in a fitful manner and came to a stop about four a. m., the wind went down and the air seemed to have lost its vivacity and life; it was a dead atmosphere, and we arose from our blankets feeling tired and listless.

While we were eating our breakfast dark clouds suddenly obscured the

*Executed in 1589 as a "were wulf." "He dyed with a very great remorse, desiring that his body might not be spared any torment so his soul might be saved." Verstegan, page 187 (1655).

heavens, and before we had finished the meal big drops of rain set the camp fire to spluttering and drove us to the shelter of our tent; then it rained! Lord help us!

The water came down in such torrents that on account of the spray we could not see thirty feet; then came hailstones as large as hen's eggs. There was some lightning and thunder, but either the noise of the rushing, splashing water drowned the rumbling, or the electric fluid was so far distant that the reports were not loud when they reached us. Suddenly there was a ripping noise, followed by a sort of subdued roar which stampeded our horses and made the earth shudder. "Earthquake!" I exclaimed. "Wus," said Pete, "hit's a landslide."

Instantly a thought went through my brain like a hot bullet and made me shudder. "Pete!" I shouted. "I'm right hyer, tenderfut, you needn't holler so loud," he answered, and calmly filled his pipe.

I flung myself impulsively on my companion and grasped him by his big, brawny shoulders, with my face close to his. I whispered, "Pete, I believe the slide occurred at the gate."

"Wull, hit did sound down that-away," admitted Pete, composedly.

"Pete," I continued, "the Mesa has caved in on our trail!"

"Wull, tenderfut, we hain't hurt, be we? Tha's plenty of game hyer fur the taken of it and plenty of water, as fine as ever spouted from old Moses' rock, right at hand. If the Mesa's cut our trail we can live well and not have to chew mutton either, I don't reckon I can go to York with you just yet," drawled my comrade in a most provokingly imperturbed manner, as he slowly freed himself from my grasp and made for the camp fire, which, being to a great extent sheltered by an overhanging rock, was still smouldering in spite of the drenching rain, raking the ashes until he found a red, glowing coal Pete deftly picked it up and by juggling it from one hand to the other he conducted the live ember to his pipe bowl, then he puffed away as calmly as if there was nothing in this world to trouble him.

"If the gate be shut," he resumed, "it will keep out tramps and Injuns." With that he went to smoking his red willow bark* again.

But I could not view the situation so complacently, and when the rain ceased as suddenly as it commenced, with some difficulty I caught my horse and made my way to the gate to discover that my worst fears were realized; a large section of the cliff had split off the Mesa and slid down into the narrow gateway, completely filling the space and leaving a wall of over one hundred feet of sheer precipice for us to climb before we could escape from our Eden-like prison.

Again a wave of superstitious dread swept over me as I viewed the tightly closed exit, a dread that the curse on the fatal fortune meant to include me, else why should that cliff which had stood for thousands of years take this opportunity to split off and choke up the ancient trail?

Then another uncanny idea wormed its way through my mind. Had the wild hunter any connection with this disaster? Was he in any manner acting as agent for the mother who put her curse on the fortune? Who is this strange creature? For that matter, who is my giant friend Pete? Where is this park, this prison, located on the map of the United States? I only knew what Pete had told me, and I must say, when judged from a cold New York point of view, everything connected with this adventure seemed improbable, unnatural and unreal. What magic charm was used; what spell was wrought on old Patrick Mullins which induced him to make one of his precious guns for a stranger?

The longer I questioned myself, the less was my ability to answer. I sat

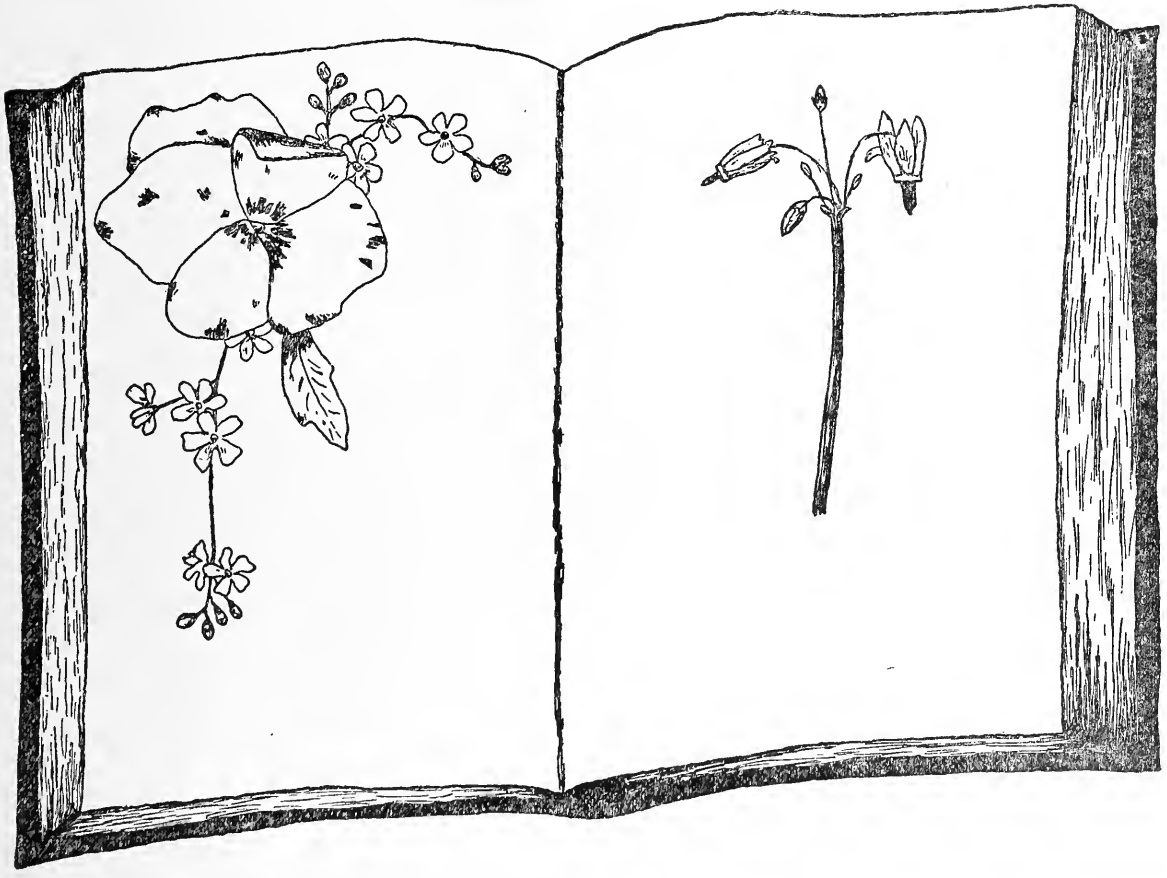
*Properly speaking, this Western substitute for tobacco is not willow bark, but the dried inner bark of a scrub *Conaceeae*—dogwood.

on a stone and for some time was lost in thought. When at length I looked up, it was to see Big Pete with folded arms silently gazing at the barricaded exit and the muddy pool of water extending for some distance back of the gateway into the park.

"Well, tenderfut, you was dead right in your judication; the gate air shut sure nuff; our horses ain't liable to take the back trail and leave us, that's sartain."

"Oh, Pete!" I exclaimed, "How will we ever get out? Must we spend the remainder of our lives here?"

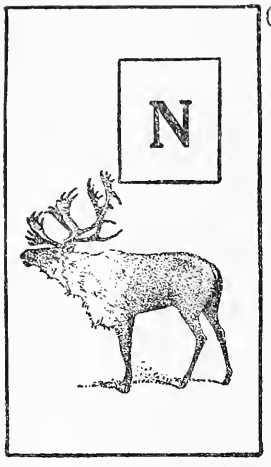
"It do look as if we'd stop here a right smart bit," he admitted, "maybe till this hyer holler between the mountains all fills with water agin like it was onct before, I reckon."



SKETCH BY FRED A. HARRIS, A THIRTEEN-YEAR- OLD BOY

THE JOYS OF CAMP LIFE

By B. W. KEENE



NO boys ever started on their camping trip, with more ideas on the subject, than John and I. We had read all available books, and had exhausted the patience of any of our friends who had ever camped. One of them told us about a small sheet of water up in the mountains named Dismal Lake. "This lake," said he, "is ten miles from the nearest railroad station; the scenery is fine, and the hunting and fishing are as good as you'll find in this part of the country. I camped there four years ago. I'll give you a list of the necessary articles, enough to last a week, which, when rolled in your blankets, will make two packs, each weighing about twenty pounds. Leave here on the five o'clock train, and you will arrive at 'Morris' at nine. You can tramp the ten miles, and be at your destination in time for dinner."

Eleven o'clock, one pleasant morning later in September, found John and I each with a forty-pound pack on his back, tramping along a dusty road nine miles from Dismal Lake. We had traveled six miles since leaving the train, two hours before. A short distance back, we had been informed that the lake was nine miles from the mill, which we could see just ahead of us. That did not conform with our city friend's idea of distance. He seemed, also, to have been a poor judge of the weight of a pack. We stopped at the miller's house and purchased some sandwiches. After our meal we continued our journey.

Our course now was a narrow road, winding snake-like up the side of the mountain. South of us, across a deep, thickly wooded valley, through which an invisible stream roared, was the beginning of another range, higher than the one on which we were. Many times during our ascent we halted for rest, or to quench our thirst at one of the numerous little streams that came from the dark recesses of the woods, to our right.

It was nearly four o'clock when, foot-sore, weary and with aching backs, we reached the summit. When one considers that our packs weighed nearly a third of our own weight, one can easily imagine our condition. A charcoal-burner's hut marked the end of the wagon road. The occupant, of whom we asked directions, looked at us pityingly, and said:

"Guess you fellers came far 'nough for one day. Better stay with me tonight; you'll feel more like walkin' in the mornin'."

We thanked him, but said we were determined to camp at the lake that night; at least *I* said we were, and glanced at John, hoping he'd demur. He did not. Pride is a good thing to have, *sometimes.*

"It's a good two mile over there, and there ain't no road; but if yer bound to go, I'll show yer the way."

We turned to the left, as our informant directed, and followed a crooked path, obstructed in many places by bowlders and fallen trees, down the side of the mountain. Several times our packs caught on bushes or overhanging boughs, and we were thrown violently backward. Scratched and bruised, we reached the creek, up which we pursued our way, stepping from stone to stone, or wading in the shal-

low places, until we came to where it bent sharply to the right. Nearly exhausted and staggering under our heavy burdens, we turned to the left, climbed a densely wooded slope and stumbled along its summit. John, who was several yards in advance of me, called back that he had reached the burnt woods. That proved we were going in the right direction and that the lake was not far away.

When I joined him, we decided to leave our packs where they were, until we had located the lake. The sun was setting when we started. We had advanced but a short distance when we came to where the ground sloped gradually to the valley below. I laid on the ground and peered intently through the fast darkening woods, and there, not five hundred feet below us, I saw Dismal Lake.

With an energy born of hope, we hurried back to our outfit, slung it on our tired shoulders and twenty minutes later were at our destination.

A few feet back from the water's edge, we tried to start a fire. The wood was wet and the ground was soggy. Gathering our few possessions in our blankets, we carried them back to the shelter of the trees, deposited them at the foot of an oak and went in search of dry wood. Whenever we stumbled over anything, we'd stop and examine it; if it was burnable, we'd carry it back to where we intended to start our fire.

While I fried, or rather, "burned" the bacon, made a pot of what was supposed to be coffee and opened a can of beans, John set about erecting a log and brush shelter, from ideas which he had obtained from some book. Needless to say, my culinary duties were performed under great difficulty. Whenever I tried to turn the bacon, I either burned my hands or got my eyes filled with smoke; sometimes both. Then, the moment I left the fire, the coffee would boil over, sending a cloud of steam and ashes skyward. Where the steam went, I don't know, but the ashes invariably found their way into the frying-pan.

When the bacon was done, I removed it from the pan, into a tin plate, which I set on a log near the fire. The moment I let go of it, it toppled over. I picked up all I could find, brushed the dirt from it and returned it to the plate, which I placed on a more solid foundation. When I emptied the can of beans into the frying pan, the hot grease spattered on my face and hands, nearly causing me to lose my grasp on the handle. I held on, however, and placed the mess on the fire. As soon as it was warm, I set it to one side and began to lay the supper things.

Meanwhile, John was building his shelter; from the inky blackness of the woods came the sound of his axe—chop—chop—chop—a crash; then the struggle through the underbrush with his victim, followed by the cry, "Is supper ready?" When at last I summoned him, his first act, on emerging from the darkness, was to step in the pan of beans; his second, to show me a pair of hands, beautifully decorated with blisters.

We decided to open another can of beans and eat them cold. As we were about to begin our meal, the stillness of the night was broken by a loud bellow. We seized our rifles and sprang to our feet. Less than twenty feet away, and coming toward us, was the finest specimen of the bull family I have ever seen. Behind him, we counted nine others. At the circle of light from our fire, he stopped, pawed the ground, bellowed and shook his head angrily in our direction.

John and I immediately dropped our rifles and sought safety among the topmost branches of nearby trees. Our unwelcome guest circled our roost several times, stopping frequently to gaze up at us, and show his displeasure. The others kept at a respectful distance. When he seemed satisfied that we were out of his reach for the present, he

strode majestically over to our supper table (which was a blanket spread on the ground), surveyed it thoughtfully for a few minutes, and then, with a disgusted grunt, he walked away, followed by his brothers. We watched them as they slowly wended their way along the moon-lit shore of the lake, until they disappeared in the woods beyond.

We climbed from the trees as fast as our stiffened limbs would allow us, and re-kindled the fire. The bacon was cold and hard, the coffee was like ice water, and we were shivering. John warmed his hands over the blaze, then looked at his watch; it was nearly twenty minutes to eleven. Two hours up in a tree, with no protection from the cold but thin flannel shirts!

We thawed out the bacon, heated the coffee, and were about to resume our meal when the bulls returned. Rather than spend the remainder of the night up in a tree, we tried to drive them away with stones. Our scheme partly succeeded; that is, we drove them away but they always came back. This is how we spent the next hour: mouthful of supper, then get up and shy a stone. That might have been the program for the night had not John thought of a scheme.

He opened several cartridges on a piece of dry paper, and set it in the place where our friends usually stopped when they called. Then, cutting the corner from his blanket, he soaked it in grease and tied it on a long pole.

When the bulls appeared, we waited until the leader, who was several yards in advance of the others, was near the powder. While I attracted his attention and at the same time maneuvered so as to get him over our "infernal machine" without stepping on it, John circled to the rear, lit his torch, thrust it far forward and ignited the powder. There was a blinding flash, followed immediately by a hoarse bellow, and the sound of a heavy body crashing through the underbrush.

A second before my companion touched off the powder, I sprang behind a large tree, and so escaped being run down by the maddened beast. "Guess that'll hold him for awhile," observed John, delightedly. "His friends have gone, too." I looked out into the moonlight; not a bull was in sight.

"Now, that our guests have departed, we may as well go into our cabin and go to bed," said I.

John eyed me quizzically. "Do you mean that for sarcasm?" he asked, slowly.

"I don't see how you can think my remark sarcastic, when I heard you back in the woods, chopping, while I was getting supper ready."

"Come and take a look," said he, seizing a burning stick from the fire, and preceding me into the darkness. Out of respect for my friend, I will simply state that his cabin reminded me of a cabbage-crate that had been struck by a bomb shell.

Taking our blankets a short distance from the fire, in the hope that, should the bulls return, they would not see us, we laid on the ground and tried to sleep. We might as well have been in cold-storage. Back to the fire we went, threw on a few sticks, and made a second attempt to sleep. It was useless. As soon as one of us would get in a doze, the other would call to him that there were sparks on his blanket. To sleep near the fire meant to be cremated; to sleep away from it meant to freeze. The only safe course was to stay awake and wait for daylight. *We waited.*

O, the joys of camp life; the musical hoot of the owl, the sweet intonations of the wild-cat; ah, me! all that was lacking to make it a paradise was the croak of the frogs and the buzzing of affectionate mosquitoes.

Finally, a faint streak of white appeared along the top of the ridge to our left; it was the coming of day—and with it came the bulls. What followed

was but a repetition of the night before.

When I was seated on the projecting limb of a tree, about thirty feet from the ground, I had a good chance to note our surroundings.

Dismal Lake was aptly named; that is, the 'dismal' part of it was. If the person who named it could see in it anything resembling a lake, he had better eyes than I have. Dismal *Swamp* would have been more appropriate. The lake, which was a quarter of a mile in circumference, and had an average depth of not more than two feet, was surrounded by high, heavily-wooded mountains. To our right, a little babbling brook entered; and directly in front of us, on the opposite side of the lake, a similar stream flowed from it. Bordering the lake, from the water's edge to the woods (a distance of twenty-five feet), was a marsh.

I called to John, who was in a nearby tree watching the bulls: "I think the best thing for us to do is to get away from here as soon as we can, and find some place where we can cook our breakfast undisturbed. I'm about starved."

"So am I," he replied. "We can't cook, eat, hunt or fish. I don't know of anything to keep us here—unless it's the bulls."

As our enemies were at a safe distance, we descended from our perches and packed our outfit. Then, skirting the east shore of the lake to its outlet, we followed its rugged, winding course for perhaps a mile. Presently, we met another stream; and at the junction of the two was a miniature sandy beach, on which the sun's rays smiled fondly. It proved irresistible. We threw ourselves on the warm sand. Before we realized our actions, we were stripped and splashing about in the cool, clear water.

After our bath, we drew on only shirt and trousers. An hour later, we were eating our first substantial meal since leaving home, thirty-six hours before. The bacon was burned, the rice was tough, but it was a decided improvement on our former attempts. We threw the dirty dishes at the foot of a tree, to be washed later. Our blankets we spread on the warm sand and a few moments later my chum and I were in dreamland.

When I awoke it was dark. I rubbed my eyes and sat up. A cold rain struck my face. I reached for my clothes, but could not find them. Throwing off my blanket, I arose to my feet and continued the search; stepping on sharp stones, and numerous twigs, and stubbing my toes at every step. My exclamations of delight (?) awakened my comrade. He joined me. Crawling and walking, alternately, we groped for our clothes. A half-hour later, we found them—soaked. After wringing out the surplus water, we put them on.

"Ugh!" came John's voice from the darkness, "but these trousers have shrunk."

As our matches were wet, we could not start a fire. If we could have read the print in our "How to Become a Camper, in Six Lessons," no doubt we could have learned just what to do about it.

Meanwhile, the rain came down steadily. We found our wet blankets, squeezed out as much water as we could, wrapped them around us, and with our backs against a tree, prepared to spend the night. Soaked to the skin, and shivering with the cold, we sat there in a semi-conscious condition all through the long night. Toward morning the rain ceased, but the dark clouds threatened another heavy storm.

When daylight appeared, we crawled from our blankets and discovered that we were wearing each other's trousers. Our provisions were scattered over the wet ground and utterly ruined. The tin dishes were lying here and there, half filled with water.

Taking only our blankets and rifles, we forded the swollen stream and struck through the woods, being care-

ful to keep parallel to the stream. Our "Vest Pocket Guide" told us that water always flowed *somewhere*. At every step the water oozed from our shoes; at the least jar, our blanket rolls emitted water, which soaked through our flannel shirts and trickled down our backs.

Three hours later, we came to a small wooden bridge that spanned the creek. Turning to the left, we followed a narrow wagon road. Our feet were so sore that we walked on the sides of the soles of our shoes, or on the heels. Wet, weary and splashed from head to foot with mud, we finally came to a farmhouse.

The farmer lent us some dry clothes and gave us a substantial dinner, during which we gave him an account of our experiences. When we mentioned the bulls, our host became angry. "Why didn't you stop them?" he exclaimed. "I know them bulls, and I know the man that owns 'em. He's the meanest old rascal in this part of the country. He lets his critters roam over the mountains, from early in the fall till long towards Christmas."

The next morning we drove five miles to the train. When we took leave of our host, we offered to pay for his trouble, but he refused to accept anything. We thanked him warmly, and at Christmas time proved that our appreciation was genuine.

Early that evening we arrived in the city, and made a 'bee-line' for the house of the friend (?) who told us about "Dismal Lake."

"If he can't give a satisfactory explanation of why he sent us up there, I'm going to lick him," said John, wrathfully.

When we came to the house, our friend answered the bell, and John demanded the explanation.

"Well," said he, "you fellows had been bothering me so about camping, that I decided to give you a dose that would last you for several seasons—and I guess I've been successful," he added, laughing. Then he slammed the door.

A PIPE DREAM

By MYRTLE CONGER

Thy presence sweet, like scent of orient myrrh,
The atmosphere of all my thoughts, pervadest.
When I would sing of flowers and spring,
To sing of thee, they presence sweet, persuadest.

Ten thousand other fancies come to me,
Suggesting fairer worlds with heart-beats, fearsome,
Before thy name, they flee in shame,
Lo! sing I never but of thee—my meerschaum.

DAN BEARD AND THE BOYS

SONS OF DANIEL BOONE

In the last number I promised to tell how to have a gander plucking without any uncomfortable experiences on the part of the gander. To do this we must have an artificial gander. Have your mother sew a piece of canvas up in egg shape or the form of a modern football, to be stuffed with excelsior or shavings or any old thing which will fill the body out nice and plump. Make

THE NECK OF THE GOOSE

of the form of a girl's stocking and stuff it tightly enough so that it will hold itself more or less erect. The foot of the stocking will be the head of the goose. This must be sewn to the body, that is, to the egg-shaped bag, very securely with waxed linen thread. The whole thing should be made strong enough to withstand the rough usage to which it will be subjected. After it is all complete and the festival day of the fort has arrived, erect a post, about the size of an ordinary fence post, and see that it is securely planted in the ground. On the top of the post nail a plank, tie your goose to the plank with string that may be broken by a hearty pull, but which will hold it securely when an ordinary jerk is applied. Cover the goose's neck from where it joins the body, up over its head, with

A THICK COATING OF SOFT SOAP

or vaseline or lard, soft soap being the best material for this purpose. Then let each member of the fort mount his bicycle and ride by, one after the other, at full speed, each rider as he passes the gander making a grab at his neck and trying to tear it from its lashings on the post without falling from his bicycle or checking his speed. You will find this a very amusing and at the same time strenuous sort of sport. Only those should engage in it who can ride their bicycle with sufficient skill to prevent a bad spill. But, if you are in a section of the country not suited to bicycles, or do not happen to possess wheels or are not expert riders, you can lay out a hundred yard course for running and then allow the competitors to try and snatch the gander from his perch as they dash by at full speed. Usually the only result when one has grasped the goose's neck is for the hand to slip off with a noise that we can only spell, —a-w-r-k,—which is disappointing to the contestant but highly amusing to the spectators.

THE TURKEY SHOOT

The turkey shoot was another feature of the old backwoodsmen's sport, and while they were accustomed to tie a live turkey by its leg to a peg driven in the ground, and then shoot at it with their long, double-triggered "Kaintuck" rifles, it is not necessary for us to subject the poor turkey to the necessary wounds inflicted by bad marksmen. But we can make

AN ARTIFICIAL TURKEY

as we did the artificial gander. Only, in this case, it need not necessarily be made so strong, and may even be made of paper pasted together and stuffed with excelsior. In fact, the paper turkey would be better than a cloth one or a real one to disclose the accuracy of the marksmen, as the bullet marks would be more easily discernible. But if you find it at all difficult to make a paper turkey and stuff it with excelsior, you can substitute in its place one cut out of a piece of paste board, card board or bristol board and stuff by tacking it to a piece of ordinary board, sharpened at the bottom so it can be driven into the ground and make the turkey stand erect. This may be used as a target for rifle practice, archery, cross bow or any of the weapons used by boys.

THE EYE OF THE TURKEY.

should be well marked, as that answers for the bull's eye of the target and counts the most to the marksman. Divide the neck by lines drawn across it into three spaces below the head. The eye counts ten, the head counts nine, the first section of the neck counts eight, the second section seven, the third section six, and the crop or breast of the turkey five, the middle of the turkey four, the rump of the turkey three, the tail or legs one and a miss, of course, counts nothing.

In case you use fire arms, it is

DANIEL BOONE'S DUTY

to see that the target is placed below a bank of earth, a bare hillside or some similar object, which will prevent any danger from the bullets to passers by. Also, that no one shall stand anywhere near the target when it is in use. Davy Crockett should run to the target after each shot, call out the number and return to his place at the

taw line before the next shot is fired. Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett should be the policemen on this occasion and demand and insist that these regulations shall be carried out to the letter.

We not only want no accident ever to happen through carelessness to any of the Sons of Daniel Boone or their friends, but we wish them to set an example which will be followed by other boys, and thus lessen the danger and the number of accidents which are constantly happening because of the handling of fire arms by untrained and undrilled boys and men.

FLY FISHING IN ANCIENT TIMES

In February we begin to pull over our rods and look over our flies, examine our reels and by various other little acts show that our mind is beginning to wander from our occupation, business or professional, to the brooks. By April, there is something inside of us which snaps and, after that has happened a dollar is no longer the size of a cart wheel, business obligations no longer have the serious aspect they formerly had. In fact, there is nothing so serious to us as the question of whether we can take a few days off in which to cast the fly and the question as to what the possible results of our cast will be.

Some cynic has said, in speaking of fishermen's stories, and to the question as to why they are doubted by the angler's audience:

"An answer to this problem
Is what I greatly wish,
Does fishing make men liars?
Or do only liars fish?"

The inference one must draw from this little verse is plainly a libel on the sons of Izaak Walton, for everybody who has met these genial gentlemen, knows that their word would carry more weight in court than that of any bunch of business men who never fish who could be brought before the jury.

Speaking of casting the fly; it is interesting to note that the ancients were addicted to this method of fishing and, according to the Cincinnati Enquirer a minute description of the artificial fly as used by Macedonian anglers is given by Ælian, a Greek writer of the third century, as follows:

"Between Berea and Thessalonica there flows a river, Astraeus by name, and there are in it fishes of a spotted color, but by what name people of those parts call them it is better to ask Macedonians.

"At any rate these fish live upon the native flies which fall into the river and are like no flies of any other part, one would neither call them wasplike in appearance, nor would one reply to a question that this creature is formed like what we call the bumble bees, nor yet like the honey bees themselves.

"In audacity it is like a fly, in size it might be called a bumble bee, in color it rivals the wasp and it buzzes like the honey bee. All common creatures of this sort are called horse tails.

"These pitch upon the stream to seek the food they affect, but cannot help being seen by the fish, which swim underneath.

"So whenever one of them sees the fly floating he comes softly, swimming under the water, afraid of disturbing the surface and so scaring away his game. Then he comes near the shady side of the fly, gapes and sucks him in just like a wolf snatching a sheep from the fold or an eagle a goose from the yard. This done he disappears beneath the ripple.

"The fishermen understand these maneuvers, but they do not make any use of these flies for a bait for the fish, for if the human hand lays hold of them they lose their natural color, their wings fray and they become uneatable to the fish.

"So with angling craft they outwit the fish, devising a sort of lure against them. They lap a lot of reddish wool round the hook and to the wool two cock's feathers which grow under the wattels and are brought to the proper color with wax. The rod is from six to ten feet long and the horsehair line has the same length.

"They lower the lure. The fish is attracted by the color, excited, draws close, and, judging from its beautiful appearance that it will obtain a marvelous banquet, forthwith opens its mouth, but is caught by the hook and bitter, indeed, is the feast it has, inasmuch as it is captured."

I am afraid that my editorials are not always carefully read. In the July number, under the head of "The Disgraceful Side Hunt," I make a plea for certain hawks, and, probably because I ended that plea by saying that if the people did not learn better "they will learn to their sorrow that they can not interfere with Nature's buzzsaw without serious consequences to themselves; and then, indeed, they will all sit down to a feast at which the agriculturists and the merchants depending upon the district will be compelled to eat crow."

Because I said this, many of my readers have jumped at the conclusion that I wanted them to protect the crow. I am afraid that I can not say much for the crow as a wild bird; but as probably no other bird in America is better known than this shiny, black imp, it is unnecessary for me to say anything further against him. However, I want to here correct the readers so that they will not continue to flood RECREATION and me personally with letters denouncing the crow and asking why I spoke in his favor. The

most I have said for this bird is that he makes one of the most amusing pets of any creature I have ever domesticated, and probably that is the best that can be said for him. Now, for all those people who must kill something, whose instincts are for blood, I will say, for goodness' sake, go out and shoot crows. You will find them a difficult quarry. They will test your skill and their plumage will be much more appropriate for your wife's hat than that of birds whose use to humanity is undoubted or of those who are an ornament to our field and pastures or which fill the woods with their songs.

Speaking of eating crows, I am told that the squabs or nestlings are not unpalatable, and, although I have personally eaten alligator, skunks, muskrats, musk turtles, 'coons, 'possum, Rocky Mountain goat and other creatures of *strong* habits, I have never yet eaten young crow. If any of my readers wish to experiment in this line, I can say, as far as my observation goes, the young crows are fed with clean food and, all prejudice aside, I really see no reason why they should not make a palatable dish.

Regarding the food of adult crows, it may be of interest to many readers to know that although I have had five or six pet crows and kept some of them for many years, I have never known one of these birds to eat carrion or corn, the reason being that they could always secure food which was much more palatable and to their liking. From this I am led to believe that the crows only eat carrion when they can secure no other food. In this propensity, the records of shipwrecked people and parties lost in the woods show that man does not differ from the crow, and, when the latter is starving, he will not stop because the food may have the odor of Rochefort or Camembert cheese.

I have an idea that if the crow did not see the farmer put the grains of corn into the ground it would not pull them up. Every pet bird of this kind that I ever owned would immediately search out and pull out any object which I buried in the ground or attempted in any manner to conceal.

What RECREATION is trying to do is not to defend Jim Crow, but to cause a discussion and a consequent investigation on the part of its readers into the habits of birds such as the red-tailed hawks, for instance, which are commonly supposed to be injurious to the farmers, but which our best-informed men tell us are a benefit to the agricultural people.

REMINDED OF HIS TOAD

Editor RECREATION:

Your very interesting article, with its splendid illustrations on the toad, in the October number of RECREATION, particularly appealed to me. In your drawings I could see the "counterfeit presentment" of a toad that has been my special pet for the past five years.

Up to about a month ago my toad lived like a king in the backyard, regaling himself, as was his wont, on the choice tid-bits of insect life that flourished among the plants. He grew into a ponderous fellow, and such was his confidence in his surroundings that he would see little danger in hopping sluggishly along at the very feet of his human acquaintance. Even our big, black dog was treated with supercilious indifference, much to that canine's sniffing disgust.

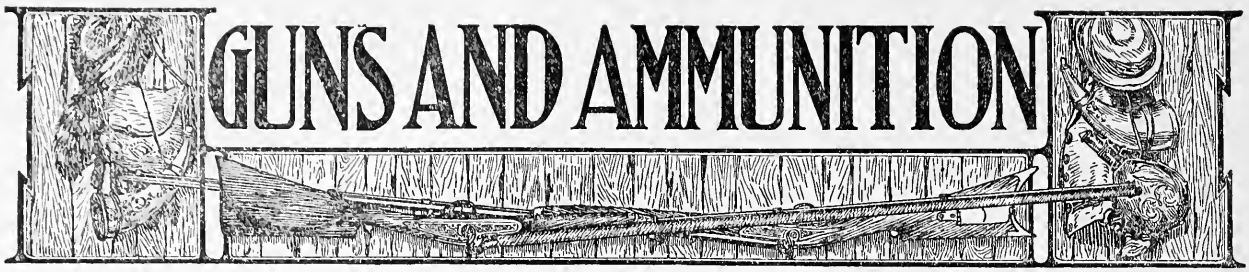
Occasionally Mr. Toad would play an interesting part in a performance that afforded our visiting friends a great deal of amusement. Mr. Toad enjoyed having his back scratched. With a long stick I would slowly stroke the warty protuberances on his spinal column. He would flatten out like a fat pancake, never making a single move to escape, and to all appearances having the time of his life.

But one day, a month ago, Toady got into disgrace. This is how it came about: I constructed a fountain in the rear yard last summer, in which were placed some gold-fish. One moonlight night, happening to look into the water, lo and behold! There was Mr. Toad, his big, broad face and bulging eyes looking up at me the very picture of trouble. It was manifest that he was trying to get out of the water, but a high, steep and slimy wall made this impossible. On further examination I was quite taken aback to see in his mouth a little gold-fish, wriggling and squirming to escape, Toady was looking directly at me and seemed to say, or I could easily imagine him saying, "Please, Mr. Back-scratcher, help me out with this dainty morsel."

Now, instead of being amused I was filled with wrath, for in my warty friend I at once espied a harmful creature, that would soon deplete the animal life in the fountain. I made haste to catch him up with a net, and with firm set lips, conveyed the poaching rascal out into the alley, where I dumped him a block away. I hated to do it, but I realized it must be done or good-bye to the gold-fish.

How such a slow-moving fellow could capture a quick, swimming fish was a puzzle. No doubt, after climbing to the top of the fountain wall, he had seen the fish passing temptingly by. It was too much for Toady, and in he went, all bent on catching the fish, very much like human beings, who so frequently fall into temptation without figuring on after results.

Fred. S. Crofoot, Detroit, Mich.



FROM AN UNDER SHERIFF

Editor RECREATION:

I have heard the pistol, *pro* and *con* so much I have decided to write you my ideas from actual experience, although I was not an habitual "pistol toter" until three years ago, when I was appointed Under Sheriff of this county. I have since carried pistol and rifle many a thousand miles. First it depends what a man wants to use a pistol for. I can not understand what a man would want with anything less than 32-20 smokeless. All they are good for would be to do accidental killing of some member of his family or friends. To my idea, of the all-around pistol, there are only three, namely, the 32-20 smokeless on a 45 frame; the 32 Colt's automatic, or the Luger automatic. The Luger has the greatest penetration, with soft point bullets. The Colt's automatic and 32-20 are about the same. The old black powder 44 or 45 is a back number here, too much load for the weight of the iron. The 32-20 on 45 frame has no kick, and both the automatics put the recoil in your grip, where the old 45 or 44 tried to mark your face, and very few men can do accurate shooting with them; but I think anyone, with practice, could be a good marksman with any one of the other three.

Now as to weight; it seems any of them are not too heavy. Of course, the 32-20 is the heaviest of them all. Last month, when on my annual hunt (I get my game every season), I had wounded a big blacktail, but he was trying to get away, and was almost at the top of a very steep mountain, and every yard he made down that steep hillside meant labor to get him back. I got up close, and in order to put him entirely out of business, I shot him with my Luger from behind, square between the horns, using a soft point bullet. It went entirely through.

Last year I shot a buck that dressed 160 pounds, just as it was getting dusk. The old buck went down like a ton of bricks. I went up to bleed him, but when I took hold of him he got up, and as it was too dark to use my rifle, and I had seven loads in my Luger, I emptied it—four shots taking effect at a distance not to exceed 100 yards for the longest shot. One of those bullets struck just behind the left shoulder, ranging a little forward, the jacket remained inside but the lead going entirely through. Now for accuracy and penetration no one need to hunt further. For killing use a soft point; for target use the full mantel bullet. I have shot ground hogs or Rocky Mountain woodchuck, and prairie dogs, with soft points, and actually shot their entrails entirely out, and I have done the same thing with our friend the coyote.

Felix Alston, Big Horn, Wyo.

THE 38-55

Editor RECREATION:

Find enclosed $1.00 for RECREATION. In the June number I wrote an article on the 38-55. Since then I have had many inquiries; at first I tried to answer them, but gave it up at last. Having returned from my annual hunting trip in the north and having had some more experience with big game, I can more than reaffirm what I said in June in regard to the power of the 38-55H.-P. smokeless shells, soft point, on deer.

I shot deer by the side of a man using the 30-30, consequently I know what I am talking about. In answer to ome of those that were inquiring about the small load, I found them perfection for partridge, shooting them in the head.

I would pump the big load out and slip a miniature load in the barrel. My miniature load shoots with the same trajectory as the H.-P. at short range. I chose the Marlin 1893 model ½ magazine, 7¼ pounds weight, on account of its simple and sure action and its accuracy, and the 38-55 H.-P. for its smashing power, and the *straight shell,* which makes it the best shell to reload (the bottle neck being a nuisance). I take the ordinary shell and can reload it a thousand times or more with the miniature load I build.

I use smokeless Primers U.M.C., 6½ or 2½ W., according to the shell. I put about 5 grains Infallible Shotgun Smokeless loose in the shell and a bullet weighing about 190 grains that fits the barrel (which is important) to make it gas tight. I lubricate well, and set the bullet in the shell without crimping. Bullet No. 37585-166 gr. is a good one. Ideal No. 3, special tool, is the best, with its double adjustable chamber and muzzle resizer—I sometimes have to enlarge the nozzle of shell to let the bullet in. With this powder you never have to clean the shells, and I use the pure lead, as the twist is so slow you do not need to harden the bullet.

I find this little load extremely accurate up to 100 yards, and the cost to me is about $3.75 per 1,000 shots.

I use Infallible Smokeless because it seems to me to shoot cleaner than Dupont. I use gasoline to clean my guns with as it cuts the fouling. I wipe dry and then finish with good oil.

V. E. Covert, Leslie, Mich.

MODEST MR. HAINES

Editor RECREATION:

December RECREATION just received and although I sent in a short note regarding the intended kindness of my friend, Mr. De Angelis, in suggesting that the new revolver, if made, be called the "Haines model," a few additional remarks may not be out of order. I fully appreciate Mr. De Angelis' efforts in my behalf, but I fear that the efforts of Mr. Lowdermilk, who has worked along the same lines as myself, are being sadly overlooked. Let us do our *best,* in a legitimate way, to get the guns manufactured, and if the manufacturers ask for suggestions for a name I will gladly suggest one but it would hardly be the "Haines model."

The method by which it is expected to get manufacturers awakened to the fact that this gun is wanted and will meet quite a ready sale has been clearly outlined in several magazines, but as there seems a grave danger that by asking for too much we may defeat the very purpose desired, I would suggest that, as has been stated by manufacturers, one calibre is all that they would be apt to produce, that we ask only for the one—.38 S. & W. Special. This, it seems to me, would come nearer meeting the wants of the majority than any other one calibre that could be suggested.

This gun, if made in same lengths and weights as the present double action Colt's and Smith & Wesson's military revolvers but made *single action,* would undoubtedly produce the most *nearly* perfect belt revolver for all who would have use for such a weapon that has ever been placed on the market. The scheme is feasible, and while there are a few who are satisfied with some of the heavy single action guns now to be had, others who prefer the automatic pistol or some of the various makes, models and calibres of double action revolvers, it is plainly evident that from the great majority of those who have expressed themselves through the different magazines in which this subject has been discussed that there *is* a demand, and a large one at that, for the revolver we are asking the factories to turn out and which we are willing and anxious to pay for.

The old Colt single action in the large calibres, which were of necessity built on a large frame, was a success and none can truthfully deny this statement, and in my opinion as well as that of others, the proposed new gun would be no less so in any way.

In point of accuracy the new gun we want would be unequalled, while the penetration would be all that anyone could ask for, and the single action feature, coupled with its swinging out cylinder, simultaneous ejecting of cartridges, and last, but by no means least, the old Colt single action stock and hammer, would complete the description of a weapon that in every way could safely be called THE IDEAL GUN.

Ashley A. Haines, Salmon Arm, B. C.

RIFLE CLEANING

Editor RECREATION:

Occasionally I hear a "wail of woe," arising from the dire calamity of rust in rifles. The latest, from Brother W. F. Johnson, New York City. I will state my experience and "sure cure." I had a splendid rifle rust and pit badly from letting it go dirty after one shoot from a certain kind of powder. The rifle was utterly worthless six months after the rust first appeared, although I took good care of it after I first found it. The whole expense of having "my beauty" rebored (from .22-.15.-60-.34-inch barrel to .28-.30-.120 31-inch barrel I had the barrel cut of three inches) was about twelve dollars, owing to the great distance to the factory, quite a dear lesson for a working man, even from the financial view. As soon as I discovered the rust I adapted the following plan to save my other rifle, which is also a special arm of great beauty and efficiency. I took ordinary knitting yarn and twisted and doubled it into a small rope that fit *very* snugly in the barrel; this I keep saturated with vaseline, sometimes adding 3 in 1, or any good oil. The rope should be about one inch longer than the barrel. I attach to this rope a small strong string with a bullet of smaller calibre than the bore of the rifle, drop the bullet then from the breech, draw the oiled yarn rope through the barrel, allowing the end stop just inside the chamber, wrap the small string with the bullet on around the muzzle of the rifle and lay it away without any fear. I contend that the woolen rope allows air to circulate through the barrel, and the presence of so much oil keeps out any rusting influence. Leastwise I have kept one rifle four years in beautiful condition thereby, and my unfortunate one is good so far, from the same treatment. This may seem too much trouble for some careless gunners, but after a little practice one can manipulate the combination without any great lot of trouble. I will add, however, the rifle should be cleaned after each shooting as soon as possible. I clean with a buckskin string, with a small string and bullet, as above described, using any ordinary rag for a swab. I seldom change swabs. I would advise Brother Johnson against any wire brush or *other* metal, except lead inside your rifle barrel, after using

the buckskin string and ordinary rag for a cleaner for a while, until getting accustomed to it. *No* practical hunter or shooter would use anything else, as you can carry it so nicely in your pocket and always ready for use. I would caution to always draw the swab first through the muzzle, in order to get the proper sized swab, as one is liable to start from chamber and choke from too large a swab. The string should also be of the best buckskin, or other leather equally as strong. After some little practice this proves a very cheap, quick, safe and absolutely sure way to care for a rifle. Yes, of course, I am a crank.

Lebanon, Ore. L. R. Henderson.

WHAT MILITARY MEN THINK

Editor RECREATION:

Perhaps the following quotation from the annual report of the Chief of Ordnance for the year ending June 30, 1905, may interest some of your readers:

"It is anticipated that the experiments for determining a design and calibre of revolver bullet which will possess sufficient stopping power and shock effect will be completed at an early date. Results of the tests so far made would seem to indicate that *no bullet having a calibre less than .45 can be found to fulfill the requirements imposed.*" The italics are my own.

T. Sperling, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTS NO METAL-PATCHED

UTICA, N. Y., 8th Dec., 1905.

Editor RECREATION:

The case against the metal-patched bullet is much stronger than you give it credit for being in your comment on my letter in the December number. It has been proven possible to get excellent results with very high-pressure smokeless loads without using the metal patch. Mr. W. A. Linkletter has evolved a high-power smokeless load with cast bullet and lubricated paper patch for his 40-90 Winchester single-shot, that he justly calls a "world beater." Dr. W. G. Hudson, with the assistance of Mr. Barlow, of the Ideal Manufacturing Co., has produced excellent smokeless loads, using cast bullets, combining great accuracy with fairly high velocity, and it is said that the lubricated wire-patched bullet made by the National Projectile Works has all the advantages of the metal patch and has no injurious effect upon the rifling. If this is true—and it is attested by many who have used it—this bullet will undoubtedly drive the metal patch out of the market.

However that may be, there can be no excuse for using metal-patched bullets in low-power, smokeless cartridges that do not differ from black-powder loads in velocity. And all low-power central-fire smokeless rifle cartridges, with two exceptions, are loaded with metal-patched bullets. Manufacturers claim that they can not obtain satisfactory results with cast bullets in these cartridges. But they forget to be consistent. The .43 Spanish Remington smokeless cartridge, as made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. today, uses a *plain lead bullet.* The powder charge of this cartridge is equivalent in energy to seventy-seven grains of black powder. If smokeless powder in charges equivalent in energy to seventy-seven grains of black powder can be used with a plain lead bullet, why on earth can't 45-70, 40-72, 38-55, 32-40 and other low-power smokeless loads be furnished with lead bullets? They can be, and if the users of these cartridges care enough about the welfare of their rifle-barrels they will be, for the manufacturers would feel compelled to supply a general demand.

To return to the question of metal-patched bullets for revolvers, it is to the credit of the cartridge manufacturers that all smokeless revolver cartridges except the .32, .38 and .44 W. C. F., use plain lead bullets. The pressure necessary to force a hard, unyielding, cylindrical, unlubricated metal-patched bullet to take the rifling would be infinitely greater than that necessary for a soft, cannulated and lubricated lead bullet. And this tremendously increased pressure would be exerted on the weakest part of the revolver's structure—the joint between the cylinder and the barrel.

Colt and Smith & Wesson revolvers will stand a tremendous amount of abuse and yet work well—their strength and durability are wonderful—but the metal-patched bullet would be the straw to break the camel's back.

P. De Angelis.

WANTS A GOOD HOLSTER

Editor, RECREATION:

I have been buying your magazine at the news stands and have been reading the discussions on the "Ideal Belt Gun" with great interest. That is my hobby. Have been using most all of the heavy guns, 38, 44, 45, etc., but have had better success and like the 38 Special Officer's model Colt's better than any I have ever used.

For short range and indoor practice I reload shells with full size bullet and half-charges of "Semi-smokeless" powder (King's), and find that it generally shoots where you hold it.

I wish either you or some of your readers would tell me where I can get an "ideal belt and holster" for this same gun, one that is made of some soft dark brown or black leather, that won't sound as if you were a walking harness shop. I have tried both in Chicago and St. Louis to buy such a holster or to have one made, but can find none nor any one that will make one.

J. P. Allen, Jr., Greencastle, Ind.

REBROWNING

Editor, RECREATION:

I shall be very obliged if you can give me a receipt for browning gun barrels.

I have one, have tried it, and am sorry to say failed badly; mine is, 1 ounce tincture of muriate of iron, 1 ounce nitric ether, 4 scruples sulphite of copper, ¾ pint of rain water; clean the barrels thoroughly with fine emery powder if rusted, then wash the barrels with boiling water, soap and brush; be careful and not let your hands touch the barrels whilst drying them, as any grease prevents the mixture from taking; apply mixture with a sponge fastened to a stick, twelve hours after application inmmerse the barrels in turpentine water for about an hour, then give them a good rubbing with a piece of hard cloth; if one application is not enough, put on a second.

My barrels turned a light rust color. I then put 3 in 1 oil, and now they have a terrible coat of rust. Cleaned and oiled them to-day, a couple of days after they are just as bad with rust. Hoping that you will be able to help us, and wishing you every success,

C. Connell, Trinidad, B. W. T.

Amateurs very rarely succeed in rebrowning barrels. It would seem as though you had not stopped the action of the acids in the mixture. A more thorough boiling in a larger quantity of water might have prevented the rust.—EDITOR.

IN FAVOR OF THE .38

Editor RECREATION:

I have been reading with much interest the different articles on the belt revolver in your magazine for the past few months. I am delighted to know that so many besides myself are interested in getting out a new and better revolver than we have ever had on the market. I have a few words to say in regard to the .38 special. I am the happy owner of a .38 military model Smith & Wesson revolver with a five-inch barrel, and I have yet to see a revolver that will excel it in accuracy or penetration. About the only use I have for it is target practice, and to use on different camping trips. In target practice I shoot at an eight bull at 100 yards mostly, and have made a score of forty out of a possible fifty. Six out of the ten were in the bullseye. This shows something about the accuracy of this gun, now as to penetration. I have several times shot it through the four-inch side of a two by four post, and I do not know where it went to after passing through this. You know some people may think that a revolver is supposed to shoot as hard as a Springfield rifle, but they are mistaken. A pistol that will go through four inches of hard Georgia pine wood I believe will meet the requirements of what a pistol is used for. The largest game I ever killed with it was a cow, and it only took one shot to do it, too.

Now there are a few improvements that can be made on this revolver, and in my mind they are this. Make it with the old Army Model Colt's grip, single action, with less sweep to the hammer than we have on the old Army Model, and with by all means a front cylinder lock, but please don't pay any attention to what these different pistol cranks are saying in regard to fancy sights. Why, if a man ever gets used to shooting with the fancy target sights, I daresay that if he ever got in a place where he had to shoot without using sights at all he couldn't hit a man one out of ten. It gives me the jimjams to hear them talk about these fancy target sights. The proper way to shoot a pistol is without any sights.

Come forth now, brother pistol cranks, and let us hear what you have to say about this new pistol, that I am sure will be the most popular ever put on the market, and I certainly hope they will get out. By the way, I was about to leave out one thing. This pistol might be made to take smokeless powder, which will add greatly to the shooting power of this arm.

Hoping to see more about this new pistol in the next issue of RECREATION, and wishing RECREATION much success,

Stuart Johnston, Macon, Ga.

WOULD HAVE NONE OF THEM

Editor, RECREATION:

It is with great interest that I read the articles published in your magazine relative to the "Ideal Gun," a single-action Colt, of course.

In my opinion, the .44 or .45 calibre S. A. Colt Frontier as it is to-day is far and away above any other arm manufactured, and the only change I would care to have is in the method of ejection. By all means let us have a side-ejector, but for heaven's sake don't sacrifice the gun's good points to get it.

There is no reason why a gun should be ruined for the majority because of the few high pressure and fancy sight fiends and others who are too weak to carry such an arm. To those I recommend the 15 ounce .22 calibre gun, either single or double action.

To the man who packs a gun at his hip the fear of knocking the sights out of alignment would become a positive worry, and worry is something none of us want.

I prefer a .44 calibre gun, as I use a Marlin carbine of that calibre. and am so saved both expense and trouble.

At any rate, me for the new gun as soon as it makes its appearance.

E. M. Crafton, Chicago, Ill.

ASKS A FEW QUESTIONS

Editor, RECREATION:

I would like to ask your readers for some information on the following:

Is the Browning Automatic shotgun a good shooter, and is it durable? Have heard that it is so complicated that it soon gets out of order.

Is the Brayton telescope sight a success, and is it a reliable sight for target and game hunting?

Is the Savage .303 rifle a good gun for woodchucks? Of course, I would use the miniature cartridge.

What is the best telescope sight for "chuck" shooting?

I think the Gun and Ammunition department is one of the best features of RECREATION.

J. M. Elrick, Harrisville, Pa.

A "DOUBLE ACTION" MAN

Editor, RECREATION:

As I am a reader of the RECREATION and enjoy it very much, and have had twelve years' experience with revolvers of all kinds, please permit me to "butt in."

I have read many letters in regard to what kind of revolver is most suitable for belt and all around purposes. It seems that a large percentage of sportsmen want a single action revolver that will take the S. & W. cartridge. For what reason it is very difficult for me to find out. In regard to the single and double action, I prefer the double action for all purposes. For target practice and all other practice and for general usage, I believe one writer in "The Out Door Life" said it was harder to pull the hammer back on the double action than the single action. This is very true, if I remember right; but there is very little difference. Some people say that the double action guns hang where they are shot rapidly, and so some do. But not the Smith & Wesson special. Some say that the cylinder turns a fraction when the trigger is pulled after being cocked, and so it does, but not the S. & W. I have a .38 mill S. & W. special, with pearl stock and target sights, blue finish. This is the best revolver for accuracy, durability, looks and penetration.

Now, readers of RECREATION, I wish to say that the single action for target and other purposes is all O. K. But for defense and quick work, give me the double action instead of the single. Now, to improve this revolver, which I think is superior to all others, I would suggest a rib on top of barrel, like the target pistols and others have. This will lower the sight, which I think is rather high, and will make it sufficiently heavy. It will weigh something over two pounds, which I think is heavy enough. Make it of nickel steel, so that it will shoot smokeless powder and soft point or full metal bullet. Then the recoil will be about one-third as much as the black powder. This revolver can be made both single and double action, so the demand for both can be supplied. Of course, the latest model will be desired by all with the lock in front of the cylinder. I have fun shooting smokeless shells in my revolver and they do excellent work. I shot it two hundred times, and it didn't get out of order. I wish to recommend it as the best revolver on the market.

Harry S. Everett, Cody, Wyoming.

FEBRUARY.

DONALD A. FRASER.

Pale February comes with tear-filled eyes,
And now she weeps, and now she smiles again;
For flake-thick winds succeed the driving rain,
And leaden vaults contend with azure skies.
Her gown of white and gray, close-fitting, lies
Against her graceful form; her hands contain
Sweet bashful snowdrops, heads a-droop, as fain
To hide afresh, beneath late frosty ties.
But Earth regards her with a mild reproach,
Who stirs her sluggish blood with gentle pains,
And shrinks in fretful mood at every touch
Her breast from lightly-falling feet sustains;
Yet February doth straight on pursue
Her quiet way, and wakes Earth's life anew.

THE PARTRIDGE DOG

BY W. B. TALLMAN.

The ruffed grouse or partridge is, beyond any doubt, the greatest of our game birds. Anyone who has ever shot them appreciates the fact that there is greater satisfaction in bringing one of these grand birds to bay than in any other shooting that can be had. This is not only because of their size and beauty, though that, of course, adds to the pleasure, but more particularly through the fact of their extreme wildness and exceptional cunning, and that, aside from an accidental chance shot, they generally give the shooter an opportunity for exercising all the quickness and accuracy of which he is capable.

To thoroughly enjoy ruffed grouse shooting, there are several things that are quite, if not absolutely necessary—a knowledge of the habits of the birds, a familiarity with the country over which you intend to shoot, the ability to stand hard tramping through swampy, rough cover and over rocky hillsides; and last and most important, a good partridge dog. Now what constitutes a good partridge dog? There are a good many shooters who would say at once, "I want a slow-working dog; one with a good nose, who will pick up the foot scent where the birds have been, and follow that trail until he locates the bird. Where the birds are as wild as they are in *my* country, no dog can point them unless he keeps his nose to the ground and goes very slow. If a dog goes racing through the woods and only points when he gets the body scent, you won't get a shot in a week." This man may be a good practical sportsman, a good shot, and may, if he is a persistent and hard worker, get his share of birds. But he has been brought up to believe that a partridge dog is necessarily a potterer, because he has not been so fortunate as to possess or to have seen a really good *natural* partridge dog. He may have had or seen dogs that if properly handled would have made good ones, but his desire to *shoot,* whenever he knows there are birds to be found, and the fact that he could get some shots over a slow-going dog, have prevented him from taking the time and the pains to teach the better dog what to do. It is a fact that one who knows his shooting ground, and where to find the birds, can get more shots without any dog than he can with a fast dog that has not been properly broken and had experience. Consequently he can get more shots over a slow-going plug dog that takes the foot scent and creeps and crawls to his game than he can over a good though inexperienced dog. The best dogs that I have ever seen for the purpose were high-headed ones, and I would not accept as a gift one that persisted in trailing, and nosing on foot scent. I have found that the best ones will occasionally try for foot scent, but upon finding it, would throw up their heads, cast off, and go high-headed to their birds.

In selecting a young dog with the intention of breaking him on partridge, and with the idea of making a thoroughly good dog for that work, do not be deceived and invest your money in one that shows a lot of *point* and an inclination to creep and crawl on the scent. Select a good mover, just as you would if you were intending to do most of your shooting in the open on quail. Pick one that shows a disposition to keep his head up and feel for the scent, high in the air. If you can see him, when ranging quite fast, stop and with a high head appear to use his nose, whether he shows inclination to point or not, give him a trial. More care is necessary in yard breaking a dog for partridge shooting than for quail, as it is very important for work on these wild birds that your dog be absolutely obedient and capable of being handled without the use of loud orders. A thoroughly broken partridge dog should work without orders, or at the most with only a slight whistle and motion of the hand. Right here is where good yard breaking comes in. If you have a youngster of good disposition, you can easily teach him to be obedient to motions of the hand—to give you his attention at a low whistle—to drop readily at a signal and to move in either direction as ordered. A little time spent in this way will be repaid many times over, when you come to give him his actual work on game. He can easily be taught to go more cautiously at the sound of "sh-sh," and to move on or go faster by clucking as to a horse. When finished in his breaking, these two orders and a few motions of the hand are all that need be used. There are dogs that show the qualities of which I have spoken, viz., good action and a disposition to hunt with a high head, that may be too rank or too ambitious for a novice to break without a great deal of trouble; but there are dogs, especially those that are bred from

generations of partridge dogs, that can be broken with very little trouble. One of the most important things to bear in mind, providing that in the first place you have one of the right sort, is not to expect too much of him in the beginning and have patience with him when he makes mistakes. If he has the right sort of a head for the work, and is really a good one, he will soon find where he is wrong and correct himself. Remember, I am speaking now of the really good *natural* partridge dog, that has been well handled previous to his entry on game. Do not attempt to show him what to do, but let him learn it himself. Never check him unless he is *very wild*. Never scold nor punish him unless he has committed a rank fault. Put all the confidence you can in him—give him a chance to develop his bird sense, and you will find him coming on much faster, and very much better than if you are continually checking and talking to him and thereby taking his attention off of his work and preventing him from developing and using his own brain. Such a young dog as I have spoken of may be difficult to find, but it is well worth while to take time to select such a one, for there is much greater pleasure in handling one of that kind, and he can, in one season, be developed into quite a satisfactory dog to shoot over. And if he can be made a companion of and be in constant touch with his owner, he will go on improving from season to season until he becomes too old for service. When I speak of improving from season to season, I have in mind dogs which I have owned and shot over, and instances are brought to my recollection of the most wonderful development of bird sense and intelligence, shown by them, in cases where they seemed to figure out the best plan to outwit some wary old bird.

I remember one instance very well, when the dog showed a persistent disregard of my wishes and finally prevailed on me to change my mind and follow *her* direction. I was on a "cart path" in very heavy cover, when my dog, some fifty yards ahead of me, stopped, half-pointed and indicated to me that there was a bird on that side of the road. As I came up, instead of working in, she went ahead about thirty yards and turned into the thicket. I waited to see what this meant; she was gone some little time, and I was about to break through the brush where she had first stopped, when I saw her come out of the cover where she had gone in. When she saw me she immediately turned back again, looked over her shoulder in a way that said, "Follow me," as plainly as if she had spoken. I did as she desired, and she led me in a half circle until she reached a point opposite where she had first indicated game, and I found myself in a small opening. She then went into the cover very cautiously, but quickly made a short circuit and pointed towards me. I gave her the call to come on, and as she obeyed she put up the bird in such a way that he came out into the open, and I killed him easily. If she had attempted to locate the bird from where she first got wind of it, and I had followed her, I could not possibly have got a shot, as the bird would have flushed wild, while I was breaking through. This was one of many instances where the judgment of my dog was better than my own, and I found that at times when my dog showed a desire to do different from what I thought should be done, it was best to let him have his own way.

Of course, it is not always possible for one to get the right material to develop, but it is certainly essential to start with one that has a natural tendency to hunt high-headed and has an obedient disposition. And it is a good rule to do all the breaking in the yard, and as nearly as possible let the dog do the rest.

BETRAYED

BY HENRY CROCKER

A bright little bubble
Is sailing in a pool;
For a wee little minute it is there.
A pretty little trout,
Just swallowing a fly,
Made this dainty little dome of air.

The bright little bubble
Has betrayed the little trout,
For a bright little boy is by the brook;
And now a little worm
Is dropping in the pool,
A squirming little worm on a hook.

A dozen little circles
Are dimpling the pool;
They are chasing one another to the rim:
'Tis the brook's "Good bye"
To the pretty little trout,
For the farmer's little boy has him.

LANTERN SLIDES

It is pretty hard to talk about making snow scenes just now, for at the time of writing these notes we, in the East here, have not as yet been favored. The air is as bright and crisp as you could want, but the winter landscape has yet to come. Just the same, the snow is bound to be here, and it is as well to prepare to make a few good pictures of it to adorn your den when the grilling summer days come around. Meanwhile your evenings will not be ill-spent, if you take up the matter of making lantern-slides from your negatives. You may not have a projecting lantern yourself, but you will probably find a friend who has, or several of you can club together and buy one. A projecting lantern, or stereopticon, is not expensive. You can get them from $20.00 up complete with lighting apparatus and they give all kinds of pleasure as well as profit. Nothing draws the womenfolk, and the menfolk, too, as a lantern-slide exhibition, and you can easily make the lantern pay for itself in the course of a winter. Don't buy your slides. You will amuse yourself and your neighbors very much more by taking pictures of local views and using these for your slides. A few pointers on slide-making may be useful to you.

The developer recommended by the maker is usually the best for a lantern plate, but for simplicity, cleanliness, and economy there are none to beat hydroquinone. The following is the writer's pet formula for black tones, it will suit most, if not all plates:—

A.

Hydroquinone	80 gr.
Citric acid	30 gr.
Potassium bromide	40 gr.
Sodium sulphite	1 oz.
Water	10 oz.

B.

Sodium hydrate (caustic soda)	80 gr.
Water	10 oz.

Mix in a clean measure equal parts of these solutions (half an ounce of each is sufficient), then add to it half an ounce of water.

To remove yellow stains from slides, take:—

Alum	½ oz.
Sulphate of iron	½ oz.
Citric acid	½ oz.
Water	12 oz.

and allow the side to soak in the solution for about twenty minutes. The solution will keep for a long time, and may be used for negatives.

A good eikonogen developer for lantern slides is the following:—

Sulphite of soda	60 gr.
Carbonate of soda (not bicarbonate)	45 gr.
Eikonogen	15 gr.
Water	5½ oz.

It is advisable to add about two drops of a ten per cent. solution of bromide of potassium to each ounce of developer.

Some readers may perhaps want to make colored diagrams on lantern slides for lecture purposes. Colored inks, suitable for writing on clean glass with a pen, can be made by adding 10 per cent. of dextrine to solutions of aniline; a good color for the purpose being eosin and iodine green. A good black color can be made from writing ink, made slightly alkaline with ammonia, and thickened with 10 per cent. of dextrine.

If warm tones are required on a plate made for black tones, the following pyrogallic acid developer can be used:—

No. 1.

Pyrogallic acid	½ oz.
Sulphite of soda	2 oz.
Citric acid	1 dr.
Water	5 oz.

No. 2.

Ammonia (.880)	½ oz.
Water	4½ oz.

No. 3.

Bromide of ammonia	½ oz.
Water	5 oz.

No. 4.

Carbonate of ammonia	½ oz.
Water	5 oz.

To obtain warm tones with this developer, the exposure must be considerably longer than when hydroquinone is used. A developer composed of 30 drops each of Nos. 1 and 2 and 60 drops each of Nos. 3 and 4 should give a rich, warm brown, inclining to purple, with a plate that has received sufficient exposure. When very warm tones are desired, as little of No. 2 as possible should be used, No. 4 being increased.

In printing lantern slides it is just as fatal a fault to have a "bald-headed" (that is, cloudless) sky as it would be in a print. It is quite a fallacy to suppose—as used to be

taught—that the sky of a lantern slide should be absolutely transparent glass. Transparent glass does not adequately represent anything in nature—least of all, a stretch of sky. If any clouds exist in the negative, they should be carefully coaxed out in the slide, either by local development on the slide itself, or by reducing the sky of the negative, or by printing the sky more than the foreground, by holding a card over the latter during exposure. If none of these procedures are feasible, the sky of the slide should be "sunned down." That is, after exposure in the printing-frame, the slide should be removed therefrom, and before development its sky part should be again exposed for a few seconds. Meanwhile, the landscape part should of course be covered with a piece of card, which is moved up and down, in order to vignette the sky and to leave no sharp-edged marked at the edge of the sunning-down. With a little practice, this is as easy to do with a slide as with a piece of P.O.P.; and enormously improves the picture's appearance on the screen.

How do you make your gaslight prints? Do you guess the distance of the printing-frame from the light and do you use a different light every time? Many amateurs do and consequently get all kinds of results. Don't "guess" the distance from the gas-burner when exposing your bromide prints. If your burner is on a shelf, mark off a measurement-scale along the edge of the shelf; and always put the printing-frame the same distance away from the source of light, once you have found out, by experiment, the right distance for a certain negative and a certain exposure. If the burner is not on a shelf, tie a piece of cord to it, and make knots in the cord to mark the distances in feet or half feet. When you are holding up the frame in front of the burner to make an exposure, hold one of the knots in the hand which grasps the frame, and pull the string taut. If you want to expose your negative two feet from the burner, take hold of the two-foot knot, keep the string taut, and the frame will, of course, be two feet exactly from the source of light. Accuracy in this is of vital importance in successful bromide or gaslight printing. Once having ascertained the correct distance from the flame, and the correct exposure for that distance, all chance of failure is eliminated if you stick to that distance exactly, and exactly that exposure. Guessing the distance from the burner is almost a worse fault than guessing the exposure—inasmuch as guessing the distance means necessarily guessing the exposure as well, because nothing affects the exposure so vitally as the distance from the source of light.

The picture post-card seems to be pushing everything else out. But are all the cards we see turned out by amateurs worth the trouble? Not always, I am sorry to say. The average amateur, who would be ashamed to show a crookedly mounted print, seems to think that it is no sin to send his friends a carelessly gotten up postal card. "It is only a postal," he says, "and not worth bothering about." But like in all things, if the card is worth making, it is worth making well. No card should be made without some kind of a border. If a larger negative than the card is being used, a mask should be cut for it. If the picture runs over the edge of the card, it gives it an unfinished appearance. Cut every mask to suit the picture and don't be pinned down to the masks you buy in packages. It is a thousand to one against the masks you buy being suitable for your subjects. Never use a mask of an odd shape, such as a heart, or a leaf or with ornamental edges, and it is also safe to avoid using masks with rounded corners. They give a cheap appearance to the picture. Generally the margin is left white, but there are occasions when a black border is effective. To produce this, cut a piece of black paper just the size you want your picture to be, and after the picture is printed put the card in a frame with a piece of clear glass and the black paper between the glass and the card. Put the frame in a strong light, so that the edges uncovered by the black paper are completely fogged, and then tone as usual. This method is all right with printing out cards, such as the gold self-toning cards, but with platinotype or bromide cards gives too much of a mourning border appearance. A good way to flatten out your cards when dry is as follows: Get a long pasteboard tube to which fasten one end of a sheet of muslin. When you take your cards out of the washing bath, place them on this sheet, face down, and then roll up so that cloth winds round the tube. Let the cards dry this way and when you take them out they will be straight instead of all curled up.

Are you ever troubled with blisters or air bubbles in your gaslight or bromide prints? They sometimes occur, most annoyingly, and are usually the result of allowing the water from the tap to splash on the face of the prints while washing. But they also occur from using too strong a hypo solution. Also when your developing and fixing baths are at different temperatures. Some brands of paper blister more easily than others, but the blistering can be prevented by rubbing over the back of the paper before development with a pad saturated with alcohol. Very small blisters will usually dry up and not show, but big ones can hardly be remedied. They can be reduced a little by touching them with alcohol.

UNMOUNTED PRINTS

It is occasionally desired to remove a print from its mount, or from the page of an album, usually for the purpose of remounting

it. If the preservation of the mount is of no consequence it is simple enough to soak mount and all face downwards in a basin of water until the mountant is thoroughly softened, and then peel the print off. But if the prints are in an album, or if the mounts are to be preserved, this method is impracticable. The prints can be laid face upwards, and wetted with a brush charged with water, but if they are gelatine prints, and especially if they have been alumed, it is most difficult to get them properly saturated in this way, as the water will not spread evenly over them. The soaking, however, can easily be done in the following way, which I do not remember to have seen described before. Cut pieces of pure white blotting paper to size, and have at hand a dish of water and a soft brush. Lay a piece of dry blotting paper exactly over the print, and while holding it in position with one hand, dab water on with the brush, beginning from the middle. As soon as it is wet it will, of course, lie flat on the print, and when thoroughly soaked it can be left while the next print is being treated in the same way. Leave it to soak for a quarter to half an hour (applying more water from time to time if it shows signs of drying), and then lift the blotting paper carefully and see if the gelatine is evenly swollen. If it is not, do not attempt to strip it, or the unswollen patches will probably stick; replace the blotting paper and dab more water on these patches. When the print is thoroughly soaked, and not before, lift one corner with the finger-nail and peel it off cautiously. The prints can be laid out to dry or remounted at once, and if these directions are followed neither the print nor the page of the album will be defaced in any way. A further advantage of using the blotting paper is that no water need get over the edges on to the rest of the page. In my own case my purpose was to remove some faded prints from an album to be replaced by permanent ones, and it was important to avoid defacing the album, which contained a large number of other sound prints. The mountant to be softened was Higgins's, and the method would probably work equally well with prints mounted with starch or other commercial paste mountants. I cannot say whether it would work with a gelatine mountant.

BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY

Some very excellent information on the photographing of birds was given by the Rev. H. N. Bonar in a lecture he recently delivered before an English camera club. As he says, one may have the costliest camera, the best of lenses and may be among numbers of rare birds, in perfect light, and yet never be able to get a single photograph, all through ignorance of field craft, one branch of which relates to the habits of birds, while the other branch consists chiefly of knowing how to keep yourself out of sight. Many very timid birds are by no means camera-shy if proper precautions are taken; while on the other hand many common birds can hardly be induced to come near any suspicious object.

Two forces tame the wildest of birds and make them frequent a given spot at a given time—hunger and love—hence the two seasons for bird photography are winter and spring. There one needs a knowledge of birds' food and their feeding habits, as well as an acquaintance with their nests and probable nesting places.

If you go to a spot where you believe nests are, you should know beforehand whether the nest will be found on the ground or in a tree, what the bird's note is like, what number of eggs it lays, and how many days these take to hatch out. Also you should know whether the bird is bold or shy at its nest, whether it is of deliberate or restless habits, and whether it is of a species which easily forsakes its nest. When you have found the nest, handle the eggs as little as possible, and be sure you do it with clean hands, for I have known a bird not very shy desert its eggs because they were handled by a man who had just peeled an orange.

On a snowy day many birds may be photographed by putting up a tempting perch, focusing on that, covering the camera with a white cloth, and laying food on the ground. Corn, bread, raisins, holly-berries and hard-boiled egg will attract many different species of birds, even in a town garden, if there are bushes near.

Walk quietly through the woods, don't tread on dry twigs if you can help it, and never show on the sky line of a field or moor or emerge from a wood without first carefully looking in front of you. Do not put up your camera at a nest, always go a little distance away, and get everything ready before you focus on the exact spot.

In the list of apparatus, a field glass should be put first, as this helps to identify birds and find their nests without frightening them. A small folding-up camera 4 x 5 in size, to which a telephoto lens can be fitted, is recommended. It is best used as a stand camera, but can be held in the hands when using the top speeds of the shutter. Such a camera can be carried easily to the top of a tree or lowered down a cliff, while extra plate-holders can be carried in the pocket. As for plates, the very fastest that can be bought should be used. As to lens, the best is the cheapest, though a lens that will not do the work for which it was built is dear at any price. Except for special work, the focal place shutter is hardly to be recommended.

(*To be continued*)

FROM FAR AND NEAR

Pottawattomie county sportsmen are taking the lead in a movement to secure legislation for better protection to game birds in Iowa. Letters have been sent out by the Bluff City Gun Club of Council Bluffs to similar organizations in other cities asking coöperation in an effort to secure legislation toward that end at the coming general assembly. The propositions are to change the open season on several classes of game, reduce the number of fowl that one person may have in his possession, and require all hunters to take out licenses.

The Chautauqua Fish and Game Protective Association is doing active work for the passage of a law to protect rabbits in Chautauqua county. Another is to have the Fredonia waterworks reservoir in Arkwright Hills and adjacent streams stocked with trout. The village trustees will grant the necessary permission and the fish will be obtained. The association is also trying to obtain the appointment of a deputy game warden for each township and will ask the legislature to amend the laws regarding seine fishing in Lake Erie.

Louis Russ, proprietor of the Commonwealth café in Harrisburg, Pa., pleaded guilty in the Dauphin courts recently to purchasing eleven grouse, and was fined $275.

The board of education of Quincy, Ill., a few days ago received from Colonel S. P. Bartlett, fish commissioner, one hundred and fifty copies of the Illinois game laws, which are to be used by the teachers in the public schools of the city in connection with the teachings in nature study. The children are taught to protect the birds rather than to destroy them and their nests.

The game warden's department of Michigan seized thirty deer carcasses, most of them taken at Cadillac, which were being carried by the G. R. & I. road five days after the close of the deer season. The carcasses were shipped early enough to get them through to their destination on time if they had been handled without delay but they were hung up, thus the seizure. State Game Warden Chapman intends to prosecute. It is thought the hunters who owned the carcasses can recover from the railroad company.

One hundred residents of Oshkosh have petitioned that the law prohibiting the sale of game be repealed. It is the intention to have State Senator E. E. Stevens of that city present the petition before the legislature. It reads as follows:

"We, the undersigned, residents of Winnebago county, respectfully request that the section of chapter 449 of the laws of Wisconsin for 1903, prohibiting the sale of game, be repealed." Following this is the long list of signers, among them Mayor John Banderob.

The law dealing with the sale of game provides a fine or imprisonment or both for "Whoever shall sell, or offer for sale, have in his possession for the purpose of sale, or shall barter, trade or exchange for other property, or whoever shall purchase, or receive in exchange for other property, or having in his possession after purchase or receiving in exchange for other property within the limits of this state, the meat or flesh of any doe, buck or fawn (commonly known as venison), or any wild duck of any variety, wild goose, brant or any other aquatic bird, or any woodcock, partridge, pheasant, prairie chicken or prairie hen, grouse or any variety, plover, snipe, Mongolian, Chinese or English pheasant, or quail of any variety."

Those working in the interests of the petition claim that persons who are unable or do not desire to hunt wild game should not be deprived of securing it. They point out that under the present restriction many families never have an opportunity to eat wild game and the hotels and restaurants cannot offer it in their bill of fare.

Consul Harvey, stationed at Fort Erie, Ont., furnishes the following report in relation to fishing on Lake Erie. It is evident that the Erie American consul is satisfied that unless something is done it will be only a short time before the lake will be depopulated of fish. He says:

"The Canadian government issues fish licenses to parties all along the north shore of Lake Erie. I recently visited a Fort Erie man who has a lease of six miles of the shore between Port Colborne and Dunnville,

for which he pays $600. He has six nets extending from the shore 1½ miles out into the lake. The nets are deep enough to allow the lead line to rest on the bottom and the cork line on the surface of the water, the outer end being forty-five feet in depth. Each net has two or more cribs. The fish follow along the net until they come to the crib, which is about 30 feet square, the bottom and side composed of small meshed netting that holds a fish of one-fourth pound weight.

"When the nets are lifted they contain from 500 to 2,000 pounds of fish, which are dipped out with a scoop net, except the sturgeon, which are lifted with a gaff hook. The law requires the black bass to be returned to the water, but as there is seldom any inspector present the law is not enforced. The 100 or more black bass I saw taken would not average more than a pound in weight, while a few years ago the average run was three pounds.

"If the two governments would join and prohibit net fishing in Lake Erie for four years fish would become plentiful and of good size. Net fishing is not allowed in Niagara River, but the net fishing on both sides of the lake prevents fish from getting down the river, and Buffalo anglers have to go to Canadian lakes for their sport. The fish caught in the lake are sorted, packed in 100-pound boxes, and expressed to Buffalo or New York, where they are sold to the consumer for 10 cents per pound."

An interesting case to hunters was tried recently at Merrill, Wis. A hunter killed a deer out of season and two of his neighbors witnessed the killing. As the animal was too heavy to carry home the hunter left it in the woods until he could get his horse and buggy, and before his return the two neighbors swiped the venison. The hunter went and demanded the deer, but was refused. He was arrested for killing deer out of season and paid a fine. In return he had the two neighbors arrested for having a deer in their possession out of season and for this offense the judge imposed a fine of $54.80 on the two men.

Page B. Otero, fish and game warden of the territory of New Mexico, is in receipt of a letter from Captain John F. Fullerton, of the mounted police, stating that the Indians, who have been giving a great deal of trouble of late by ignoring the game laws and killing deer out of season, have been ordered back to their respective reservations, and that nearly all of them have complied with the order.

In addition to the orders of the mounted police it is stated that runners from the different Pueblos were sent out to warn the Indians that they had best return, as the officers of the law were after them. About 150 Pueblos, Apaches and Navahoes who had been hunting in western New Mexico are reported to have returned to their reservations, but not before they had secured a number of does and bucks.

Private Myers, of the mounted police, who has been in Santa Fe the past few days on business connected with his duties, stated to Warden Otero that almost all of the Indians had returned to their reservations and pueblos. Speaking further of the matter, Private Myers said:

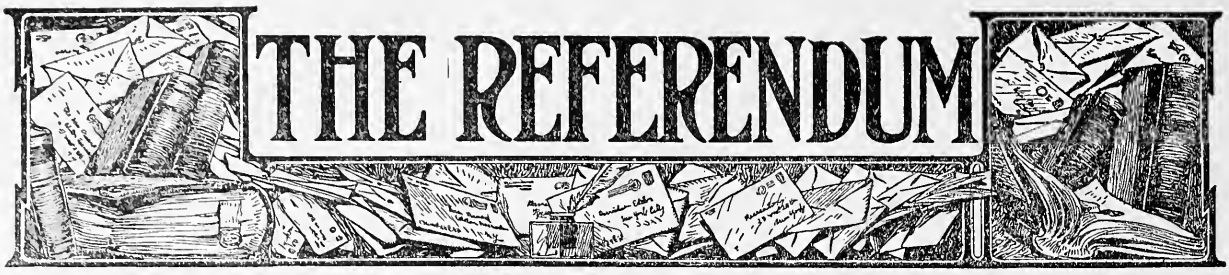
"These redskins have absolutely no regard for the game laws. They seem to think that as long as there are deer to shoot they have the privilege of killing them, no matter whether it is in season or not. We have succeeded in arresting a number, and hope, by confiscating their arms and ammunition, and fining them, or confining them in jail for a while, to teach them a lesson."

Mr. Otero states that as yet he has had no advices from the commissioner of Indian affairs at Washington as to what the authorities intend to do in the matter in reference to the letters he has sent the commissioner on the question of the government's charges disobeying the law, but states that he does not propose to wait much longer upon the government to take matters in hand, and that in the event of the Indians repeating the offence, measures will be taken by the mounted police and the deputy game wardens to stop them.

GOLDEN GATE, CALIFORNIA

The fishermen sailing boats out into the ocean are again trying to exterminate the seals that inhabit the rocks off the Cliff House. Every day for the past week from these fishing boats shots are heard on the shore, and the bodies of several seals, killed by rifle bullets have been found washed in upon the sands. It is stated that nearly every fisherman who goes out to sea now carries a rifle, and as the boats skirt the rocks they fire from six to a dozen shots at the animals as they bask in the sun on the rookeries.

Some years ago the fishermen complained that the seals were eating all the fish in the waters, and that it was necessary to kill them off to preserve the fish for human consumption. At that time the scientists who had made a study of the seal and his habits declared that the number of those on the rocks near the ocean beach could not appreciably diminish the supply of deep-water fish. Stringent measures were taken to protect the seals from the rifles of the fishermen and not until recently have attempts been made to once more kill them off.



CROWOLOGY

BY CLARENCE VANDIVEER

Thief, robber, pirate, or whatever else you may choose to call him, the crow continues to prosper, in spite of his extreme unpopularity. Like the English sparrow, he is here to stay. He may devote much of his time in picking up bugs and worms, but I am inclined to think that he spends far more time in robbing the farmer's cornfields and hen's nests. I have heard farmers say that they have seen crows carry off one chick after another. I have never seen them do that, but I have seen them carry off many an egg. What fearful havoc they must work in the game fields! To steal seems to be the one object of their lives, for they will carry away almost any small object that they can get. Charles Hallock tells of a tame crow that was wont to carry off screws, bolts, buttons and other delicacies of that sort. His cache, when discovered, contained about a bushel of miscellaneous bric-à-brac that "any flotsam-fed goat would have burst with envy to behold."

Some writers claim that all crows migrate in winter, and that the crows we see in the winter time come from the far north, while others say that the crow migrates only when he feels so disposed. For my part, I prefer the latter theory. At any rate, the dusky robber is driven to desperate straits during the pinching days, when nearly all other birds have migrated and the fields are bare.

An epidemic occasionally carries off a few of the marauders in winter, but as a rule they attain a great age. One Christmas a number of years ago my brother and I started out for a walk. There was a deep snow and the woods seemed deserted. Finally, we came upon a flock of crows. They were sitting in some willow trees and did not fly as we approached. Thinking this strange, we began to throw clubs at them, and not until several were knocked down did the rest take wing. They flew slowly and with apparent difficulty. The crows we killed were very poor and seemed to have something the matter with their throats.

One day, while working in the field, I noticed great flocks of crows assembling in a nearby woods, and so I concluded I would go crow hunting. But hunting crows and killing them are two different things. I found plenty of crows, but only killed one. They would assemble in a ravine, offering every chance of approach under cover, but just as I was about where I wanted to get, some sentinel I had not seen would give the alarm. But the wariness of the bird makes it sport to hunt him, and I frequently take my .22 Winchester and go in quest of the dusky pirate.

Last spring I secured a crow's nest and took especial notice of its construction. The outer layers were composed of twigs loosely woven together. Next came a layer of strings, parchment, paper and the leaves of a Sunday school book. The inside of the nest was lined with hair. Although apparently religious, this crow must have forgotten the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal."

THE "GERVAN" MOTOR CYCLE

Editor RECREATION:

We are in receipt of two copies from your bureau of information for which beg to thank you. Considering you have been so kind as to put this information before us we trust you will gladly make a correction. The motor cycle termed "German" is in reality known as the "F. N.," manufactured in Liege, Belgium, but the patents are German. The Harry Fosdick Company, comprised of Mr. J. A. Dowling and Mr. Harry Fosdick, are the importers, and have the American agency. I take it for granted that you must have something in one of your numbers on this motor cycle, hence these inquiries. Our address as above will reach us, although the address for myself, care of Bay State Club, will reach me.

We thank you again for giving this matter such a kindly reception, and I trust you will appreciate our interest in trying to give you correct information.

We will be glad to correspond with you if you desire any further information on the subject referred to in this letter.

Harry Fosdick Company,
Per Harry Fosdick,
President.

THE DRUMMING PARTRIDGE

Regarding Martin Hunter's letter in your December issue, claiming that he has never seen it necessary to throw sticks at a partridge while it was drumming in order to scare it away, will say that while I was up at dawn one morning, fishing on a lake, my

pard and I saw a partridge drumming and found it necessary to throw sticks at it in order to chase it away. I would not dare to relate this had I not a witness.

Can not too highly praise your magazine, and hope to always see it before the public.

Peter F. Wagner, New York Mills.

CHICAGO ARCHERS

"The Chicago Archers" held their annual meeting December 8th and elected the following officers:

President, Dr. Wm. Carver Williams; vice-president, F. E. Canfield; secretary-treasurer, A. E. Spink. Executive committee, Ben Keys and H. W. Bishop, with the above officers, Field captain, Dr. Edward B. Weston.

During the coming season there will be a handicap shoot each week. Also a weekly contest for club championships, which will be awarded to those making the highest average scores during the season, provided ten scores have been handed in.

DOGS ON THE TRAIN

Editor RECREATION:

I have just read your editorial concerning "dogs on the train." During the years when I dwelt in the East I had much difficulty regarding the transportation of dogs for hunting purposes from one point to another. But since I removed to California I have discovered one railroad company that is actuated by common-sense principles regarding the traveling sportsman and his canine assistants. This road is the California Northwestern Railroad. The management permits the free transportation of all dogs in its smoking cars when accompanied by their owners. I have known of many instances where this privilege was taken advantage of, and I have availed myself of it occasionally, and I have never yet known of any loss to the company by its kindliness to the traveler and his dogs.

The California Northwestern Railroad Company's line runs through Marin, Sonoma and Mendocino counties, California. Along its line, and in the country tributary to it, may be found good shooting and hunting—duck, quail, deer and other game being abundant in their seasons.

Some of our Eastern sportsmen who visit the West should pay a visit to Mendocino County. They would find a hospitable people and plenty of game. The summer is long and dry, but they will not suffer from want of water, and, while the winter may be very damp—the rainfall being very heavy during that season—they will not be able to freeze to death, no matter how hard they may try. These counties lie north of San Francisco, and are not in the route usually traveled by the visitor from the Eastern States. Ignatius Sutherland, Sonoma, Cal.

FROM FAR WASHINGTON

Editor RECREATION:

Game, both large and small, seems to be fairly abundant in the Puget Sound country this fall. But it is more due to the cover and protection afforded by nature than to the game laws and the wardens. Duck hunting is undergoing a change, and the days of the free lance are over, as the best duck grounds are being taken up by clubs who sow the ponds or sloughs with grain. The birds have been slower in coming south than they are usually, due to the warm weather we have been enjoying, and duck hunters are anxiously awaiting the first winter storm. Deer, as always, are abundant in the foothills of the Cascade and Olympic Mountains and deer hunting is becoming more popular, although the thick brush makes hunting without hounds rather uncertain.

The mongolian pheasant seems to have taken root at last, and in certain parts of the State many coveys can be seen in a day's tramp. As it is, many are killed unlawfully, as the law allows hunters to kill the cock birds while the hens are protected. Of course it's unnecessary to state that a law of this kind is useless and childish. If it were ever possible to invariably distinguish the male from the female birds many hens would warm the hunting bag. But under certain conditions it is impossible for the hunter to determine the difference.

I saw an article in a State newspaper saying that the Dolly Varden trout were "not protected by law as they destroyed salmon eggs"! Ye Gods! What were the men who made this law? Certainly not those who had the welfare of our trout at heart, for *all* of our trout eat salmon eggs, and there are many, many beautiful streams where the Dolly Varden abounds that are never visited by salmon. If they want to protect salmon they might go to the canneries and the riddle of "Where do the salmon go?" would be solved.

Belmore H. Browne, Tacoma, Wash.

CHICAGO FOR SPORT

Editor RECREATION:

I have been a reader of RECREATION for some time and have never noticed an article on the chances for game in the vicinity of Chicago.

Although it is situated right on Lake Michigan, business men and others, cramped up in a little office all week, can take their guns and have a little practice on duck or jack-snipe without even going out of the city limits.

There are a good many old piers along the lake that offer a good blind for a patient duck hunter that is willing to brave the wind and rain; also little swamps all around the city, where any one can try their luck on

the fast flying snipe. The ducks come in on the lake about the middle of November, and stay till after the 1st of January. The old squaw and fish ducks stay all winter.

Three of us have a boat and a lot of decoys that we keep at the lake and have had good success shooting blue-bill from an old pier covered with slag from the steel mill at South Chicago.

One day last week I killed six ducks in a few hours.

I have a light Remington hammerless C grade 16 gauge and it is real sport to stop a blue-bill with it going at the rate of 60 miles an hour.

Our ex-Mayor, Carter H. Harrison, was an ardent sportsman and had an ordinance passed last year allowing hunters to shoot game in the city with a shotgun if 500 feet from a residence. This is a privilege that all of us appreciate and sincerely hope none will spoil.

William T. Skinner.

SUCCESSFUL IN NEW BRUNSWICK

Editor RECREATION:

Dear Sir.—I am a subscriber to your magazine in my son's name, Arthur Lyle, and read it with a great deal of interest, being quite an ardent amateur hunter myself. Having hunted deer in Northern Maine for several years I thought I would try moose hunting in New Brunswick this fall. I, with two companions, spent about three weeks there in September and October. I was very successful, killing a moose that came very near being a record breaker, I was told by a taxidermist of St. John, it having a 60-inch spread, 15-inch pans and 26 points. I also killed a cariboo with 4-foot horns and 21 points, which I was told up there was a very rare specimen.

James Lyle, Washington, Pa.

THE LURE OF THE CANADA GOOSE

The air has a tinge of frost in it; clouds point to a flurry of snow in the near future, and as the sun bursts through occasionally with its warm rays, the glory of the wonderful Northwest Canada fall is in full swing. Brown prairie to the north, the west, the east and the south, stretches itself to the horizon, and even beyond. Rolling, windswept, dry as tinder, sandy here or there, a few rancher's shacks off towards the low lying hills of the south Souris, a bit of bush to the southwest, if you look carefully and know it's there—that is all there is to it.

The marshes are to the southwest, too, and a bronco-buster from Wyoming, who has recently come through the hay-sloughs and big flats to the south, says there are "geese a-plenty for 'em 'at wants 'em."

The barracks duty of a son of the saddle is mighty tedious—they mend outfits, clean guns, get ready for winter and play like a litter of big pups. "Nothing to it but the same old thing," said Crary, as he was laying his troubles before me. He spoke to the inspector, on my suggestion, and obtained a few days' leave for shooting. We had our guns out and cleaned anew, inspected ammunition, filled our saddle-bags with some grub and sat up that night 'till eleven, hunting geese—around the stove.

A bit colder it was at four, next morning, and dark, too. The wind was low and clouds still flying. Our horses were soon ready, and we were off, the wind to our backs. A Savage was in my off saddle-scabbard and my repeater, with forty-inch barrel running through the opposite scabbard, looked like a sword in a too small sheath. We rode for Jackman's ranch, some few miles from the best shooting and yet close to the shallowest and best of the small marshes surrounding. Thirty-one miles of hard saddle in nearly five hours got us ready for proper meeting of the ranch cook. I wanted to try a few shots at the flying geese as we rode down into the hay and marsh lands, but Crary urged me to hold up. Jackman's welcome was, as ever, cordial, and we gave him the latest Montreal and Winnipeg papers. The cook brought on something hot and filling which we cared for, honestly. That Chinaman was one who knew how to feed men! He'd been in the section for eight years and learned a man's appetite perfectly.

"How's the geese, Jackman?" asked Crary.

"Good, down by the big marshes, and tolerable fair at the point."

"That's what we came for," said Crary, in reply.

A minute or two later we had passed the stable shacks and Jackman was with us. A few geese were in the air, but we expected more when we got out in the scow. I walked to the big blind at the further end of this small marsh, something like two thousand yards on, while Jackman and Crary set out in the scow, poling around through the rushes and grass from one spot to another. Shooting commenced with them before I reached the blind. This was so hidden I could hardly find it. Soon my gun began to boom, and a few dropped here and there, though many shots never made a kill. I changed from fours to twos, and results were better. They were hard enough to kill, however hard hit, and no matter what size shot was used.

At first they flew easily, but after circling a few times and being put into the air again and again they became wilder, and swifter of flight. Then the canvasbacks began shooting by like rockets, and after I had carefully judged their speed a few dropped before my "Long Tom," as Crary called it. I could hear Jackman and Crary shooting as if it

were the Fourth and all of us in the States. Now, the geese kept flying thicker, but I shot more carefully, not making any but those I knew would be in range. There were about a half dozen geese in the shallow marsh-end where I was, and a half dozen canvasbacks, so I quit shooting. Occasionally I could hear the long pole Jackman was using whack on the side of the scow as they pushed forward. The geese were well disturbed by the time they reached my end of the marsh, and many of them headed south and east. The kill was thirteen, and more than a dozen canvasbacks. We hauled the scow high up and were starting for the ranch shack in a few moments.

Sing Wong knew as much about baking a goose as any chef I ever knew of. He had five served up for supper, and all hands to the number of ten laid to and did them every justice imaginable. More were used for dinner next day, and we three who set off south with the buckboard next morning were well supplied with goose for lunch.

The cayuses Jackman was driving were full of fire or the devil, I know not which, but they could reel off the miles swiftly. Three hours nearly froze up our systems, plumbing, if you like, but we thawed out at Bill Partridge's. Bill lived a mile, about, from the near end of the big marsh. He had cared for every team, horseman, cayuse or steer that came his way, so he boasted. And he put up the team we drove, demanding that we make his shack home till we started back. He talked as though there was a hundred ranch shacks in the flats, when, the fact was, that his own was the only one for twenty miles.

We warmed up and set out for the marsh. Bill said they were "sticking to the weeds." The sun shone clear and bright, and a good wind was in the north. We could see nothing flying. Bill's boat, or tub, as he named it, held two easily. He took Crary, placing him in the bow, then grasped his paddle and pushed off. A sort of cannonading began when they were well out, and geese began swinging and circling before I had reached the point I had chosen as a blind amongst the deep weeds and tall grass. Jackman followed the marsh's edge towards the left. He began shooting before I did. In a moment we were all at it. Geese by the thousands, coming and going, honking and splashing. Such shooting was never equaled, and in an hour we were through. Bill began picking up, for he had concluded that enough was a-plenty. He pushed up gradually to where Jackman's skill had dropped, then to mine. Crary easily brought them into the boat.

Twelve geese in a couple of hours from going and returning to camp is what I call a good kill. Bill would not take more than six, so we drew the balance before they froze. After lunch in the ranch shack the team was hitched and we headed for Jackman's, straight over the trailless prairie. We hung out on the stables twenty-five of all our best, and they were well frozen and kept perfectly. The ranch hands hung another goodly string out for themselves. After supper pipes were lit and stories gone over again. We started early next morning for the barracks, Jackman sending a buckboard along to carry the geese. There were forty strong men made happy when we arrived at that barracks. "Something better'n bull beef," they all agreed. And it did not take the men long to have them well dressed, turning to and helping the cooks and kitchen workers. From beef to juicy, young goose was a far stretch of real facts, but not an M. P. among them that could not make it.

The antelope makes great sport in his season in Canada the chickens entice many there also, but to Crary and I nothing calls like the Canada goose. We've gone after them in blinding snow, fighting the wind for our breath; we have paddled over marsh after marsh and never a goose, but when the season is on again they lure us as easily as before. Canada, without her goose, would not often be mentioned in sporting circles nor history.

WITH THE FISH COMMISSION

BY HENRY WARNER MAYNARD.

On the southern shore of Massachusetts, at the very tip of the peninsula which separates Buzzard's Bay from the ocean, is the quaint old town of Woods Hole. Once insignificant, it has become well known as an important station of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, and is famous among scientists for its biological laboratories, both government and private. It is seventy-two miles by rail from Boston, and is the terminus of the Old Colony Railroad, whose tracks stop almost at the water's edge, at a dock where touch steamers from New Bedford, which carry the traveler on to Vineyard Haven, Cottage City and Nantucket.

As one steams into Great Harbor the first thing ashore that catches the eye is the group of large buildings and docks to the northwest of the landing; this is the Fisheries station. A little farther inshore is the Marine Biological Laboratory, where biologists from the colleges of the East come on summer vacation for class work and original research.

Moored to the Fisheries wharf, if it be summer time, one may perhaps see a white vessel, blunt of bow and with square ports, the U. S. S. "Fish Hawk," the steamer which dredges up strange fishes and queer "slimy things with legs" from the bottom of the sea. In 1871 the Fish Commission was organized for the study of "the reasons for the decrease of food fishes," and the little town of Woods Hole, Massachusetts, was selected

as a station. Since then the work has expanded greatly; stations have been established at Washington, Beaufort, N. C., Portland, Me., and at many other places along the Atlantic bays and sounds, and at inland points. In 1880 the Fish Hawk was built especially for the work, and two years later the Albatross, the latter a fine vessel of one thousand tons, which later was sent to the Pacific, and has done remarkabl work in the western ocean, where it has dredged in four thousand and taken soundings in five thousand five hundred fathoms. The Fish Hawk is of some five hundred tons displacement, and at first glance there is nothing to distinguish her especially from the many other vessels constantly passing along that great highway of commerce, Vineyard Sound, but once aboard the practiced eye will note the heavy boom attached to the foremast, with pulleys at the ends, and the donkey-engine just in front of the wheelhouse. When dredging, the boom is swung out on the starboard side, and a three-eighths inch steel cable runs through the pulleys, and so over the side and out of sight to the main deck below. For the rest, there is little to be seen differing from an ordinary steamer, for the dredging gear is stowed away below decks. Although this boat is in the service of the Bureau of Fisheries, she is manned from the navy, and her four or five officers and the forty-five men who compose her crew are under orders from the Secretary of the Navy and not from the Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor.

After having rambled over the Bureau's laboratories and hatcheries, looking at the curious collections in aquariums and alcohol jars, it may be interesting to go out with the ship for a day's dredging and see how these strange creatures are taken.

Summer; blue sky above, dotted with white clouds; blue water beneath, with white-capped waves; and a cool fresh breeze from the southeast. About a mile and a half to the north are the islands of the Elizabeth group, with their musical Indian names, Naushon, Pasque, Nashawena, Penikese, green with the grass of pasture or the foliage of woodland. To the south, five miles away, is the island of Martha's Vineyard, with an irregular coast-line, which shows yellow-white above the line of the sea, terminating at the west end in a bold, brilliantly colored cliff, Gay Head. The Fish Hawk is now steaming down Vineyard Sound in that direction, going out to her morning's work.

On the bridge, high above the upper or spar deck, are six men, three in uniform and three in civilian dress. Of the former, one is the captain, another the first officer and the third wears upon the sleeve of his sailor's blouse the keys of the yeoman or ship's clerk. Raised on a couple of low trestles, on a hatch in the middle of the bridge, is a large drawing board bearing a chart of Vineyard Sound, and bending over it, busy with dividers and triangles, is the draughtsman. The other two civilians are the observers and are college boys, attached to the ship for vacation only. The sextants which they use are in readiness on the hatch.

The captain, who has been standing at the starboard end of the bridge, turns, and, walking to the side of the draughtsman, looks at the chart, placing his finger at a point where a small pencil circle is drawn. "We must be getting nearly there," he remarks; then he turns to the two young fellows and says, "Stand by to angle." At the word they spring up, each taking a sextant; they look at the near-by shore for a moment, and one says in a low tone, "Naushon Southwest, to Pasque, to Nashawena." These are the names of "triangulation points" on the shore, whose positions are accurately known, over each of which a tall white tripod has been erected, showing at this distance as a dot against the trees or sky. The two raise the instruments to their eyes. A moment's pause. "Are you ready?" "Ready!" "Stand by—mark!" and the two sextants are lowered simultaneously. Together the observers step over to the draughtsman, and the recorder prepares to write. The observer who announced the objects and gave the signal to mark looks at the vernier of his instrument and reads, "Naushon Southwest to Pasque, 57 degrees and 23 minutes." The draughtsman bends over a three-arm protractor, and as he sets the right arm on the graduated circle to the reading just given, he repeats, to make sure, "Naushon Southwest to Pasque, 57 degrees and 23 minutes." "Check," says the observer, and then steps back, his immediate part done, while the recorder notes down the data. "Left," says the draughtsman, and the other observer, stepping up, says, "Pasque to Nashawena, 40—38." This, too, is checked and recorded and both angles set on the scale. The draughtsman then begins to slide the protractor about over the chart in an apparently aimless manner, but on looking closer we may see at various points on the sheet tiny red triangles each with a dot in the centre and marked with some name. Among others we may read, "Naushon Southwest," "Pasque," and "Nashawena," on three islands very nearly in line, and it is now evident that the draughtsman is trying to make each arm of the protractor coincide with one of these points, because for every pair of angles there is one and only one position from which they could be taken. Now this is found; each arm lies just through the center of a red triangle, and the draughtsman, pressing a pencil through a hole in the instrument which marks the common vortex of the angles, twirls it, and then, pushing the protractor asid , draws a circle about the point just made, which represents on the chart the exact location of the ship when the observers "marked." "Plotted," he

says, and the captain steps to his side and makes a satisfied remark, for the rough circle which was the destination of the ship is so close to her actual position that the two circles overlap.

The captain walks to the front of the bridge, where an opening in the roof of the wheelhouse looks down upon the quartermaster. "Slow the main!" "Slow the main, sir," comes the answer. A bell clangs somewhere down in the bowels of the ship and the vessel slows down. "Stand by on the main deck." "All ready, sir," answers the boatswain from below. "Put the net over. Heave up. 'Vast heaving." The donkey-engine throbs for a moment, and the net at the end of the steel cable swings up and hangs with its upper ring close to the end of the boom. "Stand by to lower." The captain blows a whistle that hangs from his wrist, and to the whirring of the engine the net sinks until it is just below the surface. Again the whistle sounds and the whirring ceases. "Stop the port engine." "Stop port engine, sir," is repeated from the wheelhouse, and again the bell clangs in the engine room. "Keep her southwest by south." "Sou'-west by sou' sir," from the wheelhouse.

The net is being towed just under water, as a precaution to insure its landing on the bottom right side up, for if it becomes capsized the haul is wasted. The dredging apparatus is a trawl, seven feet across the beam, or top, with a net fifteen or twenty feet long of large mesh, one and a half or two inches; attached to the lower end is a scrape dredge, or mud-bag, the top a couple of feet long and six inches wide, with iron scrapers, the bag being of quarter-inch mesh, surrounded by another bag of strong canvas.

"Stand by to lower." The whistle blows shrilly and trawl and dredge sink out of sight, while the donkey-engine works vigorously. A sturdy seaman casts the lead, and his voice sounds up, musically, "Fourteen fathom, sir." The man at the donkey engine calls out the length of cable that has run off the reel, for every ten fathoms, as indicated by a registering device. "Twenty fathom out." "Thirty fathom out, sir." "Let out ten fathoms more," says the captain, "and hold on to it." "Fourteen and one-half fathom, sir," from the leadsman. "Trawl on the bottom, sir," says a seaman who has his hand on the cable as it runs out. "What kind of bottom?" calls the captain. "Sand, with patches of rock." "Forty fathom out, sir," calls the machinist, and the engine is silent. The haul is on. The vessel is moving slowly, under half-speed of the starboard propeller. As the dredge finally sinks out of sight beneath the surface of the water the observers with their sextants take the angles. Then, as before, they give the draughtsman the readings, from which he plots the ship's position, while the recorder takes down the angle values and the signals on which the angles were taken.

(*To be continued.*)

CARE OF THE DOG

BY A. D. BURHANS.

There is nothing that I enjoy more than caring for my dogs. Only a few of the dog fanciers of the country keep more than two, and a majority but one. One dog needs a bit of attention, occasionally, the same as when a half dozen or more are kept about a kennel and yard together. The fancier who spends a small amount of time on his dog has one that looks well, feels well, works well and is more closely attached to him than the neglected animal is to *his* master.

There is a dog fancier of our acquaintance whose dog is only one man's dog; I mean that he follows his master only. He cannot be coaxed away by any means. It gives a dog owner a sense of pride when his dog prefers its master's society, rather than that of others. It is this "dog sense" that makes a fellow like to own a good animal.

Dogs should get their baths and general disinfecting as regularly as feeding, for it is as important. One can size a dog owner up by the looks of his dogs. The past spring I bought a very fair bitch from a breeder I had heard a great deal of and on her I had placed something more than ordinary expectations. She arrived—and I arrived at the conclusion that her former owner did not know much about dog care, or else was very loose in his kennel management. She was scabby with filth from her head to heels, and developed a fine case of mange in no time, even though I was scrubbing her hide with castile soap and warm water every week. Between scrubbings she was well disinfected and kept in only clean quarters. The bedding in her kennel was sprinkled with a strong solution of crude carbolic acid, and the kennel floors were scrubbed weekly. Plenty of air-slaked lime is used on yard and after scrubbing.

The bitch soon began to show signs of improvement as a result of my care, and today she is about over the skin trouble. During the day my kennel is open, if the weather is not stormy. Two unglazed windows on the south are open most of the year. Heavy netting of a quarter-inch mesh is nailed over them on the inside. The roof is water tight and the floor is warm, being banked up in winter on the outside and heavily bedded with coarse hay. I do not believe in pampering a dog except in coldest weather, and then only to keep him warm. My kennel was made of a new coal shed, and I built in the partitions as needed at my leisure. On

the coldest nights, a few big barrels, which stand up on end when not in use, are laid on their sides on the floor. They are deeply bedded with hay and a burlap bag is tacked over the open end. Two dogs of medium size crawl into them and curl up together, keeping quite warm. This I call pampering them.

Give a dog too much care in any weather and he loses his natural ruggedness. If he is given a warm cellar to sleep in and artificial heat to lay by his eyes become affected, he hates the cold and stays close to his warm spot. A dog that is so treated can never do a day's work in the field. My dogs get a dog's care, but they cannot live in the same house with me.

Small yards are easily raked off once a week and the refuse buried. In some places it is very easy to keep a dog clean. Where a fancier can stretch a wire from tree to tree or from post to post he can then chain the dog to it where he can take a goodly amount of exercise. Every animal should be thus chained to a wire or yarded. My yards are large, and occasionally I spade them up and sow to rye, oats or some grass. Before spading them, air-slaked lime should be well and thoroughly sifted all over them.

Cleanliness is worth a deal in the care of dogs. In summer, wash them often or let them swim in the river or a clean creek. Take a bar of soap along and do a good job while you are at it. I use a stout brush with a mighty stiff bristle also. If you do the job gently, the dog soon learns to like it.

Feeding is quite an item if two or more dogs are kept. I keep about a dozen! When one was kept he had his feed from the meat cuttings and table scraps, but now a rough dog bread, made of corn meal principally, forms the bill of fare. In late fall and winter many fresh bones from the butcher are given them to play with and crunch on. Some meat is added to the corn bread. During spring and summer corn meal bread straight is the ration, with only a bone occasionally to keep the teeth in trim. It does not cost much to feed a dog if one goes at it right.

A good dog is one largely deriving his quality from careful keeping. "Half is in the feed and half is in the breed—but the biggest half is in the feed." One often hears this among dog fanciers and breeders.

A great amount of pleasure is derived from a good dog, while one poorly cared for bothers neighbors and is an eyesore to the owner. When a dog goes sniffing about the neighbors' and "gets into things" they have a right to do away with him. Keep the dog at home and always give him kind treatment.

A BEAR HUNT

Editor, RECREATION:

Since RECREATION has changed hands it is more interesting. I am one of the oldest hunters and trappers in this country. I trapped and hunted in the Adirondacks fifty years ago. I have kept a kennel of hunting dogs fifty-five years. I have got a prize winning English bloodhound, fox, bear, coon, rabbit, bird dogs, greyhounds.

My last hunt was a bear and coon hunt. Two hunters from Vermont came to my place to buy bear and coon dogs. We had to go about thirty miles to get where the bears were. We started the day before the hunt, got an early start in the morning. As soon as the dogs found a fresh trail we turned them loose. They took the trail, old and young dogs. Away they went full cry. The dogs came up to a bear and two cubs in the big timber, composed of large trees. The bear had a fight with the dogs before she treed. The dogs were all baying when we got here. Some of the young dogs were jumping against the tree. Some were trying to chew it down. I climbed a small tree that stood next to the big tree. I got up even with the bear. I could almost reach her with my gun. The men held the dogs when I shot her down. When she struck the ground the dogs pulled away from the men. The old and young dogs had her by the hind legs. Each one had a good shake at her.

When we started to take the bear away the dogs went back to another tree, where the two cubs were. One of the Vermont men said he wanted a live cub. He fixed a harness out of some ropes he carried in his game bag. He climbed to where the cub was; with a club he hit the cub a crack on the nose. Down he came. The dogs were all chained to trees. We pounced on the cub and had him in the harness in short order. The other cub went higher up the tree, out on a big limb that reached to a large leaning tree with the top broken off. He went in the hollow tree. It being a very large tree and we having no axes with us, we concluded to leave him. On our way back to the road the dogs took a trail from a creek; followed to a coon den in the rocks. We soon had the coons out. The Vermont men said those dogs beat anything they ever saw for coon and bear hunting. We had all the game we could take with us and the live cub, which took two men most of the time to manage. When we got to the mountain road a man came along with a two-horse lumber wagon. We loaded in the game; got to where our rig was already waiting to take us to Saratoga. We had a good supper and lots of hunting. We related adventures that evening. The two Vermonters started home next morning with their two bear and coon dogs—their cub in a stout box—two happy men.

O. F. Blanchard, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

'Twixt You and Me

THE MULLINS PRESSED STEEL MOTOR BOATS.

The W. H. Mullins Co., of Salem, Ohio, announce that they will have an exhibit of their pressed steel motor boats at the Motor Show, Madison Square Garden, New York, between February 21st and March 8th, and at the Boston Show, March 10th to 17th. They will have on exhibition their 16, 18 and 22-foot motor boats, and no doubt this exhibition will be of particular interest to lovers of this sport. There are a great many excellent features about a pressed steel boat that cannot be had in the ordinary wood hull. This company has met with great success in their line, and have made preparations for a very much greater output during the coming season.

THE FAY & BOWEN ENGINE.

The Fay & Bowen Engine Co., of Geneva, N. Y., report a large increase in sales for both the season just closed and the season of 1906. They have not only extended their trade in the United States, but their foreign trade has also increased and is constantly growing. The distinctive feature of their two-cycle marine engine is their patented mechanism for the make-and-break spark, which is conceded to be the most reliable and efficient device of its kind on the market. They also have special features in design which appeal to the trade, and their claim for reliability as a distinctive feature of their motor appears to be well founded.

Although they have heretofore manufactured but a limited number of complete boats in comparison with their output of engines, the demand for their high-grade boat work has increased to such an extent that they are planning to double their output of hulls this year over last. In addition to stock boats in 21, 25 and 30-foot launches, they manufacture special boats to order, among those now under construction being a 30 x 7-foot boat with glass front and extension roof, for shipment to Florida; a 40-foot half-cabin outfit intended for the Muskoka Lakes, and a 40-foot hunting cabin boat designed for a St. Louis gentleman. They also build a specially attractive combination speed and family boat 35 feet in length by 5 feet beam, equipped with their four-cylinder, 16 h. p. engine and which, with even this small power, attains a speed of 13 miles an hour. They are making a specialty of high-grade hull construction and invite inspection of their plant at any time.

CALENDAR FREE.

The Harrington & Richardson Arms Co., of Worcester, Mass., have published a very attractive calendar for 1906, and say that they will be pleased to send one to any of our subscribers who will send his name and address to them and mention that he saw the offer in RECREATION.

SUCCESS IN ENGINE BUILDING.

The Detroit Auto-Marine Company, 77 Congress street, East, Detroit, are making preparations to handle their immense business for 1906, so that their customers will not be disappointed on deliveries. They have recently incorporated with an authorized capital of $150,000, and new and expensive automatic machinery, including some of the finest grinding machines ever turned out, have been added to their equipment, and they propose that in 1906 every machine turned out by them will have every piston and ring ground and polished, as well as the crank-shaft, and as a result their engine will be as nearly perfect as it is possible for the latest machinery to make it. They are already under way building some 2,000 engines of the different sizes and will have a large portion of them on the floor of their shipping room ready for 1906 deliveries. They make six different sizes, from 1 to 20 h.-p., and from 1 to 4 cylinders.

PETERS' IDEAL SHELLS.

At Dublin, Ind., October 24th, high average was won by Mr. L. H. Reid, shooting Peters' Ideal shells; score, 145 out of 150. Mr. Reid has recently attended six tournaments, beginning with Lynn, Ind., September 23d, following with Rensselaer, Ind.; Cedar Springs, Ohio; Indianapolis, Ind.; Moreland, Ind., and ending with Dublin, Ind., October 24th. He shot at 1,350 targets and broke 1,322, an average of 98 per cent. This fine work reflects credit on the man, but he insists that it is largely due to the wonderful qualities of Peters' factory-loaded shells.

CARLOAD OF "3 IN ONE."

On October 31st the G. W. Cole Company, sole manufacturers of the famous "3 in One" oil, shipped an entire carload in one consignment.

This was the biggest single shipment of an order for "3 in One" or any gun or household oil that was ever made. The shipment consisted of 66,240 bottles.

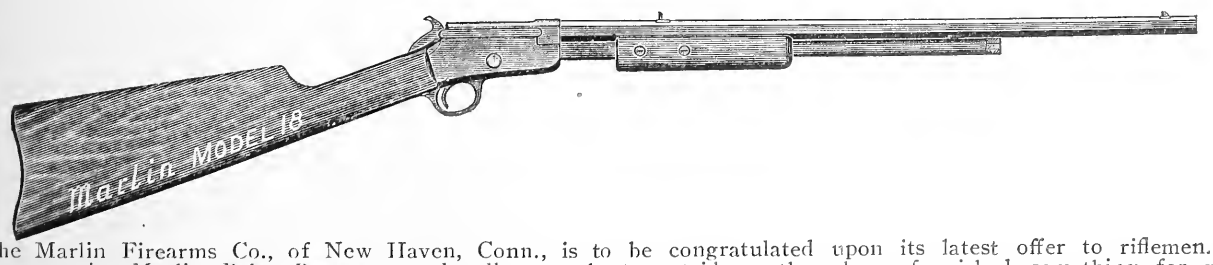
As everyone knows, who knows anything about guns and oils, lubricants, etc., the sales of "3 in One" are going forward by leaps and bounds, the increased sales of this lubricant, cleaner and rust preventer being unprecedented. "3 in One" has been sold all over the world for many years.

WON A GOLD MEDAL.

The Hunter Arms Co.'s new catalogue is now out, and is a very handsome specimen of the printer's art. Every man who uses a gun should write for one of their catalogues.

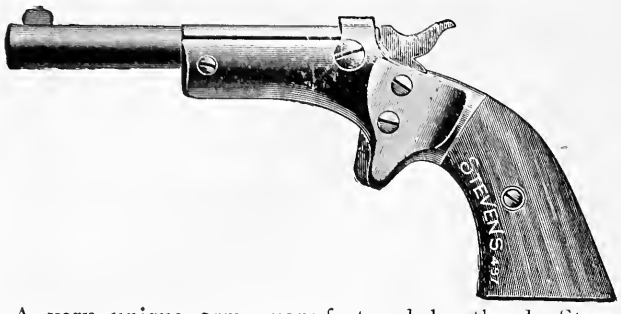
This company makes the L. C. Smith Hammerless and the Hunter One Trigger guns, which won the gold medal at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, in face of very keen competition. Their factory is at Fulton, N. Y.

THE MARLIN BABY REPEATING RIFLE.



The Marlin Firearms Co., of New Haven, Conn., is to be congratulated upon its latest offer to riflemen. In bringing out its Marlin Baby Repeater to handle .22 short cartridges, they have furnished something for which there should be a great demand. Although it is not made to take down, it has all the advantages of a take-down, insomuch as the barrel may be cleaned from both ends, and the gun may be packed for transportation in any ordinary trunk. By taking off the tang screw and slipping off the buttstock the length is reduced from 36 to 26¼ inches. This Baby Marlin ejects at the side and is chambered to take either .22 short or .22 long rifle cartridges. The rifles sent out by the factory only handle the .22 short, but an extra carrier can be obtained, which will enable the .22 long to be used. The capacity of the magazine is 14 .22 short cartridges, which, with one in the chamber, gives 15 shots without reloading. There is a choice of octagon or round barrels. You should send three stamps for the new 136-page illustrated catalogue, published by Marlin Firearms Co., which contains a full description of this rifle.

THE STEVENS "TIP-UP" PISTOL.



A very unique arm, manufactured by the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., is the Stevens' "Tip-Up" pistol.

This pistol is a neat model for ladies' use, and can be recommended for first lesson shooting. It is also recommended as a shot pistol, very convenient for target shooting at short range, or, where occasion may arise, it would be suitable for shooting small game. The barrel is 3½ inches long, has a nickel-plated frame, single trigger, plain walnut grip stock, open sights, and weighs 7 ounces. It is adapted for a .22 R. F. cartridge, and listed at $2.50.

THE DIFFERENCE OF KORONA CAMERAS.

All cameras look very much alike; but Korona cameras are different. Different in appearance through their beautiful red mahogany finish (hand rubbed) and nickel-plated brass trimmings; different because of their exclusive features, such as the automatic swing back conforming to correct principles, diagonal rack and pinion for focusing, patented auxiliary wide angle bed, lever grip with adjustable parallel clutch, and different because they are made with the greatest skill and care that each Korona may be a credit to its fellows and add lustre to the reputation of the Korona line. Fine lenses also help to make Koronas different.

THE PREMOETTE CAMERA.

The Rochester Optical Company have just placed on the market their new 2¼ x 3¼ Premoette camera, which sells at the popular price of $5.

The Premoette is a folding type, and when closed only measures 1⅞ x 3⅛ x 4½ inches, making it one-third smaller than any other folding camera taking pictures of equal size. It has a very fine Meniscus lens fitted to automatic shutter of three variations of speed, made especially for this camera.

The focusing manipulation is very simple, one having only to pull standard out to desired distance mark, where it catches automatically.

We recommend it to those desirous of purchasing an up-to-date camera at small cost.

MARBLE'S CAMP-KITCHEN KNIFE.

A very useful article, manufactured by the Marble Safety Axe Co., of Gladstone, Mich. The handles are made of cocobola, which is a very hard wood. The blade is protected with a Marble Knife Edge Protector, which weighs less than one ounce, and occupies no room worth mentioning. It adds very largely to the value of the knife, making it perfectly safe to carry in any desired manner without danger to the keen cutting edge or articles or material packed or carried with it. Prices range from 75 cents to $1, according to the size of the blade.

WINCHESTER "BRUSH" SHELLS

Something new for field and brush shooting. Winchester "Brush" shells are so loaded as to give an open and uniform pattern at ranges of from 25 to 30 yards when used in choke-bore guns, and for that reason are desirable for bird shooting. The most pronounced point of superiority of Winchester "Brush" shells lies in the fact that the open and even pattern which they give is obtained without loss or velocity, penetration or uniformity. In other words—even with increased spread of shot—the velocity and penetration and uniformity remain substantially the same as in shells loaded in the regular way. Winchester "Brush" shells are furnished in either "Leader" or "Repeater" brands and with practically all desirable combinations of powder and shot, the prices being the same as for shells regularly loaded. For sale by all dealers. Winchester shells were the only shells awarded a grand prize at St. Louis.

SUCCESS IN BOAT BUILDING.

The Brooks Boat Mfg. Co., of Bay City, Mich., write us that they have recently established agencies in the Argentine Republic, S. A.; Australia, and London, Eng., and that all of these branches are reporting fine business. This concern is one of the largest boat manufacturers in the country, and they have increased their line to such an extent that it now includes 62 different designs and sizes of pleasure craft.

To any one sending them 25 cents they will send a 100-page catalogue containing valuable information for the amateur yachtsman, showing several working illustrations of each boat, and a full set for one boat. They also have a full line of knock-down boats, as well as completed boats, for sale.

THE NEW IDEAL BULLET.

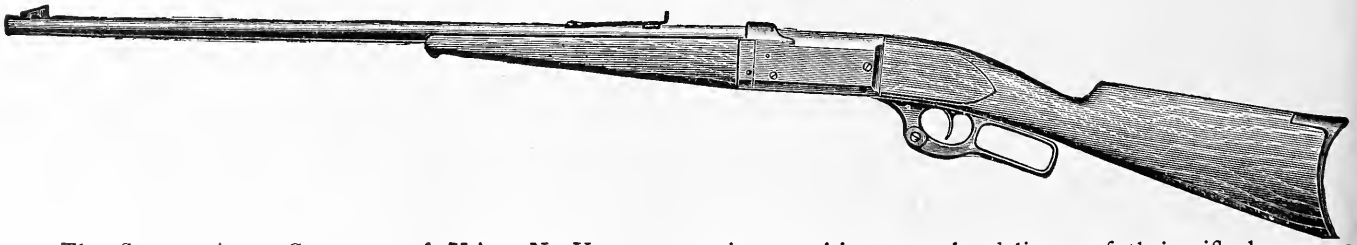
The new Ideal bullet No. 308284 with metal gas check, recently brought out by the Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn., for use in the .30-.40 Krag rifle, has proved to be such a success that the users of the various sporting rifles have been demanding similar bullets for their arms.

The Ideal Co. inform us they are now prepared to furnish moulds, tools and gas checks for the following: .30-.30 Winchester, Marlin and Savage, .303 Savage, .32 Winchester Special, .32 Marlin high power, .32-.40 high power and .38-55 high power rifles. Illustrations of these bullets show that the Ideal Mfg. Co. have gone a step further with these than they did with those for military use, for they can be made with hard or soft point. To make both bullets, two moulds will be required, one for the complete bullet and one for the soft tip. The body of the bullet should be cast from hard alloy and the tip from pure lead. The proper charge of powder for all of the .30-.30's and .303 Savage is 22 grs. weight of Laflin & Rand Lightning, and for all of the others, .32-.40, .32 special and .38-.55 the charge shoud be 24 to 25 grs. of the same powder.

MOUNTED SPECIMENS AT THE PORTLAND EXPOSITION.

Those who visited the great Exposition at Portland during the past summer were no doubt much interested in the mammoth collection of birds and animals representing the fauna of the State of Oregon. It will interest our readers to know that these specimens were mounted by the Northwestern School of Taxidermy, of Omaha, Nebraska. At the close of the Exposition this collection received the First Grand Prize and nine gold medals, which was practically everything that was offered on Taxidermy work.

THE SAVAGE FEATHERWEIGHT RIFLE.



The Savage Arms Company, of Utica, N. Y., are now in a position to make delivery of their rifle known as the Featherweight. It is made in .25-.35, .30-.30 and .303 calibers. This rifle was put on the market to meet the demands of sportsmen who desire a light weight rifle especially adapted for deer shooting.

It has a 20-inch round barrel, beautifully tapered and made from the Savage "Hi-Pressure" steel. The stock is shotgun style, fitted with rubber butt plate. The metal bead front sight brazed on the barrel is of special design. The Savage Micrometer Sight, which can be adjusted in any direction to one-thousandth of an inch, forms the rear sight. This makes an excellent combination.

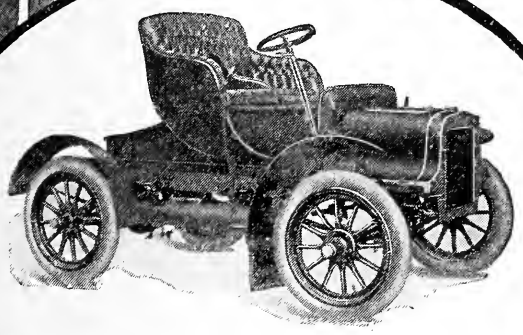
This little rifle for all practical ranges will be found to shoot just as quickly and accurately as the longer length. As with all Savage rifles, it is an excellently balanced gun. Indications point that it is going to be one of the most popular guns on the market.

The Car that Achieves

The Cadillac has always been the car that *does* things. Whether the test be that of endurance or power, or one of severity of road service, this wonderful machine has never been found wanting. It knows no balk, no hesitancy, no delay—always ready, with energy to spare.

By this dependability of service, coupled with unusual economy of maintenance, the Cadillac has made such phenomenal advancement that its factory is now the largest of its kind in the world.

The qualities upon which this unparalleled growth is based are more pronounced than ever in the magnificent new cars for 1906. Embodied in these are many unique and important improvements—improvements which make the

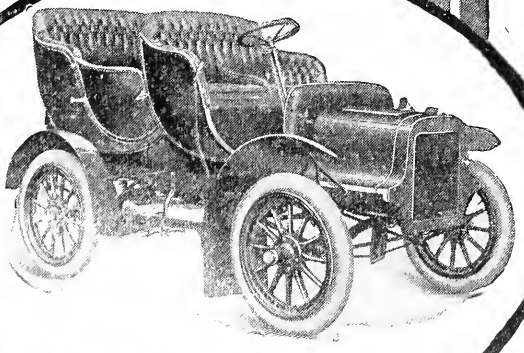


Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout. $750, f. o. b. Detroit

CADILLAC

conspicuous for its *individual* merit.

Among them is a wonderful mechanical feed lubricator which supplies oil to the motor in quantities which vary according to the speed of the engine, when properly adjusted, always feeding enough, never too much or too little. The new rocker joint on the front spring allows the car to pass over obstacles several inches in height without transmitting any material jar to the car, insuring a maximum of riding comfort and a minimum liability to breakage.



Model M, Light Touring Car. $950, f. o. b. Detroit

In outline and finish these new Cadillacs are truly art creations. Of the Victoria type, their grace and exquisite beauty, their tone of quiet richness, appeal at once to fastidious motorists.

We want to tell you more about the Cadillac by sending you a free copy of our interesting Booklet K A postal request brings it, together with address of nearest dealer. The 1906 models include:

Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout, $750.
Model M, Light Touring Car, $950.
Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car, $2,500.
Model L, 40 h. p. Touring Car, $3,750.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.

Member Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

Asthma

HOW to get relief from attacks.
to obtain natural and refreshing sleep.
to regain vigorous health.
to be permanently Cured.

These are burning questions, but are fully answered by the cures made through our Constitutional Treatment.

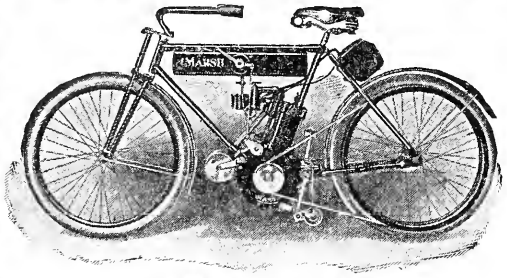
The careful examination of every case, medicine prescribed to meet the needs of each individual patient and the close observation through weekly reports of every one under our care constitute the secret of our success.

Our Book R answers all.

It's FREE; a postal will bring it; write to-day

Address, P. HAROLD HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.

MARSH MOTOR CYCLE

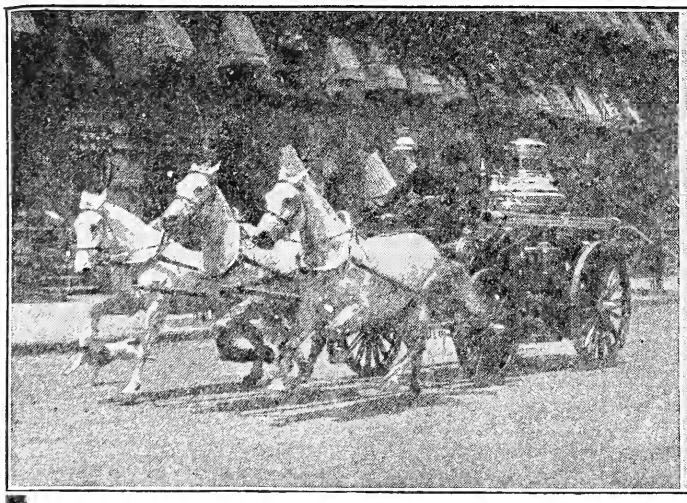


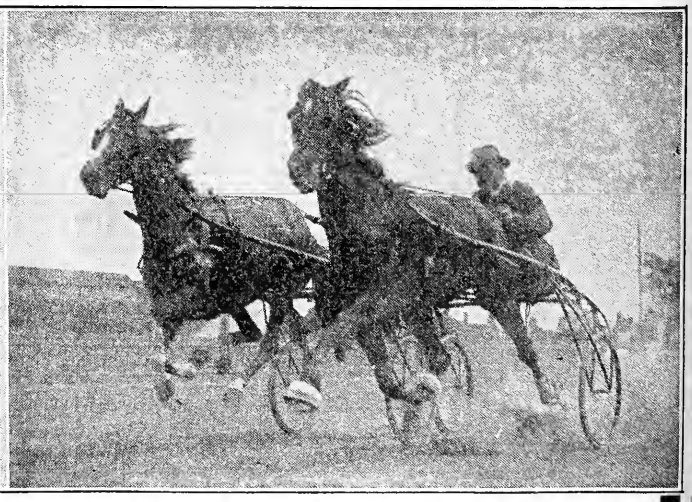
PRICE $145.00

The world's finest **motor cycle** within reach of all. If represents the highest quality of workmanship and material. It far surpasses any other vehicle in speed, power and hill climbing ability. It has the fewest possible number of parts in its construction. **All 1905 machines** are equipped with detachable tires, automatic feed oilers, 1¾ inch wide flat belt, mud guards and tools. All ready to run when shipped. Rigged with **tandem attachment** for two people, for $20.00 extra. Can ship **motor cycle** promptly on receipt of order. No delay. Now is the time to order.

Our handsomely illustrated catalogue will be sent on request.

AMERICAN MOTOR COMPANY
715 Center Street :: :: :: BROCKTON, MASS.





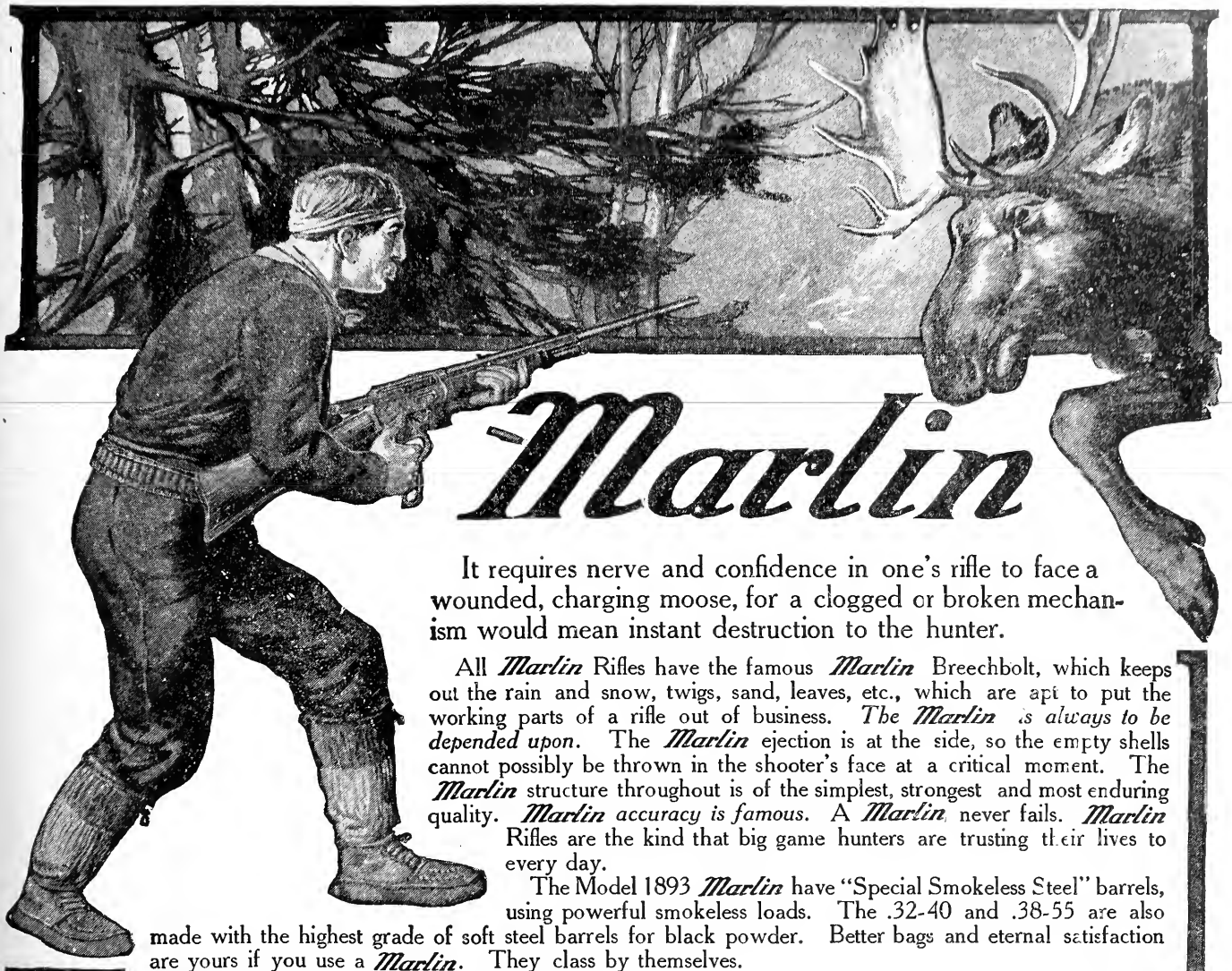
Nothing too quick for a

Graflex Camera

as actual results prove—and results speak louder than words.

We have just published a Booklet containing half-tone reproductions from Graflex negatives which will be mailed upon request. No matter how many other outfits you may have—you will be interested in this unique camera and its wonderful work.

Folmer & Schwing Co., Rochester, N. Y.



Marlin

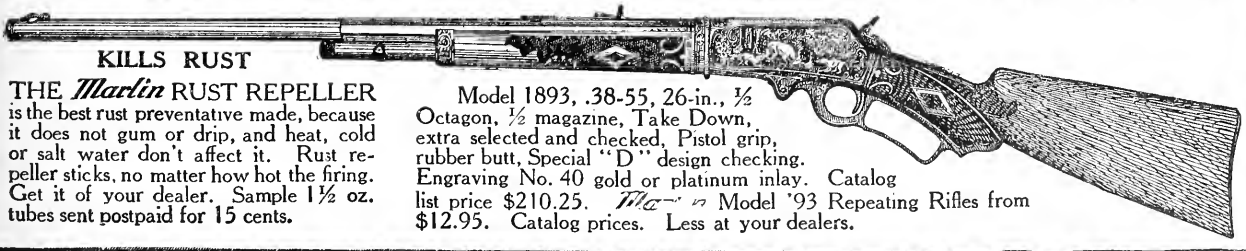
It requires nerve and confidence in one's rifle to face a wounded, charging moose, for a clogged or broken mechanism would mean instant destruction to the hunter.

All *Marlin* Rifles have the famous *Marlin* Breechbolt, which keeps out the rain and snow, twigs, sand, leaves, etc., which are apt to put the working parts of a rifle out of business. *The Marlin is always to be depended upon.* The *Marlin* ejection is at the side, so the empty shells cannot possibly be thrown in the shooter's face at a critical moment. The *Marlin* structure throughout is of the simplest, strongest and most enduring quality. *Marlin accuracy is famous.* A *Marlin* never fails. *Marlin* Rifles are the kind that big game hunters are trusting their lives to every day.

The Model 1893 *Marlin* have "Special Smokeless Steel" barrels, using powerful smokeless loads. The .32-40 and .38-55 are also made with the highest grade of soft steel barrels for black powder. Better bags and eternal satisfaction are yours if you use a *Marlin*. They class by themselves.

Write to-day for real stories of *Marlin* prowess in our Experience Book, and the new Catalog. Free to any address for 6 cents postage.

***The Marlin Firearms Co.* 30 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.**



KILLS RUST

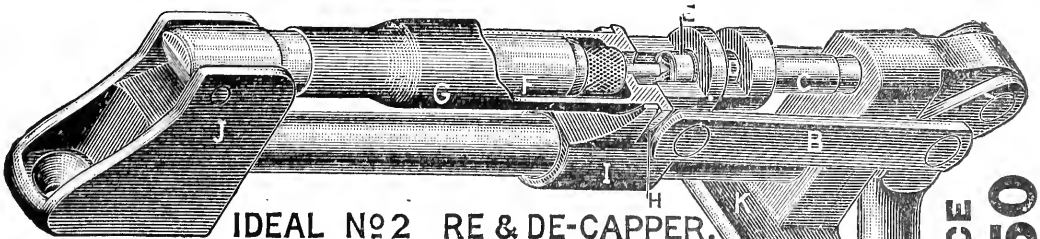
THE *Marlin* RUST REPELLER is the best rust preventative made, because it does not gum or drip, and heat, cold or salt water don't affect it. Rust repeller sticks, no matter how hot the firing. Get it of your dealer. Sample 1½ oz. tubes sent postpaid for 15 cents.

Model 1893, .38-55, 26-in., ½ Octagon, ½ magazine, Take Down, extra selected and checked, Pistol grip, rubber butt, Special "D" design checking. Engraving No. 40 gold or platinum inlay. Catalog list price $210.25. *Marlin* Model '93 Repeating Rifles from $12.95. Catalog prices. Less at your dealers.

Ideal No. 2
Re & De-capper

Send three stamps for latest catalogue.

The Phil. B. Bekeart Co
San Francisco, Cal.
Agents for Pacific Coast



IDEAL Nº2 RE & DE-CAPPER.

PRICE $1.50

Straight Line Movement. Used as a bench or hand tool. Lever "A" folds over so tool may be carried in pocket. Weighs but eight ounces. Is strong and ***powerful.*** Seats the primers ***easily*** and ***positively*** to the bottom of pocket, which prevents misfires. Ejects old primer and seats new one ***without removing the shell,*** which is handled but once to perform the two operations, enabling the operator to do nearly ***twice the work*** in a given time. Now ready 25-35, 25-36, 30-30, 30-40 Krag, 30-45 Springfield (headless), 32-40, 38-55. Ask your dealers. If they will not serve you send cash to

THE IDEAL MFG. CO., 12 U. St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

Learn to Mount Birds and Animals

Every sportsman should be able to mount and preserve his own fine trophies. The shooting season is now open, and you will secure many fine specimens. Why not mount them for your home or den?

We can Teach You by Mail

to mount **Birds, Animals, Heads, Fishes, Tan Skins, Make Rugs, etc.** This is a delightful work, easily and quickly learned. By taking our mail course during your spare time, you can soon mount all kinds of specimens true to life. These specimens when mounted are of great interest and value. You can double your income by giving taxidermy your spare time. The fall and winter months offer abundant leisure time to learn the business.

Thousands of Sportsmen are our Students "I have had great success in taxidermy under your instruction."—O. BRONSON, Topeka, Kan. "Have just mounted a fine eagle with complete success."—N. ROGERS, McCook, Neb. "Have earned $675.00 from my taxidermy work."—C. H. HAMMOND, Syracuse, N. Y.

Our school is endorsed by all leading sporting magazines, including RECREATION, and by the most eminent taxidermists. We teach standard methods only, and guarantee success. We mounted the mammoth collection at the Portland Exposition. Our school is incorporated, and the courses of lessons protected by U. S. Government copyright. The editors of this magazine will tell you that the school is absolutely trustworthy and reliable.

We want every sportsman, desiring to preserve his own specimens, to enroll for our course. We want to send you the testimonials of hundreds of successful students; also our new illustrated catalog, and a copy of "The Taxidermy Magazine."—All free. Write for these books to-day.

The Northwestern School of Taxidermy, No. 525 D St., Omaha, Neb.

Have you a Dog?

We will send, if you mention its breed, **Polk Miller's Great Book on Dogs;** How to Take Care of Them; **Sen. Vest's Eloquent Tribute to a Dog,** and **A Yellow Dog's Love for a Nigger** (the famous poem) all for 10c, just to advertise **Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies.** Address,

POLK MILLER DRUG CO.
863 Main St., Richmond, Va.

50 BULBS

25 Cents.

Will grow in the house or out of doors. Hyacinths, Tulips, Gladiolus, Crocus, Fuchsias, Oxalis, Tuberoses, Begonia, Jonquils, Daffodils, Chinese Lily, Dewey Lily, Gloxinia, Lilies of the Valley—all postpaid, 25c. in stamps or coin. As a premium with these Bulbs we will send FREE a big collection of flower seeds—over 200 kinds.

HILLSIDE NURSERY, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

10 TONS SWEET PEAS GIVEN AWAY FREE

Send your name and address. We will send one Large Package, 36 colors of beautiful shades, if you will send to pay the cost of packing and postage. Send now and get with the Sweet Peas 47 kinds Deep Rich Colors of Washington Pansy Seed

10c.

FREE!!

This entire collection for 10 cents. Order quick.

RIVERSIDE NURSERY, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Sure Cure For Rupture Sent on Trial

Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips, always light and cool and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. I make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded and I have put my price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember I make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to me and I will refund your money without question. The banks and the postmaster here will tell you that is the way I do business—always absolutely on the square and I am selling thousands of people this way for the past five years. Remember I use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. I just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

C. E. BROOKS, 951 Brooks Building, MARSHALL, MICH.

Romeike Press Cutting Bureau

First established and most complete in the world

¶ To be abreast of the times subscribe to the old reliable bureau founded by the late Henry Romeike and you will be right up-to-date on all current topics in which you are interested. ¶ Reads every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Europe. Branches throughout the civilized world. *Write for circular and terms.*

Henry Romeike, Inc., 33 Union Sq., New York.

When corresponding with advertisers please mention "Recreation"

WINCHESTER

GUNS SHOOT STRAIGHT AND STRONG

The name "Winchester" on a rifle or shotgun barrel is the hall-mark of straight and strong shooting. This is due to the excellence of Winchester barrels, the knowledge and experience embodied in their manufacture, and the care taken in targeting them. Only good barrels ever leave our factory.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

ROCHESTER MARINE ENGINE

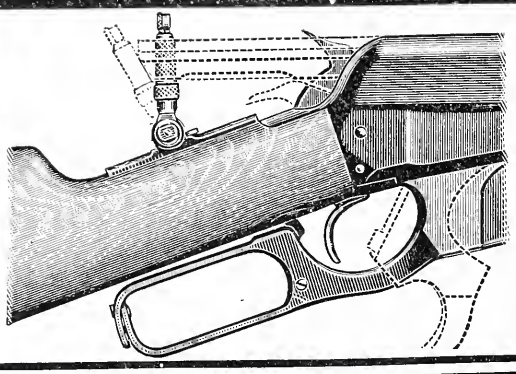
7 HORSE—3 PORT—2 STROKE

WINS TROPHY

The Interstate trophy at the Hudson River Carnival was won by the "Durno," a 25-foot semi-racer fitted with a **Rochester** Engine; this after running under her own power from Rochester to New York. No stops in three days' racing—record 12.12 statute miles an hour. Speed and reliability combine in the highest degree because of construction. 3½ to 100 horse-power. *New Catalogue on request.*

ROCHESTER GAS ENGINE CO., 711 Driving Park Ave., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Marble's AUTOMATIC FLEXIBLE JOINT Rear Sight



There are SIX Reasons why this Sight is Better than any other, and the price is only $3

1st—Strong Coiled Spring in Hinge Joint. This automatically and instantly brings the sight to position for shooting, no matter how much it is knocked about in the brush or by firing a bolt. It may be easily fastened down by locking button shown at back of hinge.

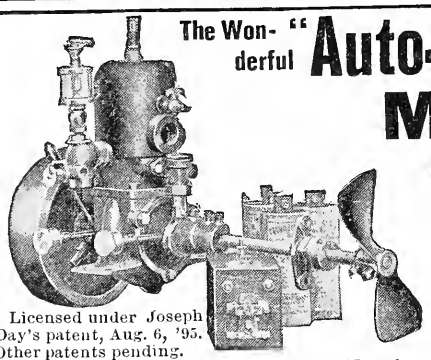
2nd—May be Used on Rifles with Long Firing Bolts, as per illustration showing Marble Sight on 1895 Model .35 calibre Winchester.

3rd—Locking Sleeve. The lower sleeve locks the upper or elevating sleeve, prevents it from being accidently turned, and takes up all lost motion at any elevation.

4th, 5th and 6th Reasons, with full descriptions and numerous illustrations, are given in our large catalog, which also describes Marble's Improved Front Sight. Buy of dealer or direct. Write for catalog "A."

MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO., Gladstone, Mich., U. S. A.

The Wonderful "Auto-Marine Motor"



$37.50 Engine Only

Weight 37½ lbs.
Height 11¼ ins.

Convert your row boat into a Launch

Licensed under Joseph Day's patent, Aug. 6, '95. Other patents pending.

Rated at 1 h.p. Has shown nearly 2 h.p. No valves, gears, springs or cams. Jump spark. Reversible. Speed control. Only three moving parts. Could not be made better if it cost five times as much. **Order now**—they are selling so fast you may be disappointed later. *Write for our new catalog describing Auto-Marine Motors from 1 to 20 h. p.*

Detroit Auto-Marine Co., 77 East Congress St. Detroit, Mich.

FORMERLY DETROIT LACKAWANNA CO.

Cable address "Automarine," Western Union code used

HIGH-GRADE FLOWER SEEDS

20 PACKAGES FOR 10c.

	KINDS.		KINDS.		KINDS.
Bat. Button,	10	Poppy,	18	Portulaca,	20
10-Weeks Stock,	5	Candytuft,	10	Marigold,	13
		Larkspur,	6	Petunia,	10
		Nasturtium,	10	Calliopsis,	8
		Eschscholtzia,	6	Aster,	16
		Pansy,	10	Sweet Alyssum.	
		Zinnia,	12	Pinks,	10
		Balsam,	12	Sweet William,	8
		Sweet Peas.		Sweet Mignonette.	

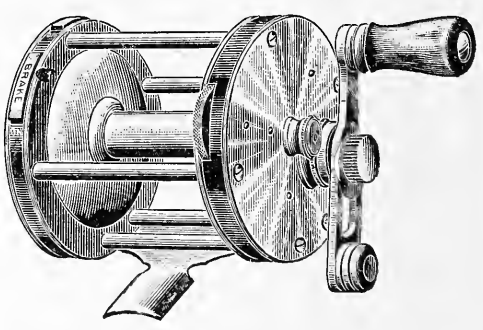
All of the above sent to any address, post-paid, for **10c.** silver or six two-cent stamps. As a premium and to introduce our seeds into every household, we will also send a **collection of fine beautiful bulbs FREE** *with Catalogue.*

SOMERVILLE NURSERY, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

D.M. TUTTLE CO. 17 Pine St., CANASTOTA, N.Y. CATALOGUE FREE.

BREAK SPARK. **GASOLINE ENGINES & LAUNCHES.** JUMP SPARK.

Professional Bait Casting with a free running spool



A New Reel for 1906

Ask your dealer to explain or send for description

CARLTON MANUFACTURING CO., Rochester, N. Y.

U.M.C.
METALLIC CARTRIDGES

A CORRECTION

Some sportsmen seem to believe that U.M.C. cartridges are *not* made for all kinds and calibres of rifles. We wish every sportsman to know that whenever any arms company brings out a new weapon, the U.M.C. Company immediately makes a cartridge especially adapted to it.

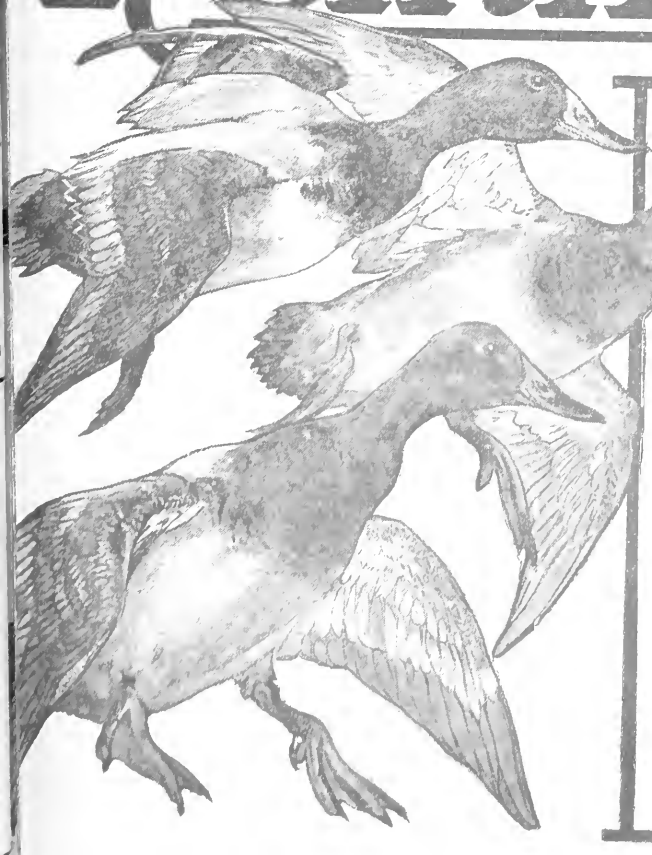
U.M.C. Cartridges for all repeating and single shot rifles, of all calibres.

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Agency
313 Broadway
New York City

Depot
86-88 First Street
San Francisco, Cal.

Remington



Buy a Remington Gun and you won't have to buy your game. You can shoot it yourself. Remington Guns are tested and re-bored until they come up to the factory standard.

Send for folder describing new Remington Trap Guns

Remington Arms Co.
Ilion, N. Y.

Agency,
315 Broadway,
New York City.

Depot,
86-88 First Street
San Francisco, Cal.

PACIFIC MAIL

Follows the "Sunshine Belt" across the Pacific

Secretary Taft selected the Pacific Mail for his congressional party both going and returning from the Philippines.

They went by the regular Semi-Tropical route via Hawaii and returned by the special Great Circle route. This gave the party an opportunity for comparing the climatic conditions of the two routes.

Ask any one of them how they compare in comfort and weather conditions.

From San Francisco to Hawaii, Japan, China and the Philippines
Rates and information at any Railroad Ticket Agent or from

PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO., San Francisco, Cal.

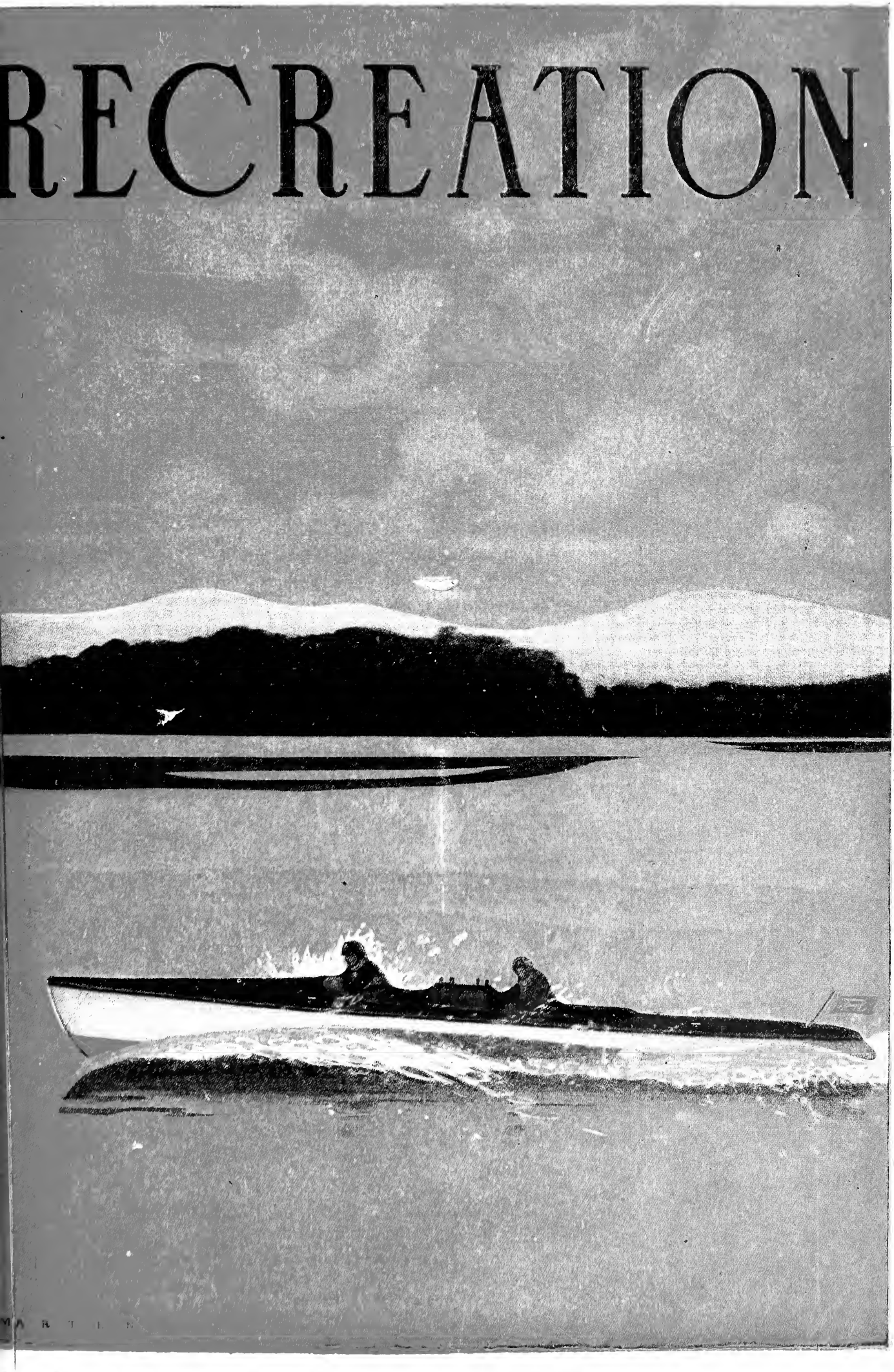
R. P. SCHWERIN, Vice-President and General Manager

CHICAGO	NEW YORK	ST. LOUIS	BALTIMORE	BOSTON
120 Jackson Boulevard	1 Broadway—349 Broadway	903 Olive Street	Baltimore & Hanover	170 Washington St.
PHILADELPHIA	WASHINGTON	SYRACUSE	HAMBURG, (GERMANY)	LONDON, (ENG.)
632 Chestnut St.	511 Pennsylvania Av.	212 W. Washington St.	Amerika Haus, Ferdinandstrasse	49 Leadenhall St.

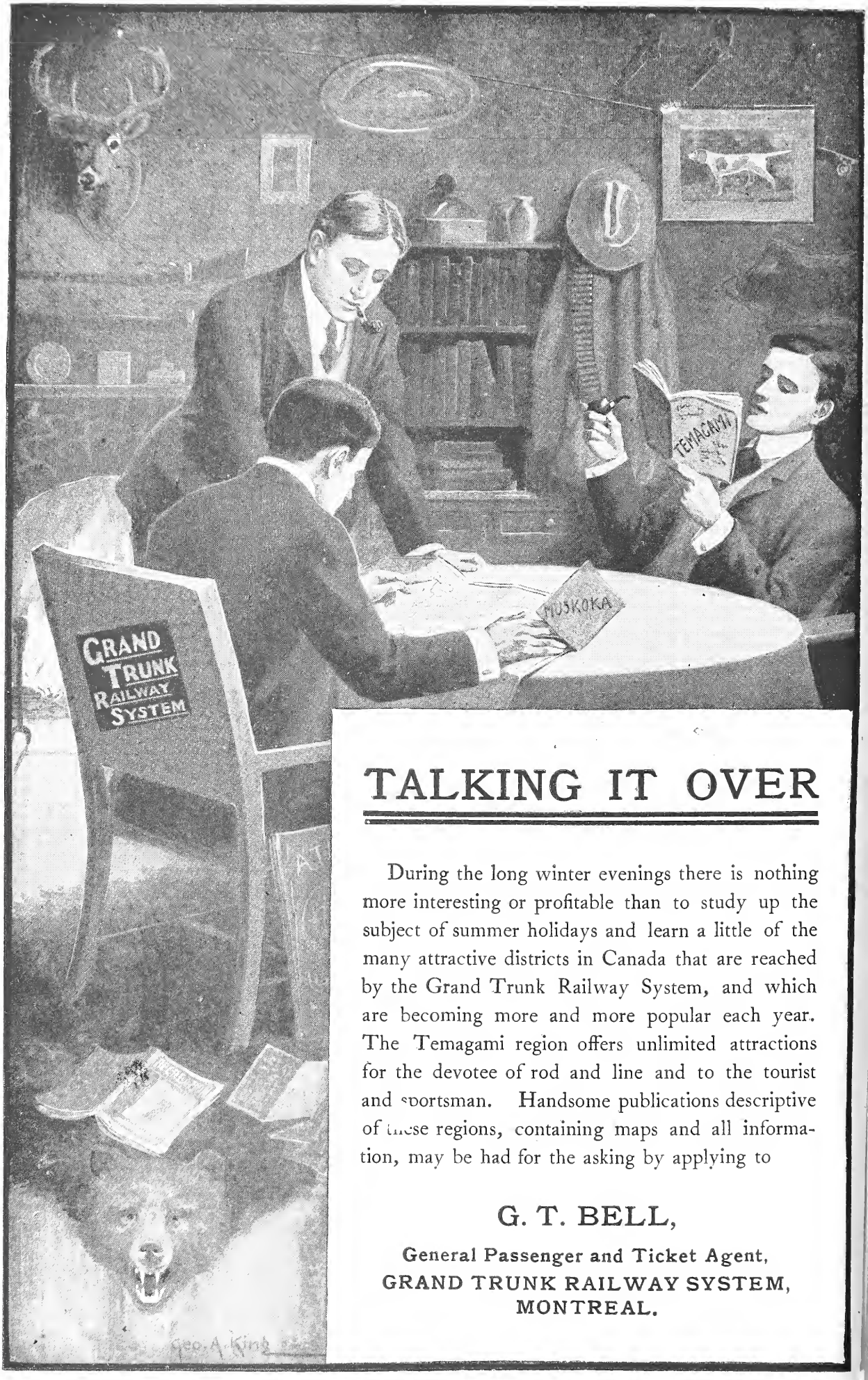
CHARLES FRANCIS PRESS, NEW YO

ARCH, 1906 FIFTEEN CENTS

RECREATION



BLISHED BY W. E. ANNIS, NEW YORK

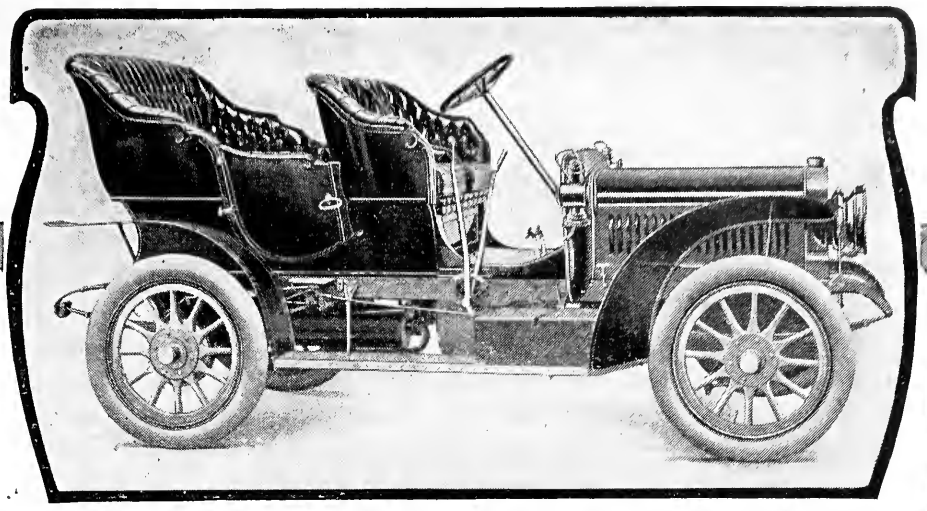


TALKING IT OVER

During the long winter evenings there is nothing more interesting or profitable than to study up the subject of summer holidays and learn a little of the many attractive districts in Canada that are reached by the Grand Trunk Railway System, and which are becoming more and more popular each year. The Temagami region offers unlimited attractions for the devotee of rod and line and to the tourist and sportsman. Handsome publications descriptive of these regions, containing maps and all information, may be had for the asking by applying to

G. T. BELL,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM,
MONTREAL.



Model H,
30 h. p. Touring Car,
$2,500, f. o. b. Detroit.
(not including lamps)

Four-Cylinder Perfection

It is *concentration of effort* that has made the Cadillac what it is. For five years its makers—the master designers and motor builders of America—have focused their endeavors upon a single object—to produce a faultless motor car. A consummation of these efforts is found in the magnificent line of 1906 cars, notable among which are the four-cylinder types. These models embody every point of excellence thus far found in any of the high-priced cars, either of American or foreign make. When you remember the remarkable efficiency of the famous Cadillac single-cylinder engine, and consider this same principle embodied in quadruple form, you will gain a slight idea of the serviceableness of these powerful four-cylinder models of the

CADILLAC

Among the many improvements is an automatic governor which limits the speed of the engine when the latter is disconnected, eliminating vibration and saving much fuel and energy. Another is the mechanically operated oil feed (found on all Cadillac models) which supplies oil to the engine in accordance with its speed, keeping it always in a state of perfect lubrication. Transmission is of the exclusive Cadillac planetary type with specially cut and hardened gears. The bodies are of unusual elegance, and luxuriously appointed. Wheel base c model H (30 h. p.) 100 inches; Model L (40 h. p.) 110 inches. Practically noiseless; comfortable and easy-riding as a Pullman coach.

Let us send address of nearest dealer and our finely illustrated catalog K which will tell you more about the 1906 Cadillacs. A car to suit any purse, any requirement.

Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout, $750. **Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car, $2,500.** **All prices**
Model M, Light Touring Car, $950. **Model L, 40 h. p. Touring Car, $3,750.** **f. o. b. Detroit.**

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.

Member Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

WANTS :: FOR SALE :: EXCHANGE

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted under the proper heading in this department at the rate of 5 cents a word, each initial and figure counting as one word. No advertisement will be inserted at less than fifty cents. Cash must invariably accompany the order. A discount of 10 per cent. may be deducted from a twelve-time order. It is possible through this department to reach nearly 400,000 people twelve times a year for the sum of $6.00. Display type and illustrations at regular rates.

KENNEL

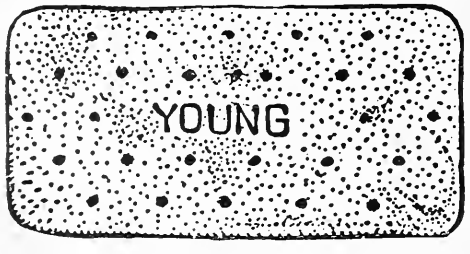
THE LARGEST Pointer Kennel in the World is
BAR HARBOR KENNELS,
Bar Harbor, Maine.

BEAGLE HOUNDS—Young and mature stock. None better. All eligible and bred to hunt.
"DEBONAIR," South End. Gloversville, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Pedigreed Pointer Puppies, whelped July first.
M. W. OBERHOLTZER,
Hatfield, Pa.

IRISH SETTER at STUD
IRISH BOY A.K.S. 67436
Fee, $20.00
For information write
M. W. BADEN, Box 930, Winfield, Kas.

YOUNG'S IMPROVED
DOG BISCUIT



For sale by all Grocers and Sporting Goods dealers. Send for our special premium offer. YOUNG'S BISCUIT CO., 89 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.

BOOK ON
Dog Diseases
AND HOW TO FEED
Mailed **Free** to any address by the author
H. Clay Glover, D. V. S. - 1278 Broadway, N. Y.

KENNEL SUPPLIES
Dog Chains, Brushes, Combs, Shipping Crates, Medicines, Dog and Puppy Cakes, all the latest and best books. *A complete list in our Kennel Supply circular mailed free.*
Excelsior Wire & Poultry Supply Co.
26-28 Vesey St., Dept. R. C. **New York, N. Y.**

KENNEL

POINTERS AND SETTERS WANTED TO TRAIN. Game plenty.
H. H. SMITH, Brookville, Pa.

FOR SALE—Trained Coon, Fox and Rabbit Hounds.
COMRADE KENNELS, Bucyrus, Ohio.

POULTRY

FREE—1906 Catalogue. Forty varieties land and water fowl.
S. A. HUMMEL, Box 68,
Freeport, Ill.

POULTRY PAPER, 74 pages, illustrated, 25c. per year; 4 months' trial, 10c.; sample free; 64 pages practical poultry book free to yearly subscribers; book alone, 10c.; catalogue poultry books free.
POULTRY ADVOCATE, Dept. R, Syracuse, N. Y.

WHITE WYANDOTTE COCKRELS. Now is the time to make soup of your old rooster and improve your stock with new blood for hatching this Spring. I have some beautiful cockrels (Duston strain) for sale, very cheap. Every bird guaranteed, and sent on approval.
F. WARREN SUMNER,
Elizabeth, N. J.

Poultry and Pigeon Feed
Send for price list
DONOVAN & BURNS
246 Fulton Street - New York, N. Y.

SQUAB

WE WERE THE PIONEERS IN SQUABS. Our Homers are straight bred and unexcelled for size. We have supplied equipment for many of the finest estates in America. Our plant is the largest and best in the world. During the past year we sold more Homers than all other pigeon breeders and importers in America combined. There is a reason for this; look around before buying. We publish a full line of printed matter, covering every detail of this rich industry. Send for our Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs." Visitors welcome at our plant and Boston office. Address,
PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.,
402 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.

SPECIAL SIXTY DAY OFFER.

Just to introduce our *Selected Imported Belgian Homers,* we will give FREE *a complete outfit* for breeding squabs. Send 4 cents in stamps for our special offer circular which tells you all. There are *no better* Homers in America than our birds, and our prices are lower than any other firm. Remember, we are the largest importers in America. We also have all kinds of Pheasants, Swan, Peacocks, Wild and Fancy Waterfowls, Turkeys, White Guineas, Poultry, Collie Dogs, Fancy Pigeons and Imported Angora Cats. Write for what you want.
CAPE COD SQUAB, POULTRY AND GAME FARM,
Box G, Wellfleet, Mass.

TANNING RECIPE

FIRST-CLASS TANNING. My formulas enable any man to successfully tan any hide and get a soft velvet finish. No machinery. Quick, labor-saving methods; you cannot hurt any pelt, no matter how tender; experience not necessary. Further information gladly supplied if you inclose stamp. My two formulas and complete instructions sent for $3.00.
EDWIN DIXON, Taxidermist,
Unionville, Ontario, Canada.

RUBBER STAMPS AND STENCILS

DO YOU USE RUBBER STAMPS? We make the best rubber stamps and stencils in New York. Protectograph, the best safety check protector made. Rubber Type Alphabets, 5A fonts, $1.10 postpaid. Send postal for circular.
ABRAM AARONS, 16½ University Place, N. Y.

COTTAGES AND APARTMENTS

LOVELY COTTAGE in Adirondacks for sale, cheap. Rare bargain. Hunting, fishing, scenery, location, all fine. DR. MOREHOUSE, Wevertown, N. Y.

APARTMENTS, 3 to 7 rooms each; rooms single and en suite. The Hinman, Apartment and European Hotel, MARSHALL COOPER, Mgr., 7th and Figuerda, Los Angeles, Cal. Booklet mailed free.

MISCELLANEOUS

WE ARE BREAKING UP a $20,000 collection of unused Postage Stamps at about half Scott's catalogue. Selling catalogue of coins, 10c; of stamps, 10c.
STAMP & COIN EXCHANGE,
61 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Beautiful Shells, Indian Relics, Gem Stones, Gun Flints, Curios.
GEO. TILLS, Albion, N. Y.

$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS; $4 paid for 1804 dimes; $15 paid for 1858 dollars; big prices paid for hundreds of other dates; keep all money coined before 1879 and send 10 cents at once for a set of two coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you.
Address C. F. CLARKE, Agent,
Le Roy, N. Y., Dept. 3.

NO MORE GRAY HAIR

BRUCELINE, the only genuine remedy for restoring gray hair to its natural color; 40 years on the market. No dye, and harmless. $1.00 per bottle. Treatise on the hair sent on application, FREE.
BRUCELINE CO., 57 W. 21st St., New York.

TELEGRAPHY Circular free. Wonderful automatic teacher. 5 styles $2.00 up. OMNIGRAPH CO., Dept. W., 39 Cortlandt St., New York.

Beginning with April, RECREATION will be $1.50 per year. Subscriptions received before April first will be accepted at $1.00.

TAXIDERMISTS

JOHN MURGATROYD
TAXIDERMIST
Finest Work at Reasonable Prices
49 West 24th Street, New York, N. Y.
Also at (Old Stand)
18 No. William St. and 126 St. James Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROWLAND, TAXIDERMIST. A specialty in mounting moose, elk, caribou and deer heads; also fish.
182 Sixth Ave., New York. Telephone.

DON'T WASTE the trophies of your prowess! Make your sport more than pay for itself by taking my COMPLETE correspondence course in TAXIDERMY, $5 only. Others cost $15, and up. Send price to
CLARENCE BIRDSEYE, JR.,
42 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

GUNS

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Guns and Sporting Goods. Lowest possible prices, new and second-hand. Circular Free. State your wants.
F. D. SAWYER, Gray, Maine.

FOR SALE—Malcolm Telescope Rifle Sight. Cost $18. Will sell for $10. CHAS. HOWARD,
Manistique, Mich.

FOR SALE—Remington Lee Sporting Rifle, .30-.30 Peep Sights. Price, $20. R. O. BOWMAN,
Medina, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Remington Lee Sporting Rifle, .30-.30 cal., mounted with Lyman Remington Lee Peep Sight and ivory bead front sight. This gun is an accurate and hard shooter, and is as good as new. Price, $20. Address
ROBT. O. BOWMAN,
Medina, Medina Co., Ohio.

LENS

FOR SALE—At a bargain, one 4 x 5 Anastigmat Lens, f 6. 8. C. L. WYCKOFF,
125 Kent St., Jamestown, N. Y.

BUFFALO HORNS

BUFFALO HORNS, matched pairs, polished and mounted; also make into showy hall racks; flint-lock pistols; Indian relics, ancient and modern; Navajo blankets; elk tusks; old brass, pewter and crockery. Illustrated lists, 2 cents. N. CARTER, Elkhorn, Wis.

GUIDES

BIG GAME. Hunting on the Head Waters of the Stickine River. I am better prepared than ever to furnish outfits, pack horses and guides for the season 1905. Moose, caribou, Stone's sheep, goat, black, brown and grizzly bear are all killed within one hundred miles of Telegraph Creek. Season opens September 1st. References: Andrew J. Stone, J. R. Bradley, T. T. Reese. J. FRANK CALLBREATH, Telegraph Creek, B. C.
Via Wrangle, Alaska.

SOUVENIR POSTAL CARDS

POST CARD EXCHANGERS—Send 25 cents for full membership fee and receive Post Cards from Exchangers throughout the country. Don't wait; do it now, lest you forget it. Address all communication to the
UNITED SOUVENIR POST CARD EXCHANGE AGENCY,
115 E. Second St., Washington, North Carolina.

Around Our Camp Fire

I leave this rule for others when I'm dead,
Be always sure you're right—then go ahead.
—DAVID CROCKETT.

Ye Fyshing Month

April is the fisherman's month. In the north and in the west the angler's rod generally comes from its retirement at this season; those lucky fellows who live in the south need hardly put theirs away. The daily newspapers are never tired of making fun of fish stories, ranking them with the bear stories and snake stories that come in season later in the year. RECREATION, however, knows what fishing is and realizes the absolute truthfulness of most fishermen. We anglers are gifted with imagination, and when we attempt to measure the length of a fish with our arms are, perhaps, inclined to spread a trifle wider than a strict measurement of our big fish would have warranted. But that the fisherman has no real intention to glorify himself unduly is evident, seeing the arms always stretch widest when he tells the story of the fish that got away.

All the foregoing may be considered as an introduction to our request for a supply of good stories dealing with fishing, together with photographs of the fish, including the before mentioned one that got away. We propose to make RECREATION for April a fishing number, and to make it so good that it will be stored away after being read, with the old flies, hooks and broken tips that every fisherman has a collection of. Those who have MSS. to submit should send them in early—to avoid the rush.

Frank Ford's Department

Will in future devote itself solely to the furnishing of information to RECREATION'S readers. Hitherto he has acted as salesman for those entitled to the use of his services. In this capacity he has been a wonderful success, but the time has now come (with the extraordinary growth of this magazine) when he finds it absolutely necessary to limit his field, in order to cover that field successfully. Every mail brings in numerous requests for information and assistance, and these *must* be attended to, while sales and exchanges can just as well be effected through the medium of our advertising pages (at our usual rates), so that it seems the part of true wisdom to make this change. Of course, it would be possible to add to his staff, but in a one-man department such as his, any number of clerical assistants could never take the place of the head. There is only one FRANK FORD, and a working day has but a certain number of hours in it. So, in future, our friends who wish to make an exchange, to buy, or to sell, will take them up with RECREATION'S Advertising Department, from which they will receive the most cordial assistance, absolutely fair treatment, and no doubt from which they will also derive the greatest satisfaction. On the other hand, those desiring information or assistance will continue, as heretofore, to write to Frank Ford.

Last Call

"All subscriptions received on or before April first will be accepted at $1.00. *After that* $1.50."

This announcement appeared on the first page of the February number and a great many of our readers immediately subscribed or renewed their subscriptions. By sending $2.00 you can renew your subscription *now* for two years.

Do not fail to take advantage of the opportunity thus offered—*this is your last chance*—for we positively cannot accept subscriptions after April 1st at less than $1.50.

If you will kindly bear in mind the following suggestions when remitting, it will eliminate the possibility of error and save both you and us unnecessary expense and trouble:

Write distinctly your name and address in full.

State the year and month with which your subscription should begin. This applies both to new subscriptions and renewals.

Make all money orders and checks payable to

RECREATION,
23 WEST 24TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

THESE FOUR PICTURES (IN COLORS) FREE

TO every reader of this magazine who loves nature and animals and outdoor life, we will send without charge these beautiful pictures, printed in colors on heavy plate paper, without lettering. Beautiful and appropriate decorations for library or den, they are wonderful examples of the art of color printing. The subjects represented will appeal to nature lovers generally. Framed at moderate cost, these pictures will add much to the beauty of your home, or they can be used just as they are in any room of the house. Size of picture, 10½x7½ inches; retail price 50 cents each.

Why We Make This Offer

The object of this offer is to acquaint you with our new "Library of Natural History" which has recently been published, after years of labor and at an enormous expense. It is the only work of its kind in existence illustrated from actual photographs, of which it contains over 2,000, besides many full-page plates showing birds and animals in their natural colors. Every living creature on the earth—animal and man—is described and pictured in this Library. In many cases special expeditions armed with cameras and dry plates had to be sent to foreign lands to secure the photographs from which these illustrations were made. The work is not technical or dry, but teems with the most interesting and instructive stories of animal life, told by famous naturalists and explorers. Over 2,000,000 copies have already been sold in Germany and England.

No Obligation

Your application for the pictures imposes no obligation to purchase the Library. We will forward the pictures, together with a description of the books, by mail, postpaid. You will not be bothered by agents or canvassers; this Society transacts all its business by correspondence.

As an evidence of good faith, enclose 10 cents (stamps or silver) for postage and wrapping. This will be refunded if you request it after examining the pictures. Mail the accompanying coupon promptly, as the supply of pictures is limited, and this advertisement will not appear again.

Do not confuse these with cheap pictures. They sell at Art Stores for 50 cents each.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
78 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

COUPON

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, INC., 78 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me, postpaid, the four pictures you offer, together with a description of the "Library of Natural History." I enclose 10 cents for postage and wrapping, which you agree to refund if I am not perfectly satisfied. It is understood that the sending of this coupon does not in any way bind me to buy anything.

Recreation, 3-06.

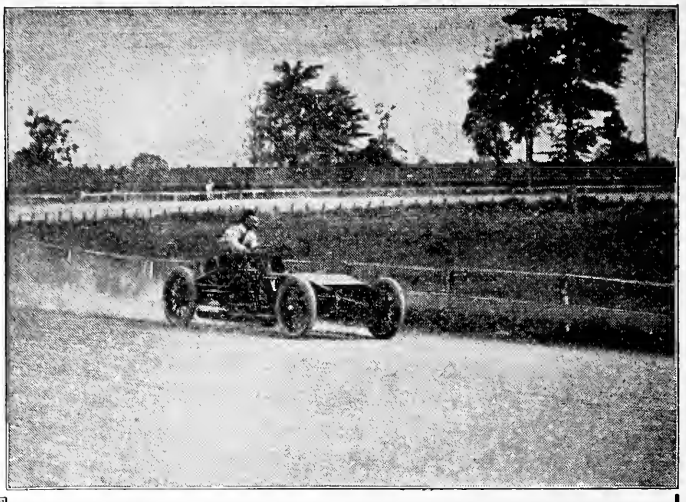
Name .....

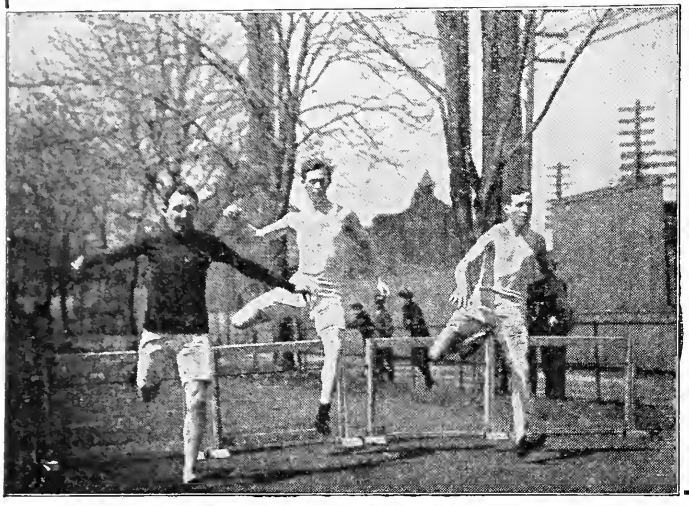
Address .....

Nothing too quick for a

Graflex Camera

as actual results prove





A Graflex does all that any other camera can do — and more. No focusing scale; no little finder necessary. You see the full size picture, right side up — not reversed — at the instant of exposure. No matter how many other cameras you have — the Graflex and its wonderful work cannot fail to interest you. Illustrated catalogue, containing half-tone reproductions from Graflex negatives, will be mailed upon request.

Folmer & Schwing Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

December 6, 1905

Century Camera Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen: After three years' work with a 5 x 7 Century Camera, I begin to realize the real significance of your term "Century Quality." Not a defect in wood-work or bellows, never a single light-struck plate.

Your Cirkut Camera advertisment has caught my eye. I would like a booklet.

Yours truly,
H. GORDON,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Vol. XXIV Number 3

RECREATION

A Monthly Devoted to Everything the Name Implies

Dan Beard, Editor

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR TEN CENTS A COPY

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1906

Cover Design	T. O. Marten	
In Algonquin Land Illustrated	Arthur Howell Mabley	195
The Airedale Terrier Illustrated	Hubert Reeder	205
My First Cruise Illustrated	J. C. Abel	209
Spring Verses	Arthur L. Phelps	214
Game in California Illustrated	Chas. W. Hardman	216
In the Medicine Bow Range	Chas. M. Carroll	221
An Elk Hunt in the Big Horns Illustrated	Richard Madison	224
Waking Verses	Carolyn B. Lyman	227
The Mystery of the Blue Goose	Dan Beard	229
Pre-historic Game Tracks Illustrated	J. E. McIlwain	234
Mallard Shooting in Kansas	I. Brancard	237
My Nuthatches Illustrated	Margaret Wentworth Leighton	240
The Comrades	A. Chester Tucker	243
Camping on the Yosemite Road Illustrated	H. D. Howell	249
College Men as Tramp Photographers Illustrated	E. A. Spears	255

Dan Beard and the Boys	260	Photography	273
Editorial	262	The Hunting Dog	275
Guns and Ammunition	264	Fishing	277
Motoring	269	The Referendum	280

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

WM. E. ANNIS, Publisher, 23 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York

Copyrighted, 1905, by Wm. E. Annis

Entered at the New York Post-office as Second Class Matter

Caught Napping

Making a Double

Duck Shooting
Goose Shooting Pictures in Water Color

1—Caught Napping **3—The Canada Goose**
2—Making a Double **4—The Goose Hunter**

Perfection Attained in Sportsman's Art

These pictures combine the best talent of six different artists. The water color work is by S. A. Thors. Flying Ducks and Geese drawn by Lynn Bogue Hunt. By this combination I have produced a set of pictures that surpass any shooting pictures ever produced by a single artist. The pictures are 16x20 in. on imported Whatman paper 22x28 in. **Price, $2.00 each; two for $3.50.**

Pictures sent prepaid by mail. Money refunded if not satisfactory. I will send you **FREE** a set of halftone reproductions 5x7 to give you a better idea of the pictures. I want **Agents** to canvass the sportsmen in every town in the United States. The pictures sell at sight.

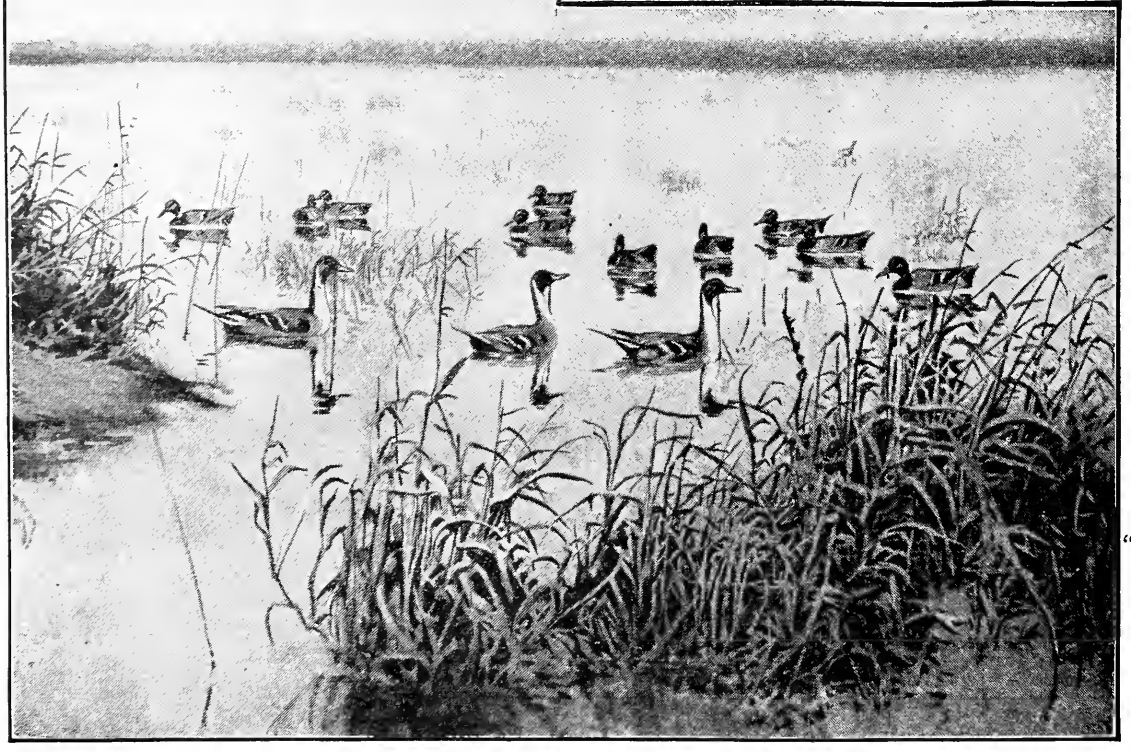
WHAT THE SPORTSMEN SAY ABOUT THEM:

"Your pictures are superb."—A. F. BLOOM, *Omaha Bee*, Omaha, Neb.

"Your pictures are certainly true to life."—McBrayer-Moore Westmoreland Stock Farm, Danville, Kentucky.

"Your pictures have won the admiration of all callers at my office."—ELLIOT F. RAY, Sec'y Pueblo Shooting Club, Pueblo, Colorado.

"Your pictures are certainly works of art and beyond anything of their kind I have seen for a long time."—DR. E. W. ADAMSON, Calumet Hospital, Douglas, Arizona.



This cut is from one corner of "Caught Napping."

E. HENDRICH, 218 E. 18th Street, New York City

AN IDEAL CAMP IN THE ALGONQUIN PARK

RECREATION

VOL. XXIV. MARCH 1906 No. 3

IN ALGONQUIN LAND

By ARTHUR HULL MABLEY

IT was merely a vague possibility until that bright June morning made it a purpose. We had reached Toronto on our annual sojourn and had four hours to wait for the Grand Trunk train north. "We'll do it," said we, and before noon we had rounded up the following camp outfit:

One tent, drill, 7½x9 feet, without poles or fly; folding camp stove, weighing about three pounds; a few pieces of tinware; assorted provisions for a month.

To these we later added two portable cots and some bedding. Be it known that neither my wife nor I had ever camped, even so much as in the back yard. We had neither read authoritative works on camp economics, nor puzzled over the enticing pages of beautiful catalogues published by the manufacturers of campers' supplies. We were merely humble disciples of the Forest and trusted in the Wilderness.

Extending some fifty miles north of the Ottawa division of the Grand Trunk Railway system, at a point about seventy-five miles east of Georgian Bay, lies Algonquin Park, the national reserve land of Ontario. Numerous tourists pass through a corner of this tract of two thousand square miles, but few leave the train and find their way into the interior. It is still wild, with all the wildness of the primeval woods of this, the oldest forest in North America. Except for the inroads of lumbermen and the railroad, it is a land still unharmed by the hand of man. It is no summer resort and it supports no hotel. The man who ventures within its confines must needs be his own supporter as well as a lover of the free life. To the devotee of the primitive she shows vistas of beauty that delight and entrance, and for the genuine sportsman, whose chief aim is not death, she is generous. Rock, water and trees are the elements out of which this beauty is made. Fire-rent granite, veined with seams of quartz and mica, forms the ground floor of a thick vegetation of pine, spruce and hemlock, whose roots seem to penetrate into the very rock, so shallow is the nourishing soil. Eight hundred lakes, many of them nameless and unsurveyed, fill the hollows in the rocks. Deep lakes these are, with waters cold and dark, enshrouded in the strong arms of the interminable forest.

We had secured a government map of the park before leaving home and we now set to work upon it to find a suitable place for camping. We knew nothing of the region from personal experience, nor were we successful in securing knowledge from others. Even at Huntsville, our jumping-off place, we found out only the fact that if you wish to know what a place is like you must

go and find out. As Rainy Lake was near the boundary line, thus offering an easy escape in view of the dangers of this step into the dark, and, besides, was on the railroad, we decided for the lake of ominous name—a name well-deserved, as we discovered.

We bought at Huntsville a staunch canoe—Peterborough model—which by its good behavior in all kinds of weather became an honorary member of our household under the Christian name of "Hilda." The Canadians excel in hospitality and canoe building. We were offered a birch canoe for a third of the sum, but, romance and drowning aside, the lone Indian's canoe is a botch beside the slim cedar skiff of his Canadian brother. Our craft was 16x3 feet, with the slight bulge below the gunwale, which makes the difference between life on the water and death in it.

Rainy Lake station proved to be a sawmill surrounded by a few forlorn houses, apparently built for a day and a night. The presence of a lone couple dumped in that desolate spot was an interesting spectacle to the two or three individuals that sidled around us, but when they found that we were only a couple of fools who had come five hundred miles to camp in this lonely spot, curiosity gave way to astonishment, astonishment to pity and pity to kindness. We had been told that all we needed to do was to slide our canoe from the train into the water. We were now informed that the lake was filled for a third of its length of three miles with logs, and that not even a canoe could get through "Now, the best thing you fellows can do," volunteered one of our new acquaintances (the other "fellow" was my wife), "is to have the section gang take your canoe and duffle on a hand car to where the water is open." That evening we acted on this advice, after finding temporary lodging in the sawmill boarding house and spending the afternoon inspecting the lake under the guidance of John Urquardt, fire ranger and gentleman. At a point one mile from the western end the lake widened into a beautiful sheet of water, with a single island well up toward the eastern shore. We rowed thither in the only boat the lake could boast, the property of the lumber company. The beauty of the spot and its desirability as a camp site appealed to us at once.

Rain forbade a start the next morning, but after another one of the hospitable Mrs. Blake's dinners we set out with high anticipations. We found our possessions in a shanty of an abandoned lumber camp where I had my first experience as a pack animal. The initiation took the form of carrying an eighty-pound canoe down a steep bank to the edge of the water. The start was easy and graceful. The canoe caught the spirit of the descent and gained enthusiasm at every bound, for I had quickened my pace, not wishing the canoe to reach its destination before I should. The race came near ending in kindling wood and humiliation, but we managed to break the force of one another's fall by joining forces and coming down en masse.

Few joys are comparable to home-building, even though that home be but a tent. It was with great zeal that we landed and took possession of the island in the name of the Fresh Air Life. We felt the heart throbs of primitive man as we hewed our tent poles and set up our little cross tree, for at last we could live the simple life. Accelerated by the rumble of distant thunder, we soon had our light canvas stretched over the poles and firmly fastened by guy ropes. To one who was not a lover of forest freedom, the inspection of this flimsy home and the prospect of a month's sojourn therein through all the changes of sun and storm must have been forbidding indeed, but to us it seemed cosy and delightful. After setting up the cots and bringing in our boxes and enough fuel to last over a rainy day, we found that we had barely room in which to turn around, but we came to live in the open, not in tents. The opening looked out upon a ledge of rock that sloped toward the water and made a landing place.

We were now in the real wilds, only

ALGONQUIN PARK HEADQUARTERS AT CACHE LAKE

the little settlement three miles away being left to remind us of civilization. Of the woods to the north and east little was known, except that they extended immense distances. We did not even know our own island, and, in fact, we never undertook to explore it, so thick was the timber and underbrush. That night the least rustle or snap of a twig started our imaginations to work. The cries of the loons, like those of a frightened child, were blood-curdling at first hearing and it was hard to overcome the impression that numerous murders were being committed all around us. Yet it was not long before we began to feel the friendliness of the wilderness at night, a feeling of security quite unexpected, the meaning of which can be realized only by those who have spent a considerable time in the forest.

A day or two of "putting things to rights" and then came a long period of genuine laziness, of days that were ruled by no routine but eating and sleeping. For days we saw no human being—we were satisfied with the tame squirrels and the partridges that fed upon our huckleberry patch. Much of our time we spent upon the water, of course. We soon became expert at handling our canoe, the other half of the family managing the bow paddle with quickness and dexterity. Only those who have tried it know the pleasures of canoeing in the sparkling lakes of the north. We soon knew the lake thoroughly, with all its snags and rocks —those enemies of the light canoe. The pleasures of discovery were also ours. We had heard bare mention of a lake somewhere to the east of us, but nobody seemed able to tell us anything definite about it. One day we found the outlet of a small stream clogged with dead trees and old logs. By dint of an hour's push and pull we worked the canoe through a half-mile of shallow water and came quite unexpectedly upon a lake almost as large as our own. It was enclosed on all sides by well-wooded banks, and there was no sign of habitation. The beauty of its shores persuaded us to paddle around it. The sense of solitude pervading the spot was very impressive.

Our canoe trips were sometimes va-

TROUT FISHING IN THE ALGONQUIN PARK

ried by tramps through the woods. In this way we found that there were six lakes within a radius of two miles. Of course we always carried a compass, and did not venture too far from our camp. We afterwards found that the year before two men had been lost nearly a week in this region and had succeeded in reaching a settlement only after a hard tussle with hunger and exhaustion.

As fresh meat was not easily obtained, fishing became a necessity as well as a pleasure. It was some time before we found the haunts of the black bass, but once found they yielded us some very fair meals. An hour's troll, or still fishing, after supper would usually earn us a breakfast. But fishing in Rainy Lake did not prove exciting and we decided upon an expedition to a lake to the north of which we had heard entrancing fish-tales. It was our first step into the depth of the woods, for the forest stretched north of us to Hudson Bay. We were told in much detail how to find the trail: "So plain that you can't possibly miss it." It led off from a logging camp on the shore of the lake. This we found without difficulty, tarrying a short time to look into a few of the ill-smelling buildings. The sleeping hut, with its row of stalls still filled with the straw left by the sleepers of the past winter, was a disagreeable reminder of the filth that breeds the scourge of the lumber-camp—small-pox.

We soon found what we supposed was the trail, but we found it anything but plain. The glimpse of light far in the distance suggested wildcats and reminded us that our only weapon of defense was a broken camp ax. We found later that this was a cat, too, but not so very wild, having been left by the lumbermen to earn its own livelihood during the summer. After walking two or more miles after a lake said to be one mile distant, and that, too, over ground that was an alternation of boggy holes and bushes and brambles as high as our heads, we turned back. Several other starts proved useless and we returned to camp. A few days afterward, armed with further information, we tried again, with similar success. Finally honest John Urquardt offered his services as guide, and one bright morning, after a short tramp, we threw out from the bank of a very pretty little lake some baited hooks and sat down to await developments. None came. Our guide remembered that there was a roughly improvised raft on the lake which was found after some search. By agile skipping from one tippy side to another we managed to propel the craft, by means of poles, into deep water, where we tried again. Our success was ineffable. We abandoned the lake and slunk home. We found it always thus. The fish are always in the lake further on. We came to recognize the signs. "No, there is no fishing here, but you go up to Smith Lake, two miles north of here, and you will get all the pickerel and bass you can carry." Arrived on the spot, and having put in a biteless day, the solitary inhabitant starts in: "Well, you see, there used to be fish here, but, I tell you, if you want some exciting fishing, there is a lake ——" and you are off, leaving him scratching his head.

A month of fishing, paddling, tramping and "lazing" saw us ready for a change of scene, and we decided to move down to Cache Lake, where the headquarters of the park superintendent are situated. After a continued rain of several days the morning we had appointed for departure dawned with fair promise. We arose very early as we had to pack our duffle, paddle three miles to the settlement, and then transport by land to the station. Taking good care to burn our rubbish, as every good camper should, we started down the lake, our canoe loaded to the gunwale with ourselves and belongings. Even the need of exercising extreme care to prevent a spill did not deter us from taking advantage of a stiff breeze that had sprung up by hoisting an umbrella for a sail. With this aid

we fairly flew down the lake and it was well that we did so while we could, for, with a mile yet to go, we found the channel choked with logs and held in with the usual booms. There were said to be ten thousand logs in the lake, and one can infer that these made a formidable barrier when gathered in a compact mass. We found the chain holding the middle logs of the boom, and after ten minutes' work succeeded in loosening it sufficiently to admit the canoe. Our attempt to tighten the chain again, in order to hold the logs in place, was unsuccessful, and, doubtless, the air was fragrant with profanity when the lumbermen discovered the leak. Once within, we were not much better off than before, inasmuch as innumerable closely-packed logs intervened between us and our destination. By dint of steering for the open spots, by pushing and pulling in rapid alternation, aided by quick turns to avoid crushing, we made some progress. Two more booms delayed us still longer, and when we finally reached the settlement it was well on toward train time. About six trips with good loads found us just on time, and we staggered into the car, one of us bulging on both sides with enormous bundles, the other with a bursting package of food-stuff in one hand and trying to balance a large bottle of pickles in the other. We fell into a seat in an exhausted heap, a spectacle much enjoyed by the passengers.

The country through which we passed was a succession of lakes and alternate stretches of live and burnt timber. A feature of the line is the number of wooden trestles that are built across the bays and inlets.

From the station Cache Lake looked like a small pond. "Cache" is French for "concealed," and the lake was well named, for from no part of it could one see more than a third of its surface. We were welcomed by the superintendent and his household with genuine Canadian hospitality and persuaded to stay to dinner. We listened with interest to tales of the region and the experiences of the "rangers," and were shown many interesting trophies.

There were other campers on this lake, and we found that all but one or two camp sites were occupied. Our new friends conducted us to a spot located at the mouth of a small stream called the Uladawska, where we set up camp on the top of a bluff. The frequent strenuous hill-climbing that this necessitated soon induced us to move to a better site on the east end of the lake, about two miles from headquarters.

Deer were numerous in this region. They first made their presence known to us by night. We were awakened on one occasion by the "blowing" of one that seemed to be examining the nature of our tent. He soon took fright and we heard him go off snorting. Often in our tramps we came upon them unexpectedly, and it was an amusing sight to watch them scamper through the underbrush, "flags" up. Bass fishing we found good, but trout fishing better. There seemed to be but one spot in the lake where the salmon trout could be caught, but the supply seemed inexhaustible. Few days passed without from one to a half-dozen campers casting anchor at the grounds. The weights varied from one and a half to eight pounds. In mid-summer these fish seek the bottom of the lake where the water remains cold. A hook and minnow dropped down twenty, thirty or forty feet brings up fish that are ice-cold to the touch. Their gaminess is not to be despised, but if hooked sufficiently to bring to the surface, one can usually get them in.

It is from Cache Lake that many of the canoe trips through the series of park lakes start. Guides can be secured at headquarters. The superintendent issues fishing and camping licenses. The portages are seldom more than a half-mile in length, and often but a few rods. Probably no finer canoe trip can be found on the continent than through these magnificent lakes of the Laurentian mountains.

PASSING THROUGH ISLAND LAKE—THE ALGONQUIN PARK

CACHE LAKE, FROM LOOKOUT BLUFFS

Our second camp was on a rather exposed point, and in the tempestuous weather that followed we were often kept in by rain and wind, which made camp life a bit irksome, though the necessities of living kept us fairly busy. A succession of windy days prevented launching our canoe. Such was the violence of the wind that on one occasion, having hauled it well up on the shore for safety, it was caught in a gust and hurled with such force into the lake that it sank and half filled with water. Fortunately its sinking prevented it from being blown out into the lake, and we recovered it after a hard struggle with wind and water.

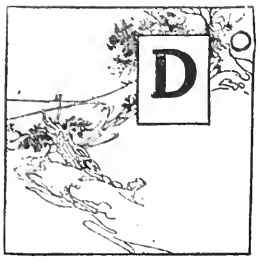
Our second month of camp life passed quickly, and the first of September saw us ready for home. We distributed what remained of our duffle to the natives, and, by a lucky chance, sold our canoe for a good sum. Our outdoor life had hardened us, and our refreshment of mind and body repaid us for the few discomforts. In fact, the ease with which we found that we could dispense with many of the so-called necessities of life was a source of surprise to ourselves, and two months of such life was no uncertain test. As for expense, we found that the total amount we expended, including car-fare from and to Ohio, our canoe, tent, entire outfit and provisions, was considerably less than our ordinary expenses would have been had we remained at home.

We were indeed a shabbily-clothed couple as we stepped off the car at Toronto, and this fact, combined with our tanned faces, seemed to mark us as objects of extreme interest. A new wardrobe apiece restored us to the reputable class, but the sunburn remained for many a day to remind us that we were initiated devotees of the wild life.

A PORTAGE IN THE ALGONQUIN PARK

THE AIREDALE TERRIER

By HUBERT REEDER



OGS, much all else, depend largely on Dame Fashion for popularity, and be it said to her ladyship's shame, merit seldom enters into the least of her calculations. For once, however, she seems to have called common sense into consultation, and in placing the seal of her approval upon the Airedale terrier she simply gives credit where due. If ever there was a paragon in dogdom that paragon is certainly the Airedale.

This dog had established an enviable reputation in England before it began to attract the attention of our fanciers. Though it has now belonged to a distinct breed for nearly fifty years it did not make its appearance in America until late in the nineties. A few specimens were then bought, simply because the breed was fashionable abroad, and the purchasers suffered somewhat of a shock when they first saw their new and costly pets. Airedales are not prepossessing, at first sight, and appreciation of their beauty often comes only with time, and familiarity with their good qualities.

Personally, I confess that I took to them right away. The well-poised head, so haughty and thoroughbred; the sturdy body, so clean and symmetrical; the great, yellow eyes, so full of honesty and intelligence, and the proud carriage, speaking so loud of character and strength, made me overlook completely the ugly color and the roughness of their coat.

I once asked a charming New York woman who kept a large kennel of Airedales what made her choose such ugly brutes.

"Why, their very ugliness," she said promptly, "it is so beautiful and aristocratic." And she was right; their ugliness is both beautiful and aristocratic.

After the introduction of the first Airedales, tales of their wonderful achievements soon began to circulate, and some of our leading sportsmen took the trouble to investigate their truth. As a result, England was searched from end to end for the best blood that could be had, several kennels took to breeding from it, and the Airedale became solidly established in this country.

I will not attempt in this article to trace the origin of the Airedale; others have tried it without shedding much light on the subject, and I intend to touch only on those points that may be of practical value to the dog lover. In other words, to show in what the Airedale has, and can be, used. Nevertheless, for those who wish to know its provinience, I will say that about seventy or eighty years ago the Yorkshire sportsmen, who are extremely fond of shooting and hunting, but don't often have the means of carrying a large kennel, set upon the task of developing a working dog, capable of being trained to any kind of game.

In this endeavor many species were crossed and intercrossed, experimentally, until two satisfactory varieties, the "working" and "waterside" terriers, became recognized breeds. From these eventually evolved the Airedale, named so because found principally along the valley of the Aire.

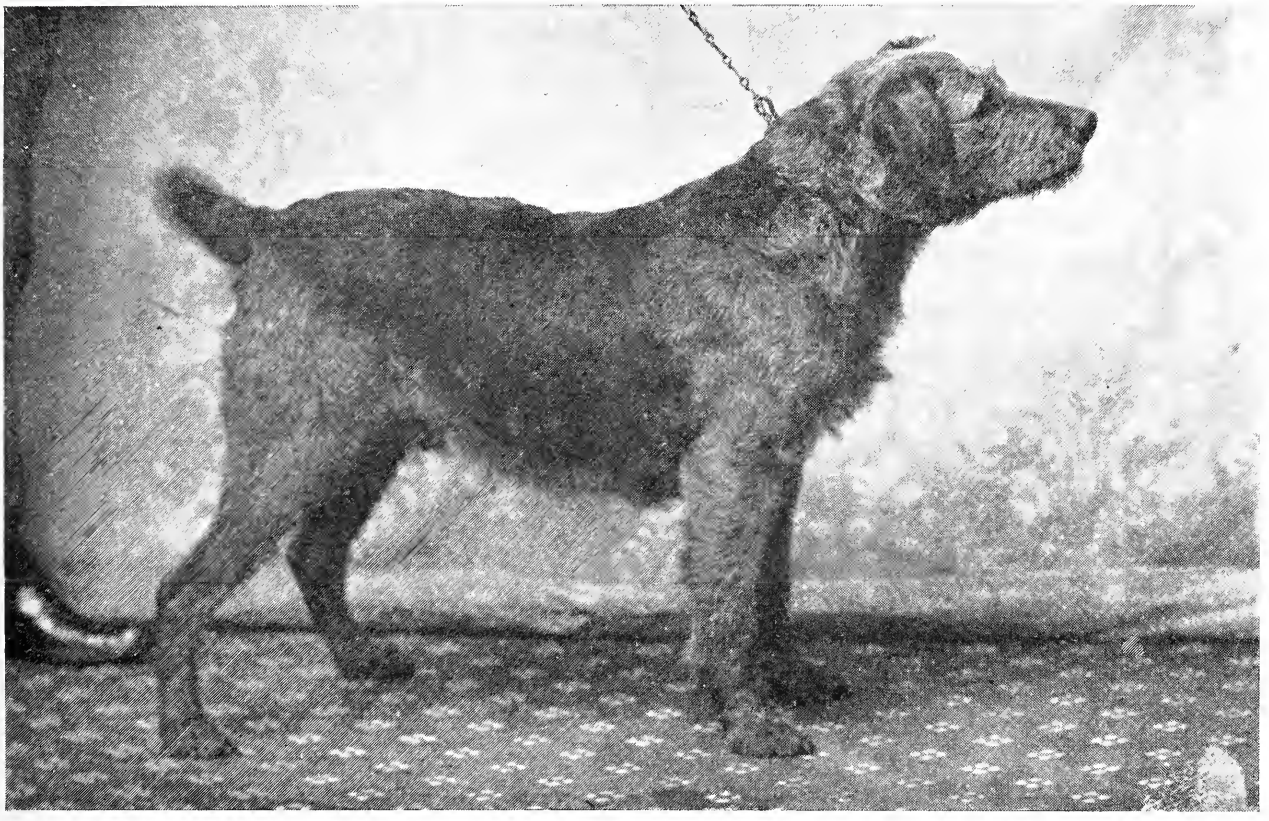
Prominent writers on the subject assert that these dogs have in their blood strains of the otterhound, Scotch, Irish, Bedlington and bull-terrier. The list I think rather incomplete. Reliable trainers have reported several cases of pedigreed Airedales who pointed steadily without being taught to, and this trait not one of the above breeds possesses.

Darwin's theory of natural selection and adaptation might explain this, but it is more probable that the peculiarity was due to either pointer or setter antecedents.

The type of Airedale has been considerably improved since its importation into America, and some of the wiry. Color, tan for the head, ears and legs; grizzly or black on back.

To mention the good qualities of this remarkable breed would be to enumerate those of almost every other.

As a watch-dog, companion and protector the Airedale has no peer. Keen, peaceable, powerful and fearless, he



WATERSIDE WIZARD

bench exhibits of to-day may well lay claim to beauty. Good stock is at a premium, and fancy prices are paid for the best types. As much as three thousand dollars has been paid for a full-grown dog and seven hundred and fifty dollars for a six-months' puppy.

The American standard calls for a weight of forty to forty-five pounds for a dog and a little less for a bitch. The head must be long, with flat skull narrowing slightly to the eyes and free from wrinkle. Jaw, deep, powerful and without choppiness. Lips, tight against the teeth. Nose, black. Teeth, meeting squarely. Ears, V-shaped, flat against the head, and small. Eyes, dark, small, and full of expression. Tail, short, straight and clean-cut. Coat, hard and

never seeks a fight, nor does he indulge in the annoying growling and snapping that is so characteristic of terriers. On the other hand, let anyone attack him, or encroach on his or his master's rights and he becomes a regular demon. Woe to the man or beast who provokes the Airedale's ire. He will live to regret it.

A well-known Englishman, who has fought many Airedales in the pit, is authority for the statement that they will lick more bull-terriers than bull-terriers will lick them.

The writer had a chance recently to realize the probable truth of this assertion while visiting a large country place on the Hudson. The owner was doing the honors, escorted by a pair of

Airedales, when suddenly a huge St. Bernard and a snarling collie appeared on the boundary wall. The Airedales looked up sharply at the first bark of the intruders and then quietly resumed their quest for moles. Emboldened by their seeming indifference the collie led much fuss made over him. His master, having to return to town in a hurry, asked his neighbors to keep the dog during his absence, and they gladly agreed to. When evening came Master Dick took Dutch leave from his friends and returned home. He was followed,

CLOMNEL AMAZEMENT AS A PUP

a flying attack on us, followed by the St. Bernard, but before either could reach us there was an angry growl, something brown shot by us, and in less time than it takes to tell our assailants were on their backs, helpless, while the Airedales stood over them threateningly. At a word from my host they promptly went to heel, but the look in their eyes told that they were ready to meet all emergencies.

The intelligence displayed by Airedales is at times remarkable. One of them was owned by a Boston lawyer who spends his summer camping on Lake Asquam. He was a sociable dog, and often called at a neighboring camp, where dainties were given him and and he met the vistors half way, showing every sign of delight, so they thought they would see that everything was in order at the camp left in their care and then go back. To every one's surprise, Dick, seeing their direction, hurriedly preceded them, and, mounting the veranda steps, barred their way, growling ominously. They backed out and immediately the dog became friendly, but the minute they set foot on the steps an ugly and decided opposition met them. They had to return without visiting the camp, and Dick mounted guard all night, going over for his meal the next day as if knowing exactly what his duties should be.

This unusual intelligence, of which

new phases are noticed every day, has recommended the Airedale to several of the armies in Europe who are now experimenting on them for messenger and war-dogs. Germany, being convinced of their worth, has already adopted them for military service.

As a water-dog the Airedale equals any breed in existence, and apart from the sporting value which this gives to it, it has in many instances been the means of saving life. The following extract from an article in the Boston Herald, of September 6, 1905, speaks for itself:

"From the beach could be seen four heads bobbing up and down a quarter of a mile from shore, while an excited Airedale was ploughing its way toward them.

" 'Betsy always swims out to meet us,' said the captain. 'She's a great water dog. She has already saved two people from drowning, and as you may have noticed this morning, she invariably patrols the beach. Let a man sink out of sight for a moment and she's by him in a jiffy, ready for another rescue. Her intelligence is quite human."

Another dog, owned by a Cornish lighthouse keeper, in England, is well known for his marvelous rescues.

In 1903 I had an experience myself. While crossing a swollen stream in the Adirondacks over a log bridge one of my deerhounds, a little bitch in whelp, lost her footing and precipitated into the torrent below. I had with me a splendid five-year-old Airedale, and turned to call him, but before I had time to, he made a dash for the bank, sprang into the water and caught hold of the hound. The intelligence and ingenuity displayed in bringing to shore the heavy burden over slippery rocks, fallen trees and precipitous banks was more than human.

A thousand episodes of this kind could be told.

Going on to enumerate the attributes of our paragon we come to the Airedale's *"raison d'être,"* viz.: his hunting qualities. In this respect he is a wizard. From the wildest of big game to the smallest of birds there is not a living being that he cannot be taught to hunt. He will point and retrieve birds on flat, in mountain or in marsh; will follow any trail on land or water, be it otter, mink, musk-rat, deer, caribou or moose; run rabbit, fox or wolf; fight anything from a hedgehog to a bear, and, in other words, fill the place of every dog on earth.

As I write I have before me four letters from owners of Airedales, one from Italy, one from England and two from the United States. All speak highly of the dog's sporting qualities, and show his versatility under most varying conditions. The one from Italy, written by Giuseppe Airdoli, one of Rome's leading gunners, says that the writer's "Flick," an English Airedale, has been tried on quail, snipe and woodcock, and found equal to the famous bracchi (Italian pointers) of the Airoldi kennels. The English letter is from a gentleman farmer in Monmouth, George Smith, who hunts otter a great deal, and says he has found the Airedale quite as satisfactory as the very otter hound. Of the two American letters, one is from a sheep rancher in Idaho, and says that some Airedales kept on the ranch are of great help in fighting the abounding wolves, as well as in coralling the sheep. The other is from a rice farmer in Southern Texas, who affirms that four Airedales trained by him will track deer and pig (havali), point snipe and prairie chicken, retrieve faultlessly, and with it all, guard the house against intruders.

Dr. W. D. Hennen, who breeds Airedales extensively, and now has some splendid specimens out of champion stock, tells me that during the time his dogs are at his country seat, at Noroton, Conn., hardly a day goes by but what they hunt the neighborhood and return with rabbits, woodchucks, squirrels, musk-rats or minks.

Recent experiments have proved the Airedale a splendid pack-dog for the frozen North. He is insensible to

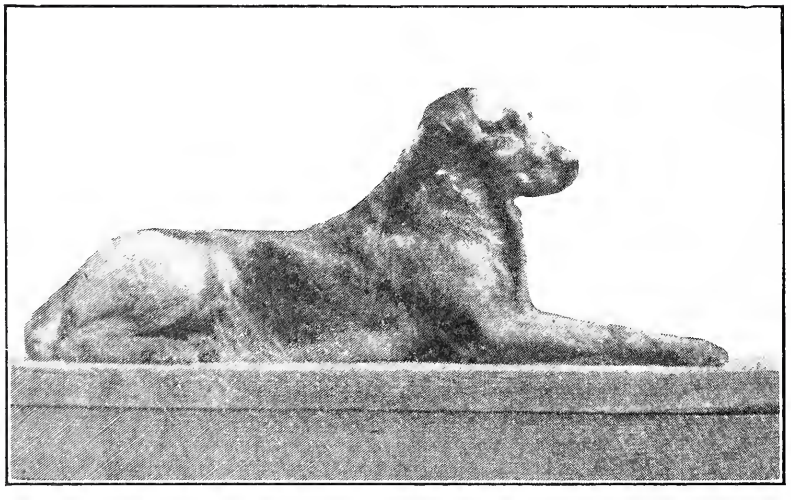
cold, eats sparingly, is fast, peaceable and clever, and will forage for himself in time of inaction.

Mr. C. P. Hubbard, of Atlantic, Ia., whose kennels of Airedales have no superior in America, tells some remarkable tales of his dogs in this respect. On a trip through the Rockies, which he took last year with pack and outfit, he was caught by heavy snows and ran out of victuals. He had with him his two champion Airedales, "Punch" and "Judy," and a thoroughbred setter. No sooner was their food cut down than the two former began to forage on their own hook, and not only did they catch enough rabbits and woodchucks to sustain themselves, but there was enough left over to feed the setter, who, not drawing any ration from camp, would undoubtedly have died of starvation but for this timely help.

Mr. Hubbard has hunted "Punch" and "Judy" in the Wyoming mountains and shot over them mountain lion, bear, lynx and deer. He is convinced that no other breed can touch them when it comes to hunting.

As house-dogs, Airedales are to be highly recommended. They make splendid guardians, are clean, gentle, affectionate, faithful and perfectly safe for children. A better-tempered dog is not known. Then again their terrier proclivities make them great rat and vermin exterminators, which is a quality not to be despised.

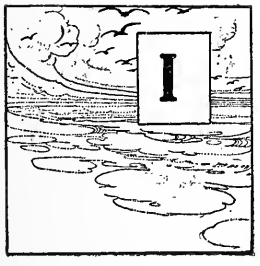
Volumes might be written about the great usefulness of this valuable breed. Every owner can relate a long list of feats performed by his dogs. The great increase in the number of American Airedales shows that their merits are being recognized, and their march toward popular favor is continuing steadily. It is safe to predict that in a few years the Airedale will be one of the most-used dogs in this country.



BETSY, CHAMPION AIREDALE BITCH

MY FIRST CRUISE

By J. C. ABEL



IT was undoubtedly Billy's fault.

I am not a good sailor. I hate the water a trifle worse every time I have to go on it, but Billy was insistent and promised me immunity from heavy seas, anyway, and so I yielded.

Billy has a motor-boat, one of those contraptions which a few years back used to be called gasolene launches, but which, with the coming of the automobile, got proud and wanted a more modern name to accord with their more modern fittings. Anyway, Billy has a motor-boat. He's only had it a few months, but the absurd way he everlastingly talks about it would sicken you. It is crank this and spark that and compression t'other all the time, and you'd think that he was a chief engineer at the very least as he glibly rolls off the mechanics of marine engines and boasts of the speed of his old cruiser. I don't understand the first thing about it myself, but that does not fease Billy, who would talk motor-boat to the brick walls if there were no one to listen to him.

All the early Summer Billy had spent his Saturday afternoons and Sundays tuning her up, as he called it, but I had declined his invitations to go on his "little runs" with more force than politeness, so just how I came to accept his offer to go for a week's cruise with him I am unable to say. He must have got hold of me in a weak moment when I was too dazed with his descriptions of flywheels and oil caps and other things to make a proper resistance.

We made vigorous preparations for a couple of weeks ahead. The boat was what he called a cabin cruiser, with a length of forty feet and a width of eight feet six inches and an engine developing some 12 horse-power, which, according to Billy, was sufficient to push her along at a speed of something like twelve miles an hour. I never was particularly good at gauging speed, even when riding a bicycle, so I had to take Billy's word on this, as in most other things, concerning that blessed trip. About three-quarters of the boat was given up to the cabin, which was really handsomely fixed up, and made as cozy a sleeping place by night and living room by day as you could wish for. The long seats round the sides of the cabin developed into bunks for beds; cushions there were in plenty.

A regular ship's clock and compass were provided, and what with electric lights overhead, plush carpet, and the cozy green plush cushions with the really perfect finish of the woodwork in the cabin, we were housed regally.

LEADING THE PROCESSION—22 MILES AN HOUR

By H. H. Russell

We did not stack up very heavily on provisions, for we proposed running into a harbor every night, so that we could land and forage whenever we needed to replenish the galley. I had always done a little boasting myself about how I could cook a steak, and poach an egg, so Billy appointed me chief cook, as he said he would have enough to do steering the boat and cranking the engine. I forgot to mention that there were three of us in the party, but the other hardly counted, for he was only a terrier with an abnormal bump of curiosity. We were to start Saturday morning early. Our plan was to run up the Sound by slow stages along the New York and Connecticut shore, then cut across and come down the whole length of Long Island. According to our calculations this would give us ample loafing time in some of the beautiful little bays along the route, and besides Billy had promised to call for a party of friends on the way back and take them for a day's cruise.

We got off early on Saturday morning as per schedule with everything in shape except the condensed milk, which we forgot. Billy had filled up with fifty gallons of gasolene the day before and had put the engine in first-class working order. That is, he said he had, but he must have gotten something twisted, for it was quite a while before he could get the flywheel to run smoothly, and it was only after much bad language on his part and much jeering from me that he discovered that he had turned on the gasolene at the engine, but had altogether forgotten to turn it on forward at the tank; thus he had obtained three or four explosions and the machine had stopped dead. After testing the spark and looking over the wiring Billy next turned to the float in the carburetor and found that he could not reach it, so then, going forward, he opened the gasolene cock and the float came up in a short time and with one further turn of the flywheel we were off. This is how Billy explained it to me and I'll take his word for it.

I had been kind of scary of going

NEARING THE ANCHORAGE

round the Battery and under Brooklyn Bridge. I remembered how big the waves looked sometimes from the deck of the ferryboat, and, as I have remarked previously, I am not a good sailor. But the bay was as calm as the proverbial millpond that morning, and we headed up the Sound at a good ten-mile-an-hour clip, past Blackwell's, and had Whitestone abeam before I realized that we were fairly off. It was here that I got into my first trouble. Those poached eggs did it, and after that we always had our eggs boiled.

The first night on board—we had run into a small harbor—was a new sensation. The gentle motion of the boat and the soothing lap, lap of the wavelets against the sides acted like a sleeping draught. We got sleepy early, and I had just dozed off when Billy woke me with a shout that he had forgotten to hang out his lights. It was fairly dark that night, and Billy was only just in time, for as he swung out his stern light, a hoarse voice broke out alarmingly near, telling us we were all kinds of d—— fools and asking if we were hankering to be run down. We generally hung out our lights before the sun went down after that.

We fooled along up the Sound, occasionally laying to and dropping a line for a chance fish, but once inshore, we got into quite a mess. We had dropped our anchor about the middle of the day, but when we started the engine up we forgot about the anchor, and, of course, the boat ran upon it and fouled the propeller. Somehow or other the rope got twisted round the propeller and our united efforts at pulling on it pretty nearly succeeded in breaking our backs. We jumped off into the tender to see what was up, and it took us quite an hour to cut the rope off, for we could not untwist it. Billy, who had hold of the end holding the anchor, must needs let go as soon as the rope was cut and had to dive in after it, for we needed that anchor badly. We had two with us, but from various little occurrences on the way I was not quite so trustful of Billy as before, and I

THE LILLIAN M., CABIN CRUISER

HAPPY DAYS

A TRICK AT THE WHEEL

resolutely refused to go on without both anchors.

I was beginning to work up quite an enthusiasm for motor-boating by this time, and was learning how to run the boat myself as fast as Billy could teach me. Sailing may be good sport, but when there is a breeze there is too much motion for me, and when there is no breeze you get stuck miles away from anywhere, but in a motor-boat you are independent of breeze, and, provided your gasolene holds out, you can get anywhere. Only once did we have any real trouble with the engine, and that was when we were going along at pretty near full gait, and suddenly one of the connecting rods let go and began threshing around in the base like a flail. I thought it would go through the bottom of the boat and that we should have to swim ashore, but Billy, who was in the cabin at the steering wheel, jumped aft and managed to stop the engine before any serious damage had been done. After tying up the broken connecting rod we ran into Bridgeport harbor on one cylinder and managed to get a new connecting rod fitted at a machine shop. It cost us a few dollars, but Billy made me pay half, as he claimed I was as much responsible for the accident as he was, and that was not at all. Billy's awful mean in some things, but it was his boat and he was captain, so I did what I was told.

IN WINTER QUARTERS

The run across the Sound from the Connecticut shore to the top of Long Island kept us on the lookout. It was getting late when we started, and we had to cross the tracks of the Sound steamers. We passed within call of two or three of them, and Billy tried to scare me by running into their wakes, so as to make our boat jump up and down in a way that made our dishes rattle.

We got clear across without accident, however, and then began our homeward trip, putting into a number of those beautiful little harbors along the coast. We fouled our propeller in

a bed of eel-grass in Port Jefferson, where we put in for a day's rest, and had to work for half an hour getting the blessed thing clear. Port Jefferson was our last stop on the way home, and Billy met his friends there and took them out for a spin. We proposed to make the sixty-mile run to Long Island City the following day, Sunday, and I hoped for fine weather, but as ill-luck would have it, the sky looked anything but promising, and we started out of the harbor with quite a little sea running. I had got used to the motion of the boat, however, by that time, and did not mind it, as I had enough to do helping Billy manage the boat. But when we got in sight of little old New York again I knew that I was sorry to be nearing home. We had a rattling good time, fine weather, little to do but loaf around and smoke, and swap tales, and Billy had converted me into a confirmed motor-boater. I've just bought a 21-foot boat for myself and that's why it is undoubtedly Billy's fault.

SPRING

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

Spring's comin', sap's runnin',
Robin's sparkin', chipmunk's larkin'.
Man, I'm glad!
It's Spring.

Fields greenin', sun shinin',
Buds shootin', bees lootin'.
Man, I'm glad!
It's Spring.

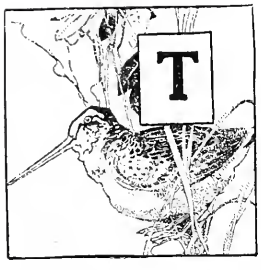
Woodchuck airin', red squirrel starin',
Buckets fillin', sap spillin'.
Man, I'm glad!
It's Spring.

A MICHIGAN SUGAR BUSH

Photo by JOHN A. BARTON

GAME OF CALIFORNIA

By CHARLES W. HARDMAN.



THERE are few, if any, of the States of the Union that have such a diversity of game as California. There is, however, one of the game birds dear to all sportsmen found in the East and Middle West that California has not; the elegant and gamy prairie chicken (*Tympanuchus americanus*). Why this bird does not thrive here I do not know. Many attempts have been made to introduce it, but without success. The same may be said of the Eastern quail, the plump and saucy Bob White. The California quail, valley quail as it is called here, is an attractive little creature, not so large and "chesty" as the Bob White, built on somewhat more slender lines and of a faintly bluish tint. Its head is ornamented with a plume-like top-knot of about an inch in length. There is no daintier, pretty bird. All the pictures I have ever seen represent this top-knot as standing upright. As a matter of fact, when the bird is quiet it falls forward over the bill, floating backward during flight. It is capable, however, of erection when excited or alarmed. Its call has not the clear-cut, decided tones of the Bob White, and sounds somewhat like the words "Look out, there; look out, there," in as pure contralto voice as perhaps a bird ever has.

Any one who has ever hunted this little fellow will bear witness to his gamy qualities. He is, in my opinion, a much more difficult bird to kill than his Eastern cousin. His flight is fully as rapid, and his skill in putting shelter between himself and the hunter cannot be excelled. These quails often pass the night in trees, which, I think, the Eastern quail does not.

When disturbed their flight is somewhat startling to the novice. When they alight they often run at right angles to their line of flight. In thickly-settled parts of the country they are found in small flocks, often in vineyards and along streams where there is sufficient cover. In the foot hills, however, they gather in flocks numbering hundreds, mostly along water courses and near springs. This is true particularly in the Mount Diablo and coast range proper, where large numbers of them are killed every year by the market hunters, in spite of the law

limiting the number to be killed in any one day to twenty-five. This will always be the case until a law is passed stopping the sale of game entirely. The large number of tourists create such a demand for game at the hotels and restaurants that there will always be men willing to take chances of arrest. A short time since an industrious game warden in San Francisco discovered at the depot a sack of birds directed to one of the first-class restaurants of that city. Visions of quail out of season, with all the credit of discovery, together with the accompanying sequel of division of fines, were his. What was his surprise, however, on examination, to find twelve plump little Billy Owls. The matter was investigated, and the shipper testified that he had been supplying the restaurant for some months past, and that these delicacies had been dished up to the patrons as quail. How the aforesaid patrons felt over the discovery I do not know, but the facts are as I have related. There seems to be something like poetic justice in these gentlemen dining sumptuously on Billy Owl inasmuch as they and those like them are the chief encouragers of violation of the game law.

The mountain quail so called is found mostly in the foot hills and on the mountain sides. It is larger than the valley quail and not found in so large flocks. While the valley quail is often found in great numbers in the foot hills the mountain quail is never found in the lowlands. It is larger than the quail of the valley, and is near the Eastern quail in color. It is, however, hunted but little in comparison with its cousin of the valley.

A COOK HOUSE *Photo by* CHARLES W. HARDMAN

The waterfowl of this State are as varied as perhaps in any State in the Union. An effort has been made to prevent spring shooting, but so far without avail, as the game dealers fight against all such legislation. If a law were passed preventing the sale of

game entirely legislation against spring shooting would easily follow. During the fall and winter months ducks and geese are killed in almost any part of the State where there is water. Along the marshes and offshoots from the bay about Stockton and Sacramento are the best hunting grounds in the State. But almost anywhere in the interior modest bags may be made on the smaller ponds and lakes. Many of the interior bodies of water have much diminished in size during the last few years, as the water is used more and more for irrigating purposes. Lake Tulare, for example, some years ago was a large and beautiful body of water over which steamers ran, but now it is almost dried up, and large fields of wheat are growing on ground once covered by water; but even yet, during the rainy season, large numbers of geese and ducks are annually killed there.

Of the ducks, of course here, as elsewhere, the Canvasback and Mallard take the lead. But the Redhead and the Widgeon, and a host of others, are found in all the waters of the State. They come down from the northern counties in great numbers as soon as the rainy season commences.

Some of the wheat fields are greatly damaged each year by large flocks of geese and the owners are compelled even now to have their fields patrolled, but as these large fields are becoming divided into smaller holdings this state of things is passing away.

Just as soon as the law permitted this fall three friends and myself went for a two days' hunt at Summit Lake, a small body of water in Fresno and Kings counties, about the centre of the State. We arrived at our destination shortly before sundown and made a short tour of investigation to look over the ground for the morrow's sport. We slipped quietly through a patch of tules (large rushes often to the height of twenty feet) and as we suddenly came in sight of a small pond we saw a sight that would gladden the eyes of any hunter. The little pond was literally covered with ducks of almost all kinds, while on the bank close to the water stood a large flock of geese. Off to the right a short distance was a dead tree on which were perched twelve large white cranes. The evening sun shining on their brilliant white plumage made a beautiful picture; to complete the scene, in a small pond near by in a solitary state was a large pelican smoothing his feathers with his great bill. Altogether it was the most beautiful picture of wild bird life that I had ever seen. I tried hard to get a picture, but could not.

Pelicans as well as swans, both black and white, are often found in the different inland waters of the State. On Lake Buena Vista, in Kern county, great flocks of these large and beautiful birds are seen every season. Thus hastily and imperfectly I have mentioned the principal birds of the lowlands. In the mountains, principally in the Sierras, mountain quail, different kinds of grouse, Ptarmigan and the so-called fool hen are found in more or less abundance. These birds are killed more or less incidentally while hunting for larger game. Few if any hunters go to the mountains especially to hunt them, and yet in many places they, each in its own way, furnish good sport at least and variety to one's trip.

Of larger game of the State much has been written and much that is contradictory and untrue. The blacktail deer is the only deer of importance now found in the State. I am sure the mule deer proper of the Rocky Mountains is not found in California, and I do not think it ever was. Of course the blacktail is not nearly so plentiful as a few years ago, but there is no great difficulty in getting the legal limit of two bucks in a season. They are more plentiful in the Sierras than elsewhere but they can be found in many other places. For one coming from the East, perhaps Mendocino county is as easy of access as any of the places where deer can be found, and as I said no great

difficulty in killing all the present law allows need be feared. This is one of the coast counties and is not far from San Francisco, and can be reached either by rail or steamer from the city. In the eastern range of mountains one finds here and there small open places called meadows, and in these grassy spots deer feed. While feeding they keep a sharp outlook for danger, and one is compelled to use the greatest care to get in range. While lying down, however, they will often lie close and allow one to get almost on to them, the middle of the day, when it gets still warmer, they often lay down in the chaparral on the crest of ridges, where, if undisturbed, they will remain until driven out by thirst or until feeding time comes round again.

Antelope are now protected by law at all times in this State, and there are very few of them left. They remain upon the open plains exclusively. A few years ago they could be found in large numbers in California and great sport was had by the earlier settlers chasing them with hounds, but like

VALLEY QUAIL

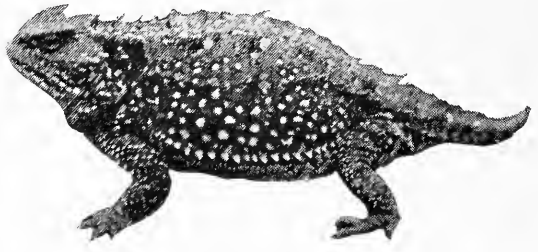
and then suddenly run off like rabbits. Deer often have a particular place to drink and will sometimes go quite a distance to get to the place at which they are accustomed to drinking, rather than drink at a strange place. It is noticeably true that a deer will aproach a new feeding place with no more than ordinary caution, but not so a new drinking place. It is as if they recognized the greater danger at drinking places. Like most animals deer like the warmth of the sun, and after cold nights they can be found sunning themselves on the warm sides of gulches and cañons after they have fed. Their feeding time is usually quite early in the morning, often before sun up. In many other beautiful animals of the United States they are almost exterminated.

Bear are still found here, but in greatly diminished numbers. The tales told by the old hunters of the great numbers found in the early days seem almost incredible, but there is no doubt that they were very plentiful. The greatest interest centres about the king of all animals on this continent—the huge and ferocious grizzly. I think but few realize the great size of this really monstrous animal, in spite of descriptions of weight and measurement, until they stand by the side of one recently killed and have a chance to handle and measure for themselves.

There is nothing about which hunters of both the genuine and office-chair kind differ so much as the grizzly's ability to carry off lead. You will be told on the one hand that their tenacity of life is almost supernatural, an incident will be related where one has been shot through the brain, heart and lungs, through every vital spot in fact, and still retained enough vitality to make a vicious and dangerous charge, and perhaps to travel long distances before death. On the other hand you will be told that they can be killed as easily as a pig and are in fact no more dangerous. The truth, no doubt, lies between the two extremes. Where one can fire with great rapidity shots from the high power rifle of the present day I do not doubt that the animal would be promptly stopped. They are capable of doing great injury to their assailant after receiving a mortal wound. Where one has a choice, perhaps a well directed shot through the shoulders, well back, would be the most effective. Theoretically, the self-loading rifle recently put on the market, if of sufficient power, would be a most efficient weapon. One expecting to find a grizzly now would be compelled to go well back in the Sierras. I think there are practically none in the coast ranges. At least one writer claims that the coast range was the original habitat of these animals. The silver-tip is probably a cross between the grizzly and the cinnamon. As to the circumstances under which a bear of any kind will charge, there is more difference of opinion. I am inclined to think the distance the animal is from his assailant is the greatest factor in the matter, although I do not doubt that other factors enter into it.

The common black bear is smaller than either of the others mentioned, weighing from two hundred and fifty to as high as four hundred pounds; they are as compared to the others comparatively harmless, although they are able and sometimes willing to put up a good fight. They must not be mistaken for the little black bear of the southern States, as they are much larger and altogether more of a bear; they seem to be pretty well distributed through the mountainous parts of the State.

A word about out-fitting. Too many men go into the mountains utterly unprepared—which means always discomfort, to say the least, and may mean sickness and trouble. Men who the year round are housed in offices, with little or no training, suddenly attempt the most violent exercise. Remember you cannot stand all that the old hunter and mountain climber can. On coming here from the East first make up your mind to what point you wish to go. Then go to some town somewhere near and put in a few days in getting ready and obtaining all information possible about the place. Don't think every minute lost that is spent between the time of your arrival in the State and at the hunting ground. In many of the towns of the State a cook-house with teams can be hired to take one into the mountains as far as teams can go, from there you can branch out and not be far from your base of supplies and also a perfect shelter in case of a storm or sudden illness.



THE HORNED TOAD

IN THE MEDICINE BOW RANGE

By CHARLES M. CARROLL

SINCE the first issue of the new RECREATON I have been a constant reader of that publication, and I look for its appearance on the newsstand, and devour every line of its contents before the day is over. I have failed to see anything from this part of the country for some time, so will endeavor to outline in brief a camping-out experience in Grand and Routt counties, Colorado, some two years ago.

My companion's experience in campaigning in the woods tided us over many difficulties, and I wish to say that, while I have been an enthusiastic woodlover all my life, I soon found out that woodcraft is a science and an art, of which most of us know too little.

I had intended to spend my fall outing in the Flat Top Mountains or Gore Range, in Routt county, 250 miles cross-country from Denver, and when I was apprised one morning the latter part of August by my cousin, Matt Ray, that he had been chosen by a prospecting company to examine into the mineral resources of 150 miles of the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, from Arapahoe Peak to the Medicine Bow Range, and that I was to accompany him at a salary of $100 per month, I stopped my editorial on "Irrigation" on the spot and secured my release for a three months' trip. We at once begun preparations—the purchase of good saddle horses, a good strong burro for packing, a one-pole pyramid tent with a two-foot wall, a medium-sized Dutch oven (a very important article), and various other traps for such a trip. We were on the highway before September 1st for a 1,000 mile journey to last three months.

The first day we reached Boulder City, thirty miles further on our journey, and the next morning made camp at Caribou, a small mining town at the foot of the snowy range, twenty-two miles from Boulder. The next day placed us over the continental divide in a fair game and fish country, but we arrived too late to reconnoitre, so we had bacon for supper. The next evening found us camped on the south fork of the Grand River, in Grand county, near the source of the Grand or Colorado River, which enters the Grand Cañon in Arizona and then becomes a point of national interest. Here we managed to capture a few beauties from some of the deepest and darkest pools; and the next day we pulled into Grand Lake, the largest and most picturesque sheet of water in Colorado. While in this neck of the woods my partner, Ray, took the blue ribbon, which he managed to keep in possession of the remainder of the journey. One evening about 5 o'clock we took a parallel course through the jack pines some 200 yards apart, our destination being a number of small parks covered with swamp grass and about a mile distant from camp, where we were told deer were frequently seen by local sportsmen. On the way I was tempted to take a shot at a plump grouse sitting on a log. In the still woods at this time in the evening the report of my .40-.82 sounded like a volley from a battery of cannon. I was sorry after I shot, for I considered all hope for deer gone. I proceeded further some 200 yards when I encountered fresh deer tracks, the animals evidently having been disturbed by the report of my rifle in shooting the grouse. I followed these tracks for a quarter of a mile, when, just before emerging into one of the small parks, I heard three shots from

my partner Ray's .45-.90 repeater in lightning succession. I stopped and listened, but all was still for the space of ten seconds, when four more reports rang out as quickly as before. My pulse beat fast when I heard the brittle pine twigs cracking nearby.

I was standing in a small opening with my gun primed for a quick shot, as I did not know what sort of game I was to meet. I did not have long to wait, for soon out of the thicket came a black nose poised high in the air and a pair of little black eyes set in a broad massive head. It dawned upon my mind at once that I was not prepared for this emergency, but I realized that the best thing to do was to stand my ground with the bear, even with my .40-.82 black-powder gun. I took a line for his breast and pulled the trigger. Mr. Bear was so surprised that he turned tail and made back into the open park. I did not know my partner's position, but expected every second to hear his Winchester assert itself. I stepped to the edge of the opening in time to see him taking a bead on Bruin as he plowed through the swamp grass to the opposite timber. He had never disappointed me before, and this time I was sure we would have bear steaks our next meal. This was no dream, either, for in two seconds I saw the bear reel as he fired. I "came to" about this time and sent two balls after him. Ray was not asleep either, and by the time the bear reached the opposite side of the park I knew he carried a goodly quantity of lead. He tried to climb over a large fallen tree when he entered the timber, but was too weak and fell back. I knew he was gone and made toward him. Ray was there as soon as I. We expected to have some more shooting to do, but Bruin was all in; he tried to respond to our unwelcome presence, but to no avail.

In going back to camp for a horse to bring in the game I stumbled over a fine buck deer lying in the grass. He was the result of the three shots I heard before the bear came upon the scene. On the way to camp I killed two more grouse.

We considered this good work for an hour, and on returning to camp brought the burro to pack the game on. We couldn't get the burro within twenty yards of the bear, but, with much difficulty we managed to get the deer on his back and reached camp in good season for bed. The next morning we pressed one of our saddle horses into service and landed Bruin in camp. He was a big cinnamon, weighing over 400 pounds. We had planted four bullets in his frame, one ball from the .45-.90 literally tearing his heart to pieces.

In a few days we sought new country, going fourteen miles northwest of Grand Lake, up Bowen Gulch, near the foot of Park View Mountain. Deer signs were plentiful, but we had sufficient meat, so we examined the geological formation of the adjacent mountain range, thereby securing a number of rare specimens of gold, silver and copper ore. In our long prospecting trips we carried our guns with us and managed to bag a few fat grouse. I wish to make a suggestion here to my fellow-sportsmen relative to the cooking of grouse. Skin the bird, instead of picking it, dress well, place two or three slices of bacon on the inside and place in a Dutch oven with about a quart of water and season well. Dig a hole in the ground, partially fill the same with good hot coals of fire; place the oven in the hole over the hot coals and rake live embers around it. It is better to replenish the water several times, as it boils down, and just before the bird is cooked let the water boil out. Let it fry in the grease of the bacon fifteen or twenty minutes, set out of the fire and eat cold for breakfast. You might call it a plot roast. If you have an onion, slice it in. Our Dutch oven held three grouse, which we always cooked in the evenings as we sat around the camp fire smoking. During our stay of ten days in Bowen Gulch we had excellent sport,

notwithstanding a lively experience with a snow storm. Had it not been for a snug log cabin, in which we took refuge, we should have suffered with the cold. Can you tell me anything that feels pleasanter to a camper than a snug, dry bed and a warm shelter from the storm?

As October was approaching and we had one hundred miles of the western slope of the Rockies to explore, we pursued our course as directly as possible to Steamboat Springs, which we reached in six days. The journey down Grand River, up the "Troublesome," over the "Muddy," on the Rabbit Ear Range and down Bear River afforded countless incidents of interest which I will not take the space to tell; but I must say that on the Rabbit Ear Range we saw bear tracks in a recent fall of snow that measured fourteen inches in length. I should like to have stayed and taken up the chase, but our time was limited. Steamboat Springs, with her 150 varieties of mineral springs, afforded us most excellent pastime for a month, in which time we also explored the surrounding country for minerals. Gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, coal, iron, marble, we found to be variously distributed along the range.

Hahn's Peak, the great placer mining district twenty-seven miles northwest of Steamboat, was our destination. We left there the 10th day of November in a terrific snowstorm. From Steamboat we shipped via Wolcott on the D. & R. G. R. R. one hundred pounds of minerals.

I shall never forget this three months' outing in the mountains, replete as it was with all manner of discomforts and adventure, all of which upon our return to Denver were the main topic of conversation for a year after; in fact, is still gone over in detail whenever the conversation drifts that way.

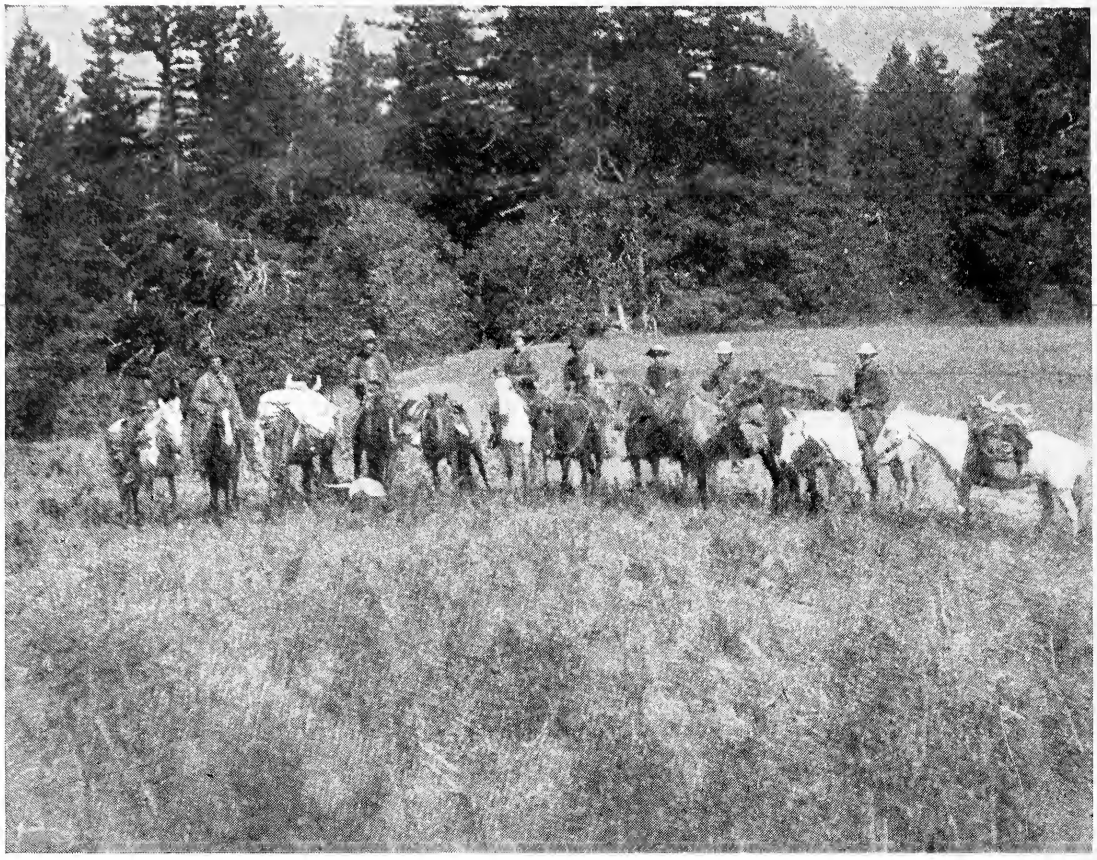
RARE DAYS

By STACY E. BAKER.

Rare days are these; the greening trees,
Wind-stirred to pulsing symphonies,
  Speak of the gladsome days of spring.
  The errant brook is murmuring
Its rarest, fairest, vocal glees.

The flowers bloom; the bumble-bees
Drone out a pean on the breeze,
  The meadow-lark is on the wing—
    Rare days are these!

His mocking cadence spun to please,
The cat-bird whistles o'er the leas
  A shrill and careless offering,
  And then, ashamed, makes haste to sing,
His injured conscience to appease—
    Rare days are these!



THE OUTFIT

Photo by A. LINTON

AN ELK HUNT IN THE BIG HORNS

By RICHARD MADISON

WE started at eleven o'clock, one morning in December, from a busy little town in central Wyoming, which was at that time a railroad terminus. There were four of us in the party, and our destination was to be a certain point in the Big Horn Mountains above Houch's Ranch. We were to pass through the famous Hole-in-the-Wall on the way, and this fact added interest to the trip for me, though the primary one, an elk hunt, was incentive enough for me to ride the one hundred miles to the Big Horns and camp out in a Wyoming winter and risk getting snowed in.

Our outfit consisted of two wagons, one with a canvas cover, three teams and three saddle ponies; three of us were armed with .30-.30 Winchesters and the other with a .303 Savage.

Like almost every other day in Wyoming, the sun was shining bright and we did not notice the dry cold at all. Every one was in fine spirits (especially Marshall). Walker drove the front wagon and Marshall rode with him. Walker and Marshall were old-time hunters; they had hunted all over the West, furnishing meat to the construction gangs who built the "Pacifics" and other roads. Like all men of their class, they were never lost on the prairie or in the mountains, but were as much at home there as the Indian, and just as keen of sight and probably better rifle shots.

The second wagon, with the saddle ponies following, carried Jeff and myself. Jeff had been a county officer back

East, and on the expiration of his term of office, and because of a bad case of asthma, he had concluded to try his luck in the sheep country. He had always been fond of hunting and we had had numerous trips of this kind since I had decided on Wyoming as the place to build up my health, but neither of us had tried our luck at the elk up to now, and he was as much pleased as I to have the chance of a hunt with two such famous old hunters as Walker and Marshall.

I had never hunted big game until about two months previous to this trip, when I had had my first shot at a deer, and though my marksmanship was not equal to bringing down the first one, I was very proud of the fact that I had experienced nothing like "Buck Ague" or any other nervousness. Being a tenderfoot, I naturally expected to just about shake my teeth out or forget to shoot.

Our first day out was uneventful. We made good time over the sage-brush covered prairie, frightening any number of cottontail rabbits, sage chickens and long-eared jack rabbits as we went. We camped at sundown in a deep coulee out of the wind. There was some snow fell that night and Marshall's shattered nerves kept him walking back and forth in it nearly all night. Toward morning he was able to get some sleep.

The next day we got an early start, and the monotony of our travel was broken by the sight of a small herd of antelope. I was lucky enough to bring down one fine buck with a single random shot. It was my first antelope, and the buck ague struck me when I got to where he lay. His mounted head hangs on a wall at home now.

We passed Kidd's Ranch, and helped ourselves to a hind quarter of a deer, of which there were four hanging from the gable of one of the bunk-houses. I was a little concerned as to what the people would say when they returned home and found how free we had been with their property, but Marshall assured me that it is the custom of the West to help yourself to anything you want in the way of eatables wherever found. How differently such an act would be regarded east of the Mississippi River!

About ten o'clock of the third day we saw the "Red Wall" in the distance, apparently rising up out of the level prairie and unbroken save for the famous pass called "The Hole-in-the-Wall," and for which we directed our horses' heads. This gap is the only break in the wall for miles and it is very narrow. Marshall and I had mounted two of the ponies and rode in advance of the wagons about one hundred yards. We had scarcely emerged from the narrow passage through the wall when two men suddenly appeared from somewhere and came to meet us. Each had a Winchester resting across his saddle horn, and made a few inquiries as to our business, destination, etc., looking us carefully over the while. Marshall was acquainted with them and they didn't stay with us long, but soon rode off down the basin. I did not ask any questions, but took it for granted that they were on sentry duty, as the Hole-in-the-Wall country had harbored some men that the law would deal rather harshly with could they only be apprehended. We were well treated by all the people we met in this country, and it did not seem to me anything but peaceable.

We were now in the foot-hills and soon passed Houch's Ranch and began the ascent of a mountain over a trail that was about as rough as any one ever moved wagons over. It was really dangerous and I expected several times that our wagons and teams would surely roll down the steep hills.

About four p. m. we arrived at our camping-ground, in the shelter of a square top mountain peak. We and our horses found it a little difficult to breathe for some time, on account of the high altitude, but managed to get camp set up in good shape before night closed in on us. We had a good supper and,

though pine wood was plentiful, we cut a few armloads of sagebrush just to flavor the smoke of our camp fire.

About eight o'clock the fatigue of the day's pull up the mountain began to make our eyes heavy, pipes were knocked out and we rolled up in our blankets and knew no more until daybreak, when, after a breakfast of antelope steaks and coffee, we prepared for the hunt.

Jeff, owing to a lame limb, always hunted near camp. Walker was a solitary hunter and set off across the mountain alone; I mounted a pony in the hope of keeping up with Marshall, who had kindly invited me to come with him "if I could keep up."

Strange to say, though I had never seen a live elk, I was the first one of our party to sight the game we wanted most of any. There were four of them, off about three miles against the snowy peak of a mountain, and looking like small specks, but I had seen them move, and on using my field glasses I saw they were watching us closely. I only had time to point them out to Marshall when they swung off around the mountain peak and out of sight with their long sweeping trot. We at once made for the point where we had last seen them and, as there was an excellent tracking snow, we easily found and started on the trail, which, had I imagined it was one half so long, I would have given it up at once. We followed that trail the remainder of the day; I had to give up my pony in a very short time because of the rough country over which it led. That night, about ten o'clock, I stumbled along after Marshall into camp, too tired to think or help myself to any supper, but thanks to Marshall's tough muscles, we had good coffee and supper. Next morning Marshall got me out early. I was so sore and stiff that the least move was torture, but after a snow bath and a good breakfast I was able to light my pipe and hit the trail. We found it again by backtracking ourselves, and then began our long and seemingly endless, cautious tramp, through the roughest country I have ever travelled over. It seemed impossible that those elk, with such an immense spread of horns could have gone through those thickets, but there was the trail. Along in the afternoon I had to give it up, I was "all in." If I had known how close we were on to our game, I should have been in at the death if I could only crawl. Marshall had not left me a quarter of a mile behind when his rifle spoke, and when I managed to hobble over to him I found him coolly smoking his pipe and looking at a fine elk. He had come upon one tremendous old bull lying down, with the most magnificent horns. Nine points they had, and we took off the head and neck skin to the shoulders, so it could be mounted. Our next trouble was to get our kill to camp, which was finally accomplished with the aid of all hands and the saddle ponies.

Walker's kill that day was a fine blacktail. Jeff and I were not able to get a shot, but we had meat enough, and, after taking it easy in camp a few days, we hooked up and pulled down to spend a day with Houch. It was a lucky move for us, too, for a heavy snow storm hung over the mountain all the next day. We started home on a bitter cold day and made good time, reaching town two days after without any incidents worth mentioning. A few days later was Christmas, and we had mince pies—one of the ingredients of the mince meat was elk.

WAKING

By CAROLYN B. LYMAN

The warm south wind comes whispering
  Along the willow stream,
With fond sweet breath it gently wakes
  The violets from their dream.

It murmurs 'long the sunny bank—
  Each ferny hidden nook—
A low, sweet love-song to the flowers,
  With murmurings of the brook.

It whispers that the birds are come,
  The robin and the wren,
Their early song and warbling
  Now wakes the morn again.

The children roam the sunny fields;
  'Tis blossom time—they wait;
Yet wondering why the flowers dream
  And why they sleep so late.

It whispers over land and lea:
  The glad spring days are here,
Each heart, it fills with life and song—
  This waking time of year.

Upon its breath the butterfly
  Will spread its golden wing;
Last year before its sleep it was
  A tiny, creeping thing.

Yet now, how bright the glad new life!
  The flowers, the wings of gold!
That Earth held in her bosom, warm,
  Through days of winter cold!

AFTER THE STORM

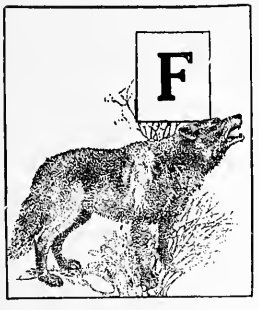
Photo by R. HOLMES

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE GOOSE

By DAN BEARD

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO LITTLE MOCCASINED FEET



FEW people think independently. Our minds are so bound up in the network of fables and legends, handed down to us through our parents and nurses — God bless them—that our reason runs in the ruts of silly little proverbs, the truth of which are never doubted until accident suddenly reveals their absurdity. Then we are as dumbfounded and shocked, as if our most sacred beliefs had been rudely uprooted and proved false.

Once when I recognized a former society beau in the person of a dirty, disreputable-looking tramp, I experienced such a shock. The evident moral catastrophe, which had transformed one of the most winning and handsome young gentlemen into a blear-eyed, ragged wreck of a tramp, was not so shocking to me as the fact that there was not the least hint or trace of gentility in this man's appearance.

Up to this time I had always believed that there is a something about a born gentleman's appearance which reveals his gentle birth no matter what sort of a disguise he may assume or in what costume he may choose to masquerade. Just as the halo reveals the saint, so this intangible something, I was taught to believe, revealed the born gentleman. That there is not even a foundation of truth in this popular fable has been proved again and again, but people will go on believing it for the next hundred years. There is no bluer blood flowing in the veins of any New York man than that which flows in the veins of the aforesaid tramp; yet no one would suspect, from his appearance, that this hobo sprang from any place higher than the gutter, neither would they have the slightest suspicion that the weird, shaggy-looking being in Darlinkle's Park was the well-groomed, prosperous young lawyer who so recently visited Patrick Mullin's gun shop. In the short time which had elapsed since the Mesa caved in I had lost the brim to my hat; my fashionably-made hunting suit was in tatters, and the rags flapped with each passing breeze, exposing portions of my bare body to the weather. Neither shears nor razor had touched my head or face, and the hair was not only long, but sunburnt, and the separate hairs split at their ends like miniature brooms; my nose was a bright scarlet and covered with loose scales of blistered skin, which added to the general moth-eaten look of my head. My feet were bound up in the raw skins of small mammals, which did much to heighten the wildness of my appearance and gave a finishing touch to the grotesqueness of my appearance. As far as appearances go, the lawyer and member of the New York bar association had reverted to a savage.

Although hard usage had made such havoc with my tailor-made clothes, neither time nor the elements seemed to affect the personal appearance of my big companion; his buckskin suit was apparently as fresh and clean as it was on the first day I met him. There was no magic in this; Big Pete knew how to clamber all day through a windfall without leaving the greater part of his

clothes on the branches, a feat few hunters and no tenderfoot has yet been able to accomplish.

As I have already said, Pete was a dude, but he was what might be called a self-perpetuating dude, who never ran to seed no matter how long he might be separated from the city tailor shops, for Pete was his own tailor, barber and valet, and the wilderness supplied the material for his costume.

In camp he was as busy as an old housewife, and occupied his leisure time mending, stitching and darning. Many a morning my own toilet consisted of a face wash at the spring, but my guide seldom failed to spend as much time prinking, as if he expected distinguished visitors.

Instead of "Tenderfut," Big Pete now called me "Le-Loo," which, I understand, is Chinook for wolf, and I took so much pride in my promotion that I would not then have changed clothes with the Prince of Wales; I gloried in my wild, unkempt appearance!

Nevertheless, Big Pete declared that he was the *Hy-as-ty-ee* (big boss), and he forthwith pronounced my costume unsuitable for the approaching cold weather. There was no disputing that Big Pete was *Hy-as-ty-ee,* and I agreed to wear whatever clothes he should make for me, and can say with no fear of dispute that if that ancient chump, Robinson Crusoe, had had a Big Pete for a partner, in place of a man Friday, he would never have made such a sight of himself with his outlandish goatskin clothes and clumsy umbrella.

From a cache in the rocks Pete brought forth a miscellaneous lot of trappers' stores, bone needles made from the splints of deer's legs, elk's teeth with holes bored through them, and odds and ends of all kinds.

Among this stuff was a supply of saltpetre and alum, and this was evidently the material for which he was searching, for he at once proceeded to make a mixture of two parts saltpetre to one of alum and apply the pulverized compound to the fleshy side of some skins, then doubling the raw side of the hides together he rolled them closely and placed the hides in a cool place where they were allowed to remain undisturbed for several days; when at length unrolled the skins were still moist. "Just right, b'gosh," exclaimed Pete, as he took a dull knife and carefully removed all particles of fat or flesh which here and there adhered to the hide. After this was done to his satisfaction we both took hold and rubbed, mauled and worked the skins with our hands until the hides were as soft and pliable as flannel. Thus was the material for my winter clothing prepared.

It took four whole deer skins to furnish stuff for my buckskin shirt with its beautiful long fringes at the seams; but the whole garment was cut, sewed and finished in a day's time. When it came to making the coat and trousers, Big Pete spent a long time in solemn thought before he was ready to begin work on these garments; at length he looked up with a broad smile and cried: "See here, Le-Loo, I've taken a fancy to them 'ere tenderfoot pants of your'n. Off with them now an' I'll jist cut out the new 'ns from the old 'ns." In vain I pleaded with him to make my trousers like his own; he would not listen to me, and this is why that day of all days in the year I was walking around camp bare legged.

Big Pete Darlinkle was an expert backwoods tailor, shoemaker and shirtmaker, but these were but a few of his accomplishments, not his trade; he was first, last and always a hunter and scout. No matter what occupation seemed to engage his attention for the time it never interfered with his ability to hear, see or smell.

I have known many men with a keen sight, many men with acute organs for hearing, but Pete is the only man I ever met whose olfactories were developed to a degree scarcely excelled by a dog. A strange man or animal could not approach him without detection even

when Pete was asleep, for the suspicious scent would awaken him as quickly as a suspicious noise would awaken an ordinarily alert man. I have heard old scouts tell of the wonderful power of smell possessed by one Deaf Smith who fought in the Texas wars and whose nose always warned him of danger long before the sight or hearing of his companions gave them any intimation of the close proximity of the enemy. But this was a case where a man, being stone deaf, he had developed one of his other senses to supply the deficiency of hearing, and only remarkable because he had developed the sense of smell in place of that of sight, which last is usual in cases of deafness. Big Pete, however, could hear like a Jack-rabbit, and his sense of touch was just as acute as that of a blind man, while his olfactories were as well developed as the legendary Deaf Smith.

It was while I was going around camp minus my lower garments that I saw Pete suddenly throw up his head and sniff the air suspiciously, at the same time sharply scan the windward side of our camp. Living so long with this strange man made me familiar with his actions and quick to detect anything unusual, and I now knew that something of interest had happened. To the windward and close by us was a mound thickly covered with bullberry bushes and underbrush, but so far as could be seen there was nothing suspicious in the appearance of the thicket. Fixing my eyes on Big Pete I saw a most peculiar expression spread over his face, which seemed to be half of wonderment and half of suppressed mirth.

Slowly and quietly he laid aside my unfinished breeches and silently stole away, then I knew that the something unusual, whatever it was, was not dangerous, for the big fellow left his gun behind him. It was only a few minutes before he returned with a very solemn face, but upon catching sight of me his face changed, his eyes twinkled and at last he laughed as he had not done since the day after our encounter with the grizzly.

Few men enjoy being laughed at, even if they are doing camp chores in nothing but a tattered shirt, and it was with some impatience that I demanded to know what caused this unaccountable mirth. "Oh, nothing, Le-Loo; don't get mad"; and then he laughed again, but came to a sudden stop and looked grave once more, with no more apparent reason than he had for looking so mirthful a moment previous.

"Say, Le-Loo, do you believe in witches? No? Well, thar be a heap o' things on the airth that be thar jist the same whether you believe in them or not," he remarked as he again took up his sewing and began to work as rapidly as before, every now and then stealing a glance at me and chuckling to himself, only to resume a solemn gravity of countenance the next moment.

I knew from Pete's manner that some creature had approached our camp and, of course, I knew that it could not be a witch, but for the life of me I could not understand why the approach of a harmless wild animal should cause Big Pete to laugh at me. Suddenly I felt the blood rush to my face and mount my temples, and I knew that I was blushing like a schoolgirl. I became absurdly embarrassed and hastily dove into my tent there to remain until my companion could give me back my tattered old knickerbockers. As soon as my legs were covered with the ragged breeches I walked leisurely out of the leeward side of the camp, made a circuit and came on Pete's trail, which I followed until it cut a strange trail on the windward side at the bullberry thicket overlooking our camp. What sort of an animal had been there I was too much of a novice in the backwoodsmans' art to determine, and so spent but little time in a superficial examination of the trail. If Pete could keep his own counsel, so could Le-Loo; moving on carelessly and whistling as I went, I sauntered back to camp.

When I put on my new elkhide knickerbockers with cuffs of dressed buckskin

laced around my calves and my beautiful soft buckskin shirt tucked in at the waist I began to feel like a real Nimrod, but after I had added my "Moo-loch-Capo," the shooting jacket with elk teeth buttons, pulled a pair of shank moccasins over my feet and donned a cap made of lynx skin, I was happy as a child with its Christmas stocking. It was really a beautiful and wonderful suit of clothes, the hair of the elk hide was on the outside, and not only made the coat and breeches warmer, but helped to shed rain; the buttons of elk teeth were fastened on with thongs run through holes in their centers, and my coat could be laced up after the fashion of a military overcoat. The elk's teeth served as frogs and loops of rawhide answered for the braid that is used on military coats.

Shank moccasins are made by first making a cut around each of the hind legs of an elk, buffalo or moose at a sufficient distance above the heels to leave hide enough for boot legs and making another cut far enough below the heels to leave room for one's feet. The fresh skins when peeled off look like rude stockings with holes at the toes. The skins are turned wrong side out, and the open toes closed by bringing the lower part, or sole, up over the opening and sewing it there, after the manner of the tip to a modern shoe. When this was done, I had my shank moccasins stretched over a wooden last which I had myself modeled from my cast-off shoes. After this novel foot gear was dry enough for the purpose, Big Pete ornamented the legs with quaint-colored designs made with dyes which Pete had himself manufactured of roots and barks.

Dressed in my unique and picturesque costume I stood upright while Big Pete surveyed me with the pride and satisfaction of an artist who felt that his work was well done. I had now little fear of being called a tenderfoot, and when I viewed my reflection in the spring I felt convinced that few men would dare apply the offensive term to the villainous-looking wild man reflected by the smooth water. Big Pete said that I was a "De-aub," but that was better than a rangey "Kla-how-yum," more Chinook, I suppose, and probably not complimentary either. De-aub sounds like devil to me, and if such is the meaning of the word, I certainly looked the character.

With a smoothly-shaven face and well-trimmed hair I am an ordinary-looking fellow, just such as you may see at any of the city clubs, but with a shaggy head of hair and a bristling, spiky beard, "it is another proposition," to use one of my guide's terms. Nevertheless, I did not trim my hair or beard, but I did thereafter spend as much time over my toilet as Pete did himself. It often struck me that we were two silly fools, consuming so much time in fixing ourselves up in our bravest attire, with no one but our horses to see and admire us. However, this really was not wasted time; on the contrary, it was all that prevented us from relapsing into the savage state from which Big Pete had rescued me with a new suit of clothes.

We had seen nothing of the Wild Hunter of late, and so far we were unable to discover a feasible path by which we could hope to scale the walls of our beautiful prison-pen; in truth, we found no trail but the very dangerous one where I had climbed to the top the day I went after trout. That this was not the usual path traveled by the Wild Hunter I knew, because there were no signs of a path worn in the green mosses, heather and beds of beautiful *Linnæa borealis* which grew over the slight projections forming the perilous passage up the side of the precipice.

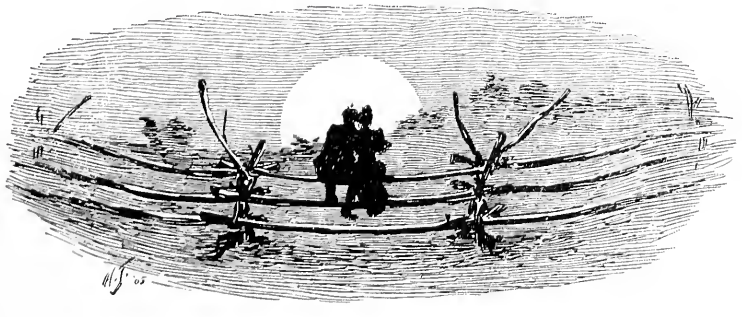
We hunted in vain for some other avenue of escape, for it would be impossible to get our horses up at this point. At last I volunteered to climb the wall again and explore the top of the fault, hoping by this means to find the Wild Hunter's trail, for trail he must have, whether he be a wolf or a

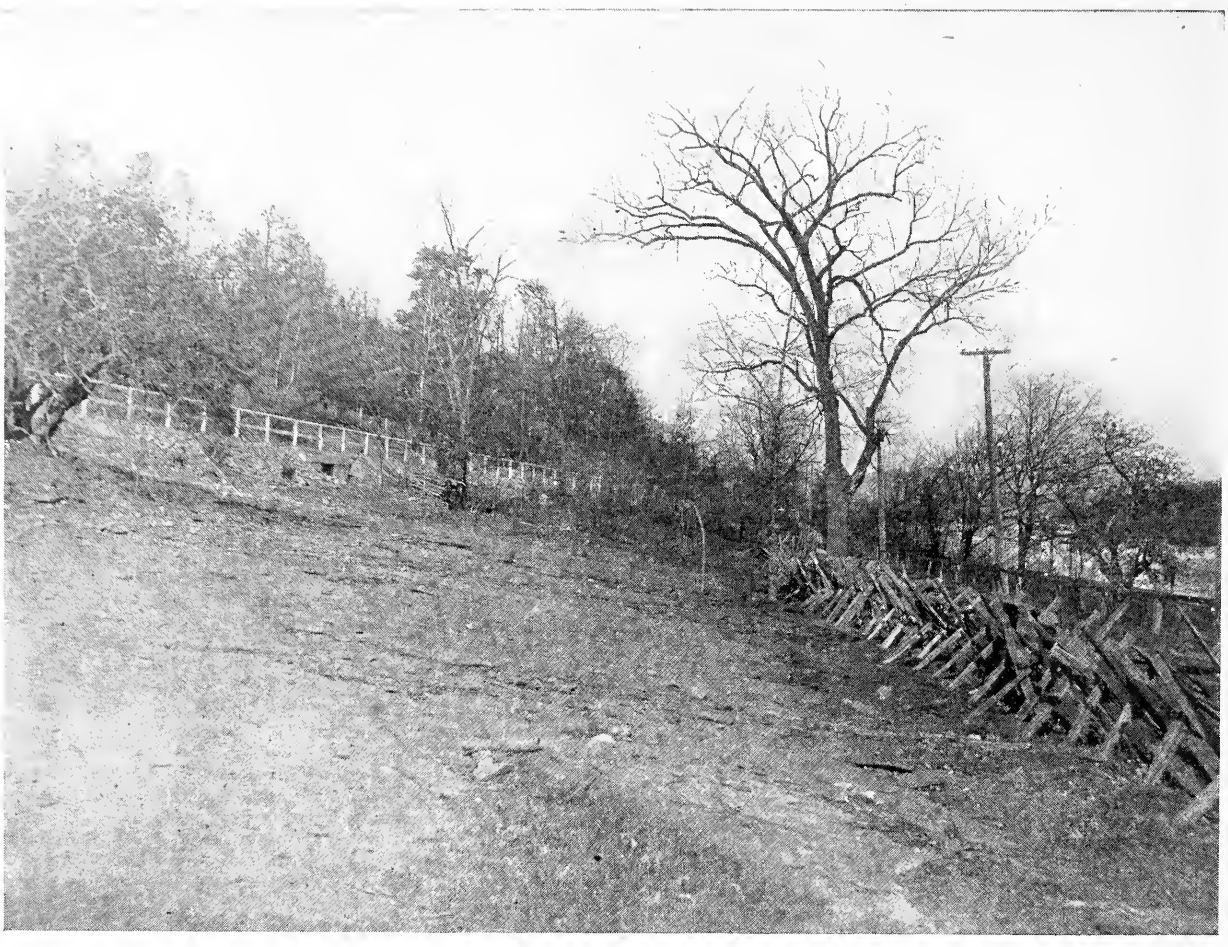
man, and I reasoned that he probably would take less care to conceal his tracks on top of the wall than below, where we could see and follow them. To Big Pete I said that there were goats upon both sides of the park, and in all probability they had a short cut across which I could better find on top than in the valley; this theory of mine was a good one, but on account of the superstitious feeling of my fellow-prisoner I only advanced the idea to conceal my real purpose. I discovered no signs of either goat's or man's trail up or down the cliff and returned discouraged, but Pete heartened me up a bit by saying that one day's work up there by a poor trailer could accomplish little and that we must go prepared for a week's sojourn on the mountain-side if we hoped for success, for even that length of time would not be overmuch in which to circle the park. Touching a bunch of *Linnæa borealis* which I had on my coat, he asked: "Where did you pick them air twin flowers?" "On the edge of the cliff at the top of the trail," I replied, burying my nose among the blossoms to inhale the dainty almond-like perfume. "Waugh?" quoth my guide, and he squinted up the cliff as if he were sighting a gun, "I wonder if that ain't whar she got her'n?"

"She?" I exclaimed, blushing, "What are you talking about, my friend? She? Why, man, is your mind wandering!" "Wull, yes, it be a bit, it air a wandering up tha'," he said, pointing to the top where the fragrant twin flowers grew. "Now look here, Le-Loo," he continued, "you followed my trail 'tother day and saw where she had been standing, peeking through the bushes at our camp. Well then, when I was working on your pesky breeches I smelled twin flowers all on a sudden, I knowed they warn't any growing near camp, so I jist walked around to windward an' found whar she had been standing an' I also found a twin flower thar, an' here 'tis," he said, producing the withered blossom from inside his wamus. "You must have knowed she was thar, too, or why did yer face get as red as your nose, and what for did you go into the tent, but to hide from the gal?"

"Gal?" I shouted. "How in the name of common sense could a girl reach here? Where did she come from, and why did she not make herself known to us?"

"Don't know, Le-Loo, whar she cum from, and guess she didn't call 'cause she saw that you warnt dressed for company; but she was a gurl, and no squaw either, 'cause a squaw wouldn't have minded your dress. Come along and I'll show you something I guess you didn't see when you followed my trail so sly." Pete led me to the point where I discovered the strange trail, and there in the dust on the top of a flat stone which had previously escaped my notice could still be seen the distinct prints of two little moccasined feet!





This patch is completely covered with tracks . . .

PREHISTORIC GAME TRACKS

By J. E. McILWAIN

Of more than unusual interest are the old prehistoric "bird tracks" of the Connecticut Valley to either active sportsmen or students of natural history, and to give some of our sportsmen friends outside the "Valley" some idea what these signs of game, of what is called the "Triassic Period," are like I have enclosed a photo or two. Just outside the city of Holyoke, Mass., between the Old Road and the New State Road to North Hampton, there is a patch about 50x100 feet which has been cleared of all surface earth by parties interested in geology, and which is now protected by the State. This patch is completely covered with well-defined tracks, such as my photo shows, and most of which will measure 12 to 14 inches in the longest parts, and 8 to 10 inches wide, while in depth they are from 1 to 2½ inches.

Queer stories are told by those not learned in geology as to how the tracks were made. You will hear from one that they were made during a volcanic eruption of those times and the big animal-like birds were running across the red-hot lava stone; while some other neophyte will tell you that the tracks were made in the soft mud, then frozen in the glacial period that followed, and afterwards turned to stone by nature's mysterious process. How they were made does not worry the geologist. He knows they were made either in the Triassic or Jurassic periods, but whether by bird, reptile or animal is the question. But it was quite generally conceded by the discoverer, Prof. Edward

Hitchcock, and other noted geologians of about that time—they were found in 1835—that they were made by the huge Labyrinthodon of the Jurassic or Triassic periods.

Why geologists are sure they were birds, is, of course, the reason that no bones or fossil remains of animals unearthed have as yet been discovered that could possibly have made these marks, and taken with that the fact that the bones of birds are so destructible, owing to their hollowness, it seemingly proves the quadrupedal qualities of the same.

Besides the Labyrinthodon there were the Dinosaurs and Odontorinthes, either of which might have been the makers, although the last named was a kind of cross between a bird and reptile, and are supposed to have had teeth in their beaks.

Some of these fossil birds were of gigantic stature—eight feet high, with legs as large as those of an ox, and a head as big as that of a horse. What would a sportsman do if meeting something of this sort now? The chances are he wouldn't look for game with quite so much enthusiasm.

Take it all in all, there is considerable interest manifested in these signs of game, even if thousands of years old, and it is a good thing the State took hold of the ground where they are situated to make a reservation, thus preserving these monuments of the past ages for, let us hope, many years to come.

A DOGGY DOGGEREL

By GRACE STONE FIELD

The fisherman took his rod,
And the hunter shouldered his gun;
And a sad-eyed dog with liver spots
Went with them to see the fun.

They were clad in breek and shoon
Of a sporting color and cut,
They had all the paraphernalia
They could possibly manage, but——

The fisherman fished in vain,
Though he angled away all day,
For he carried his bait in a bottle, you see,
And temperance fish were they.

The hunter was out for birds;
"There aren't any birds," he growled;
The sad-eyed dog with liver complaint
Sat down and dolefully howled.

But a shabby man, in a ragged coat,
And a boy with a bent-pin hook,
Bagged all the birds in sight, that day,
And coaxed the fish from the brook!

WELL SATISFIED

Photo by E. H. BURROUGHS

MALLARD SHOOTING IN KANSAS

By I. BRANCARD

CERTAIN salt marshes bordering on or adjacent to the Arkansas River in Southwestern Kansas afford some remarkable duck shooting. This feeding ground draws great quantities of mallards, which alight in their migratory flight, while following the beds of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, remaining for a considerable period of time, thereby affording some of the very best duck shooting of its kind on the continent.

Up to the present day, excepting a certain few, the ones who have obtained this shooting have been the "market" hunters of that section, who have been able to provide for the entire State from this source. It is a pity this slaughter cannot be put a stop to.

To inquire more minutely we find that ten miles from the town of Great Bend is the largest of these so-called salt marshes, being fifteen miles long by half as many wide, and is commonly known as the "Cheyenne Bottoms." The inhabitants say that this used once to be the bed of the Arkansas River, which somehow or other got turned off ages ago. This has left a great marsh, or meadow, pretty generally covered with a dense growth of weeds and waving grass to a height of one's head in some places—also here and there pools of stagnant water. No more ideal feeding or resting grounds for ducks are elsewhere obtainable. Early in October the great flight begins, and the marsh is alive with them until late in December.

To get the cream of this shooting one must arrive on the scene of operations just after the first cold weather of the season, prepared to rough it with the professional hunters, and thoroughly prepared with an outfit suitable for cold and wet weather, not forgetting a pair of good, high wading boots. A few cigars also will not go amiss for distribution among the friends you will of necessity make.

If you expect to spend some days better not forget to provide yourself with necessary provisions, for you will have to camp out on the "Bottoms," and you may make your presence all the more agreeable by having something to distribute. So when all arrangements are made you retire early in preparation for a very early start on the morrow.

Long before the break of day begins your drive, taking your seat in a ramshackle Missouri buggy alongside your old darky driver. You are too sleepy and uncomfortable to notice much what is going on about you as he urges the horses on over the miserable roadbed. It seems ages to you before at last you are awakened from a sort of reverie by a peculiar whizzing sound overhead. It dawns on your befuddled brain that this must be ducks—and you are not far out of the way. Yes, mallards, and thousands of them, beginning their early morning flight. You better hurry up or you won't get any of the early morning flight. But first you must find a camp to shoot from, and then again, will there be room for you? Well! you must take your chances. You have been told before leaving town that there will be no trouble, and the horses are sent forward again in the direction of the first small speck you are able to make out in the early morning mist. This, then, is a camp. We now leave the road and plunge into the weeds and water, the horses floundering and splashing, and the buggy going up to the hubs

every now and then in mud and water.

This mile seems ten times as long to you, until, finally, you pull up at a queer-looking, one-story hut affair that is set up on the trucks of a hay wagon. Several men are stirring and evidently making preparations to start out. You accost them and unhesitatingly ask them if they will take you in for the day. They seem glad enough and you dismount, at the same time telling your driver to be sure and come back in the evening, for you may want to return—there is no telling.

But where are all the ducks now? Alas! the flight is almost over and the mallards have alighted pretty generally. Never mind, you will start earlier next time, and then again there is the afternoon before you, and there will be just as many, perhaps. And then, again, why can't you get some of them out of the grass. Perhaps you can. Anyway, they say you can try it, and one of the men volunteers to go with you.

Taking a couple of dogs along, you and he start out together in a northerly direction, where you have seen so many just going down. You must be prepared to do a good bit of walking if you want to get them up. With a distance of perhaps fifty yards or so separating you, you walk slowly forward. The fun begins at once when a pair of mallards get up out of a tall clump of grass just ahead. Between the two of you, you bag them both, and now you start forward again, ducks getting up in twos and threes or singly almost always within range. What sport, you say to yourself. The sun has dried out things and the air bracing, and you forget all your troubles, and everything is lovely.

After about an hour of this sort of thing you begin to feel a trifle fatigued, for it has been hard work this continued wading, and, besides, you are not hardened to that sort of thing.

You begin to think it's time to eat. You are a mile or so from the camp. Your friend informs you that the team will be along soon to take you back. Sure enough, before long you are taken aboard, dogs and all, and you set out for the return to camp. You discard wet and heavy boots and settle back for a few moments' rest—as you think. But no! Jack-snipe commence to jump up almost from under your horses' feet. You sit up and pop away at them, yet it is easy work for you and you don't mind. By the time camp is reached and you are ready for lunch you can count a dozen or so of these fellows. So, after all, you have a very decent bag considering everything.

About four o'clock it is time to get ready for the afternoon shoot. We all bundle ourselves into the wagon again and drive off northeast, where it is hoped we will get the best of the flight.

We now severally take up our positions, each man in a blind made out of a clump of tall grass and weeds. In this way a circle of blinds is made for a radius of a quarter of a mile. In this way we will keep the ducks on the move and get more by it.

You sit down to wait, not for long, for you have scarcely gotten settled, when ducks are on the move and the flight has begun. Big flocks are flying to and fro, but rather too high at first. Later, about sundown, the real shooting begins for you. Flying low overhead flock after flock goes by, first one man and then another banging away into them until, as it gets pretty difficult to see, you think you have had about enough and you wonder how you are going to get back home—there is no sign of your buggy and negro driver coming for you.

Don't be disheartened, for pretty soon you make him out in the distance and it is not long before you are busily engaged in collecting the results of the shoot, and you start homeward-bound, waving good-by to your friends. And now, if you haven't delayed too long, you should get off the meadow without trouble, otherwise you may do as the writer did, let darkness come upon you and lose your way for the time being, and search and search for your road

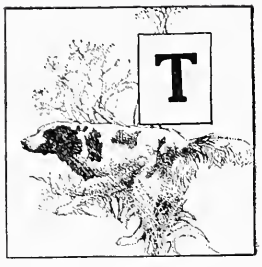
only at last to find you have come out on the wrong side of it, and up against a barbed wire government fence, which of necessity has to be taken down to allow your team to pass over it, which you have to do by leading them carefully across it. At last you get straightened out for town and forget all this unpleasantness, and, settling back, your pipe comfortably between your teeth, console yourself with the thought that though you shot well, there are millions of mallard left on those wonderful bottoms.

TAKING TO THE TALL TIMBER *Photo by* W. E. BALCH

MY NUTHATCHES

By MARGARET WENTWORTH LEIGHTON

Drawings by W. E. Cram

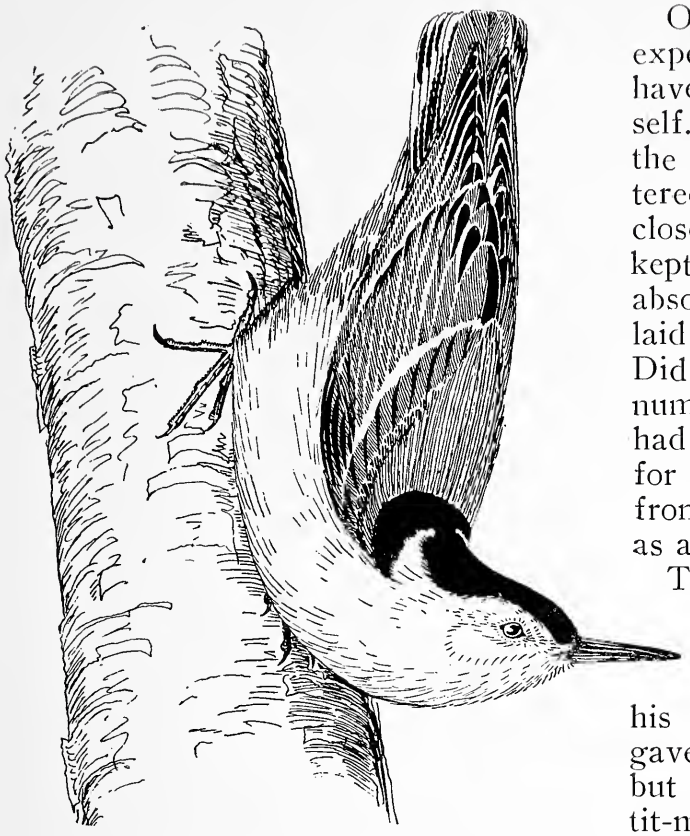


THE very severe winter of 1903-4 with its changeless cold and deep, unmelting snows brought us a host of new friends, many of whom have remained faithful to the present day. Before this time nutchatches had been only book acquaintances.

My out-of-doors restaurant, where meals were served free at all hours and in all weathers, had proved very popular among the jays, chickadees, woodpeckers and sparrows. On December twenty-eighth my eye was quickly caught by a newcomer, looking at first glance like an enlarged chickadee, with his tail cut off square. A second glance, however, showed that the visitor was not much like my little gymnasts, the titmice, though he was a first-class acrobat himself. What matter if it was three days late? I think he enjoyed his Christmas dinner quite as much as any of the winged host who dined on the correct date. Suet seemed to attract him more than any of the other dainties set forth, though he sampled the crumbs with approval.

Generally two or three nuthatches came together, and they always carried things with a high hand, lording it over any other birds that might be patronizing the restaurant. One would bustle up with a "leave-this-table-at-once" air, so that Downy or the titmice, or even the aggressive sparrows, hastily retired to wait patiently until the coast should be clear again. These white-breasts never kept still an instant. They ate as if they were starving, even though it might be their nineteenth meal since daybreak; but birds live so fast and are such active creatures they require a deal of food to keep the fires of life burning briskly. When the meal was finished these lively fellows ran up and down the tree trunks with surprising agility. They are the only birds I have ever seen descend the trees head foremost. What a ludicrous contrast to watch the woodpecker carefully backing downwards, supporting himself on his tail, and now and then casting a sidewise glance to see if all is safe below! The hatches had apparently never taken any notice of the ears of corn tied to the oak trees, but one day I saw one eyeing a jay, who was chuckling delightedly as he hammered the golden kernels to bits. When the jay flew off with a beakful of maize, the hatch evidently soliloquized thus: "If Brother Jay finds that food so delicious perhaps I should like it, too. Anyway, I will try and see what it tastes like." So up he flew, and after examining the ear on every side, pecked off a kernel, which he wedged into a crevice in the bark and proceeded to "hatch" to bits with his strong beak. Evidently he did not find it quite such a choice tidbit as the bluecoat did, for so long as there was any suet or a crumb of bread to be had he did not visit it again.

When the snow became so deep that I could not reach the trees I fastened suet to the piazza posts and scattered crumbs and grain on the railings and upon a box which stood on the porch beneath the window. The birds immediately discovered the new location of their dining hall, and in the course of a week or two we could stand at the open window while they fed within two or three feet of us, the chickadees and one little red-breasted hatch com-



WHITE-BREASTED NUTHATCH

ing to the sill for crumbs and fluttering about our heads as we shoveled the snow from the piazza.

Mr. Cram says that the small wood folk seem to like to be near larger animals whom they have never had any reason to fear. We know that the cold has a taming effect on the birds, and certainly our feathered guests not only did not object to our presence, but often courted it.

The chickadees were in the habit of saying grace with every mouthful, if the food was especially appetizing, but the nuthatches ate for the most part in silence, though now and then we heard their sharp "yank," "yank." No meal seemed to be complete without its desert of grub, egg or tiny insect, tucked away beneath the bark. Hours were spent by these patient searchers in circling the tree, tapping with their beaks and prying into every crevice beneath bark and lichen. So agile were they that if one happened to drop a bit of food he would fly down and catch it before it reached the ground.

One still grey day I had a curious experience with a nuthatch, which I have never been able to explain to myself. He was on the box just beneath the window where crumbs were scattered. When I leaned out he crouched close to the house, and as long as I kept my eyes fixed on him he remained absolutely motionless. I could have laid my hand on him without moving. Did I hypnotize him, or was he numbed with the cold? Never before had I seen a white-breast motionless for one moment. As soon as I turned from him he was up and off as lively as any of his brethren.

There was a great difference in the way the various birds pecked frozen suet, and I soon knew which was dining by the sound of his knocking bill. The white-breasts gave the loudest and most hurried taps, but often it was hard to tell whether a tit-mouse or the little red-breasted hatch was at table. This small nuthatch was a most charming guest, so gentle and confiding, always looking as though he had just completed a most elaborate toilette, every feather so smooth and unruffled even in the wildest weather.

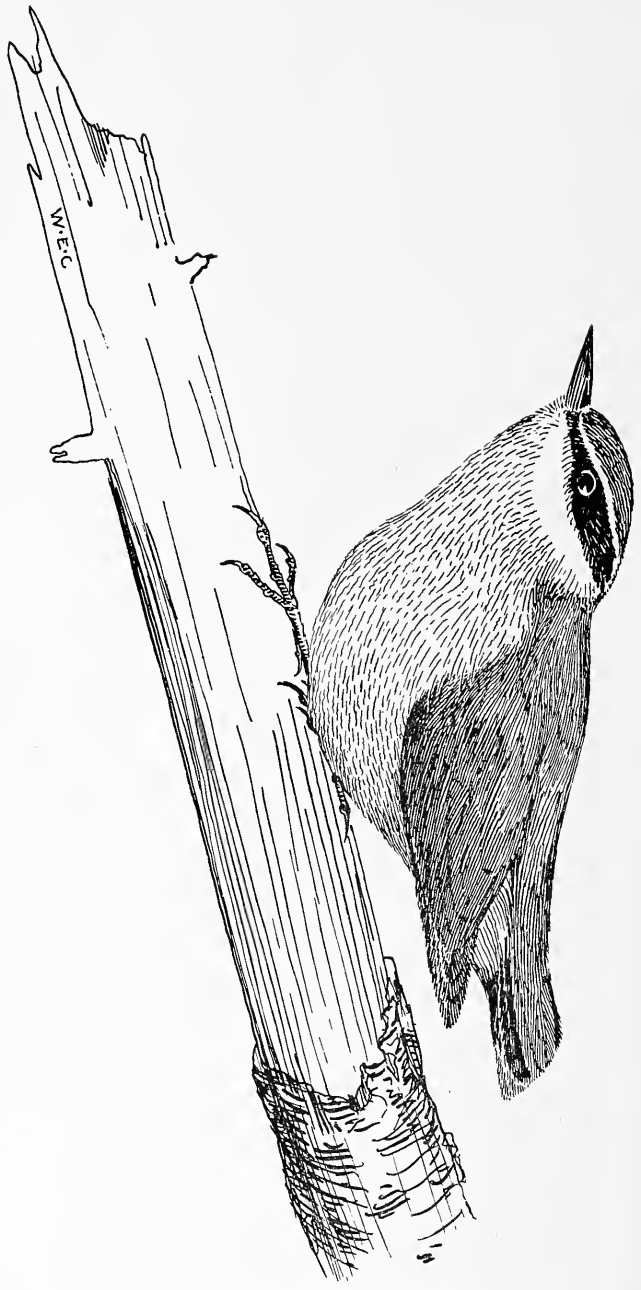
I have often wondered what induces any bird to remain through winter in so inhospitable a clime as ours. Why do they not migrate with their fellows to a place where in all probability it would be much easier to get a living? Is it possible they are so brave-hearted that they prefer to buffet cold and storm and spend all their energies trying to procure enough food to maintain life? How fortunate that nature has taught them to use their claws as hands to hold hard seeds, nuts and grains, while they hammer them to bits with their powerful beaks. Last summer I watched a young rose-breasted grosbeak eating a large caterpillar, and it seemed a pity that she did not realize how much help her claws might have been to her. The worm was too large for one beakful and she spent many minutes beating it against the branch and nipping it, until she finally suc-

ceeded in dividing it into two pieces. She swallowed one half and apparently waited until that had digested before partaking of the remainder. Did anyone ever observe a feathered summer resident using its claws as hands?

The domestic life of the nuthatches is a truly ideal one. On a day in early spring they go together and select the nesting site, and then begins the arduous labor of chiseling out the deep cradle. It is usually some distance from the ground, and both birds take turns in working, congratulating each other in lively twitterings as they labor. When the last chip has been carried away, a warm lining is made of feathers, moss or anything which Mrs. Hatch considers soft enough. While the patient bird broods over her eggs, her mate keeps her well supplied with the daintiest tidbits he can discover, and is always hovering near that she may not become too lonely.

The little ones leave the nest early and spend some days marketing on their home tree before venturing forth into the wide world.

We had only seen one red-breasted hatch, who always came to feed alone or with the chickadees, but shortly after Valentine's Day he disappeared, only to appear again two days later with a charming wife, a bit plumper than himself and with a breast a shade or two lighter. These little red-breasts had none of the aggressiveness of their larger cousins and were very gentle and mild-mannered.



RED-BREASTED NUTHATCH

THE COMRADES

By A. CHESTER TUCKER

AT the little trading store, Detanges made his first preparation for the long winter hunt. He bought provisions, traps, ammunition with some of the money he had earned as guide in the summer, and even then his small family was secure with ample provisions. Unlike some of his native brothers, perhaps, he always thought of his family first, before he visited the back room of the store for the colored water, and in thus doing, he found that he could indulge but very seldom.

He was loading his canoe with his purchases, when André La Farge paddled alongside, watching him. Without speaking, Detanges mused to himself: André was a good man, a very good man. He also had a family, and sickness was taking away some of them. André was also poor; he could not buy food for the sick ones at the store. Because he had no money, the mean doctor at the village, miles away, would not come to help them.

Bad fortune had always seemed to visit him in the past. Even now, Detanges knew that there was no work for him during the coming winter. He could not go trapping, for the store would not trust him for the necessary supplies.

On the other hand, Detanges himself was prosperous. It would surely be lonesome trapping all alone during the long, monotonous months. Perhaps he could help André, and at the same time procure a good companion.

"Holla, André!" he cried, looking up from his work. "Vanta come vid me for to trap up de du Rocher? Lots o' beaver dere."

"Certaine!" the astonished André quickly answered. "But Ah have no penny for to buy traps. Vhat say to dat?"

"Ah pay for traps," Detanges replied. "You pay moi back in spring when you sell furs."

"Bon!" and a new light of hope crept into André's sunken eyes.

So the next day, the two started up the du Rocher in their heavily laden canoe. Straight towards the west against the current, they journeyed, plying their paddles untiringly, only interrupted by numerous portages and the fall of night. The woods were already bare and naked, except where the spruce and firs stood, and the night frosts were cold and biting. There was, indeed, great hopes for many beaver skins that winter; they were going into a region which had not been visited for many years by Canadian trappers.

At the end of a little more than a week, they arrived amid the heart of the swamp and wooden plain, setting industriously at work to build their cabin. Then, when this stronghold against storms and wild beasts was completed, they were ready to commence the work of the winter.

"Sence ve frens an' companions all vinter, ve vant understanding," suggested Detanges. "Now, vhat skins you cache dis vinter, in de spring is yours. Vhat skins Ah cache dis winter, in de spring is moin."

"Bon!"

"An' you set trap 'n one side brook, an' Ah on oder?"

"Certaine!"

So with this agreement between them, all went well for days. With the early rising sun each day, they were up.

Detanges took upon himself the self-appointed task of cook, while André did his share in kindling the fire, cutting the wood, and other small duties. The latter also showed in many little ways his gratitude toward the former for his kind deed.

After breakfast, they would sit smoking their pipes and talk. When the bowls had been twice emptied, taking their guns and other equipage, they would saunter out to visit their rounds of traps.

They were the best of friends, each greatly enjoying the presence of the other. At night, after they had returned and eaten their frugal meal, they would smoke in the firelight, and handle the grimy cards.

The beaver and fox were, however, not very plentiful. Although their two piles of pelts were small, they were of equal size. In a happy and peaceful manner, the late fall slowly wore into winter with its frequent flurries of snow. Then a sad, gradual change came over the exiles.

One day, Detanges brought home many very fine rat and beaver, and André returned with nothing. A second, third and fourth day the same happened. The former's pile of pelts suddenly became double in size, and the latter's remained the same. There was no ill-feeling on André's part at this; they were not trapping in the spirit of rivals. It was the thought of their families which spurred them to their efforts.

Besides, beyond a doubt in the spring, each would return with an equal amount of wealth. Within a few days, the unlucky one might become most fortunate. In truth, both considered these incidents entirely unimportant, neither mentioning the subject.

But when it continued for many, many days, Detanges always returning at night with many fine pelts, and André with either none or a few worthless ones, they began to consider such fortune in the light of a joke.

"Ve frens always," Detanges would say. "You no get mad at moi 'cause Ah have bon luck an' you pore. Bimeby you have goot luck, too. But it es funny, shore!"

Good fortune did not come to the unfortunate man, however. As he saw his companion thriving so greatly, he became sulky. Each day he worked hard, very hard to catch the furry animals, which meant so much to him. His efforts could not be increased. His prey would, in a hundred ways, escape the iron clutch or fatal deadfall.

Everything depended upon the success of this winter's work for him. His credit at the store had failed; debts were against him everywhere. His family was pinched and hungry. Also, their safety through the hard, profitless summer months, must be assured.

Yet winter was even then almost upon him, and he had caught almost nothing, whereas his lucky comrade was very prosperous. What could be the cause of all this?

André was no longer good-natured and enjoyable to his companion; he talked only in grumpy monosyllables. Detanges missed the amiable intercourse, rightly guessing the cause.

"Your luck is non goot. On moin side of brook you come an' trap. Better luck den, mebe."

"No."

Puzzled for some other plan to better the condition of affairs, after considerable thought, he spoke again:

"Mebe you have not 'nough traps. You take some moin, certaine can."

"No."

As the days passed, and the storms of winter were close at hand, André's sullenness increased. He scarcely spoke to his comrade, who became very lonesome, wishing for someone to talk to. Then one day, Detanges made an acquaintance, which helped to fill the lonely place in his heart, to whom he could talk at any length without being interrupted.

While skirting through the woods on one of his rounds, he espied the figure of a crow on the new fallen snow. Al-

though he drew nearer, the bird did not fly away, only endeavoring to escape by ambling away on its short legs. Wondering, Detanges pursued and caught it. Upon taking it in his hands, he perceived that its wings were injured.

"Bon crow," he muttered, smoothing the ruffling feathers. "No, Ah wouldna' hurt you. Pore bud! Ah take you home to de varm an' de vood.' So the black bunch of feathers was dumped unceremoniously into a huge pocket, and later introduced to his new abode.

In this bird, Detanges found much enjoyment. During the long evenings, seated in the opposite side of the cabin from the grumpy André, with his pet perched upon his shoulder or knee, he would smoke his two pipefuls, and then converse to it upon the events of the day.

But the wise animal never approached to companionable terms with André; in fact, it held entirely aloof from him, seemingly aware of the ill-will, which the morose man held towards everything. For upon its first day in the cabin, the bird, approaching along the table toward the man, was suddenly swept to the floor by that person's large hand. Later in the evening, Detanges whisperingly informed the outraged crow that he must excuse André, for he was so disappointed at his poor success that he did not really know what he was doing.

Between the two men, the friendly feeling was gradually passing away. André's first pangs of envy had slowly grown, as Destanges still remained most successful. Almost unconscious to himself, it had become malice. The greatness of his own misfortunes constantly rushed before him in contrast to his comrade's good luck. This, only, caused him malignant feelings which he could not control.

Detanges, on the other hand, held André in contempt, because he knew that jealousy was conquering the other man's common sense. "One tam vool," he growled to the bird, when the person referred to was out of hearing. "He tinks Ah is to blame. He is fren to moi no more, 'cause Ah get big lot o' beaver. He mus' tink Ah keep dem from hees traps. Ah no inderstand at all."

Thrown together as they constantly were, the hostile feelings between them became worse, each ignorantly blaming the other as the cause.

One day at last André's pent up emotion burst forth, and he fled from the cabin to the woods. It was caused by the lucky Detanges returning from a visit to his traps with one of those precious gems of the north forests.

Forgetting in his happiness, how André might feel at his action, he burst into the cabin like a rollicking schoolboy, thrusting jubilantly before the other's astonished eyes, the beautiful pelt of a silver fox. Glossy, silky, perfect, it rippled before his face as Detanges began to excitedly tell how he had trapped it.

André realized that this meant a fortune for the other—a fortune gained in addition to his already large captures, whereas, he himself, who was in much more need of success, was able to catch almost nothing more valuable than a measly rat. Also, was not Detanges taunting him by waving the rich skin before his very nose?

He could not control himself at this point; with a cry of rage, he thrust the splendid pelt aside, fleeing out of doors. At the border of the woods, he stood for a moment, shaking his clenched fists at the cabin and the sky. Then he dashed into the gloomy forest, on and on, thinking only of his terrible wrongs.

All his feelings of hate for Detanges now rushed to the surface. He completely forgot the kindnesses he had received of him. To think that he flaunted the valuable creature before his sight! that he should ridicule him for his own bad fortunes! This was the last straw he could bear.

Did he himself not set his traps exactly as Detanges did? Did he not even work harder? But Detanges was

"NOW, B'RER MUSQUASH—LOOKOUT!"

Photo by W. C. EATON

constantly becoming richer, while he himself——

Unconscious of anything except his own griefs, he wandered aimlessly over the frozen snow. No, he would not return to Detanges to be reminded of his pinched family and his debts. He would flee, he knew not where, and escape the man he hated.

With these thoughts ever before him, for two hours, he rushed along, unheeding. At the end of that time, he found himself before the cabin again, where he had started. As he gazed at it with glowing eyes, a cruel, ignominious thought entered his mind.

The very devil himself seemed to stand before him and present the idea. At first, André was staggered at the plan, putting it quickly aside, only to reconsider it again. He pondered upon it. If he should follow the suggestion, his family would be free from want, his debts at the store could be paid, and he would again be free.

He was paralyzed at the vividness of the thought; he was dazed. He could not put it out of his mind. No, he could not do it. But the dark figure before him still beckoned him on reassuringly. Surely, no harm could result for himself. The longer he dwelt on the subject, the harder the devilish urged.

Yes, he would do the deed! Detanges was the cause of all his misfortunes, he reasoned, insanely, and Detanges would have to pay the penalty.

Bereft of his sane senses at the terribleness of his resolution, he entered the cabin. His comrade was away; everything was favorable for his work.

Hesitating only for a moment, he set quickly to his cruel task. With hurrying fingers, he tied Detanges large bundle of furs, surmounted by the rich silver fox, together with his own insignificant pile, into a tight pack. Into a second bundle, he hastily stored all the provisions in the camp.

His breath came in short gasps; his eyes burned an unnatural fire. Slinging the pack upon his shoulders, he gazed about the dismantled cabin. In the further corner, the sight of the silent crow greeted him. With a roar of demoniac fury, he leaped toward it, crushing it to death with one crash of his fist.

Then André dashed through the door, over the hard crust into the woods. In and out among the trees he fled, thinking only of separating himself as far as possible from the scene of his act. He darted glances constantly behind him, expecting to be greeted by the sight of Detanges pursuing. The breaking of a twig or the cracking of the crust frightened him, causing him to redouble his efforts.

Always on and on, into the very teeth of a storm, he ran, a maniac, staggering, stumbling, whimpering.

The snow fell in a blinding cloud; the cold was intense. As darkness was beginning to fall over the stormy world, André, at last completely exhausted, sank sobbing and crying into a soft, cold drift. His senses quickly commenced to numb of their delirious fire, and he entered into the dangerous sleep of the cold.

Meanwhile, Detanges had returned to his cabin, seeing there the still fresh signs of his companion's work. Stifling anger filled his heart; he longed for vengeance. Hastily snatching his rifle, he closely followed the slight impressions made by André's worn heels on the hard crust.

Even when the snow commenced to fall, which obliterated the faint trail, he kept doggedly on, intent upon his revenge. At last, guided by some instinct, as he wandered aimlessly in the gloom, he suddenly happened upon André, motionless and still in the snow, and rapidly being covered by the storm.

He stopped, and half lifted his rifle. Then suddenly, another spirit seized him. Was André already dead? He bent over him. Warmth was needed at once!

Slinging his gun into the snow, he carried his insensible comrade to a neighboring belt of woods. After a great deal of work, a fire was kindled,

and the task of reviving André's flickering life taken up. "Pore André, pore André!" Detanges repeated over and over again.

Finally, his consciousness returned.

"Bon Dieu, vhat have Ah done?" he cried wildly. Seeing Detanges bending over him, he continued: "Ah didna' know vhat Ah did. But Ah have done it, bon Dieu!"

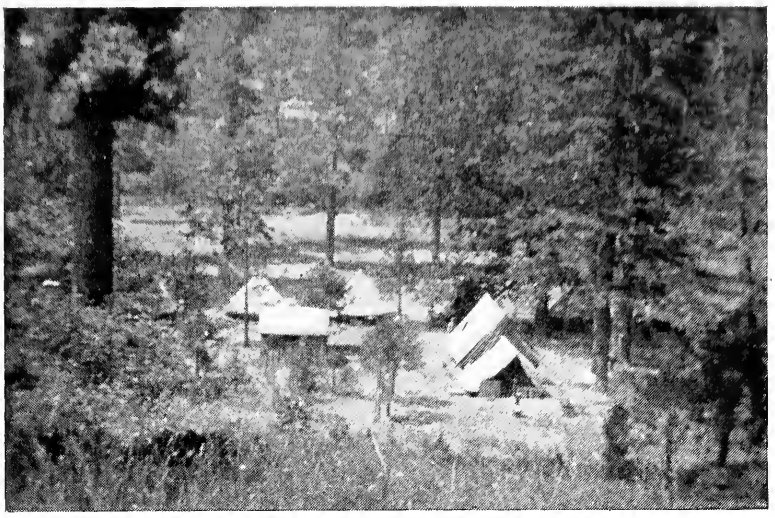
"Ve forget all," said Detanges. "Ve frens again, alvays."

"Ah never forget," and André's huge frame shook with emotion. He shuddered as he gazed at the storm outside the circle of firelight, a wild, furious rush of snow and deathly cold.

"Yes," he added, "ve frens, for alvays and alvays."

GREETING THEIR KEEPER

Photo by J. R. SCHMIDT



CAMPING ON THE YOSEMITE ROAD

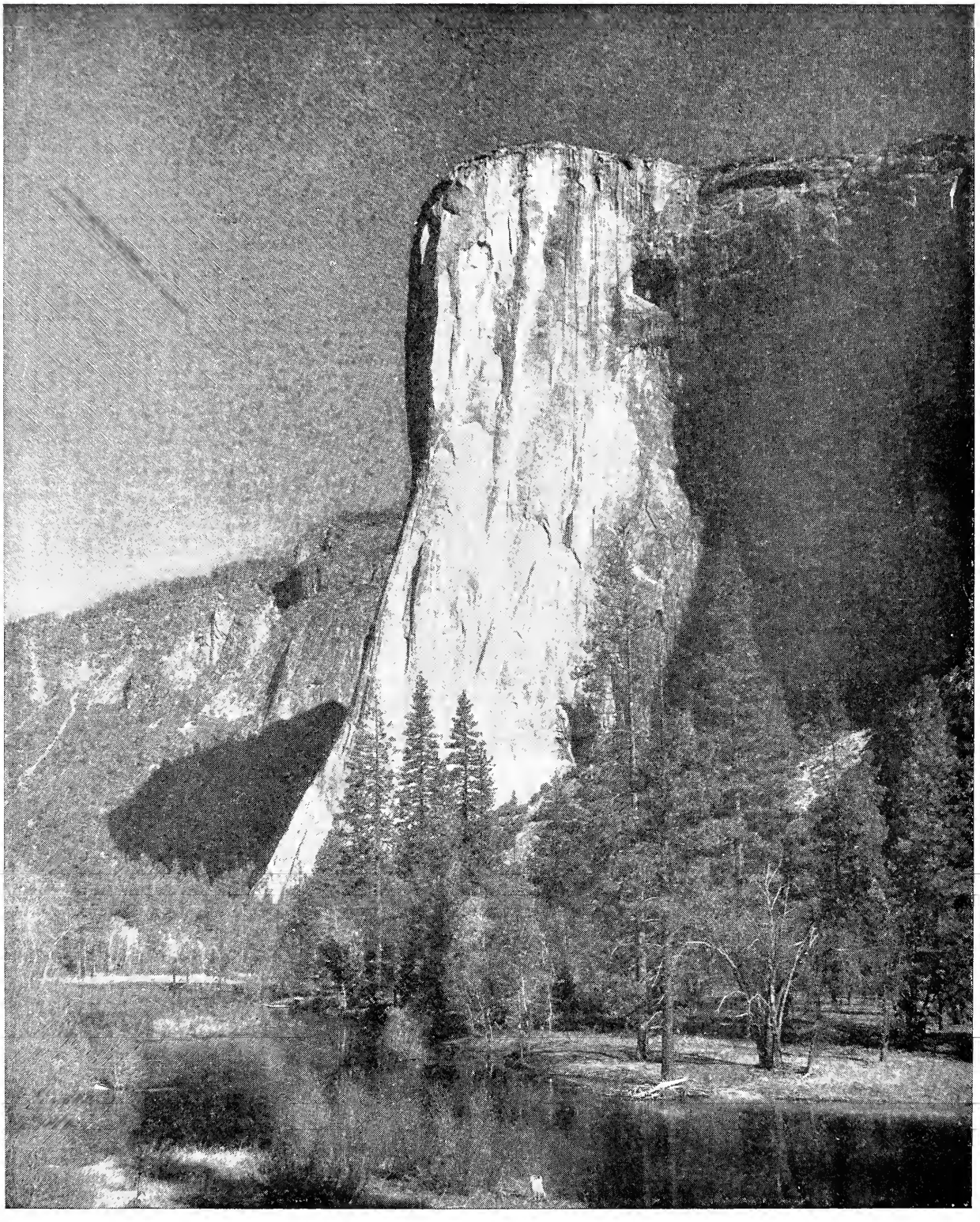
By H. D. HOWELL

The Yosemite tourist, traveling by stage and making the mountainous trip of sixty odd miles from railroad to valley in one or two days, is rarely able to give more than divided attention to the grandeur of the primeval forest through which he passes; for the driver, concerned chiefly that he fall not behind his scheduled time, takes all down grades, curves included, with his horses in a swinging trot, and the chance of reaching his destination in safety presents itself, perforce, for distracting consideration. It is therefore small wonder that the independent travelers along the same route are scarcely noticed, except as obstacles that increase the danger, since they must be passed, often where passing would seem impossible. Yet here is to be seen a unique phase of American travel—one that is characteristic of the West.

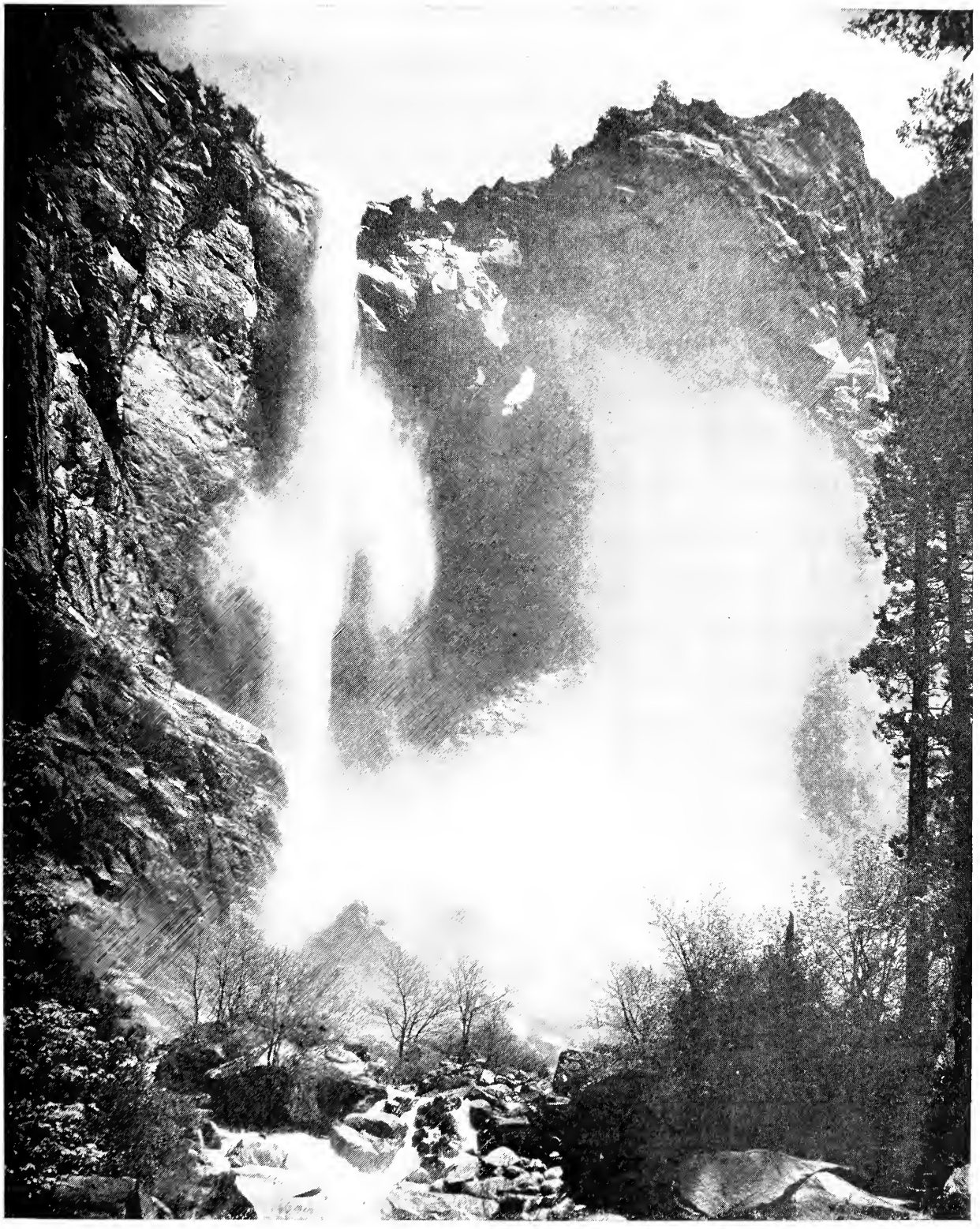
During the months of June and July, when many are journeying valleyward, that quaint conceit of Carlyle's, "A world without clothes," is strikingly suggested. As a mighty leveler of humanity the world a-camping is very nearly a parallel. President Roosevelt himself, with closed lips and glasses of normal size—were such a thing conceivable—unheralded, might here have passed unnoticed. The capitalist who camps for pleasure is not readily distinguished from the cook, who camps for profit. The lone man who personally conducts five women may be as self-sacrificing as his position would imply, or merely the victim of financial embarrassment; in either case he deserves sympathy. And the women—whether social queens or shop-girls on a holiday, there is little to indicate.

Old men and women, young men and maidens, all are here; mothers, too, with infants in arms and children clinging to their skirts, while upon their weary, but determined, faces may be clearly read, "See Yosemite and die." They come in parties large and small, these dust-covered pilgrims to a new-world Mecca, sometimes singly, with only a horse for company.

Nor is there sameness as to outfits; anything that pays the toll on the Yosemite road "goes." Huge vans, built out over their wheels and furnished for housekeeping, prairie schooners, farm wagons, wagons with buggy tops, buggies with wagon tops, vehicles without protecting cover, even rolling "dark rooms" for photography; some new and strong, some reinforced from end



EL CAPITAN, YOSEMITE



THE BRIDAL VEIL, YOSEMITE

to end with rope and baling wire; these drawn by horses or mules, six, four, two or one. There are also riders with pack-horses, or burros, and, finally, wayfarers who are, in their own graphic language, "hoofing it." Automobiles are uncommon—that speed is not to be desired on these narrow mountain roads, whose turning places appear to have been selected for their steepness of grade and proximity to precipices, many a wild-eyed passenger on the stage would bear feeling testimony.

In camp the same picturesque diversity prevails, and again outward conditions are misleading. A handsome tent, provided with folding table, chairs and hammock may belong, not to the tenderfoot, who carries unnecessary luggage, but to the seasoned camper, who knows how to make himself comfortable; while a tent that is evidently a veteran in service may shelter one who has never before slept without encompassing walls of lath and plaster. There are store tents, wall and fly; home-made tents, round, square, triangular; tents with poles and tents swung from trees; tents, white, striped, weatherstained; whole, patched and needing patches. But whatever its description each represents home for the nonce, and is, by its owner, or renter, regarded with affection.

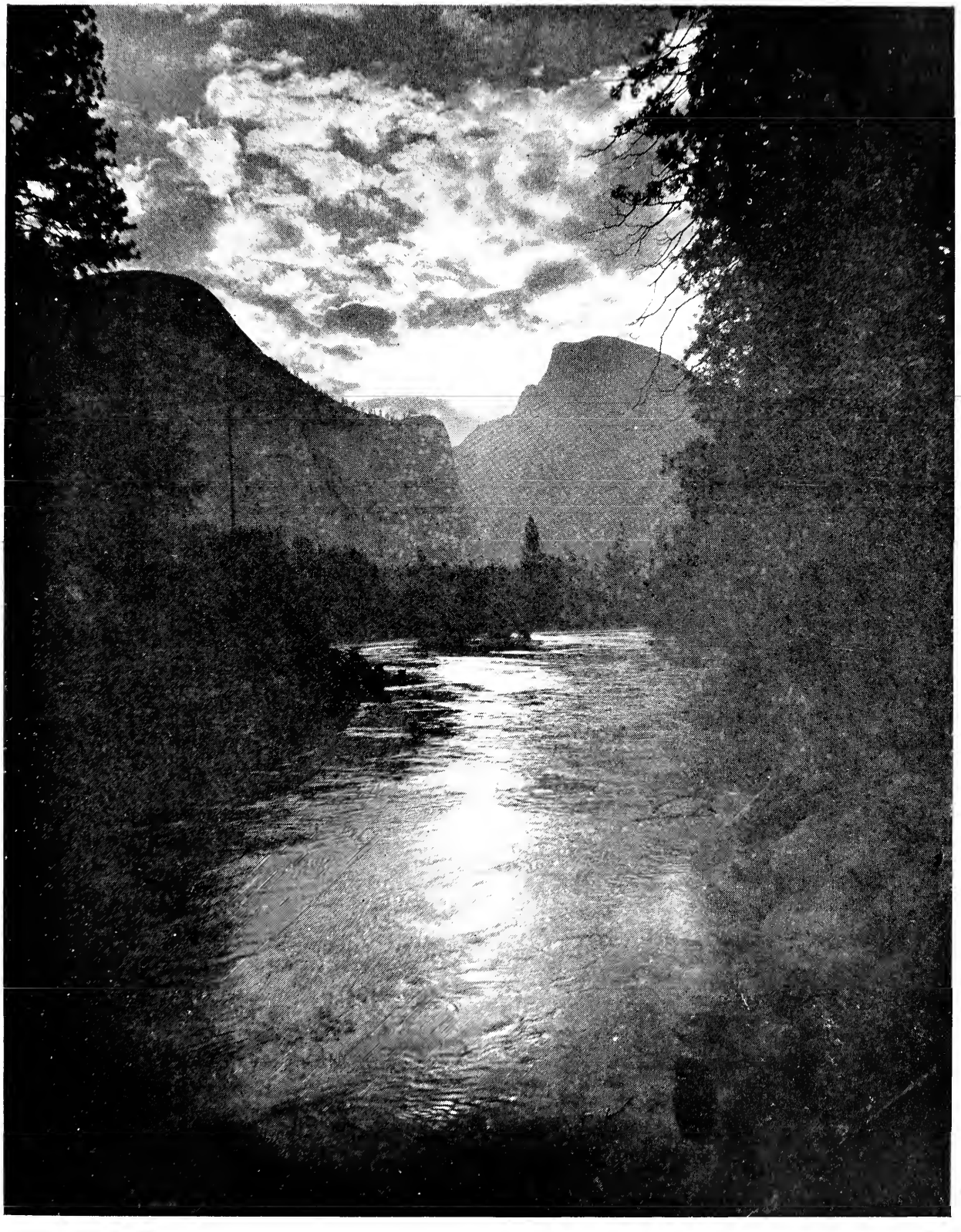
Albeit invested with such infinite variety, and affording unexcelled opportunity for speculative observation, these travelers are no addition to their surroundings, for frying-pans and coffee-pots hanging upon the trunks of forest trees do not appeal to the æsthetic sense, and the fringe of tin cans that encircles every camping ground, though speaking eloquently of civilization, is not decorative. There is also the mule, whose uplifted voice strikes a discordant note in the twilight harmony; happy day when science will give us a brayless mule!

A spirit of good-fellowship pervades "the travel," as it is called; the touch of nature is felt by all; friendly greetings are exchanged, and information given cheerfully, if erroneously. Though sometimes there is a sign to prohibit camping the few who live in these mountain fastnesses usually regard the visitors tolerably, answering with such patient regularity hour after hours, day after day, the question, "How many miles to the next station?" that if by chance the inquiry varies the reply remains the same.

At night, while waiting for mosquito activity to chill, there is neighborly visiting around camp fires. When the difficulties of the road have been discussed in language more or less vigorous, and the conversation becomes personal, strangers not infrequently find that they have mutual friends, or that the same State gave them birth; this, in the lonely forest, is like a letter of credit, and, shut within their circle of firelight by the deepening shadows, they talk of "back East" and "home," as people do of dear ones who have died, their faults long since forgotten.

Somewhere on that last, long, steep descent into the valley, suspicion against one's fellow disappears; in the presence of such divine loveliness the mind has no room for ignoble thoughts; camps are left all day unguarded, and impedimenta—wraps, lunches, tripods, and beloved cameras—along the mountain trails await in safety their owners' return.

Cameras are everywhere in evidence, greatly to the annoyance of the occasional Indian, who, with the superstition of his race, will make a wide detour to avoid the carrier of a small black box. This is a paradise to the camera enthusiast, as it is to the artist, as it is indeed to all lovers of the beautiful. One finds one's self wondering how it looks in fall, in winter, in early spring, and longing to be a witness of all its seasons. Coming by chance upon the cemetery there is a sudden conviction that here is the spot



IN THE YOSEMITE

in which to sleep. Though the same sun is rising and setting upon a tumultuous world, and the moon, which, climbing these heights, looks down upon idyllic calm, is witnessing also the melodrama of human life, the massive granite walls so deaden sound and accentuate the separation, that the world seems whirling in another sphere, while within their magic compass, mingled with the sound of falling waters, there comes to the listening ear, in rhythmic cadence, "Be still and know that I am God."

Although the exalted emotions that it inspires may not continue when the valley has become a memory, one does not sink again to the old level, and is always the better for having traveled the Yosemite road.

THE PATIENT BURRO

A HUSKY CREW

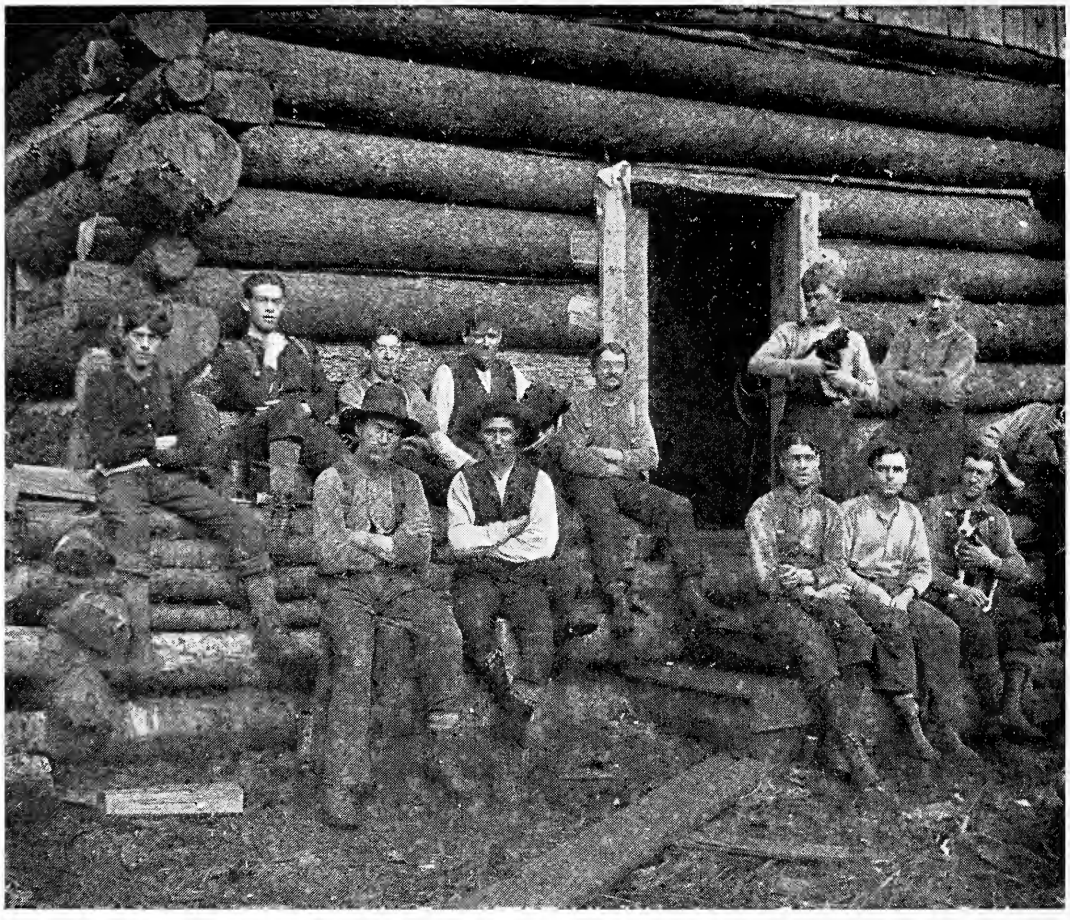
COLLEGE MEN AS "TRAMP" PHOTOGRAPHERS

By E. A. SPEARS (Cornell, '07)

College men often find it hard to get work to do for the summer, and even when work is found, poor pay and a poor job is often the result. After a bit of experience I am convinced that there is a good opening in picture taking in the country districts. The profits are fairly large and the time is well spent in the healthful country. Moreover, it is a good experience and there is fun in it, too.

"Dolph," my companion, and myself did the "stunt" in the Adirondacks. We went to three lumber camps and stopped at the houses of the backwoodsmen. It was a short trip of four days, but it was long enough to show what can be done.

Our camera used a plate four by five inches. We took along all things necessary to develop and finish the pictures, figuring that if the woodsman could see the pictures he was to get he would buy more of them. We were right. We had a multiple plate holder, holding a dozen plates, and two double plate holders, enabling us to take sixteen plates without reloading. For clothes we did away with white stand-up collars, and all that goes with them, and put on cotton shirts and some old trousers that were held up by visible suspenders. Our dress was not different from the native costume. We knew that we could better mix with the people if we did not appear too different —they would not be so bashful about having their pictures taken. We loaded our stuff in a couple of pack baskets of the variety which the Adirondack



ALL HANDS AND THE COOK

Photo by E. A. SPEARS

guides use to "tote" camping utensils and other things for the sportsman when he goes into the woods. We were quite proud of our woodsy appearance.

We started out on the country road on one of those cool, bright days for which the Adirondacks are famous There was a constant chorus of bird song which would have made an ornithologist feel he was in paradise. The Maryland Yellow Throat, the song sparrow, the white throated sparow, and other song birds common to the region, fairly overflowed with melody. We were soon lost to the attractions of the country, however, for our feet began to trouble us. Blisters began to form on the soles and toes of our feet, and after four miles of travel, as we made out on our topographic map, we sat down and took off our footgear. There were two or three blisters on each foot. We were eleven miles from our camping place. "Hard luck," said Dolph, and I picked some leaves from a raspberry bush. Since they were soft and thick we thought to apply them as a padding to the blisters, and upon putting on our shoes again we could scarcely feel the sores. It was one lesson learned. From now on everything went well. At one place we went in swimming in a creek, which refreshed us wonderfully. After thirteen miles of walking we were to put up a little tent for the night, but we found a deserted icehouse belonging to an old cottage. The sawdust on the floor looked soft and just the thing to sleep on, but before morning we both agreed that sawdust does not make a soft bed.

The next morning after a five-mile walk we came to our first logging camp, which was an ordinary house beside the road. The "greaser," the boy who wipes dishes and does other work about the camp for the cook, was sitting on the front door step peeling potatoes. When we inquired where the men were, he nodded over across the lot in the woods, and he said they would be over to dinner at eleven o'clock. While we were waiting a little girl, four or five years old, the daughter of the cook, entertained us by her uncommon wit. Looking at Dolph, who has a few freckles spread over his nose, she said, "You never had the smallpox, did you, oh, no." Then she laughed.

The crew soon came stringing across the field from the woods. We told the boss we wanted to take a group picture. The men washed up and we waited till after the meal before we took the photograph. It made the men quite excited, for it isn't often that they have a picture taken. Such remarks were fired at us as: "Is the gun warranted?" and "Look out, there, George, he will break the glass."

The boss asked us to have something to eat. He expected no pay, neither would he take any, so we were careful to give him a photo with our compliments. As luck would have it, there was a "clothes press" in the building, which we could use as a dark room. Within two hours we had the plate developed, dried and a velox picture printed. When the woodsmen saw it, they were much surprised, for they supposed several weeks were required to finish a picture, They considered the photograph "D—d good, eh, Bill?" Afterward, we took another picture with the horses, for the men are always proud of their teams. We took a picture also of the cook and her two children. At this camp of eleven men we sold $5 worth of photographs.

On the way to the next camp we caught a short ride with a middle-aged woodsman. He was pretty drunk and very talkative. Without any suspicion that we were college fellows he began telling that he had attended Columbia University and had played baseball on the "All-Syracuse" team, but whisky had knocked him out. He swung from telling his history to telling what a great man Charles A. Dana was. We pricked up our ears at this conversation, for he was no ordinary woodsman.

At the next camp we took the picture of the men after they had finished supper. We lined them up against the "dining-room" and exposed the plate at stop 8 1-5 of a second. Here we had to wait till night before we could finish the pictures.

There were about fifteen men in the camp. Some of them stretched themselves out on their bunks for a rest after a hard day's work, some sat about a smudge used to drive away the mosquitoes and punkies, and there talked of their work. Others ground their axes for the next day's labor, while four other men played quoits till it was dark, when all crawled into their bunks.

When it was dark our work began. We had mixed up our solutions before nightfall and had fixed a place in the "blacksmith shop" where we could develop. After fixing our plates and using "neg dry," we dried it over the coals of a mosquito smudge. Then we printed on velox, guessing at the number the men would want. We got to bed a little after eleven o'clock. The next morning the boss paid us for the pictures the men had ordered and we went on to the next camp. It was a five-mile walk, with the last half-mile almost straight up a mountain. It was a thousand-foot climb, nevertheless we had to hurry to catch the men at their eleven o'clock dinner. We got there in time, but we found that the men worked so far from the camp that the meal was carried to them. Therefore we had to wait till six o'clock, for we could not take a group picture excepting at a meal hour.

At this camp after supper the men did much as they did at the other camp, excepting one of them got out a violin and played such pieces as "The Monie Musk," and the "Devil's Dream." The fiddler made the boast that he could do what a very few could, and that was to talk and play at the same time. Then he would go on playing and try to talk, but some way or other he stumbled every time. The men got the "greaser" to give them a jig to the tune of the fiddle. The fellow climbed upon the four by six foot "front porch" and put up a fairly good "dance."

Here we developed our plates as we did at the other camp. The young "greaser" asked to watch us. While we were manipulating the plates he said he took pictures, too. I asked him what kind of developer he used and he said "Hypo." I think he had heard us speak of getting the hypo from the pack baskets and was trying to sling a bluff. When we had printed one of the plates he pointed out two men who had a fierce fight. According to his description they fought till they were completely tired out, then some of the men parted them. It was a drawn battle.

Life at a lumber camp is of course peculiar. The men, fifteen or twenty, and more in some camps, line together. A woman, generally the wife of one of the men, does the cooking for the whole crew. The grub served is good for the work. Nearly all varieties of salt meats, such as pork, codfish, etc., are served. Dried fruits, such as prunes, are placed before the men. So, also, are potatoes, bread, butter, milk, beans, cookies, and many other things. Fresh meat, of course, will not keep in the summer, so they do not get much of that, but in the winter, we were told, fresh meat is often served. "We have to feed them well," said the boss, "or they won't stay." The food is certainly much better in variety than the woodsman, or common laborer, gets at home, and as for quantity each man can help himself to all he wants of anything. The work, to be sure, is hard and the hours long, nevertheless as one of the men said, "We have lots of fun up here."

We left the last lumber camp and struck the backwoods road for twenty-three miles. For the first six of these miles we stopped at every house and shack we came to. It was a cloudy but a bright day, and we worked the shutter, at every place we did business, at stop "8" and 1-5 sec. exposure. At some of the houses we found boarders from New York and other cities, and to such people we introduced ourselves as "tramp photographers." In nearly every case they suspected we were college men, and asked us what college we attended.

At one place we had an experience which made us forget our tired limbs and backs for more than a mile of travel. We always carried our camera

in the pack and carried only a single shot rifle in our hand. The gun was useless, but we had taken it along because of visions of bears and panthers. Dolph was carrying the weapon when we came to a backwoods farmhouse. The farmer was raking hay just beyond a line fence in the field. Dolph ambled over to the fence, and, carelessly placing the gun through it, yelled to the man if he wanted any photographs taken. The fellow jerked around, saw the gun pointing his way, and a stranger ahold of it. He dropped his rake and with his fingers outstretched seemed ready to throw his hands into the air. He thought he was being held up. Dolph saw his confusion and repeated the question, saying "pictures" instead of "photograph." A decided look of relief appeared on the man's face as he replied, "No," he guessed not, and picked up his rake. It was so funny that the next mile of walk was easy.

When we got home we had twenty plates to develop and about eight prints to make. Together with what we finished and sold at the camps we cleared above expenses $20. We had a little over a week of actual work. Considering what we saw and learned, it was worth while.

A SONG OF THE SEA

By MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS

O salt is the brine on cheek and lip,
  And cold the drenching spray;
The call of the winds comes glad and free
With the answering roar of the baited sea,
  Lashed to a foam-flecked gray.

O cold is the brine on cheek and lip!
  Then ho! for a swelling sail
And the master joy that mariners feel
When the rushing prow and cleaving keel
  Dare the defiant gale!

DAN BEARD AND THE BOYS

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

We print here a letter from two small boys in Pike County, showing that the right spirit is animating the Sons of Daniel Boone, and that these little fellows are standing up as monitors and educators to the big, burly men who are not so humane nor kind-hearted.

MAST HOPE, Pa., Jan. 15, 1906.

Dear Founder:

We had our meeting as usual. We do not like to have anybody come, so we have numbers; each one has a number. We have a key to the door, and we keep the door locked, and when any of our members come to the door and knocks he says his number and he is admitted. James Hart, a boy of this village, saw a red squirrel and he took a stone and killed it. He did not use it after he had killed it. Willie Molusky and Eddie Joyce saw him and were very much vexed at him. We are going to build a log cabin to hold our meetings in. We all wish you had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We received the buttons O. K. We were glad to get them.

Yours truly,
The Sons of Daniel Boone,
PERCY DAVIS.

MAST HOPE, Pa., Jan. 15, 1906.

Dear Founder:

There is a man named Lewis Comfort who drives team here to-night. He came in with a load of logs. His horses got stuck. He began to beat them fierce. I told him to stop, but he would not.

EDDIE JOYCE.

Now, boys, you must remember that you belong to a different age from the men—a more refined, a more kind, and a more humane age than even your fathers. They were born before the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was thought of, before the Audubon Society for the protection of the songbirds was inaugurated, and at a time when it was thought proper and right and sportsmanlike to shoot anything in sight. Good sportsmen only a few years ago would, without hesitancy, practice shooting on the swallows, night hawks and other swift-flying birds with never a thought of the crime they were committing by killing these useful and beautiful helps of the farmer, agriculturist and forester.

You also belong to an age when we will no longer honor people with the name of naturalists who spend their lives in killing and collecting specimens. Few of these men have any more right to this title than the schoolboy who collects paper collars of different brands of cigars has to the title of a doctor of physics. A lot of dried birds' skins and miserably upholstered animals' bodies are not Nature, and the wholesale murder of these creatures in the name of science is as much an outrage as it is to kill the game birds for the market.

Of late years the title of Naturalist has been affixed to the name of every taxidermist who makes his living exterminating the wild creatures for the sake of supplying the demand of wealthy people for game heads with which to decorate their dining-rooms; but you boys will learn to look upon this age of ours when we did these things in the same manner that we men look back upon the time when it was considered honorable even for white men to take scalps and the authorities of our country paid a bounty for the scalps of red men.

But to drop the seriousness of the foregoing talk, you will be glad to hear that Fort Oatka has sent in a recipe for camp cooking, which we publish below.

A CAMP DISH

BY DAVY CROCKETT, OF FORT OATKA.

(Try it, boys, and send in your verdict. If you say it is good we will send a notch to Le Roy, N. Y.)

2 cups sour milk.
2 small teaspoonfuls baking soda.
1 tablespoonful cream.
1 teaspoonful salt.
Flour enough to make a rather stiff batter.

Pour out enough of the batter on a pancake griddle to make a cake about 7 to 9 inches in diameter, and let it cook on one side, then turn it over. Put it on a plate and spread with butter, and either maple, brown or white sugar. Cook another and put it on top of the first and butter and sugar it, and so forth until you have from six to eight piled up; then serve as you would pie, in slices.

It is quite a knack to turn over one of these big cakes, so you ought to have a pancake expert on hand to show you how to turn them. It is also hard to make the batter just right, but practice makes perfect. The recipe I gave was enough for eight people after they were partly full of oyster stew; so you see they go fast enough. I am writing this letter just after I have had some, and I wish some other boys could have enjoyed them with me. I enjoy RECREATION very much, and so do the rest of our club. I guess I will close.

THE TALLY GUN.

In regard to the tally gun—a gun that belongs to your founder is being photographed and when completed we are going to have half-tone cuts made of this photograph and sent to the different forts. Paper notches will also be sent so that you can paste them on. The object is to get so many paper

notches that you finally cover the gun with paper all around until you can't see it at all. Try for this.

BLACK BALLED.

As to the black balls. In the large clubs, voting is done this way: A box with a partition in the middle is placed on a table; in one side are black and white balls. The other is empty. Each member goes up and takes out either a black or a white ball and votes by dropping it in the empty side. When all the members are through, the teller appointed for the purpose can tell who is elected by the kind of balls in the box. If there are no black balls, the person is elected. If there are enough black balls he is not. So you see the black balls are votes against him. You boys need not vote this way. You can use a hat to hold the votes and slips of paper can be used instead of marbles. The term "black balled" is a club term, and means that the votes are against the party.

Editor RECREATION:

Would you find out a little more about the rabbit through RECREATION?—whether it can walk and if there is any other animal with its forelegs fastened to its body the same way.

Ivan Korman, Allemans, Pa.

This rabbit letter would make it appear as if some future talks on the construction of animals might be appreciated by the Sons of Daniel Boone, and it has set us to thinking upon this subject because we want all the young pioneers not only to love and treat with respect all living creatures, but to have a common-sense fundamental understanding of the general relationship of these little creatures to each other and themselves, and when they find how closely even a toad or a bird resembles in construction the human form there will be still greater hesitancy on the part of the boys to unnecessarily injure their little cousins or deprive them of life. But, boys, do not misunderstand me. When it is necessary to do so your Mother will send you to the barnyard to wring the neck of a chicken, and if you are alone in the woods and run out of supplies it is perfectly proper and right for you to shoot any game animal to supply your table; but that does not mean to kill these creatures, like the Borneo head-hunters, so that you can decorate your head-house with rows of their craniums stuffed with excelsior and sawdust and with glass eyes inserted in empty sockets.

That is, we believe, with The Ancient Mariner,—

"He prayeth well
Who loveth well both man and bird and beast,
He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small,
For the good God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

EASTON, Pa., Jan. 26, 1906.

Dear Founder:

I received your letter on Jan. 26. You say you wrote the addresses down in the Daniel Boone book. The boys say they can hardly wait till they come. Our club was playing the F. A. C. club, and we beat them 7 to 3. Our sport is just coming in. You ought to have seen us make our schoolmates look when we gave them our Dan Boone cry. Their eyes nearly fell from their sockets. Nearly all of us have our suits. The pattern works all right. We can hardly wait for a gander plucking. We had an Indian and Boone chase. The lower room were the Indians and some of our room. About 25 Indians were trying to catch us 11 boys. But us Boone boys were too slick. There is a 50-acre woods about a half of a mile from our club. We all have a board nailed up against the fence and trying to hit the line. We are throwing from the distance of fifteen feet. We cannot throw it yet very good, but every time we practice we are doing better. Hitting the mark is it. We can make it stick, but to hit the line is it. Now I will close. From yours truly,

GEORGE STYERS.

1810 Buttler Street.

THE DAN'L BOONES ARE COMIN'.

BY J. P. B.

Sez the Bear, "Watch out! for the Dan'l Boones are comin'."
Sez the bloomin' little Beaver, "I'll go down and see my plumbin'."
And for forty miles around you can hear the Pa'tridge thrummin',
For the Dan'l Boones are comin' thro' the trees.
And the great, big gun—that the tally man's a-carryin'—
Is an awful thing to see, but it's never used for harryin',
And the Beasts grow friendly, where they always felt so scary, an'
They join the Boones, as happy as you please.
For confidence will come if you treat 'em right, and show it,
And it's fun for boys and beasts alike, and every beast will know it,
When it's once built up, men, not beasts, will overthrow it,
As you and I and every Boone agrees.

THE BISON SOCIETY.

RECREATION is out for the preservation and perpetuation of our game, and, occupying such a position, we will do all in our power to help along the Bison Society. At the same time we regret that Mr. Baines saw fit to so word his letter to our Editor as to imply a threat if our Editor did not join the society, thus rendering it impossible for him to do so with dignity. However, we wish the members of the Bison Society all success in their undertaking, and also to state that the society inaugurated by the Editor of RECREATION was expressly for the purpose of purchasing the Pablo Allard herd of bison before it is disbanded and scattered. There are now over three hundred mighty beasts in this herd, including sixty-six calves born this year. If the bison society can join hands with us in securing this herd for the people of the United States they will be entitled to wear laurel wreaths as did Mark Twain at the late banquet given by the Society of Illustrators. In our efforts to secure the Pablo Allard herd of buffalo for the people of the United States we have no axe to grind. We do not know the owners of the Pablo Allard herd, and will receive no benefit from this transaction that is not equally divided with every citizen of this continent.

We hope that every one that reads this will make it a point to take five minutes of their own time to devote to the public and write to their representative in Congress and the Senate asking that this magnificent herd of bison be purchased by the government and kept intact as a lesson in history and patriotism to all future generations of Americans. There are millions of men who are willing to give their lives and die for the country, but there are only a few men who will take the trouble to work for their country's good. The crying need in the United States today is for patriots during peaceful times, patriots who will look out for the elevation, education, and high ideals of our people, and *no American with any sentiment in his soul can stand idly by and see the buffalo of America, who are so intimately connected with the history and romance of this country, wiped out of existence.*

A dispatch from Helena, Montana, December 8th, says that the heavy snow in the mountains has driven a herd of six hundred antelopes down into 79 Ranch, near Lewiston. The poor little animals' legs were all cut with the crust of the snow and there were so many of them and they were crowded so close together that men rode in among them as they would in a bunch of cattle, and the timid creatures, being greatly exhausted, made not the slightest effort to escape. It is not legal for anyone to kill antelope in the state of Montana, and, so far as we have heard, the law was respected in regard to this herd. While one feels sorry for the six hundred little prong-horns, with their cut and bleeding legs, one rejoices at the news that there were enough left to make a herd of such dimensions, and we congratulate Montana on the possession of this big bunch of prong-horns, and upon having common sense enough to protect these unique creatures.

We have had occasion several times to publicly announce that all of us outdoor people love Theodore Roosevelt because he is one of us, and in sympathy with us, but none of us can fail to condemn the thoughtless blood-thirstiness which impelled him to shoot snowbirds in his recent hunt in Virginia. We all hope and trust that the dispatch which has gone around the country to the effect that he did kill these little birds in wanton sport is an error. Still, we must know that there is a touch, we might say, a very strong dash of the wild cowboy in our President's disposition and character, and it would not be improbable that a man of this type might possess both the virtues, admirable qualities and also the faults of a cowboy.

A special dispatch to the New York Times, dated San Francisco, December 28th, says that Robert Fitzsimmons admitted today that he received a letter from the White House, but would not exhibit it or tell whether it was from the President. Of course, a correspondence with a pugilist would uphold the theory that he has a cowboy's love of rough sport, at the same time, the refusal of Fitzsimmons to exhibit or tell the contents of the letter he received from the White House proves that the pugilist had more traits of a real gentleman than one would be apt to attribute to a man of his profession.

We have had occasion several times to insist upon the fact that wild animals and wild birds are only wild because they are persecuted. And we have cited numerous instances where ruffed grouse, quail and various similar creatures, when unmolested, have become tame and mixed with the animals in the farmyard. A Wabash correspondent to the Cincinnati Inquirer says, in confirmation of this, that Farmer Lit Lofland had a quail's nest near his barnyard in which an old quail hatched a brood of little ones. No sooner were they out of the eggs than they proceeded to make themselves at home with the domestic fowl and continually followed the chickens around and, as far as appearances and actions went, they might have descended from as long a line of domesticated birds as the barnyard fowl themselves.

According to The Maine Woods, certain Cumberland, Maine, hamlets are overrun with skunks. "Suits of clothes hang on the clothes-line for weeks without there being the slightest danger of their being stolen, and the air is filled with unmistakable skunk signs." They say that even the microbes have left the place, disgusted.

It must be that some of our frenzied financiers have taken refuge in these Cumberland towns to escape the investigating committees. It is probably their clothes that are hanging on the line.

The other night when one of the members of the Camp Fire Club came home from one of the banquets of the club he found his wife waiting for him with that grim look on her face with which all married men who remain out nights are only too familiar. He tried to quietly slip up to his room, but his wife barred the way.

"Pardon me, my dear," said the late camper, "I don't feel like talking tonight," and she replied, "Don't let that bother you at all, sir, *I'll do all the talking tonight.*" And she did.

There were no locks to his bedroom, but before his wife got half through he made a bolt for the door.

"Will you, Mr. Jones," said she
"Join me in a cup of tea?"
"I should be delighted," said he,
"But is there room for you and me?"

Many a great American, like the late lamented President Garfield, has built castles in his mind, although he used to drive a tandem team, with a canal boat hitched behind.

Little Lord Fauntleroy was about as un-American a character as was ever devised. He was a sissy sort of a little chap and the production of a feminine mind; but do not think that RECREATION is hard upon the ladies, for that is our weak spot. What we wanted to say is that the feminine traits belong to the feminine sex and not to ours. We well remember our first sweetheart, God bless her litle soul. She was twelve years old and inspired in us our first attempt to poetry in lines like this:

Oh, Laura Dad,
Pray don't get mad,
At this harmless little rhyme,
For we intend to ask your dad
If you can't be our Valentine.

And then there was that other girl, when we were but seventeen years old. She was one of those bargain-counter girls, age thirty-five marked down to nineteen and a half. Every time her name was mentioned our seventeen-year-old heart beat a tattoo upon our seventeen-year-old ribs. We thought she was the boss girl, and the man who married her tells us we are not in the least mistaken, and that she's the boss now.

Her father owned a bull terrier, and the dog did not waste any affection upon us, but the bargain-counter girl would say, "Remember that nothing can hurt you. Don't you know that you are a Christian Scientist?" "Yes," was the reply. "That's all right, but the dash bull dog don't know it."

Mr. Baines of the Bison Society, is a smart man and reminds us of what Uncle Enos said. "You see that nigger there? That's Booker Washington. He's the smartest nigger in the whole world." "He's not as smart as the Lord," ventured Uncle Enos' wife. "No, dat's so, but he's young yet."

'Tis said that intimacy breeds contempt, but certain supposititious nature writers' books show a contempt for nature which was never bred from intimacy.

A WILDFOWL LOAD.

Editor RECREATION:

Which do you think would be the best load for wild ducks, geese, etc.; the regular factory-loaded shell with 3¼ drams of some standard smokeless powder and 1⅛ ounces of chilled shot, or 3½ drams of powder and only 1 ounce of shot? Do you think the latter would be too heavy for a 12-gauge gun?

Also, which is the best size of chilled shot to use on this kind of game.

About what is the killing range of a good full-choke 12-gauge gun with a proper load in it?

Which cartridge has the longest range and the greatest killing power, the .25-.20 Winchester C. T. or the .32-.20 Winchester C. T. loaded with smokeless powder and soft-nose bullet?

I have hunted duck a few times, but always used a rifle. I am going to buy an Ithaca hammerless for the spring shooting and I don't believe I can do better in picking a shotgun. I will close, wishing you good success for the New Year.

H. G. Price, Dayton, O.

The best load for duck and geese in your gun would probably be 3¼ drams, or its equivalent of any standard smokeless powder and 1⅛ ounces of chilled shot. The other load would produce a very scattered, irregular pattern.

The best size shot would probably be No. 5. The killing range of a good 12-gauge is usually put at 40 yards. The .25-.20 Winchester has more than 100 feet greater velocity than the .32-.20; but not quite so much killing power, namely, 323 foot pounds against 352 foot pounds.—EDITOR.

ALL TOGETHER—IF POSSIBLE.

Jan. 1, 1906.

Editor RECREATION:

It seems to me that there must be more unanimity as to the ideal revolver before the Colt people will undertake to make the sort everyone is writing about. Many seem to forget that there are some fine guns made nowadays. I do not see why the makers do not make the military revolver with a single action, and, at the same time, I confess that my S. & W. Special 38 calibre, with 4-lb. trigger pull, made without creep, is a very ideal revolver.

I would remind Mr. Lyman, in regard to the reduced load for S. & W. Special, that the revolver championship was recently won with 38 S. & W. Special, loaded with the Ideal bullet No. 36,072, 110 grains, and 2½ grains "Bullseye" powder. He could not do better than to try it. I do not care to try the round ball. Very satisfactory results are obtained with the regular conical bullet, 157 grains, or the hollow base, 150 grains, or the Peters mid-range, 114 grains, and 2¾-grain Bullseye, or 5-grain Du Ponte rifle powder, or L. & R. Marksman, 5-grain.

I do not see why anyone wants to use black powder in the revolver, but if Mr. Lyman chooses to use black powder use the 70-grain round ball and 6 grains of powder. By all means, try Bullseye and the mid-range bullet.

I note with interest that I do not see or hear of Anderton, Sayre, Hudson, Mimmelsbaugh and the rest of the experts calling for a new revolver. When I can master the gun I now have I may consider calling for improvements in a revolver. At present I need to improve myself. The gun is O. K.

I would suggest to C. A. Thomas that the load of Bullseye in S. & W. Special 38 is 3 grains and in 44 Russian is 4 grains, while in the 38 long Colt 3¼ to 3½ grains are needed to get the proper upset for long-range accuracy.

W. M. Robertson.

HIS CHOICE FOR DUCK.

Editor RECREATION:

In your January issue "Black Duck" asks information in regard to shotguns for duck shooting. There are several good guns for that kind of shooting, but my choice is the Winchester repeating shotgun, 30-inch barrel, 12 gauge, weight 7¾ pounds. A good load for ducks is 28 grains Laflin & Rand "Infallible" smokeless and 1⅛ ounces of No. 4 shot.

I should like to hear from users of the Savage rifle. I have one, .32-.40 calibre, full octagon-barrel pistol-grip stock, fitted with three Lyman sights. It is the finest shooting gun I ever saw.

Henry Thomas, Ava, N. Y.

LIGHT LOADS FOR REVOLVERS.

Editor RECREATION:

In the January RECREATION, Bros. Lyman and Thomas inquired about light loads, and I am glad to send the ones that have been giving satisfaction to myself and other members of the Louisville Revolver Club. I use bullet No. 429,105 for .44 Russian, and No. 36,072 for the S. & W. .38 Special (Ideal moulds); make bullets pretty hard. L. & R. "Bullseye" powder, and set my Universal powder measure at 7 grains for the .44 and 5½ grains for the .38 Special. This will give about 2.8 and 2.2 grains weight respectively. The regular loads of "Bullseye" for these calibres are 4 grains for the .44 and 3 grains for the .38, of course with the regular heavy bullets. These loads are accurate and clean.

The sights have to be raised slightly with all light or gallery loads.

If Bro. Lyman prefers black powder, let him get Hazard F.F.G. rifle, 7 grains; seat round bullet on powder, melt lubricant and pour around edges of bullet. This is accurate at short distances, but is awfully dirty. That is my main objection to black powder in revolver shooting. Shoot five shells filled with black powder, and you can hardly see through the barrel of your gun. On the other hand, I will use 40 or 50 shells tonight (our regular shooting night) loaded with "Bullseye," and I don't even take a wiper along. When I get home I shall run a greasy rag several times through the barrel and chambers, and there you are.

By the way, I killed eight turkeys and one goose in thirty-two shots, distance 225 yards, with a .38 Special S. & W. revolver on our New Year's Day shooting match. Did I have on my shooting clothes? Well!

"Kentucky."

SATISFIED.

Editor RECREATION:

I am a reader of RECREATION, and think it is a fine sporting magazine. I am very much interested in the gun and ammunition department. I use an Ithaca hammerless shotgun and three drams of Dupont smokeless powder and one and one-eighth ounces of number six shot loaded in Peters' target shells, and think both gun and load first class.

Ervin J. Robinson, Wayland, N. Y.

FOR AN IMPROVED BISLEY MODEL.

Editor RECREATION:

I have taken a great deal of pleasure in reading the six-shooter talk now appearing in RECREATION, and having had some experience with "belt guns," I'm coming in, too. I have seen and used nearly every revolver made in this country. And the one that suits me best is the Bisley model.

The only thing that I don't like about it is that it is a little slow in loading. If we could get it made in swing-out cylinder, I think we would have an ideal belt gun. I think the hammer and stock of the Bisley model much better than the old Frontier. If we could only get it made in this form and with smokeless steel barrel, I would prefer a .32-20 or a .38 S. & W. special, with 5½ or 6 in barrel. A. A. Gyes, Anamoose, N. D.

WANTS INFORMATION.

Editor RECREATION:

As I'm a great lover of RECREATION I have been reading a great deal of the Smith & Wesson .38 special. I wish one of your readers would kindly explain to me what this revolver will do if given the proper test on hardwood, as I wish to purchase one. And if a 6-in. barrel will be satisfactory for target; and also to carry in holster belt?

I'm in favor of the Colt's arms, especially the .38 L. Colt's; but the handle of the Colt's is too large and thick for my hand. The .38 S. & W. fits much better.

I have a .32 automatic Colt's, pocket model, and it shoots well, although I never gave it the proper test.

F. A. Tencate, Martin's Ferry, O.

PREFERS A 16-GAUGE FOR DUCK.

Editor RECREATION:

I will try and give the inquiring brother an answer to his inquiry in regard to shotguns for duck shooting, as far as my experience goes. Still, others may not come to the same conclusion as I have, and yet I have been years coming to it.

I have used almost everything from a musket up to the latest improved hammerless; shot all kinds of loads with black and smokeless powders; shot from BB to 8 for duck and geese, and my experience is this: What does a man want to carry a cannon around for? unless he is as Capt. Graham says, through RERCEATION'S columns, a novice shooting at a mass of flapping wings, and nothing dropping.

That is what we call flock shooting, here, with a flock gun. I have used 10-gauge and 12-gauge, and at present use a 7¾ 16-gauge Ithaca 30 in. barrel; both barrels full choke and chambered for the 2¾ in. shell.

I will take my little 16 and kill a duck, when all the big guns get through shooting. Pick out your birds and get them, that's what I call shooting. Any clown can take a cannon, put a handful of shot in, and hold it on a bunch, and then only once in awhile get one, and moralize: "Now that's funny. I held sight on to them, I know I did, and still no duck." Moral: Pick your bird, lead him the proper distance, and success will follow.

In regard to proper loads no one can specify one for any gun. That you must de-

termine yourself after you get a gun with a good pair of 30 in. barrels, for those seem to give the best results, when properly full choke bored, and true to gauge. Some guns handle No. 5, some No. 6 or No. 7, others even No. 8. I have killed mallards at 30 and 35 yards with No. 8, too dead to flop a wing; still I do not insist all guns will do it, but I claim any properly bored full choke will do it, though only 16 or even 20 gauge, and when a 16-gauge will do as well as a 10 or a 12-gauge, why is not the 16-gauge superior? They are not so clumsy as most heavier guns are, and are easily and quickly handled.

This hint I can give you: Test your gun and see if it is full choked. If a 16-gauge, take a load as follows: 2½ drachms good smokeless or black powder, nitro shell, 1 card wad, 3 ordinary black edge wads and 1 ounce No. 6 or No. 7, whichever is convenient, and one thin card wad over shot. Now set up a board 1 inch thick, any size will do, if big enough, so that it won't split. Measure off 21 feet, stand on the 21-foot line, and if your gun will punch a hole clean through the board with the centre of the charge and only a few shot scatter to about a distance of about 4 or 4½ inches, the gun is perfect, and if not, make up your mind a gun that will scatter shot over a circle 8 or 10 inches in diameter at 21 feet, will at 40 yards scatter them all over a 40-acre field. In other words, will make a better seeder than duck gun.

After you have got your gun you must formulate your own load by trying different sizes of shot and different charges of powder, sticking to the one you think the best. Larger loads of powder scatter shot most, but have greater velocity and penetration; less powder, less penetration and closer pattern. Too much shot increases recoil. No shotgun is a sure killer over 40 yards. As far as gauge is concerned I would not go back to a 10 or 12-gauge for all the guns you could give me. This is my experience. I should like to hear of others on the subject.

W. T. S., Rock Island, Ill.

LOADS FOR THE .25-.20.

Editor RECREATION:

After quite a little experimenting with different powders and bullets I have succeeded in working out a very fine load for the Winchester and Marlin .25-.20 rifles. I get a great deal of pleasure and help from reading the "Guns and Ammunition" department in RECREATION, and if my experience will help any brother sportsman I'll give it most willingly.

For my .25-.20 load I use 3½ grains weight, Ideal measure No. 5, set at 10 grains of new E. C., and a 77-grain bullet of the 25720 (Ideal) series, cast 1 to 20. For the Marlin rifle I would cast the bullet 1 to 16, as the twist is a little quicker.

Now don't condemn the load because it is a shotgun smokeless. Try it first.

If Van Allen Lyman will try about 1½ to 2 grains weight of Bull's-eye behind a round ball in his .38 S. & W. special, I think he will find about what he is looking for. If he uses the Ideal measure No. 5 it should be set at four grains for the two-grain weight load. I would appreciate it very much if some RECREATION reader would give me his experience with Du Pont No. 2 smokeless in the .32 S. & W. long, hard-ejector revolver. I use this revolver and cartridge a great deal for light work, and if there is a better load than the one I use I want to know it. I use two-grain weight Bull's-eye and a 98-grain bullet.

Jas. A. McPheeters.

We would caution our readers to be *very* careful how they use shotgun powder in a rifle.—ED.

GUNS, ALSO DOGS.

Editor RECREATION:

I am a reader of your book, and keep "up" when I can, and I find your letters under the head of "Guns and Ammunition" very interesting and amusing. Of course I have to laugh at some remarks in regard to the size of revolver used in the east; and in regards to the remark "carrying a revolver." Half the people in Texas and the Indian Territory don't know what that means. It's "Toting a Gun" here, and the little "Roastology" from Mr. Josh Bell, of Chicago (in the January number), was very good, and he knows a little, too, about guns; that is, I don't think he'd start out hunting with a "revolver" with the expectation of bringing in enough to "make a pan smell," but he has the right idea about a gun, and he says for self-defense give him a .45 Colt's single-action. You might as well try to sell a gold brick in Texas and Indian Territory as anything but a .45 single-action Colt's. And speaking of gold bricks, you haven't heard of any being sold in Texas in the last two or three years. Getting wise, aren't we? Nonetheless, I enjoy reading the different remarks, and would like to see more interest taken under the head of "Hunting Dog," as I am a fancier and have done some nice work this season in training, and you can look to hear from me soon on that subject. I am no gun man, but a dog man.

Hal Sims, Denison, Tex.

RELOADING THE .38 S. & W. SPECIAL.

Editor RECREATION:

If Mr. Van Allen Lyman uses the reloading tools made by Smith & Wesson, I would be pleased to have him try a load I have worked out for the .38 S. & W. special and find it quite satisfactory and exceedingly cheap. I use Winchester black powder shells, No. 6, V. M. C. primers, two grains of Laf-

lin & Rand bull's-eye powder, and Tatham's No. 85 buckshot.

Driving the No. 85 shot through the reloader with the long plunger cuts off a light ring of lead and swedges into a regular shape about 70 per cent. of the more or less irregular buckshot. It also leaves a band around the ball exceeding ⅛ of an inch in breadth. This band takes the rifling of the barrel, and with a little tallow for lubricant I get better results than from the carefully moulded round bullets I formerly made. The cost of this load is less than 35 cents per 100. Lee J. Mills, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE MARLIN REPEATING GUN FOR HIM.

Editor RECREATION:

I see in your January issue a gentleman who signed himself "Black Duck" wants to know the "best type of gun for duck shooting, with details as to gauge, length of barrels, weight, and loads."

Of course, every hunter has his own peculiar ideas about guns, loads, etc. But my own experience is as follows: For a good many years I used the old 12-gauge muzzle loader, until the repeaters and breech loaders came into use, when I got me a 16-gauge Winchester with 28-in. barrel. It was a good little gun, but it had its faults, and it did not suit me. I sold it and next got an Ithaca double-barrel hammerless, 30-in. barrels, weight 7¾ pounds.

Then for almost four years I thought I was satisfied. It was as good a shooting gun as I ever saw, and just here let me say that I think the Ithaca people put out the best gun for the amount of money expended of any *double-barrel gun* on the market to-day. But the longer I used my Ithaca double-barrel the more dissatisfied I got with it; perhaps the fault was mine, but this was my objection: Lots of times when hunting ducks I would make a kill with my first barrel and cripple with the second, and then nine times out of ten the crippled duck would get away. So I wanted a gun to make sure of my second bird. So I traded my Ithaca for a new Marlin repeater 12-gauge, 30-in. barrel, weight 7¼ pounds. I have used this gun for some time now, and I think it the most perfect gun I ever saw. It shoots just as well as the Ithaca did and never fails to extract a shell and reload. I makes no difference how fast one may fire, and the balance is just as good as any double-barrel gun made.

Some people like the Winchester repeater the best, but as I have owned both, I prefer the Marlin. The shooting qualities of the two guns I think are equal, gauge for gauge, as the barrels are the same. So I would advise my friend if he wants the best all-round duck gun on the market to-day to get a Marlin 12 gauge, 30 inch barrels, 7¼ pounds, and use the Winchester Leader or Repeater shell loaded with 3 drams smokeless powder and 1⅛ ounce No. 5 *chilled* shot. He will have an excellent combination and one hard to beat, and if he holds right he will have few crippled ducks.

F. Allan Kinsey, Essex, Iowa.

WOULD LIKE A "HAINES" MODEL.

Editor RECREATION:

I have been reading RECREATION lately, and am interested in everything in it, from the front page to the back. I should like to be one of its writers, and the only way I know of is to "butt" right in, and ask you to do the rest. As a starter I should like to discuss the proposed single-action revolver for the .38 special cartridge.

I have enjoyed the "thinks" of my brother hunters on the revolver, as I am a fiend on the aforesaid arm. I have handled guns and revolvers ever since I got out of my cradle, and always expect to until I go back again in my second childhood.

I have used many kinds and makes of revolvers, from the old muzzle loader up to the new 1905 model Smith & Wesson .38 special military revolver, one of which I own, and from my experience and point of view it is the very elite of revolvers. I have shot it many times in all kinds of weather and at all kinds of things and have never found it "asleep" (so to speak). It is the finest all-around arm for either target or hunting large or small game. I can shoot with it just as well as with a rifle, and for game up to deer I much prefer it. I like a single-action revolver for common, every-day hunting and target shooting, for the trigger pull is much softer and one is not so apt to pull the sights off the game. But there comes a time in most big game hunters' lives when they have to "pump them in" again at short range, or never see home again. Then, I say, the double-action is "just the thing." Nevertheless, I want my name added to the petition which is being sent by all the men that promise to buy one or more when they are brought out. I hope I am not too late to have my name added.

I agree, as the rest do, to having it made on the same frame as the old .45 Colt, weighing 32 ounces, 6½ inch barrel, the cylinders centering in three places, as it does in the military model, and made of the best smokeless steel, so that either smokeless powder or black could be used. I have no fault to find with the Colt, for it has come through most stringent tests and has never been found wanting in the least. But taking the Colt new army, or any of them, and comparing them with the new S. & W. military model, point for point, I think (and many with me) that the S. & W. is the nearest to perfection of any arm now made.

I am sure that whatever firm makes the new revolver, they will be more than repaid

for their trouble. I think the S. & W. people pay more attention to detail work than the Colt. They inlay with harder steel every notch in the cylinder, thus making it wear longer, and therefore it fits tighter longer. I hope this will be published, as I am anxious to see the new gun made and in use. Every little bit helps, you know.

J. S. Kirtland, Pittsburg, Pa.

USE A FOLDING REAR SIGHT.

Editor RECREATION:

Would you think a peep-sight with an open rear-sight would work better than a peep-sight without the rear-sight on a .22 repeater? RECREATION is lots better since you have taken it. John Barny, Lester, Wash.

A rear-sight is in the way when a peep-sight is in use. The only admissible rear-sight is one that folds like the No. 6 Lyman.

THINKS TWO KINDS NEEDED.

Editor RECREATION:

As to the many opinions of the proper style of a belt revolver: Now, I have spent some years in the woods and on the trail, and have had several belt guns, as Colt's 38 and 44. But there is always a longing for something different than the market affords; so I will suggest this: You wish to knock over a grouse or a rabbit for lunch, or peg away for pleasure, and at the same time not be burdened by extra weight. Now, I believe these wants would be filled by a gun built on the lines of a Colt's new police of about twenty-five ounces in a six-inch barrel and of a .25-.20 Marlin high-velocity cartridge; and this little gun is large enough to kill all game up to deer.

As for a gun for the woods in the wild sense, for a prospector, hunter or herder, there is nothing better than the old 44 or 45, with the grip or stock that suits; and for quick and good work the 5½-inch barrel is good. But stay with the old 7½-inch barrel and single action for finer work.

Now again, I have owned two new army .38 Colt's, and now have one, and will sell same at one-half price. They are not large enough for lions nor small enough for sport.

A Prospector.

TO START A CLUB.

Editor RECREATION:

I have been a reader of RECREATION for a number of years, and think it is better now than it used to be.

I would like to ask you where I could get rules for a rifle club, and where I could get targets. Chas. H. Pool, Antigo, Wis.

Write to the Stevens Arms Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

A SIDE-ARM ON NEW PRINCIPLE.

Editor RECREATION:

A side-arm, to excel and be more perfect than either revolver or automatic pistol, must be an arm in which the undesirable features of both weapons have been eliminated.

In both the revolver and automatic pistol there are two undesirable features in particular to be disposed of.

In case of the revolver, they are the unnecessary weight of the cylinder, and the inaccuracy and waste of energy caused by the escape of gases between cylinder and barrel (this is added to by the liability to shaved bullets, a cause of inaccuracy).

In case of the automatic, the most undesirable feature is the great sensitiveness through the necessarily delicate construction of an automatic arm, within the limits of size and weight of a side-arm, and the need of scrupulous care and cleanliness, usually quite impossible to give under conditions such as are generally encountered in actual use. Another undesirable feature is the danger connected with the use of a side-arm of the self-loading type; in a gun or rifle, this danger is greatly diminished.

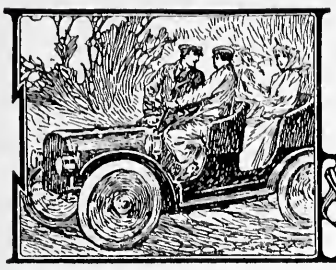
Now an arm, which would do away with these four undesirable features of the revolver, and the automatic, and would besides eliminate the danger arising from an outside hammer, would be an arm constructed according to the following principles, with slight variations:

The arm should be made hammerless, with 5 to 8 cartridges in the hollow handle, supported by a spring; which cartridges are to be held in clips as in the automatic pistols. By a pull of the trigger (which pull may be made as long as necessary), the inclosed hammer is cocked, the empty shell is extracted, and a new cartridge is permitted to slip from the magazine into the chamber, propelled by the magazine spring. When the hammer has been pulled to its fullest extent, it catches on a slight projection, and the trigger returns to the position of rest, and by a slight pull on the same the projection holding the hammer is raised, the hammer is released, and the arm is discharged. (The trigger pull is to be regulated by a tension screw, and it will be thus possible to make it as sensitive as the owner desires.)

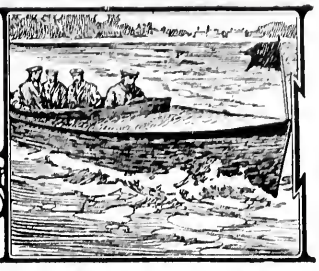
All things being as well designed as possible, this arm ought to be extremely accurate, embodying the good features of both revolver and automatic, and lacking the undesirable ones.

These principles could be worked into the successor of the revolver and the automatic, and the resulting pistol would be the arm of the future.

A. W., Milwaukee.



MOTORING



SELDEN AND ANTI-SELDEN.

Artistic and practical development of the motor car have not been the sole results of the holding of automobile shows in New York. The show itself has passed from the stage of crude display to a thing of beauty, which splendidly exhibits the temper of the people to employ all that modern ingenuity can devise to beautify and elaborate great public expositions, for after all the automobile show is little short of an exposition.

The double display which was held in New York this year—the show at Madison Square Garden, composed of the cars of the Seldenites, and that held at the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory, wherein the anti-Seldenites exhibited their wares—was by far the largest of its kind ever held in the world.

Very fortunately for the automobile concerns the two great buildings are so close together that their immediate nearness was an incentive for sightseers to visit both, rather than go to one and omit calling upon the other. It was early learned that the curious minded, who sauntered at their ease through the aisles of the Garden, were so much impressed by what they saw that they could not forbear turning just down the corner to look over the cars in the Armory, and what was true of those who first visited the Garden was equally as true of those who happened to pay their first pilgrimage to the Armory.

The first automobile show which was ever held in New York was an experiment, and there were some motor builders who averred that it was a foolish and, to their minds, unnecessarily costly experiment. It is some satisfaction to those who were interested in the original show to know that the primary objectors are now among the most enthusiastic regarding the value of motor car exhibits.

It is well recalled that one of the most prominent automobile makers in America, when first talked with regarding a motor show in New York, declared that it was about the silliest proposition which had been promulgated by American promoters. "Who in the world," said he, "is going to pay admission to see what somebody else has to sell, and who is going to patronize a show of this kind where there is nothing for sale less than $1,000. You haven't got population enough in New York, as great as it is, to make an automobile show successful." Yet he finally went in, and at the last two shows there has been no exhibit more complete than his, and if what some of his employes say is true, there is no maker who has profited more than he by the opportunity to place his wares before the public.

Visitors called the automobile shows "rival fairylands" this year. The interior of the Garden was a white and gold palace, all pillars and colonnades, through which gleamed a myriad of incandescent lights that brightly illuminated the interior without that garish effect so much dreaded by women in evening gowns of light shades.

In the Armory, the general color scheme was dark green, but the tasteful expertness of some genius had lighted the sombreness of the background with an edge of gold, and strange as it may appear, society belles of blonde texture and society belles with a gypsy touch of the brunette, both found their beauty rather enhanced than otherwise within the Armory's interior, and quite needless to say were warmly enthusiastic about paying it court.

Where clumsy disorder had scattered machines over the ground space without any special regard to classification or convenience for spectators in the past, a well regulated floor plan this year not only grouped the cars in symmetrical order, but provided wide and spacious aisles through which the visitors to the show made their way and in which they were enabled to examine the various cars at their leisure.

Just a word as to who visited the automobile show. When the idea of the show was first suggested the motor car had not arrived at its present distinction in the United States. In fact, there were not a few, and there exist a very few to-day, who were disposed to look upon it as some sort of a modern juggernaut, primarily a rich man's toy, and secondarily an irresponsible accessory to more danger in navigating the highways of the country than existed before its invention.

So it was thought that only the automobile enthusiasts might be expected as patrons of the manufacturers. It is true that all the automobile enthusiasts were there, but they brought their friends with them, and in addition to those came the hundreds bent more on curiosity than anything else. They wanted to see a motor car at close quarters, not being possessors of one themselves, but hearing so much about them that it aroused their inquisitiveness.

But see how a little oil may spread! Pre-

sumably one-half of the visitors to the automobile shows this year were persons who are not possessed of the means to purchase a motor car, and may not ever acquire a competence that shall make them owners, but for all that they knew so much about cars that they surprised the manufacturers and their assistants, and Colonel Pope, speaking of the future of the automobile, remarked, "We have nothing to fear so long as the general public takes to the motor car in this manner."

Nor did all the visitors come from New York by any means. One western man, who is an agent for motor cars in Cleveland, said that not less than one hundred citizens in that thriving manufacturing centre, had arranged their winter leisure so as to be in New York during automobile week, in order that they might see the latest models and profit by the latest inventions.

Other motor car enthusiasts were present from Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Pittsburg, in fact almost every city of importance throughout the United States. Therefore, the automobile show must pay. Whatever is attraction enough to induce humanity to travel 2,000 miles to see it cannot be written a failure even in these days of large exhibitive enterprises. The manufacturer must have learned that there is profit to be gained by being represented at the show, or he would quickly withdraw and omit the expense to which he is put by publicly putting his wares before the public of a nation for critical examination in immediate comparison with others.

No radical departures in models or construction were shown in either the Garden or the Armory. More and more the American manufacturers are conforming to the designs of the foreign machines in style, and not a few of them have quite equalled their strongest competitors in the symmetry of their cars and the grade of their outlines.

The general tendency this season is to lengthen the bases and here and there American ingenuity in mechanics has improved on the devices which have to do directly with the operation of the cars. It was particularly noticeable that all machines equipped with the direct starter—eliminating the crank—attracted earnest attention. The avoidance of cranking appeals to every motorist who realizes its awkwardness. Furthermore, the crank has had its disadvantages in the past owing to the "kick back" in which many a staid machine has indulged to the unexpected annoyance of the owner. It seems only a question of time before the crank will have become a thing of the past, and the car will be in complete control of the driver from the seat of the machine.

Take the exhibits of the shows as a whole this season and it may be said truthfully that they established a standard for evolution in higher finish and general luxury. The successful operation of motor cars is now a settled fact. That being conceded, builders have devoted their energies to improving them with a hundred and one accessories which add to their general convenience.

As an instance, the Decauville people but recently shipped to a wealthy fruit grower in the West a car built to suit his necessities in traveling from one portion of his large estate to another. The interior is equipped with a desk, a press for clothing, and a half dozen other traveling necessities which almost render it a hotel on wheels. It needed but a small grill to make the owner independent of weather and distance.

Cars were shown at the New York shows which were provided with the little things for personal comfort in which femininity delights, and over these the women visitors lingered with longing eyes. There is nothing which the gentler sex better likes in traveling than to have immediately at hand those little adjuncts which permit women to look ever at their best, no matter how tedious or how fatiguing a journey may have been, and when a woman feels that she can step from her car with the traces of travel quite obliterated, fortunate the builder who has provided for her comfort, for he has won a most faithful ally.

A general estimate placed the number of visitors at the shows in New York at 175,000. These paid admissions. There were hundreds of others whose claims from a business standpoint eliminated the necessity of admission. But they were a part of the displays nevertheless.

A careful and conservative estimate, made by a man who is competent to form such a conclusion, is that at least $5,000,000 worth of cars were contracted for during the week of the shows in New York. Of this amount perhaps three-fourths was for cars which were sold in the Garden. The foreign agents in that show were particularly happy at the outcome of their week's transactions.

Twenty of the exhibitors in the Garden, and fully half as many in the Armory, disposed of their entire outputs for 1906 to dealers and agents. This, of course, is in excess of the presumable actual cash sales which were noted above. What more striking argument could be adduced for the success of the automobile show, which has grown to such a wonderful trade market for the disposal of goods?

It is true that the present immediate demand for cars is strong because their utility has been demonstrated and their convenience has impressed itself upon the wealthier classes of the public which can afford to purchase them. But that it is strong to the verge of creating an unnatural demand is a question which is not to be answered in a hurry.

There are some manufacturers who try to apply the lesson of the bicycle to the auto-

mobile. They cite how all the American public went hysterical over the wheel, and how at last the bottom of the bicycle market dropped so completely out that some builders never have reached it yet. They fear a like result in the automobile business, but after all this may be much unwarranted, as the automobile is rapidly developing into a modern necessity, while the bicycle at its best could hardly be designated as other than a personal comfort or athletic luxury.

The only automobile manufacturers who are likely to be caught napping in trade circles are those who are not so energetic as their neighbors in keeping up fully with the improvements which are bound to be made as the science of motoring grows nearer the ideal.

Just as a straw, showing the direction of the wind in regard to the present popularity of the automobile, it may be cited that the Packard Company very recently sent broadcast an offer of $3,600 for every one of its $4,000 1906 cars which was returned to its agents, as the demand for them is so great that the factory cannot turn out the machines fast enough. Of all the hundreds of machines which had been delivered but two were sent back. Consider the Packard concern as but one item in the making of automobiles, and then marvel at the immense magnitude of the present trade which cultivates a demand like that.

Following the New York shows usually come those of other cities, and in spite of the fact that the demand would seem to have been exhausted when New York had finished, the manufacturers say that results are so good in giving shows in other cities that they are fully justified in placing their wares publicly on view in Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. Even smaller local shows are held, and at those the public is found still faithfully pursuing its hunt for information concerning working details and constructive material.

While the speed feature never is particularly prominent at the automobile shows, it is a corollary of the exhibits, since the Florida races always follow the New York gathering of motor enthusiasts.

It is true that prospective buyers frequently linger longer with those manufacturers whose machines are known to have made speed records, for even if the buyer is not speed-mad himself, nor ever likely to be, it gives him gratification to be possessed of a car similar in general construction to that which happens to hold some great record.

There is always a justifiable amount of pride on the part of an owner whose machine is of the type which captured the Vanderbilt cup, the Gordon-Bennett cup, or some event of like importance, and when his envious friends, who know little about motoring except as they read in the daily newspapers of the results of the international races, query him as to the make of the car which he owns, he can be pardoned for being a trifle elated if it happens to be a Panhard-Levassor, a Darracq, a Richard Brasier, or some car to which like fame attaches.

Speed racing this year in Florida assumed more than usual importance because both Lancia, the famous Italian driver, and Hemery, winner of the Vanderbilt cup last year, came to America to take part in the contests on the Ormond beach.

There is a great deal of good natured rivalry between these men. Lancia unquestionably would have won the Vanderbilt cup in 1905 had it not been for the collision with the unlucky Christie on the narrow back stretch. As it was Hemery, who had been pushing along at a uniform pace throughout the race, finished in front, in spite of the desperate effort which Lancia made to recover the ground which he had lost.

In conversation after he had landed in New York this winter Lancia was asked if he thought that a car ever would be built which would be able to run at an average rate of less than a mile a minute over a route, say, of 300 miles. He shrugged his shoulders expressively and said, "Who knows? How long since it was deemed impossible for the automobile to make a mile in less than a minute. Now behold what it does. But I don't think that I should like to drive a car in a road race at a speed much higher than a mile a minute. The risk is great now. Think what it would be with the speed accelerated one-third. What time would there be for the driver to think? What time to act? How would it be possible to make the turns about which now a rapidly moving car slides at almost incontrollable angles? For me, who cares little for speed, I think it would be better to attempt such a race on some road or course where there would be better surroundings for the development of speed. Some ask what racing is for. In the first place, to show what men can do to increase ability to travel, and in the second place to prove the substantiability of the machines. If a car can run at the rate of one mile a minute, and not break down, it is evident that it is well constructed. Therefore a speed trial has been of advantage to the maker of such a machine. That is my idea."

New York has witnessed an attempt on the part of the chaffeurs of the state and city to do something toward putting their occupation on a better standing. A few reckless and unscrupulous chauffeurs have done ten times more to create a false opinion on the part of the public in regard to automobiles than all the owners combined.

Proprietors of garages throughout the city do their best to keep the chauffeurs under restraint, but where an owner will not be bothered with the checking system, which keeps accurate account of every time that a

machine is taken out, the drivers are apt to smuggle the car through the doors during the evening hours to take some of their boon companions out for a lark. If it ends in intoxication, as usually seems to be the case, the inevitable result is a collision on the highway, or running some innocent pedestrian down, with a fine damage bill as the outcome.

If the chauffeurs, who are thoroughly respectable and very earnest in keeping up the standard of their calling, are as successful as they hope to be with their new organization, it will be impossible for a driver who misbehaves to secure employment by a reliable source.

A new clubhouse is to be built by the Motor Boat Club of America this spring. It will be near 112th street, on the Hudson River, and it is expected that the building will be ready for occupancy by July 4th.

The clubhouse will cost $50,000. Although organized only last October the Motor Boat Club of America has one hundred members, including the owners of some of the fastest boats built in this country. The club will be represented in the international races this year by the 150hp. motorboat Dixie, built last year by E. R. Thomas. This boat has covered twenty-eight miles in an hour. The Dixie is equipped with 8-cylinder simplex motor and will be the fastest American boat ever sent across the Atlantic.

The present officers of the Motor Boat Club of America are:

Commodore, A. D. Proctor Smith; Vice Commodore, Frederick Sterry; Rear Commodore, George J. Gillig; Secretary, Hugh S. Gambel; Treasurer, Charles Francis; Fleet Captain, Joseph S. Bunting; Fleet Surgeon, Seymour Oppenheimer, M.D.; Measurer, Francis W. Belknap; Board of Governors, Edward R. Thomas, Howard Gould, William B. Hayden, H. H. Behse, John J. Amory, and George J. Vestner, and the officers.

The first annual banquet and smoker of the Oshkosh Power Boat Club was held at the Revere House, Oshkosh, recently.

Before the banquet proper a business session was held, and the officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

Commodore, William Faber; Vice Commodore, R. Herbert Pew; Secretary, George Mueller; Treasurer, H. F. Gibson; Fleet Captain, William Engle; Lieutenant Fleet Captain, William Doman; Measurer, George Overton; Chaplain, Rev. A. M. Ayres; Advisory Board, Samuel Hawthorne, chairman; R. B. Anger, H. W. Petrie.

The club house will be built along the Fox River, a committee of six having been appointed to take up the question of the building.

The editor of RECREATION, whose log house in Pike County, Pennsylvania, is the undisputed pioneer log house built for the purposes of a summer home, and who has for years pointed out the absurdity of the palaces in the woods masquerading under the names of camps, is glad to see that he has a convert to the real thing in Mr. Payne Whitney, whose log house is thus described by the Flushing, L. I., Journal in the following clipping:

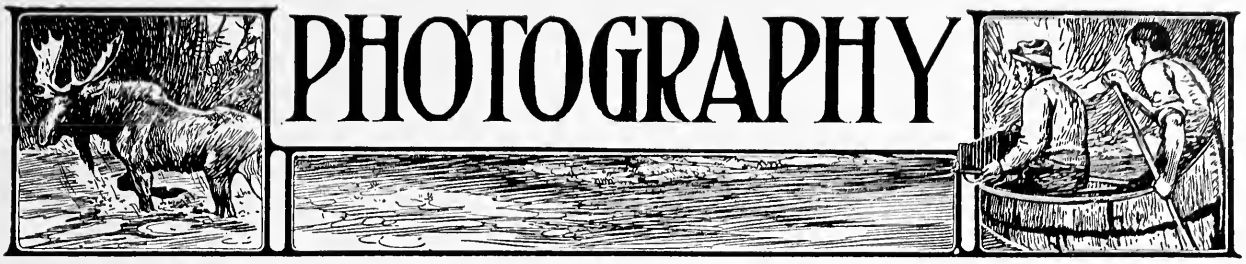
"During the week Payne Whitney has entertained a party of his friends at his estate in Manhasset, L. I. The party has enjoyed the use of the pretty log cabin which Mr. Whitney recently completed on the estate. It is one of the most unique features of any of the estates of millionaires on Long Island. The cabin is as near like that used by the early settlers as possible, even to having oiled skin in the windows instead of glass. The interior of the cabin is sumptuously finished with skins and valuable trophies of the chase. The cabin is located on part of the estate where there is plenty of good hunting."

This proves that Mr. Whitney is a man who keeps abreast of the times, and he uses a motor boat to reach his log house on Long Island.

State Fish and Game Commissioner Z. T. Sweeney of Columbus, has sent his report to the Auditor of the State of Ohio. It shows that up to January 1, 1906, 24,166 hunters' licenses were issued by Commissioner Sweeney. Of this number 8,000 were issued prior to January 1, 1905, which leaves a total of 16,166 licenses issued during the year. Each license cost $1. This money has been turned into the state treasury to the credit of the commissioner. It will be used principally in the enforcement of the game laws of the state.

State Game Warden J. W. Baker, of Cottage Grove, Ore., has filed his annual report with the governor. This is the first report since the law was passed requiring all hunters to procure a license. The receipt from license fees was $17,000, and after meeting all legitimate expenses there is a balance of $13,000. More arrests were made and fines collected for violating the game laws, according to the report, during the year just closed than during any previous year.

State Game Warden Dr. J. A. Wheeler has opened a state game preserve on his farm near Auburn, Ill., where game will be raised for distribution over the state. It will be stocked with 10,000 quails, 500 prairie chickens, 500 pheasants, and other game birds.



WINTER PHOTOGRAPHY.

What I might term real winter photographs, those which we, near the middle coast states, are wont to take every winter with visions of harboring them up for the following dog days when even a look at a snow photograph helps to cool us off a trifle—real winter photographs have been so scarce that it has hardly been worth while this season to write about that particular branch of photography. But, do you know, that with the coming of March, some of the best landscape pictures of the year can be taken?

In early spring, curiously enough, we get the best clouds in the skies and given a good cloud negative, even the poorest kind of a landscape picture takes on a new beauty and leaves the other picture, which may be ever so good in the foreground, but quite white, or bald-headed as it is called, in the sky part, far, far behind. Therefore, get out your camera at an early date, and try your skill at out-of-door scenes with a large proportion of sky, so that you can use the sky portion with other skyless negatives when necessary. Unless you use a ray-screen (one of those little yellow glass fittings that go over the front of the lens) you will find it difficult to get your foreground without overexposing the sky part, or if you try only for the sky part, your foreground will be woefully undeveloped. There is a shutter now made called a sky-shade shutter, which can be set as desired, and gives the sky a rapid exposure, slowing down for the landscape part. I have not had a chance to try it myself yet, but the idea is a good one.

BOOKS FOR BEGINNERS.

I am frequently asked what books I would recommend to the beginner, books that would give a thorough working knowledge of handling the camera, exposure, development, and the easier forms of printing. The number of books published make it rather hard for the beginner to choose, and the fact that supply dealers generally do not think it worth while to stock photographic books or periodicals of any kind makes the matter still more difficult. Dealers are very shortsighted in this respect, for if they could in any way assist the beginner to get better results he would not so soon become discouraged and would, in all probability, spend a greater part of his income in more supplies.

For the very beginner, the man who has just bought a camera and really does not understand the least about it, I can recommend Clute's A B C of Photography. This little book, which only costs 25 cents, is a thoroughly satisfactory introduction to amateur photography, is interestingly written, devoid of a lot of technical terms, concise and up-to-date. The Eastman Company publish a very handsome book at a dollar which completely covers the ground of film work, with several articles on pictorial photography and other matters written by some of our more widely known amateurs. This, too, can be thoroughly recommended. Todd's First and Second steps at 25 and 50 cents are good books, but not so good, in my opinion, as Clute's. The earlier numbers of the "Photo-Miniature," published at 25 cents each, are each devoted to one phase of photography and possibly cover the ground better and more comprehensively than anything else. A full list of these little handbooks can be gotten from any dealer. The great mistake the beginner makes is in believing that the photographic magazines, of which there are any number, are too advanced for him. The beginner should subscribe to one or more of them. If he is in doubt which to choose, it is easy enough to obtain sample copies from the various publishers and to compare them as to his requirements.

FLOWER PHOTOGRAPHY.

A reader asks us to give some advice regarding the use of a filter for botanical work under a glass roof. We most certainly recommend the use of a little yellow screen for all flower work, but, of course, this should not be used, to get its best results, without orthochromatic plates. The increase of exposure necessitated by the use of a screen is hard to estimate, for the various kinds of liquid and single glass screens differ in depth of color and require varying exposures, and while our correspondent states the time of day at which he proposes to make the exposures, he does not give the time of year. We suggest that this correspondent invest in a Wynne meter. It is a slight expense that will very soon pay for itself and pay also big dividends in the saving of spoilt plates and wasted time. Provided with a meter, the time of exposure can be most

accurately gauged and the increased exposure for the yellow screen can be ascertained at the time of purchase. This is better advice than quoting any given time here, which may and may not be correct.

In photographing flowers, especially those with white blossoms and under a glass roof, it is often a good plan to stretch a screen of some thin colored tissue paper between the flowers and the source of the strongest light. A sheet of pink tissue will help wonderfully in bringing out the delicate halftones of white flowers, for instance, and different colors can be used as required. This paper screen is also excellent when work has to be done outdoors.

ADVICE AS TO THE USE OF STOPS.

Another question that I am frequently asked concerns the stop or diaphragm that ought to be used in taking any given subject. Provided the lens is a modern anastigmat, I say, use the largest opening the lens will give. The beauty of a fine lens is that it will, with its largest aperture, give perfect definition to its very edges and at the same time allow of a very rapid exposure, but it must be remembered that this definition only extends to a certain depth, and if any particular object which is deep is being photographed and perfect definition is required from back to front the lens *must* be stopped down. The lens should then be focused on the centre of the object with the largest aperture and then stopped down until perfect definition is secured. Do not attempt to focus with the lens stopped down. A small aperture will give lots of sharpness, but all atmospheric quality and effect of distance will be lost, and these are the greatest charms in landscape photography.

BLISTERS ON BROMIDES.

Do you ever get blisters on your bromide or gaslight prints? If so, it is largely due to your own carelessness. Too strong a fixing bath will often give blisters. The remedy is obvious. Amateurs are too fond of taking up a box of hypo or some compound fixing salts, and dumping the contents into their trays without knowing how much water they are using, and frequently the bath is away too strong. Again, few amateurs have a regular washing box for their prints. Generally the prints are thrown into a basin or tub and the water allowed to splash on them freely. This will often cause blisters. In warm weather the water, unless kept cool, will produce blisters. When blisters occur they should be pricked with a fine needle from the back of the paper and the air squeezed gently out. Do not prick the film. If they are small, they can be left to themselves, as they will dry out, or they can be touched with a pad of cotton dipped in alcohol, which will help to reduce them. If the paper being used is apt to show blisters, the paper can be rubbed on the back, *before development,* with the pad of cotton and alcohol.

SOME USEFUL MEMORANDA.

Here are a few points which are well worth remembering:

Keep your prints well separated when fixing and washing.

Developer stains on bromide prints can be removed by a solution made up of hypo, one ounce; water, five ounces, and potassium ferricyanide, ten grains.

To straighten a print out, pull it over the sharp edge of a table or desk drawer, face upwards, holding the ends firmly.

Don't hang your camel's hair dusting brush up on a nail in your dark-room. You use it for removing dust from your plates, not to accumulate all the dirt that is floating around.

If you keep a basin of water handy when you are developing with pyro, and dip your fingers in it every time you put them in the solution, you will not be so apt to stain your finger nails.

WINNERS OF PRIZES.

We have much pleasure in publishing the awards made by the judge of our Photographic Contest, in the competition just closed:

First prize, $25.00—"Spring-Time," Mr. Jos. R. Iglick, Rochester, N. Y.

Second prize, $10.00—"Michigan Sugar Bush," John A. Barton, Detroit, Mich.

Third prize, $5.00—"Bass Fishing at Long Beach," Chester M. Whitney, Bayonne, N. J.

Consolation prizes, $1.00 each—
Mrs. D. S. Whitehorn.
H. Beeler.
Harry Bayliss.
B. S. Brown.
Miss Florence Iglick.
Frances R. Ives.
Leroy Harris.
G. C. Embody.
S. Hawthorne.
C. H. Wagoner.
Rannie Smith.
E. Kelly.
Fred Sheckler.
J. A. Faber.
Grace P. Willard.
Sam Stevens.
G. W. Fiske, Jr.
Jno. S. Perry.

"BLINKING."

BY W. B. TALLMAN.

Of all the problems which confront a man in the field, the question of dealing with and curing a "blinker" requires the most careful consideration and delicate handling. Flushing, false pointing, shot breaking, etc., are vices which, comparatively speaking, lie close to the surface, and may be remedied with an ordinary amount of care and good judgment; but the fact that the causes of blinking lie far beneath the surface, demands that the breaker become intimately acquainted with every phase of his dog's disposition and character before he may hope to be rid of this most disagreeable fault.

Generally speaking, a "blinker" is a dog which is bird shy, but there are so many different kinds of blinking that to any one who has had experience with them the term "bird shy" falls very short of the mark. A bad "blinker" is more crazy than shy. In fact, the form of blinking which is purely shyness is comparatively simple and easy to deal with. This most common form often develops in puppies during their first experience on birds. A puppy may be full of ambition, hunt and point, and show no trace of timidity, but after he has been down an hour or so and found nothing and is a bit tired, let him run into the midst of a large covey, with birds whirring up on all sides of him, or work through a piece of woods with singles flushing wild from the dry leaves or tree tops to the tune of a fusillade of shots, and you have a "blinker" on your hands before you know it. At first he may hold his point until the bird flushes and then turn tail and come to heel—his next point may be abandoned when he hears you stepping up to flush, the next—when he thinks you are coming, and, finally, unless checked, he will desert his points as fast as he makes them, and unless he is in sight all the time you may not find many coveys. In this sort of thing, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. In the first place, puppies should not be hunted long enough to get tired. Do not let them get stale, and their nerves will stand considerable excitement that might ruin them otherwise. In the second place, don't try to kill too many birds over your puppies. Avoid snap shots at wildly flushing birds. If the birds are jumping in all directions and you see your puppy flinch at the sound of their wings, take him up. If the first signs appear when he points, the sound of your voice may steady him, but if he returns to heel and refuses to go back to his point at command, you are confronted with the urgent necessity of understanding the dog with which you have to deal. For while one might take courage by your paying no attention to him, but going on and flushing the birds yourself, another may require you to at once lay aside your gun and coax him to the birds, giving him plenty of time, and all the encouragement possible when they flush. Gain the dog's confidence and give him a little careful work on singles. Above all things, in cases of this kind, avoid all punishment when working on birds. It is very important that the puppy should connect no idea of physical suffering with the finding of the birds. It is partly for this reason that I prefer not to work another dog with a timid puppy. It may be absolutely necessary to punish the other dog, and that is apt to frighten the pup and add to his disgust of the whole affair.

The second form of blinking is hardly distinguishable from the first, except that there is less shyness and more of a nervous dread. In some cases it is merely an advanced stage of the first form, and in others it crops out most unexpectedly and the cause is very hard to find. The dog will sometimes, after being compelled to hold a point longer than usual, back off from the birds, seeming to relieve the strain on his nerves, and then creep up and resume a rigid point; or he may quit his point and circle the birds. (This trick is a not uncommon form of blinking, and is often overlooked.) Again, he may wriggle away from his point, and rush back and forth from one side to the other, half circling his birds and refusing absolutely to be still until the birds are flushed. He then shows no signs of fear or timidity, but to the contrary may be very ready to break shot and chase. These "blinkers" develop a great variety of tricks, each according to his individual character. Some are purely tricky or playful, others wildly insane, and some, for want of a better term, I must call hysterical. There can be no rule set down for the treatment of such cases, for it is simply a matter of treating each individual somewhat as you would treat a man who persisted in making a fool of himself. If he is worth bothering with, study his case and all the symptoms carefully. Overcome that part of the trouble which may be due to timidity, and when it is merely a matter of trickery,

administer punishment at just the right time; holding the dog up to his birds by a sharp command, or where his disposition will stand it, a judicious use of the whip.

The worst forms of blinking are often developed in aged dogs, and if not checked in the beginning, are well-nigh incurable. I remember well a case of a very "classy" setter which was well up to Field Trial form. He was fast, stylish and perfectly broken, and up to the time he was three years old had never shown any signs of game shyness or blinking. Right in the middle of one season he commenced to false point, and we laid it to his nose—thought that perhaps the scent being bad caused him to be over-cautious. But from false pointing and backing off he began to leave his legitimate points, and finally we caught him casting off from the scent of birds. I have seen him hunt with great judgment and perseverance side-hills, sedge-field and stubble, and coming down wind with a rush, throw his head into the air as if going directly to game, only to crouch and streak off at right angles, quit that field, and go merrily to work to find another covey. Now this blinking was of the kind found in dogs of exceptionally high class. A wonderful combination of bone, muscle, brain and nerves. Muscles like iron, and nerves that govern them in great bursts of speed. A powerful and yet delicate mechanism. It is not difficult to understand that such an animal may easily be ruined. In this particular case, the dog was in no sense shy, but was possessed of abundant courage. He was a brainy dog—one of the kind that can be taught almost anything. A knowledge of his disposition decided the course of treatment, and he was literally *driven* back to his work. At the first sign of crouching (he had a peculiar way of dropping his head and hind-quarters, which seemed to throw his shoulder-blades unnaturally high) he would receive a sharp command to "Go on"; this only checked him a bit at first, but two or three commands generally held him up to the game long enough to give his handler an opportunity of getting to him with the whip, and then the *modus operandi* was not unlike that of driving a shying horse. A quick, positive order to stand up to his work, and a well-timed stroke of the whip would straighten him and take all the nonsense out of him. It was a hard battle and required much patience and some cross-country running on the part of his handler, for if he came on game when out of reach of voice, that experience scored a point in favor of the vice and greatly weakened the force of previous lessons. If he had not been extremely game, of course, this treatment would have been a dismal failure; but on the other hand, a dog of more ordinary quality is not apt to develop that peculiar form of blinking.

In the case of a "classy," high-strung dog, with a disposition that won't stand the whip, the problem is a still more difficult one. The principal thing to bear in mind is that you must keep your dog in sight as much as is possible without seriously restricting his range, and make him realize that you will not permit him to dodge the issue; whether you enforce your wishes by moral suasion or otherwise. Remember that the dog that begins by abandoning his points or circling the birds is liable to end by dodging the game altogether.

WHAT IS A BEAGLE?

Editor RECREATION:

Please answer through your magazine: Is the beagle hound a separate and distinct breed of dog by itself, or is it a breed produced from some others? If so, what are they and what is the difference between the beagle and the harrier? This information to settle a dispute.

F. G. Bee, Columbus, Ohio.

The beagle has been a recognized breed at least since the days of Queen Elizabeth. How it was originally produced we do not know; probably by crossing some species of hound with a terrier.

The difference between the beagle and harrier is quite marked. The beagle is two or three inches lower at the shoulder, has a different shaped head, and is altogether a less powerful dog. The old-fashioned harrier is possibly nearly extinct, most of the English packs of so-called harriers being simply dwarf fox hounds.—EDITOR.

THE W. K. C. SHOW.

The thirtieth show of the Westminster Kennel Club, which was held in Madison Square Garden, New York, on February 12, 13, 14 and 15, was certainly the biggest and grandest show ever held on this side of the Atlantic.

In many classes even the largest of the English shows were eclipsed, and it is quite evident that dogs and dog shows are becoming more popular each year in the United States. And this is as it should be, for if dog shows are not an unmixed blessing, yet their influence on the whole is for good.

When, as result of inbreeding and false standards, a breed becomes weedy, delicate and lacking in intelligence, it does not take dog fanciers long to awaken to the true facts of the case, and then a reaction soon sets in.

Mr. James Mortimer, the superintendent, and the various gentlemen who judged the classes of this show are deserving of the greatest credit for its magnificent success. Some of the smaller shows could learn a lot by following the methods adopted at Madison Square Garden last month. Although there were almost two thousand entries, the great hall was sweet and well ventilated to the end. The dogs were well benched, well fed, well cared for and well judged.

FISHING

STRIPED BASS FISHING.

BY J. FRANKLIN.

A few words about striped bass fishing, which is the greatest sport of all salt-water angling; they were also caught in fresh water, such as the upper Hudson, Connecticut and Susquehanna Rivers and upper Chesapeake Bay.

In years gone by before our local waters were polluted by oil and other refuse, striped bass were caught in goodly numbers around Hell Gate, where it was essential for one to have a guide to row the boat and to know the haunts of these gamy fish, as the fishing was done by trolling. I have been told that where the railroad docks are in Jersey City and Hoboken striped bass from one to five pounds were taken in great abundance. The Battery was also a well-known place for them, as the tides of the North and East Rivers coming together formed many strong eddies where striped bass could always be found if in the vicinity. Liberty Island was also a noted ground for them. At last these local waters got so polluted with oil and refuse that the fish gradually departed or did not linger long enough for the angler to catch them. If an angler was fortunate enough to catch one the sumptuous meal he reckoned upon was spoiled by the taste of oil, which has tainted the waters. I have taken striped bass on the Hudson as far up as Newburgh. Along the Connecticut shores are very good places, especially Stamford; here one needs a guide, unless he is thoroughly acquainted with the waters, for to fish for striped bass outside of their haunts is like looking for a needle in a haystack. There are also good places along the north shore of Long Island, also the south shore, which I will come to later. In each of these places before one begins to fish for striped bass I would advise him to learn what bait is used and what are the best tides; for in one place they only fish high water, while in another last of the flood and first of the ebb. In going to a strange place to fish I always try to have an extra day which I put on the first of my trip, so if possible to learn all I can about this particular place; for instance, the first time I went to Montauk Point, Long Island, which is at the extreme easterly end, I stopped at the Dickerson House, which is about four or five miles from the depot, and from there to the extreme end of the island the bank is thirty to sixty feet above the water. At high water I have seen the seas break against the bank. Well, I asked Mr. Dickerson where the best place was to catch striped bass or the king of our local waters, and he told me just the place, about three miles east of his house, very easy to find; if I would just stop at a cottage that was situated between two small lakes, the gentleman there would show me. As I approached the cottage I saw a jolly good fellow, who said "Why, certainly," and we footed it about half a mile further eastward, and he said, "There you are, but sorry to say the tide is not right; if you can, be here to-morrow morning about eight o'clock, two hours before high water. You can have about four hours' fishing." It is needless to say I was there, as well as the friend I had made the day before; and as I was not acquainted with the waters, I placed myself in his charge and did as I was told. He told me to use the largest hook I had. As luck would have it I had just the hook; he used 10.0 hand-made Harrison. I filled the hook and some distance upon the leader with white worms. I judge I put on twelve or fifteen; then cast as far seaward as possible, about two hundred feet. We had fished fully one hour, and no striped bass. I cleaned my hook and leader and put on a new supply of bait. This time I made an extra long cast, and before I had taken up my slack the rod was 'most taken from my hands by the strike I got. He called, "You have got him!" I well knew it, for my friend on the hook end of the line was no land lubber; he was anxious to go as far out to sea as possible, and I was just as anxious he should; so on he went, taking out about four hundred feet of six-thread line. I could not put much strain on my fish, as I always use light tackle, that is, the line and rod. Well, after about twenty-five minutes of fun I succeeded in landing a beautiful striped bass weighing twenty-eight pounds. My friend got two smaller ones, twelve and eighteen pounds. The next day was banner day; we caught fifteen as pretty striped bass as one would wish to look at. Our fun commenced with our first cast, and continued for three hours. I should say we lost as many as we caught, for it is very difficult to fish at Montauk; you are standing on a very rocky beach, and you can see those large rocks projecting from the water two or three hun-

dred feet out, and as a rule if your fish goes around one your line will be cut, as they are full of barnacles. Our fish weighed fourteen to thirty-seven pounds. I did not get the largest, but I had a very nice one that weighed thirty-one and a half pounds. The next two days we had a southeast storm, so I left for home.

I go to Montauk every summer about the 10th of August, and remain three or four weeks. To those going down I would advise to take in August and get the full moon tides, which I find the best. Trolling along the Connecticut you will find the dark moon a very favorable time.

The largest striped bass caught at Montauk with rod and reel, I believe, was fifty-six pounds. Narragansett holds the record for striped bass—ninety-seven pounds.

Next we will take a trip to Port De Posit, Md., on the Susquehanna River. Until a few years ago striped bass, or rock fish, as they call them south, was unknown to the angler, but was always noted for black bass. Now Port De Posit is noted for its striped bass fishing, although it be fresh water. These fish, in early spring, go up the Susquehanna River to spawn and after spawning return to the Chesapeake Bay. The river is very shallow and rocky, has a very swift current, which makes it difficult to row a boat, and if one is not acquainted it is useless for him to try it; so we always telegraph ahead for a guide, who takes you out between three and five o'clock in the morning. These guides cost from three to five dollars a day. After rowing you about an hour you come to a basin which lies to one side. These basins are from two hundred to five hundred feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide. Here you use a light rod seven and a half feet long, 2.0 reel and light line; you always want a reel that will hold six hundred feet of line. Attach your line to a very small swivel; to other end of swivel attach three-foot leader not over three strands, to which attach a 6.0 O'Shaughnessy hook with small spoon attached to upper end of hook. They are called the Susquehanna trolling hook; all large dealers have them. Put on three or four nice bloodworms and allow your line to run out about one hundred feet, if possible one hundred and fifty feet; for the farther your hook is away from the boat the better. If your guide is a good one, you do not need any sinker, for he will only row fast enough to keep your hook about twelve or fifteen inches below the surface; if he is a fast rower put on about one-fourth ounce sinker. If you do not strike them in one basin move on to the next, and so on until you find the striped bass, and once you find him your fun has commenced. It is the greatest sport on earth to catch striped bass from a boat, and if you have never tried it take in Port De Posit this coming season and see if I am not right. Why, I caught one that weighed nineteen pounds, and I was sure he would pull me out of the boat; but after thirty minutes of great fun and anxiety I succeeded in landing him. My guide said it was one of the largest he had ever seen taken, and he had less trouble, for at that time the guides had to handle the fish by rowing their boat; the anglers, as a rule, had only black bass tackle. All I wanted him to do was to hold the boat and I could then handle the fish just as if I were on the shore. The largest catch of striped bass I ever heard of was on the Susquehanna River, about ten or twelve years ago, when two anglers caught in three days one hundred and sixty-one fish weighing over one thousand pounds. Before going to Port De Posit it is advisable to write and find out the conditions of the water, that is, if the river is clear; if so, go down and you will have plenty of sport.

Along the New Jersey coast is one grand place for surf fishing, especially in the neighborhood of Asbury Park, where they take bass weighing from one and a half pounds to forty-eight pounds. At Asbury Park there is a large fishing club named after the place; it has about 130 members, and the majority can be seen at different times from May to November angling for striped bass. It was here that I did my first angling, and I have been rewarded by many a fine bass. The seasons of 1900 and 1901 were record-breakers, especially 1901. Why, a twelve or fifteen-pound bass was looked upon as small fry. Everybody was getting bass that would weigh from eighteen to forty pounds. Just think of it, on June 19 or 20, 1901, there were taken some thirty fish that weighed over fifteen pounds. Those two years have a historical record with the anglers. I might note why I think the bass were so numerous those two years. The beach as far out as 200 feet was just covered with young skimmers or sea clams, and these the anglers used as bait, which they picked up on the beach as they wanted them.

As a rule we use bloodworms in early season up to July 15 and after that sheddar crabs; but we always use the small skimmers when we can get them, no matter if it is the spring or fall run. One thing is necessary when fishing from the beach, and that is to select the proper places. It is a good idea to walk along the beach at low tide and note the holes and see if they have a lead out to the bar. A lead is a channel leading out in the ocean; it is through these leads that the bass come in to feed along the beach. Never fish in the centre of the hole, but along the edges where the water runs off the flat; here you will see eddies and in these eddies make your cast. It is hard to say whether it is the long or medium caster that gets the largest and most fish. I have seen all the fish taken on long casts and another time seventy-five

feet or even less was sufficient. One must fish all the water his time will allow him. In fishing the surf always put on a large amount of bait.

Now, I will say a few words about tackle. Let us select a rod first. The old-style jointed rod is very little used by striped bass anglers, as the ferrule is liable to be bent; also, the edges of the ferrule acts as a knife blade, and if a heavy strain is put on it, it is liable to break at this point, so we have laid that style rod away, and adopted a one-piece rod as we call it; the tip is from five feet seven inches to six feet long, with two sets of agate guides, one set on each side of rod; the first set is ten or eleven inches from the tip, which should be German silver with an agate in the end, and the other set about two feet from the first; then on the butt-end have a ferrule and dowel, and this fits in a reel seat which is mounted on a butt eighteen to thirty inches long. I prefer a butt about twenty-two inches long; it can be handled easier. Always have your salt-water rods mounted in German silver, as the mountings can be cleaned and appear as good as new. Nickel mountings soon lose their lustre and nickel. A hand-made split bamboo is the best, and very expensive, so we as a rule use Greenheart or Bethabara, never Lancewood; and the time is coming when Greenheart and Bethabara will be of little use, for it is getting poorer and poorer each year. I suppose by that time the hand-made split bamboo will be in the reach of all.

As to the reel, never use any reel but one made of hard rubber and German silver. 2.0 reel will do, but get a 3.0 if possible; it is well worth the difference in expense, and holds half again as much line, and as we always break off some line after fishing you still have a good amount on your reel, and always get a first-class reel. Edward Vom Hofe and his brother, Julius Vom Hofe, make the best reels in the market.

As to the line, you want the best that money can purchase; all linen eighteen-thread special is the most universally used line, as it is strong, light and durable. Always get a 600-foot line.

The leaders should be five-ply best gut twenty-four inches long.

There are a number of hooks, but I prefer the O'Shaughnessy hand-forged, which should be looped with gut five-ply, and have the loop about five or six inches long.

Use a treble swivel, and a three or four ounce pyramid lead for casting from the beach.

Trusting this will be interesting as well as beneficial to RECREATION readers, I await the time for striped bass fishing to commence again.

IN THE SUGAR MONTH OF MARCH.

BY CAROLYN B. LYMAN.

When the sun shines warm at noon time,
  When the snow banks melt away
Into tiny lakes and puddles,
  And the eaves drip all the day—

Then I feel a sort of fever,
  One that seems someway to bring
All the spirit of the forest,
  All the waking of the spring.

When we scalded out the buckets,
  When we used to scour the pan,
Hoop the barrel and make ready
  When the sugaring began.

Then we hung the wooden buckets,
  And we builded up the arch,
When the sap was sweet and flowing
  In the sugar month of March.

When the pigeons flew above us
  Like a cloud with many wings—
When from bogs we heard the croaking
  Where the bullfrog early sings—

Have you heard the fire's soft sputter
  When the logs were green and wet!
Have you seen those flames like devils
  Leap and laugh—'tis great—you bet!

Did you ever through the darkness
  See the will-o'-wisp—afar—
See that light so weird—and wavering—
  When the sky held not a star?

Scott! you should have seen us hustle,
  Leastways when we had a run—
Boiling nights, and even Sundays,
  Though 'twas then we had the fun.

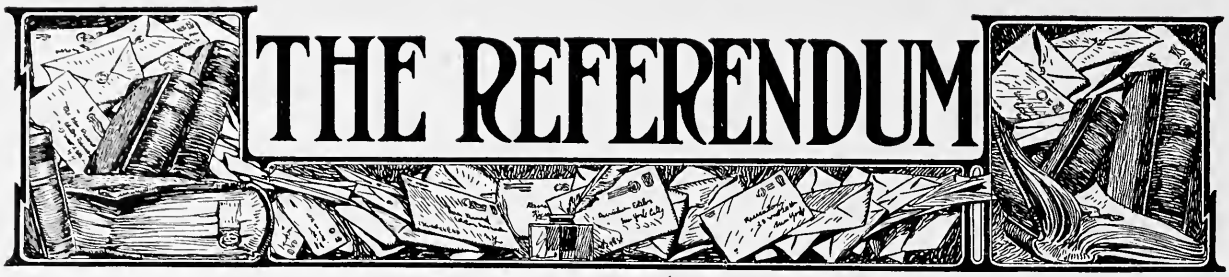
All the boys about would gather—
  Smoke until the air was blue,
And we had a feast most royal
  When they brought a fowl or two.

Mother's mince pies, plump with raisins,
  Twisted doughtnuts fresh and brown,
Now and then a sip of cider—
  Beat the swellest meal in town.

And the amber-colored syrup—
  Ah, again, what do you say?
Did we scrape the pan, well, really,
  Guess you'd thought it looked that way!

'Tis the syrup that's left clinging,
  Which is sweetest of the sweet—
Whittle out a wooden paddle—
  Try it once—it can't be beat.

Yes, I feel it in the sunshine!
  And it seems someway to bring
Back the spirit of the forest
  With the waking of the spring.



LIKE ROBINSON CRUSOE.

BY DAN BEARD.

The "Voyages of the Discovery," by Capt. Robert Scott, R. N., are two splendid volumes published by Scribners and we congratulate the author, the publisher and the public on the production of these books of real old-fashioned adventure and achievement. Captain Scott of the Royal Navy should by all rights be an American; he talks like one and acts like one. There is nothing stilted, formal or egotistical in his account, and the story is told in a bright, breezy manner with a boyish enthusiasm which makes it as intensely interesting as Robin Crusoe, or Swiss Family Robinson. And this without in any manner detracting from its great scientific and scholarly value.

Then there is a charming exhibition of a real love and appreciation when he speaks of the dogs, seals and those most comical and interesting birds, the penguins.

While the trip was not devoid of great suffering, and even tragedy, the explorers had plenty of real fun learning to use their Norwegian snow shoes, coasting down snow banks, and even playing football on the surface of that great ice flat barrier, peculiar to the Antarctic Ocean, of which we have heard so much, and the impression left on one's mind after reading the account of the strenuous life is that of a strong desire to personally visit that dreary country and see the strange creatures which inhabit the south polar regions.

Not since the time when as a small boy we pored over the voyages of Captain Cook have we been so pleased with a book, and even now, with the half century mile-post in sight, Captain Scott has inspired in us a burning desire to traverse the sastrugi (wind waves) of snow, watch the gulls devour frozen seals, frolic with the pompous penguins and feel the thrill only to be obtained by making the first foot tracks in the snows of eternity! One can appreciate the joy of the Discovery's biologist as he raked the mud and slime, dumped from the dredge, with his fingers in search of the strange marine forms which possibly no human eyes ever before beheld..

But this account, like that of the old American travelers, surprises us, and we wonder how it is that only tenderfeet undertake such voyages. The Discovery's men did not know how to pack or use a sled, to walk on their skis, to build a camp fire, or even to cook their food, although they afterward became experts.

In almost all the early American travelers' accounts we are struck with the fact that they simply blundered along through the wilderness, unaided by the simplest rudimentary knowledge of woodcraft. They were frequently caught by the savages and even fastened by their necks to the post to be tortured to death, but through some more blundering escaped.

Once when making a trip on an eighty-four foot schooner, with a landlubber crew of rank amateurs, we put in to Tarpaulin Cove in a storm and were boarded by an old salt. "Sailing yer own craft?" inquired the man of the sea. "Thought so; the good Lord al'ays looks after drunkards, fools and amateur sailors," and we believe He does. But this must not be taken to mean that Captain Scott is a landlubber in any sense of the word; in fact, had he been, he might never have reached the frozen south, but once there he would probably have known how to make camp, pack a sled and use snow shoes, unless, indeed, he was one of those unfortunates who are both tenderfoot and landlubber and whose place is on a high stool in an office or behind a dry goods counter. One experienced packer like RECREATION'S staff artist, Belmore Browne, would have saved the Discovery people much hardship, and one Swiss guide like those at Glacier would have prevented an awful tragedy.

Such books as the "Voyage of the Discovery," however, will send the red blood tingling through the veins of any reader who can appreciate adventure and achievement.

Speaking of the blundering American explorers and their unpreparedness for their journeys, we must make an exception of Evans, who started in midwinter in 1818 and walked from the Atlantic to and all over the far West, he himself describes his costume in the following words:

"Mine was a close dress, consisting of buffalo skins on my shoulders, over epaulettes made of the long hair of the animal, and they were for the purpose of shielding the shoulders from rain. Around my neck and under one arm was strapped a double leather case, with brass chargers for shot and ball; and under the other arm a case for powder, strapped in the same way, and also having

a brass charger. Around my waist was a belt with a brace of pistols, a dirk, two side cases for pistol balls, a case for moulds and screw. Also around the waist was buckled an Indian apron, which fell behind; it was about eighteen inches square, covered with fine bearskin and trimmed with fur and having over the lower part of it a net for game. This apron contained a pocket compass, maps, journal, shaving materials, a small hatchet, patent fire works; my cap and gloves were made of fur, my moccasins were of deerskin, and on my shoulder I carried a six-foot rifle. The partners of my toil and danger were two faithful dogs."

Evans, on his pedestrian tour, was met with jeers and ridicule simply because he had the common sense to wear clothes suited to the climate and the conditions of the weather. And even Ruben Gold Thwaite, the historian, looks with amusement upon Evans' costume, but the outdoor men readers of RECREATION magazine will all appreciate the fact that Evans was not a freak but knew what he was about when he traveled through the northern wilderness in midwinter and dressed as a sensible man should who must sleep out of doors in the snow by night and fight the blizzards by day, which, thanks to his foresight, he did with success. Of course, if Evans had lived to-day he would have waited until summer time, then taken a motor boat and gone by water.

THE ARCTIC OWL.

Editor RECREATION:

In RECREATION for January you mention the fact of the unusual flight of Arctic owls along the Atlantic coast. The same thing extends as far west as Illinois, at least, and this winter a large number have been captured near Chicago. The afternoon of January 12, while playing golf, I saw an Arctic owl flying south, and this was well within the city limits, on the golf links of Jackson Park, Chicago.

C. L. Dewey, Friield Col, Mo.

CROOKED-LEG DICK.

BY I. NEWTON GREENE.

As I look back upon that field-trial it was by far the proudest day of my life. I am a Llewellin setter, three years old. I was one of a litter of eight puppies—five brothers and three sisters—all perfect specimens of blooded parents, all but myself. In some way and for some unaccountable reason Nature brought me into this world with a crooked foreleg; otherwise I was as likely a dog as ever scampered about a kennel, or worried unappreciative neighbor folk with my sharp puppy voice. The full realization of my physical imperfection was thrust home upon me very early in life. My master—a splendid fellow, and all wrapped up in his kennels—exhibited us one day to several prospective purchasers who went daft over my brothers and sister, checking off their points of excellence without finding a single blemish which might score to the discredit of our brilliant parents. I was the last to come up for inspection, and noticed, though with a feeling of incomprehension, that my good master's brows were drawn together in a manner I had never before seen them as he lifted me to the top of a high box, where my brothers and sisters were shown.

"Pretty likely pup," remarked one of the sportsmen; "he's well marked."

"Well marked, yes," replied his friend, who had been looking me over critically, "but as a field dog his usefulness stops right there. He has a crooked left foreleg which puts him out of the running."

They said other things about me—mostly complimentary, I believe—but all I heard ringing in my ears was: "As a field dog his usefulness stops right there. He has a crooked left foreleg, which puts him out of the running." I looked down, and a wave of shame swept over me as I noticed for the first time that the leg in question lacked the symmetry so pronounced in my brothers and sisters. As my master gently lifted me to the ground I heard him sigh, and, as they walked away, one of his friends said:

"Too bad, and a dog puppy at that. If it had been one of his sisters it wouldn't have mattered so much."

I stuck my tail between my hind legs and slunk away, ashamed, to a far corner of the kennels. As I now recall that unhappy day I think I went to bed without eating any supper. There was a big lump in my throat which would not let me swallow.

The next month formed an eventful period in our kennels. Every few days some man came to see my master, and, after placing something that jingled in his hand, would walk away with one of my brothers or sisters. At last they were all gone but me, and I was desperately lonesome for a while; but I could fathom the reason, even in my puppy mind, why I remained, for there was no forgetting those fateful words about my deformity. I entertained a feeling that I owed my master a great deal for the shame I brought him, and the fact that he lost considerable money because he couldn't sell me, so I did everything in my power to please him. I soon learned to retrieve his slippers every night, to go abroad with him and walk sedately at heel, paying not the slightest attention to other dogs, who endeavored to coax me away. I also loved to hang 'round the gun room when my master cleaned his Greener. And maybe you don't think I was supremely happy one day when he stopped with a wiping-rod jammed half way into a gun barrel and said more to himself than to me:

"You're a companionable old chap, Dick. I believe there is stuff in you for a field-trial winner even if you have a crooked foreleg, and I mean to give you a run for the money, old boy."

I didn't mind it one bit when he mentioned my deformity, for his tone was all kindness—something which even a Llewellin setter puppy appreciates—and what he said about giving me a chance in the field-trials sent me into an ecstacy of delight.

Busy days followed my master's staid determination to try me out. We took long, happy rambles afield, where he put me through a course of sporting sprouts—working the stubble for bird sign, pointing and flushing game—and I proved an apt pupil, if I do say it myself. I forgot all about my bad leg, and I verily believe my master did, too—at least while teaching me the rules of the game. This happy life took up the summer months. When early autumn came close at hand, and we were returning one day from an unsually successful day with the birds, my master stopped suddenly.

"Dick!" he exclaimed, slapping me on the back in a manner I had grown accustomed to expect during my later lessons, "Dick, old dog, I've taught you all there is to learn, and you have taken to it like a true son of Sweepstakes and Lady J., which you certainly are. We'll go down-Sound to the trials next week, and I'll bet a hundred-dollar Greener against a measly box of shells that you receive an honorable mention if nothing more. You'll get tangled up with some fast company down on the flats—best in the Northwest—and some of your smart brothers and sisters will be lined up against you, and you've got a halfway bum leg; but I'm backing you to make good; will you do it?"

I closed my jaws with a snap, and I guess my master knew without me telling him in so many words that I would do my best to repay him for his kindness and instruction; then I wanted to show that bunch of skeptical sportsmen who passed me up as impossible as a field-trial candidate that blood will tell in a dog just as it does in a man, crooked leg or no.

One week later, while going down Puget Sound by steamer to La Conner, where the trials are always held, I didn't feel a bit nervous among the sportsmen and dogs, nor did I experience any feeling of shame concerning my leg, though several times I caught the other dogs looking at it and grinning. At another time, perhaps, I should not have passed this insult by without a reckoning with the offenders, but just now I had something else to think of, and I knew the least excitement might spoil a dog's chances in a closely contested trial, such as my master told me the La Connor meeting would be. Arriving at our destination I met a couple of my brothers and sisters, who were glad to see me, but who expressed a belief that my master acted foolishly in bringing a crooked-legged dog to compete in so important an event. This remark hurt me more than I can tell you, for it came from members of my own family whom I loved, and you know that such things sink deeper in the heart than when they come from outsiders. Then I met the party of men who prophesied my uselessness two long years before. I recognized their faces and voices; how could I forget either? They laughed good-humoredly at my master, referring to me as "a 40-to-1 shot." My master smiled, telling them it was a trifle too early in the game to take snap-shot judgment on any dog.

Early in the morning following our arrival the party lost no time in ransacking the little town for rigs to take us to the flats. A glorious drive it was, too, and even in the excited expectancy of my coming ordeal I thoroughly enjoyed those two long miles through autumnal colorings of scarlet, yellow, green and brown, all merged in kaleidoscopic beauty, drawing away on each side of the trail in vast flat reaches, and I gladly filled my lungs with invigorating salt air, which blew from the northwest. To tell the solemn truth, I quite and entirely forgot the field-trials while reveling in this nature enjoyment, only being brought back to my senses when our buckboard stopped and my master hitched his horses to the post of a tall rail fence.

I shall not attempt to describe the Derby or the Subscription Stakes. I was in the All-Age event, and previous sights at that field-trial were dissipated in my memory by subsequent happenings and preparations for my début. My master was the personification of kindness. He washed out my mouth and carefully rubbed my muscles, causing me to feel generally good. As thanks for this attention I could only lick his hands and wag my tail, but I guess he understood my appreciation.

"It's even worse than I anticipated, Dick, old dog," he said. "The talent of the Northwest is entered in your class to-day. There's Lady Betty, twice an all-age winner; Gentleman Jim, who captured the championship last year; Policy Queen, a whirlwind when it comes to fast, rangy work; Idlewild, Jenny, Bozeman, Gilt-Edge and Dashwood, all corkers. Then there are your two brothers and one of your sisters. You're up against a hard game, old doggie, but I'm not trying to hedge my bets on you."

The way our names were drawn from the hat the night before put me at the end with Gentleman Jim. I felt glad to go against this chap, for his last year's victory in the all-age class left him so cocky that he struck me as being altogether insufferable.

Pair at a time the other dogs started to work, and one by one the judge culled them —my brothers and sister being among the

unfortunates. I heard a man say the judge was making a pretty stiff trial of it, and that the winning dog must show exceptional points to make good. Whether it was my youth, my ego, or love for my master which held me steady I can't say, but I felt like a veteran. And then my own name was called.

A professional trainer handled Gentleman Jim, but it was my dear master's hand which held me in leash and cast me loose at the word. My contemporary appeared possessed of a preconceived notion that in me he had an unworthy opponent—he was one of the ill-mannered dogs to laugh at my leg—and took his time getting away. By the memory of my blood sire and dam, I never knew what life was until the snaffle clicked and I found myself free! My blood ran through me giddily. I felt that I could run 'round the earth in four minutes, or clear those distant snow-capped mountain peaks at a bound! There is only one time in the life of a field-trial dog when he experiences that feeling.

Once, when within visionary range, I sized up Gentleman Jim, concluding that he ran very ordinarily. Again, after pottering about considerably, he turned in to his handler. As for myself I worked hard, though for a time to no avail. Just at the time I began to conclude there were no birds in the vicinity strong sign struck my nostrils, but in the anxiety of the moment I made an excusable flush. This incident only served to spur me on to retrieve myself, and away I went on a good, though unproductive, cast. When we were called in my master threw his arms about me, tickled nearly to death, saying that the judge had carried me over into the second series because honors were pretty evenly divided. I squinted out of one corner of my eye at those sportsmen who poked fun at me when a puppy, having the exquisite pleasure of seeing them openly surprised.

When released for the second series I felt positive it would prove the final trial—would determine Gentleman Jim's superiority or mine. I could see from the way he pulled himself together that he, too, thought the supreme moment was at hand, though in his cocky mind there was no uncertainty as to where the superiority would rest.

Gentleman Jim started away strong, with a showy ranging and stylish way. I didn't see him again for some time, nor did I give him a passing thought, because I settled down to work for my master's reputation and for the honor of the kennels of Llewellin.

I was doing some fast, wide ranging going down-wind when all at once I caught a strong scent which halted and petrified me. I tingled all over with excitement; my neck distended in a rigid streak; my tail shot up straight and stiff as a lightning rod, and each bristle on my back seemed an electric needle. I knew I was pointing a bevy find! O, the glory of that moment! The pride, the fullness of it! Again and again waves of intense emotion charged back and forth through my body! O, those heavenly vibrations! My muscles became swollen into hard knots; I felt alive with a great vitality capable of generating more than enough energy to set all dogdom quivering as I quivered! Some little distance dead ahead was Gentleman Jim, who clearly saw my point, but neglected to back me, showing, by his refusal to honor my point, a jealousy unworthy of his English ancestry. I may have stood there an hour, an age, a second. I was oblivious to time, ignorant of the approaching handlers and my beloved master, until, as they pressed too close, the covey arose with a great whirring of wings and I was forced to relax my blissful vigil.

I scored two more singles and another bevy point. In this last find Gentleman Jim committed an unpardonable offense. He was working quite near me when I settled into point, and, with a low, currish growl of jealousy, he rushed in and flushed my find.

But what need of further details? I won the championship of the All-Age stake, won it hands down, the men told me, from that cocky dog, Gentleman Jim, who, by his sulking when he heard the judge's decision, further belied his name. It makes me smile even at this late day when I recall how my brothers and sisters and some of those impolite dogs fawned on me, saying they always knew I possessed the points of a field-trial winner. But I was perfectly happy and proud when my master clapped me on the back and said:

"I knew you'd make good, old man!"

ECHOES.

BY CHARLES HENRY CHESLEY.

The hills reverberate each loud heigh-ho;
The far fir-woods call back with spirit voice;
Dawn ushers in some song of joy, and lo!
The twilight echoes say: "Rejoice, rejoice."

Lilt of the nightingale in yon deep fen,
Boom of the heron in the meadow-land,
Low warble in the hawthorn where the wren
Hath hid her nest secure from prying hand.

Heart-beats of welcome from a thousand hills,
The thunder-peal along the mountain dome,
Sweet murmurings among the crystal rills
And all one voice re-echoing: "Come home."

'Twixt You and Me

The progressive and enterprising Savage Arms Company, of Utica, N. Y., have put out a new single shot, to be known as Model 1905, style "C." This little rifle has a straight shotgun butt, 14 inches in length; adjustable rear and metal bead front sights, as used on the 1903 model Savage repeater. The length of the barrel is 22 inches, and the weapon weighs about 4 pounds 12 ounces. The list price is $6.50.

The Hunter Arms Company, of Fulton, N. Y., write as follows:

"The L. C. Smith was the only gun awarded the gold medal by both the expert and superior juries at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and the Hunter Arms Company has a good reason to feel proud of this award, as the expert jury was composed of gentlemen of wide experience, both practical and theoretical. For instance, Major Hittinger is a government official and has charge of the testing of government guns. Senator R. D. Inman has been an enthusiastic sportsman ever since he was a boy, and is at present the owner of both Parker and Scott guns. Capt. Meyers has been familiar with guns for years and is thoroughly conversant with gun mechanism and shooting in general." The gold medal awarded was on the mechanical construction and simplicity of the Smith gun, as well as the Hunter One-Trigger.

The Detroit Boat Company, well known manufacturers of high grade pleasure craft, have purchased the property recently given up by the Oldsmobile Company in Detroit, Mich. It comprises four acres of floor space, and there is no doubt that the canoe and launch display of this company will be larger than that of any similar concern. The Detroit Boat Company's launches vary from 16 to 30 feet in length, there being many different models. The canoe department is especially strong, the models including cedar double plank and two-ply canoes and also cedar canoes covered with canvas.

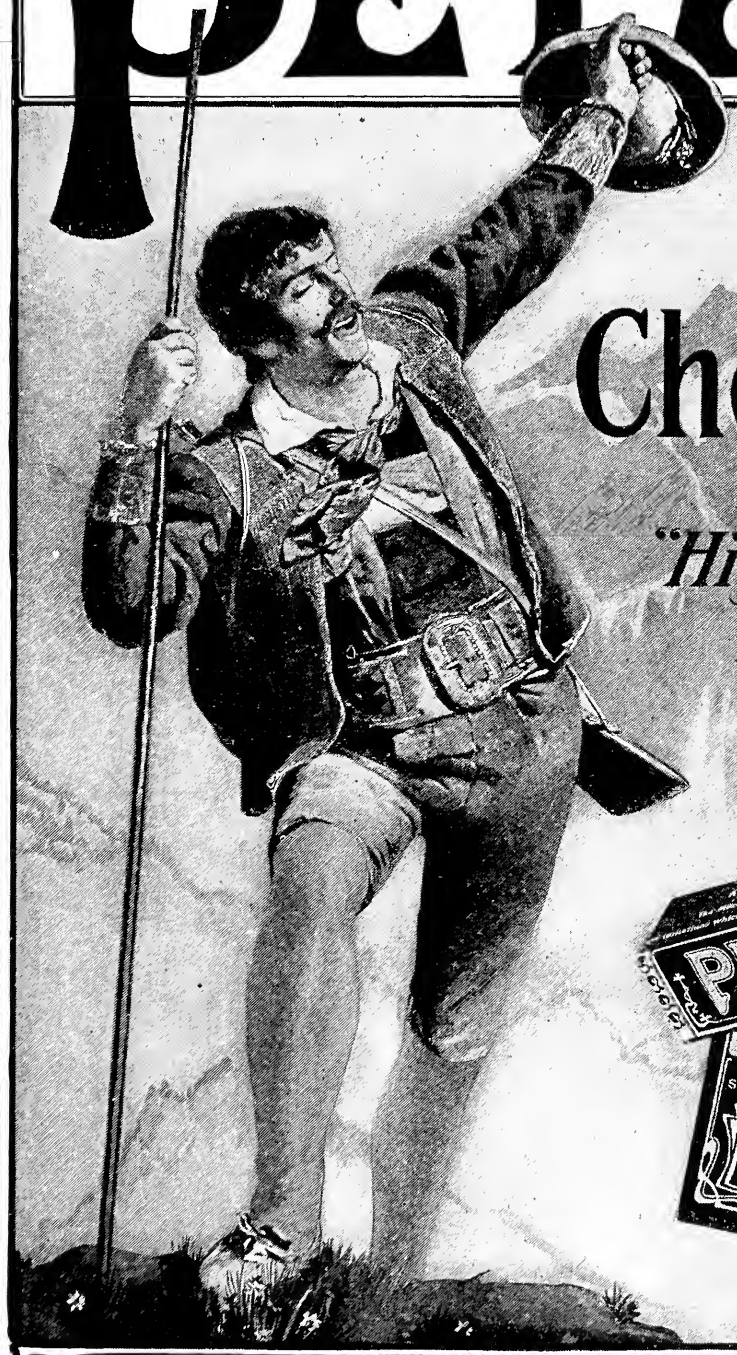
A most artistic book showing the famous "Dowagiac" casting and trolling baits and their peculiar blended colors is being distributed this year by James Heddon & Son, of Dowagiac, Mich., whose advertisement appears in this issue. The color plate, which must have cost many hundreds of dollars, is simply perfect, and the excellent workmanship of the "Dowagiac" bait is reproduced exactly by the printer. Every sportsman will be interested in this exceptional booklet.

The Rochester Gas Engine Company, of Rochester, N. Y., builders of a very full line of gasoline engines, have appointed Mr. T. P. Bushnell their agent in New York. His address will be 114 East Twenty-eighth street, and he will carry a full line of this company's engines. One of the most successful 25-footers of last season was the "Durno," owned by Mr. John H. Durno of Rochester, N. Y. She was built and equipped by the Rochester Gas Engine Company, and although only rated at 7 h. p., regularly developed 9 h. p. It will be remembered that on September 23d last the "Durno" won three straights against such competitors as Colonia, Simplex, Rosebud and Vici.

The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., have brought out a new gallery rifle known as No. 80. It contains many new and novel features, the action is of the bolt type. The breech block raises the bolt lever, and then forces it backward, extracting and ejecting the empty shell, the forward motion forcing a fresh cartridge into the barrel. When closed the case presents a solid top, and it is impossible to discharge this rifle until the action is locked. The barrel may be cleaned by drawing the rod through without taking it apart. It takes the .22 short rim fire, the magazine holding 16 cartridges. The sights are the bead front and sporting rear. The stock is of walnut, the trigger guard blued, and the butt plate aluminum. This rifle has a 24-in. heavy solid gallery barrel and is not a toy. It lists at $12.00, but will not be on sale until July 1.

Heretofore it has been difficult to obtain a gun suitable for a boy or girl without having it made to special order, and at great expense. Every sportsman who has children, or a wife who would like to join him on his hunts, and every boy or girl who would like to own a real, practical shotgun, one especially suited to wing-shooting, will be interested to know that such a gun can at last be had, and cheap too. The new Model 1905 26-gauge and the .44 caliber shotguns made by the Harrington & Richardson Arms Company, Worcester, Mass., are now in every sense of the word being made on modern sporting lines. They are not small-bore guns on large frames, nor rifles bored smooth for shot. They are nicely proportioned and accurately balanced, attractive and symmetrical. They are especially well adapted for taxidermists' or collectors' use. The 28-gauge weighs only 4 pounds, and the .44 caliber weighs 4¾ pounds.

PETER'S



THE ORIGINAL
SWISS MILK
Chocolate

"High as the Alps in Quality"

A MESSAGE FROM THE ALPS.

"We send you our best in PETER'S Chocolate." If you cannot get to the world's wonderland, you can yet have the world's wonder in confection-food.

PETER'S THE ORIGINAL SWISS MILK **CHOCOLATE**

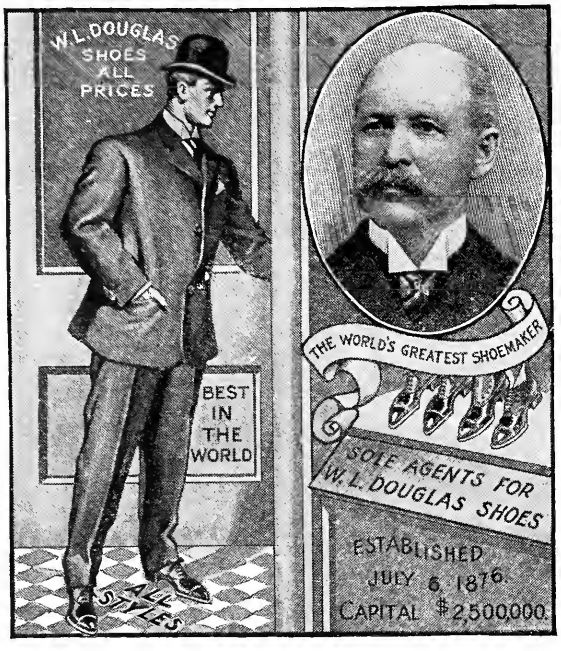
(for eating) has furnished a delicacy and a food in one luscious combination as distinct from ordinary eating chocolate as the Alps are from foot-hills. There's no describing the taste, yet the tongue can tell it. It has the smooth, rich, full-cream flavor which Swiss milk gives when combined with pure chocolate as only D. Peter of Vevey, Switzerland, blends it. The proof is in the eating.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., ***Sole Importers,*** **78 Hudson Street, NEW YORK.**

W. L. DOUGLAS

$3.50 & $3.00 SHOES FOR MEN

W. L. Douglas $4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price



W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement

If I could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, $2.50, $2.00. Boys' School and Dress Shoes, $2.50, $2, $1.75, $1.50

CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom.

Fast color eyelets used; they will not wear brassy Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 2, Brockton, Mass.

THE POSTED MAN IS A KREMENTZ MAN

The posted man never takes the just as good Button. He insists on the GENUINE ONE-PIECE

"Krementz"

He knows the quality is stamped on back of button. Made in gold and rolled plate. Easy to button and unbutton. Stays buttoned. If damaged in any way, exchange it for a new one at any dealer. All jewelers and Haberdashers. Booklet "Story of Collar Button" will post you. Shows all styles and sizes. Send for it.

KREMENTZ & CO.

90 Chestnut Street

NEWARK, N.J.

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

When March Winds Blow

and outdoor life roughens the skin, use Mennen's—it keeps the skin soft and the complexion clear. A positive relief for **Chapped Hands, Chafing,** and **all Skin Troubles.** Mennen's face on every box. See that you get the Genuine. For sale everywhere, or by mail, 25 cents. Sample free.

Try Mennen's Violet Talcum.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., NEWARK, N.J.

Marlin

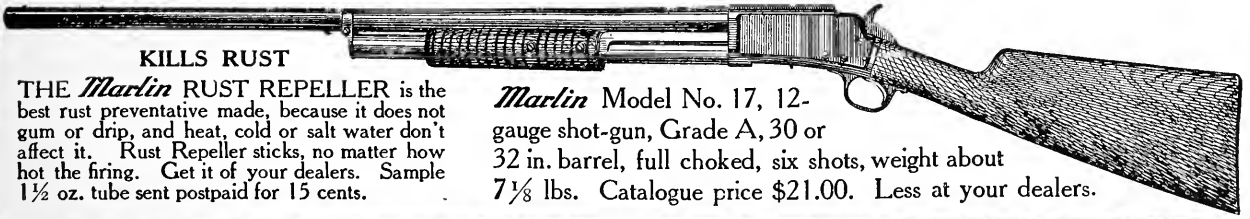
When a big cock grouse thunders up through the brush, he presents the most difficult mark in the world, and it's a quick man with a good lively gun that makes a fair bag of these birds. The new *Marlin* 12-gauge, Model No. 17 is a light, quick gun, made to meet the demand for repeating shot-guns of highest quality at a very moderate price. It is similar to the *Marlin* Model No. 19 Grade A, except for its solid frame and straight grip stock.

Important improvements, such as the use of two extractors and a two-piece safety recoil block, make it the easiest, most reliable and best working gun in the market. Bored for both smokeless and black powders and any size shot. Guaranteed to pattern better than 325 pellets in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards using 1¼ ounce of No. 8 chilled shot. A perfect trap gun, having every advantage of the single barrel. You sight over the center of your load—not off at one side. You are not breaking your birds with the right side of your left barrel load and the left side of your right barrel load. *You center the bird every time.*

This, and every other *Marlin*, has the unique solid top and side ejector features, which guarantee safety and prevent the ejected shell from flying in your face. The *Marlin* Breechbolt keeps out water, twigs, leaves or sand. The shells are always dry and your *Marlin* in service. No other gun has this feature.

WRITE TO-DAY for our new Catalogue, containing a complete description of this splendid gun. Sent free for 6c postage with our Experience Book, consisting of hundreds of stirring stories of *Marlin* prowess.

The Marlin Firearms Co. 30 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

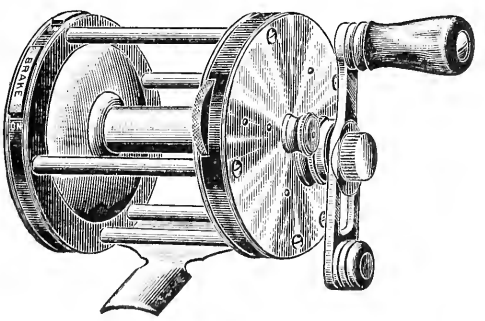


KILLS RUST

THE *Marlin* RUST REPELLER is the best rust preventative made, because it does not gum or drip, and heat, cold or salt water don't affect it. Rust Repeller sticks, no matter how hot the firing. Get it of your dealers. Sample 1½ oz. tube sent postpaid for 15 cents.

Marlin Model No. 17, 12-gauge shot-gun, Grade A, 30 or 32 in. barrel, full choked, six shots, weight about 7⅛ lbs. Catalogue price $21.00. Less at your dealers.

Professional Bait Casting with a free running spool



A New Reel for 1906

Ask your dealer to explain or send for description

CARLTON MANUFACTURING CO., Rochester, N. Y.

THE Keeley Cure

For Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 25 years

AT THE FOLLOWING KEELEY INSTITUTES:

Birmingham, Ala.
Hot Springs, Ark.
San Francisco, Cal., 1190 Market St.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C. 211 N. Capitol St.
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Plainfield, Ind.
Des Moines, Ia.
Lexington, Mass.
Portland, Me.
St. Louis, Mo., 2803 Locust St.
North Conway, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
White Plains, N. Y.
Columbus, O., 1087 N. Dennison Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad St.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Pittsburg, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

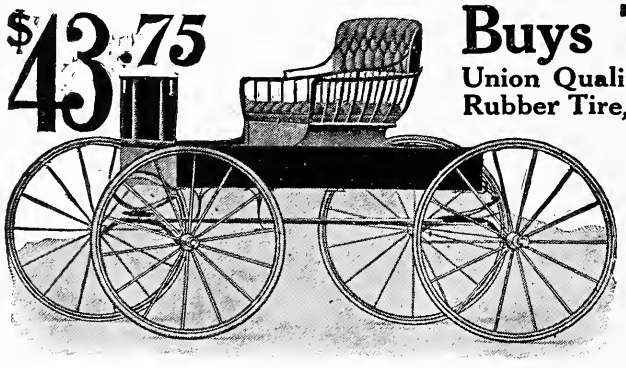
Mullins Steel Boats

Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats built of steel with air chambers in each end like a life boat. Faster, more buoyant, practically indestructible, don't leak, dry out and are absolutely safe. **They can't sink.** No calking, no bailing, no trouble. Every boat is guaranteed. Highly endorsed by sportsmen. The ideal boats for pleasure or sport. Catalogue describing our complete line of craft sent free on request.

The W. H. Mullins Co., 320 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio.

D.M. TUTTLE CO. 17 Pine St., CANASTOTA, N.Y. CATALOGUE FREE.

BREAK SPARK. GASOLINE ENGINES & LAUNCHES. JUMP SPARK.



$43.75 Buys This Rubber Tire Wagon

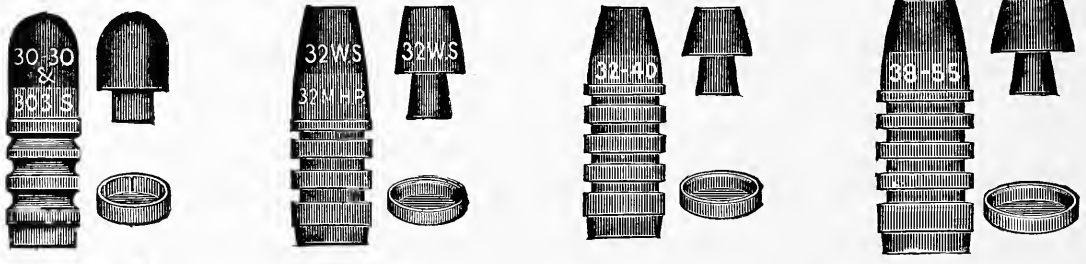
Union Quality. Fully Guaranteed. Best hickory wheels, ¾ in. **Rubber Tire,** long distance, dust proof, high arched axles; oil tempered springs. First quality material and finish. Worth nearly double our **Factory Price.** We ship for your examination, without a cent in advance, if desired, and allow

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Money refunded on all purchases not satisfactory. **You save dealers' profits.** We build 150 styles of Vehicles, from $26.50 to $150.00. 50 styles Harness, $5.00 to $60.00. Write to-day for our 200 page **Illustrated Style Book. Free** for the asking.

UNION BUGGY CO., 19 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

No. 308291 **No. 321297** **No. 319295** **No. 375296**



HUNTERS can make their own **High Power** hard or soft point bullets, with two moulds and keep some **Cash** in their pocket-books for powder, instead of spending it all for high-priced metal covered bullets that **wear out the barrels.** Send us the Calibre of your rifle with three two-cent stamps for sample bullet and descriptive circular.

The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast.
When you write please mention RECREATION.

IDEAL MANUFACTURING CO., 12 U Street, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

THE MODEL 1906

WINCHESTER

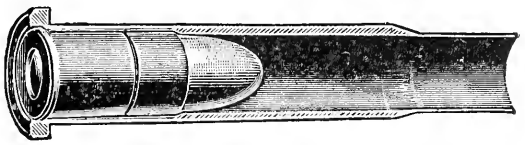
Extra Light Weight .22 Caliber Repeating Rifle

LIST PRICE, $10.50

The Winchester for 1906 is a compact, light weight, take-down rifle, handling .22 Short Rim Cartridges only. It is attractive in appearance and outline, and in accuracy, reliability of operation and finish it is fully up to the established Winchester standard. The repeating and take-down systems used in this rifle are simple, positive and thoroughly tried, having always given entire satisfaction. This rifle is made with a 20-inch round barrel fitted with a sporting front sight and an adjustable open rear sight. It measures 35¾ inches over all and weighs about 5 pounds; has a handsome straight grip stock 12⅞ inches long, with a drop at comb of 1⅝ inches, and at heel 2⅜ inches, finished with a rubber butt plate. The magazine holds 15 cartridges. Model 1906 rifles can be furnished only according to the above specifications. We recommend the use of Winchester .22 Caliber Short Smokeless, Greaseless, or Winchester .22 Short black powder cartridges in this rifle.

The Winchester Supplemental Chamber

FOR THE USE OF PISTON CARTRIDGES IN HIGH POWER RIFLES.



Made for .30 Winchester, .30 Army, .303 Savage, .303 British, .32 Winchester Special, 32-40. .35 Winchester and .405 Winchester caliber Rifles.

FREE: SEND FOR CIRCULARS DESCRIBING THESE NEW GOODS.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,

New Haven, Conn.

Asthma

HOW to get relief from attacks.
to obtain natural and refreshing sleep.
to regain vigorous health.
to be permanently Cured.

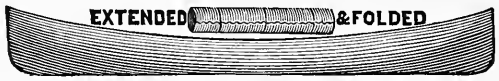
These are burning questions, but are fully answered by the cures made through our Constitutional Treatment.

The careful examination of every case, medicines prescribed to meet the needs of each individual patient and the close observation through weekly reports of every one under our care constitute the secret of our success.

Our Book R answers all.

It's FREE; a postal will bring it; write to-day

Address, P. HAROLD HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.



Highest Award at St. Louis World's Fair. Adopted by governments of United States, Canada and England. We supplied every U. S. Alaskan boundary survey in last 10 years Hundreds of testimonials from government officials, navy commanders, army officers, prospectors, explorers and others; the best ever published. 15 models to select from. Catalog free. Write to-day

ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.

RHEUMATISM No Medicine No Drugs

LEE ELECTRIC INSOLES

Drive out Uric Acid by generating electro-chemical action through the feet, quickly stopping pain and suffering. If we cannot prove that the LEE INSOLES will do for you what they have done for thousands, they cost you nothing. **Write to-day for full particulars and 30-day trial offer.**

LEE INSOLE CO., Dept. 1—2341 Park Row Bldg., New York City

For Over 60 Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of Mothers for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with perfect success. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all pain, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind. **25 Cents a Bottle.**

An Old and Well-tried Remedy

U.S. CARTRIDGES

Proclaimed by the War Department to be superior to all others.

Manufactured by

United States Cartridge Co.

Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

Do you want an Arm that is Reliable?

One that is handsome, medium in size, weight, simple yet strong enough to stand abuse?

COLT'S Marine Corps

Calibre .38 Checked Walnut Stocks

Model, the revolver adopted by the United States Government for its Marine Corps has these strong qualities

What better recommendation could be given than the U. S. Government?

The COLT guarantee is the standard of the firearms world. Catalog "Positive" describes this and all models. Mailed free on request.

COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MANUFACTURING CO.

Hartford, Conn.

London Office, 15-A, Pall Mall, London, S. W.

DEAD SHOT SMOKELESS

A NEW BULK POWDER FOR SHOT GUNS.

MANUFACTURED BY

AMERICAN POWDER MILLS

Dead Shot Smokeless, thoroughly meets the requirements of discriminating sportsmen. Branded with the name of a house whose goods are most favorably known, it will always be the powder of a "known quantity," unsurpassed in any particular.

Clean Shooting, makes a perfect pattern, high velocity, safe, is unaffected by climate.

Have your shells loaded with "Dead Shot Smokeless." Your dealer will gladly supply it. If you are in doubt write to us. Write to us any way for booklet.

AMERICAN POWDER MILLS, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

ST. LOUIS, MO. **CHICAGO, ILL.**

HARDY

ROSE BUSHES

Live Out Doors, Summer and Winter.

10 ROSE BUSHES, $1.50

1 General Jacqueminot (Brilliant Red).
1 American Beauty (Red). Beautiful.
1 Magna Charta (Pink). Extra.
1 Mrs. John Lang (Soft Rose).
1 Ulrich Bruner (Cherry Red).
1 Pearl des Blanche (White).
1 Moss Rose (Beautiful Red).
1 Celine Forestier (Yellow). Fine.
1 Sweet Brier (Sweet Scented).
1 Crimson Rambler (Large, Beautiful, Running Rose).

Ten of the choicest varieties, 3 and 4 years old Rose Bushes, only **$1.50.** The regular price for these bushes is seventy-five cents each. This is a great bargain. You will notice that this collection has very choice, beautiful shades. All green, packed in moss. True to name. Do not miss this grand offer.

ORDER QUICK, and get this fine Collection imported from Holland. These bushes are grafted. They will flower this year.

WAYSIDE NURSERY, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

40 KINDS TALL
27 KINDS DWARF
NASTURTIUM
SEEDS
10 cents

We mail this fine collection **FREE!**

—with—

36 Kinds of Old Fashioned

FLOWER SEEDS

imported from Germany:

Plumosa, Celosia, Campanula Calandulia, Byronopsis, Arabis, Lily of the Valley, Job's Tears, Alyssum, Cineraria, Columbine, Four O'Clock, Hibiscus, Smilax, Gilla, Sweet William, Anemone, Solanum, Stevia, Silean, Bird of Paradise, Browallia, Blue Bells of Scotland, Tiger Pink, Sedum, Stocks, Margaret, Cypress Vine, Cyanus, Mourning Cloak, Violet, Verbina, Clematis, Coreopsis, Cowslip, Zinnia.

All the above sent you if you will send **10** cents in silver or stamps to pay the cost of postage and packing.

CLENDALE NURSERY, Everett, Mass.

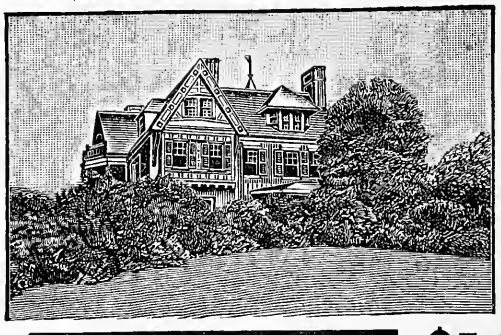
HUNTERS! TRADERS! TRAPPERS!
Keep posted — Read February Number
Hunter—Trader—Trapper—160 pages, 10 cents
A. R. HARDING PUB. CO., Box 119, Columbus, O.

BROOKS' SURE CURE FOR RUPTURE

Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No lymphol. No lies Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, 1901.

SENT ON TRIAL
Catalogue Free

C. E. BROOKS, 1019 Brooks Bldg., MARSHALL, MICH



20 HARDY PLANTS $5.00

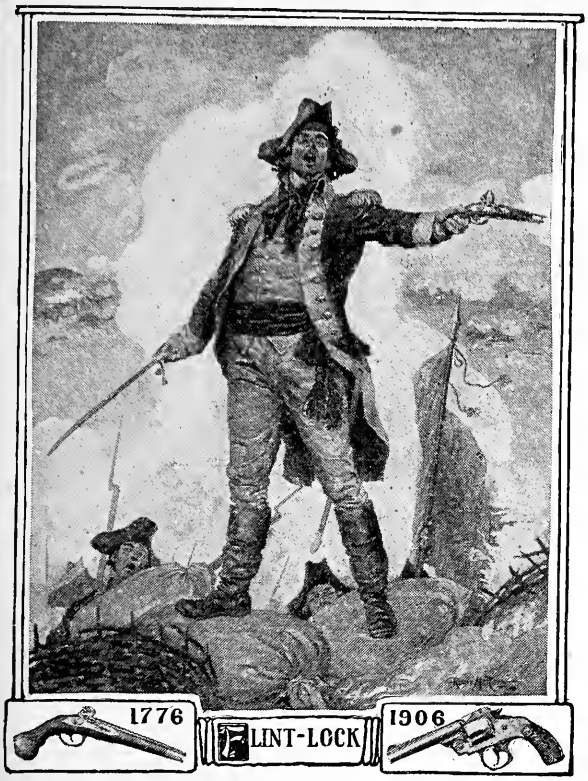
SHRUBS AND RUNNING VINES

1 Rhododendron	1 Weigela	1 Rose of Sharon
1 Japan Snowball	1 Syringa Mock Orange	RUNNING VINES.
1 Double Althea	1 Hardy Hydrangea, 4 ft.	1 Dutchman Pipe
1 Deutzia	1 Lilac, white and purple	1 Japan Honeysuckle
1 Azalia Mollie	1 Forsythia Beautiful	1 Ampelopsis
1 Syringa (Lilac)	1 Double Flower Almond	1 White Star Clematis
1 Bridal Veil	1 Rhue Purple Fringe	1 Boston Ivy

20 Hardy Plants from 4 to 5 ft. tall. This entire collection, only **$5.00.** Send your order early and we will send this fine collection, worth twenty-five dollars, enough plants to beautify your home, for only $5.00. It is a great bargain. Order quick.

NATIONAL PLANT CO., SOMERVILLE, MASS.

SMITH & WESSON



The Development of the SMITH & WESSON Revolver.
Watch for next month's picture "The Man With The Percussion Lock."

REVOLVERS

The Man with a Flint Lock

did mighty deeds of courage with it. Not the least of these was to use the weapon at all as it frequently exploded.

The Man with a Smith & Wesson

is half victorious before trouble starts. Even an *old* SMITH & WESSON is more sure than a *new* ordinary revolver.

Time does not impair our perfect materials and perfect workmanship, tested with the realization that *life* depends upon thoroughness of construction.

The SMITH & WESSON .32 and .38 5 shot Hammerless safety revolvers are made with automatic shell extractor, rebounding lock and patent safety attachment.

They are especially valuable because they cannot be exploded unless the safety lever is pressed naturally as the trigger is pulled and the two parts act in unison. They are about ½ oz. heavier than the double action models of the same caliber—and are one of our handsomest and most reliable models.

Over 250,000 of these hammerless safety revolvers have been sold—without one single reported accident.

The Bicycle revolver (.32 caliber) has every advantage of our safety hammerless revolver, and is especially light and convenient.

ALL SMITH & WESSON Revolvers have this Monogram trade-mark stamped on the frame. None others are genuine.

Our new booklet "The Revolver" illustrates and describes each model in detail and gives instructions for Target Shooting by an expert. The most interesting revolver catalogue published. Free on request.

SMITH & WESSON
15 Stockbridge Street, = Springfield, Mass.
Pacific Coast Branch—114 Second St., San Francisco

A Combination that Can't be Beat—

after the most exhaustive tests of the One Trigger theory, we have adopted the

Hunter One Trigger

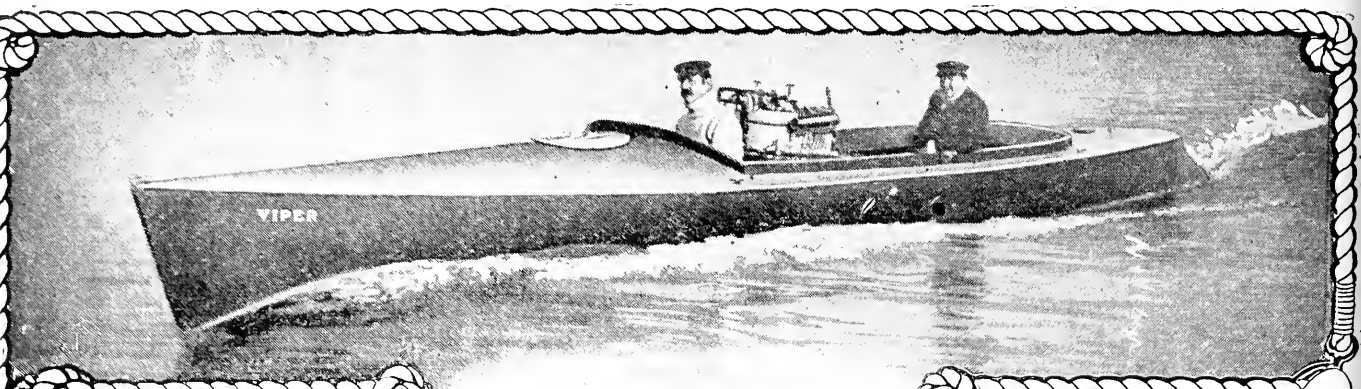
on the L. C. SMITH GUNS

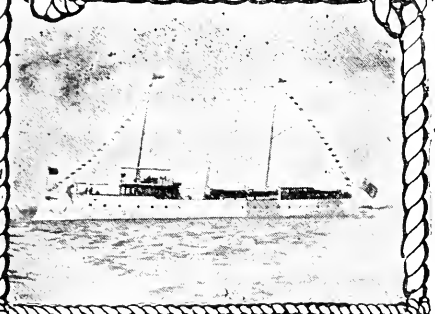
¶ It is absolutely perfect.—*Its simplicity of construction; its large and strong parts; the absence of friction, and the fact that it positively will not balk when pulling the second barrel* are very strong recommendations

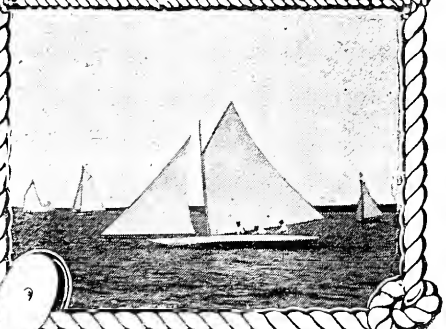
¶ **The Hunter One Trigger** and the **L. C. Smith Guns** won the **Gold Medal** at the Lewis & Clark Centennial Exposition over all competitors in the keenest of competitions. Send for catalogue.

THE HUNTER ARMS CO.

FULTON, N. Y.







Motor Boat PERFECTION

is the Twentieth Century possibility with our system of One Lever Control. For the health seeker there is nothing that will produce the desired results quicker than a comfortable and reliable boat. Ask your doctor and let us **show you**. For business, towing, freighting and all other purposes where hard and continuous service is required, Racine Boats will "make good" because they are fitted with heavy powerful engines that have stood the test of years. Remember we offer you 22 years of successful experience.

A complete line of Racine Motor Boats, Auto Boats, Sail Boats, Row Boats, Hunting Boats, Dingheys, Canoes, Engines and Boat Supplies will be found at our different show rooms for inspection, trial and prompt delivery.

122 W. 34th St., New York
509 Tremont St., Boston
38 Delaware Ave., Camden
1321 Michigan Ave., Chicago
182 Jefferson Ave., Detroit
321 First Ave. S., Seattle

St. Louis	**Nashville, Tenn.**
Minneapolis	**Savannah, Ga.**
New Orleans	**Baltimore**
Memphis	**Providence**
Jacksonville, Fla.	**Indianapolis**
Spokane	**Rochester**
Portland	**Louisville**
San Francisco	**Milwaukee**
Los Angeles	**Sault Ste. Marie**

Mexico City, Mexico

Sportsman's Show, New York, Feb. 20 to March 8, '06.

Write for catalog and say what you want. We'll do the rest.

Address

Racine Boat Mfg. Co.

RIVERSIDE

Muskegon, Michigan

THE RESULT OF OVER 100 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
IN POWDER MAKING

Dupont Smokeless

America's Shotgun Smokeless Powder

WINNER OF

High Professional Average in 1903, 1904 and 1905.

High Amateur Average in 1903 and 1904.

Grand American Handicap, Preliminary Handicap, Consolation Handicap, and State Team Championship at Indianapolis, Ind., June 27-30, 1905.

E. I. DuPONT CO., :: Wilmington, Del.

STEVENS

Look for **Stevens** on the barrel of the firearm you contemplate purchasing. **Be sure that it's there. Stevens Rifles, Shotguns** and **Pistols** "make good" for all **shooters** and are constant and uniform in their excellence.

Ask your dealer and insist on our popular make. If you cannot obtain, we ship direct, *carriage charges prepaid*, upon receipt of catalog price.

Send for 140-page illustrated catalog. If interested in SHOOTING, you ought to have it. Mailed for four cents in stamps to cover postage.

Our attractive three-color Aluminum Hanger will be sent anywhere for 10 cents in stamps.

J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.
P. O. Box 444
Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

KORONA CAMERAS

are the embodiment of all desirable ideas in Camera making, including many valuable features entirely their own. *A Korona catalogue* is instructive and tells also about our fine lenses.

SOLD ONLY

by Anti-Trust dealers and direct from the factory.

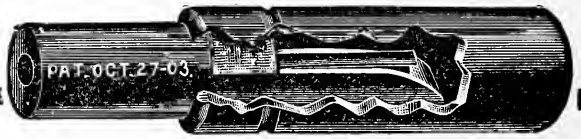
IT'S ALL IN THE LENS

Gundlach - Manhattan Optical Co.

790 Clinton Ave., So., Rochester, N. Y.

GOLD You get fifty dollars in shining gold pieces if you discover the best new practical use for "3-in-One" Oil. Your use must not be medicinal but can be for lubricating cleaning, polishing, preventing rust, or any other purpose not included in the "3-in-One" oil booklet. Send to-day for booklet and good sample of oil—no cost—G. W. COLE CO., 300 Washington Life Bldg., New York City. All dealers sell "3-in-One" —two sizes.

FREE



The Mascot Call

"Brings in the Ducks"

Has that rattling, raspy, natural duck sound that "Brings 'Em In." Hard rubber throughout, won't check, crack or corrode.—We guarantee the MASCOT DUCK CALL to be the only one made that Water and climate positively does not affect or money refunded. Easily tuned by any amateur and after a few trials you can imitate instantly the cry of any duck. The MASCOT CALL is so natural ducks are easily decoyed—that means a good day's shoot and a good bag. The Mascot is simply perfection. If your dealer or wholesaler cannot supply you, write us. Price, only $1 prepaid. Manufactured by the

Multi-Novelty Company, 16 California Terrace, Chicago

Established 1901
Incorporated 1905

1906 "BATAVIA" 1906

6 HORSE POWER 4 CYCLE MOTOR, Manufactured by

HARRINGTON - WIARD CO.,

BATAVIA, N. Y., U. S. A.

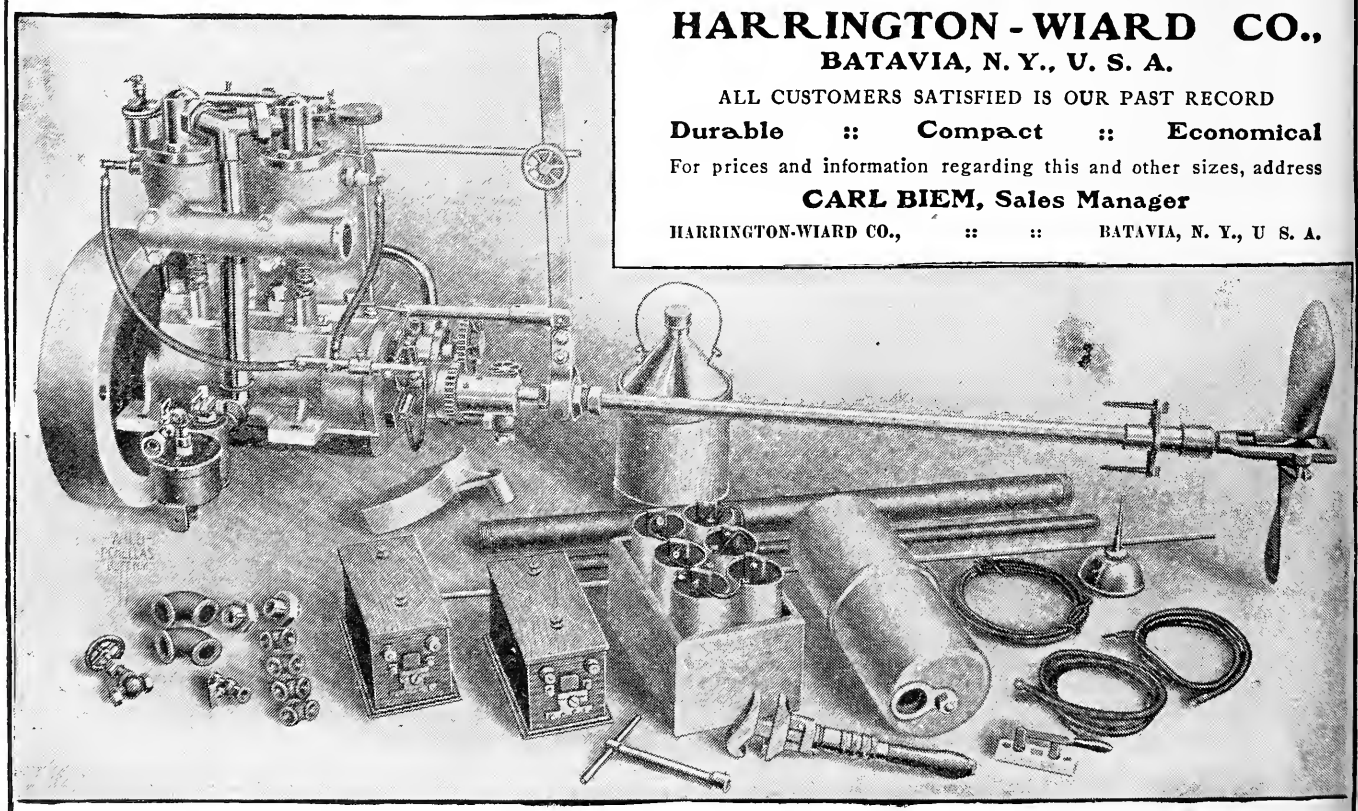
ALL CUSTOMERS SATISFIED IS OUR PAST RECORD

Durable :: Compact :: Economical

For prices and information regarding this and other sizes, address

CARL BIEM, Sales Manager

HARRINGTON-WIARD CO., :: :: BATAVIA, N. Y., U. S. A.



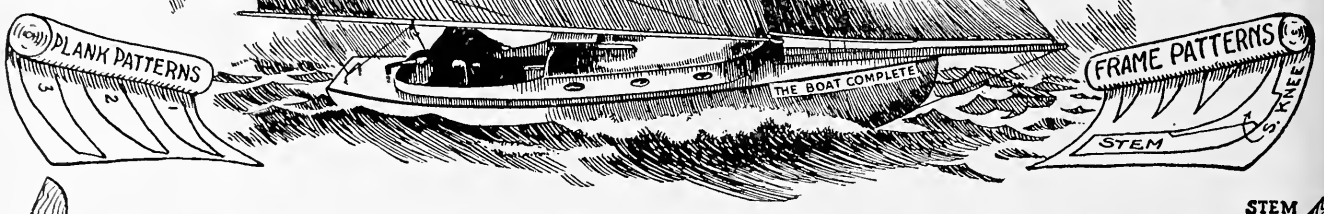
UNDERWOOD'S ORIGINAL DEVILED HAM

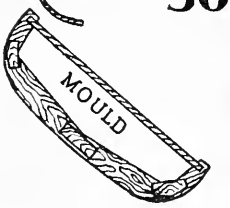
Underwood's Deviled Ham

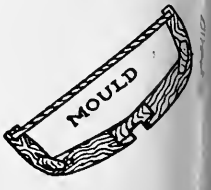
will be found invaluable in the woods or on the trip. Wholesome, delicious, and appetizing, whether eaten cold just as it comes from the can, or as an addition to eggs, fish, and birds when cooked. Made of HAM and pure spices, that's all. Look on the can for the little red devil. That's the real UNDERWOOD'S. All dealers.

Wm Underwood Co Boston Mass US

BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT







By the BROOKS SYSTEM

There is no reason why you cannot own as good a boat as the best boat factories can produce if you will use your leisure time to advantage and build it yourself. The fact that anyone using the Brooks System, no matter how inexperienced he is in the use of tools, can build his own boat at the cost of a little lumber and a few nails, has brought boats within the reach of all.

All the boats built last year, by all the boat factories in the United States, combined in one fleet, would not equal the number of boats built during the same time by novices using the Brooks System. Our catalogue gives pages of testimonials with photographs of the boats built by amateurs using the Brooks System.

The Brooks System consists of exact size printed paper patterns of every piece that goes into the boat, a complete set of half-tone illustrations showing an actual picture of each step of the work properly done, detailed instructions to build, covering the entire construction of the boat, and an itemized bill of all material required and how to secure it.

We tell you how to lay the pattern of each particular part on the proper piece of material and exactly how to cut—you cut. We then tell you how to fasten each part in its right place—what kind of a nail to use—how to drive it—you drive it.

You need no mechanical ability, the Brooks System supplies this—how is shown in the catalogue. Many professional men are taking up the Brooks System for mental relaxation—for the pleasure of working with their hands and for exercise.

We have started hundreds in the boatbuilding business. One man built sixteen boats from one set of patterns last season; another built ten; the material costs very little; we furnish the design; they did the work and sold the boats at a big profit.

You need buy nothing from us but the patterns. We have them of all kinds and sizes, from small rowboats and and canoes to sea-going yachts. We have over 50 styles and sizes of boats and boat patterns, each one perfect in design for its purpose. Our catalogue illustrates the product of the best staff of designers in the world

Over ten thousand amateurs throughout the world successfully built boats by the Brooks System in 1905. When so ordered, patterns are expressed, charges prepaid, C. O. D., allowing examination.

KNOCK DOWN BOATS

complete from keel to cushions and fittings. We send you a complete Knock Down Boat, even to the paint, at a cost of very little more than the cost of the raw material.

Illustrated Catalogue of All Our Boats Free.

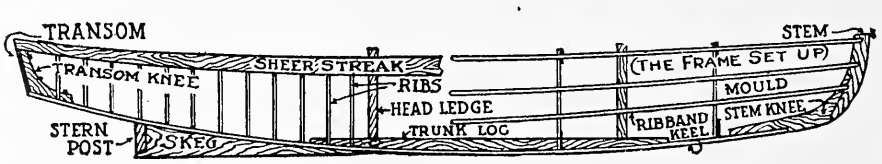
BOOKS WE PUBLISH.

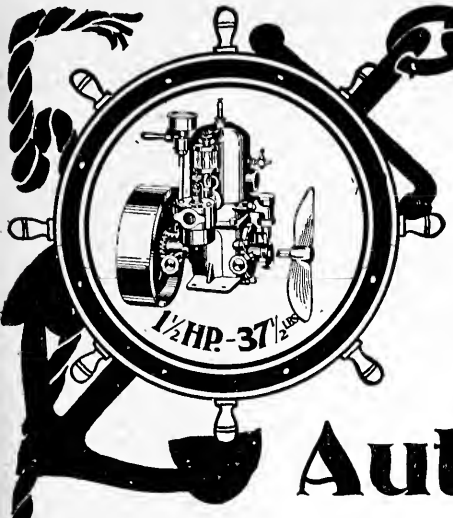
Useful Information for the Amateur Yachtman and Boatbuilder. Price, 25 cents.
The Principle and Operation of Marine Gasolene Motors. Price, 25 cents.
Book of Designs for Practical Boat Builders. Price, 25 Cents.

BROOKS BOAT MANUFACTURING CO.

Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building

503 Ship Street **Bay City, Mich., U. S. A.**





From Row Boat to Launch

The Detroit Auto-Marine Motor

NEW MODEL 1906

is the easiest controlled marine motor made, so simple to operate a child can run it. Nothing to get out of order—No Valve—No Gears—No Springs—No Cams—**Absolutely Foolproof;** does its work better—at less cost, per running hour. Has none of the uncertainty of other motors in its make up, and costs little to buy—why?

We are building 10,000 Auto-Marine Gasoline Engines this year—not merely assembling parts—but manufacturing complete from foundry to user—**and guarantee every Engine we make.**

Write for catalogue describing 1 to 20 h.p. motors.

1½ h. p., - - - $33.15 engine only
3 h. p., Will develop 4 h.p., 49.00 engine only

DETROIT AUTO-MARINE CO.
77 E. Congress St., Detroit, Mich.
The only builders of Auto-Marine Engines in the world.

SAVAGE

ACCURACY

The Savage Rifle

Is Made Accurately, Works Accurately and Shoots Accurately

Whatever you sight you hit, with a SAVAGE.

It is the outcome of years of study of every defect a Rifle ever had and for means of avoiding it—plus many other strictly SAVAGE devices *which other Rifles do not possess.* ¶ Our .22 calibre "hammerless" repeating Rifle shoots short, long and long-Rifle cartridges without any change in the mechanism. ¶ Seven of these cartridges are held in a clip of which as many as desired can be carried and instantly replaced in the magazine. ¶ A "pistol" grip, solid top (empty shells being ejected at the side) and automatic safety devices against every possible contingency of accident help make the SAVAGE the most satisfactory Rifle in existence.

Try your dealer first. Then send to us. The price is $12.00, prepaid.
We will gladly send you on request the fullest detailed information.

Savage Arms Company, 593 Turner St., Utica, N. Y.

An "Overcoat" For Your Stomach

Disease and Death lie in wait for the man who chills his stomach with indigestible food. You wear an overcoat to keep in the natural warmth of your body. Overcoats will not warm a poorly nourished stomach. The best "overcoat" for your stomach is a heat-making food. Such a food is

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit

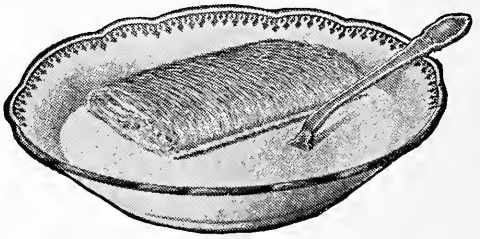
It contains all the heat-making, strength-giving elements of the whole wheat, steam-cooked and drawn into fine porous shreds.

Try it for breakfast this way:

Heat the Biscuit in an oven to restore crispness—don't burn—pour hot milk over it, dipping the milk over it until the shreds are swollen; then pour a little cream over the top of the Biscuit.

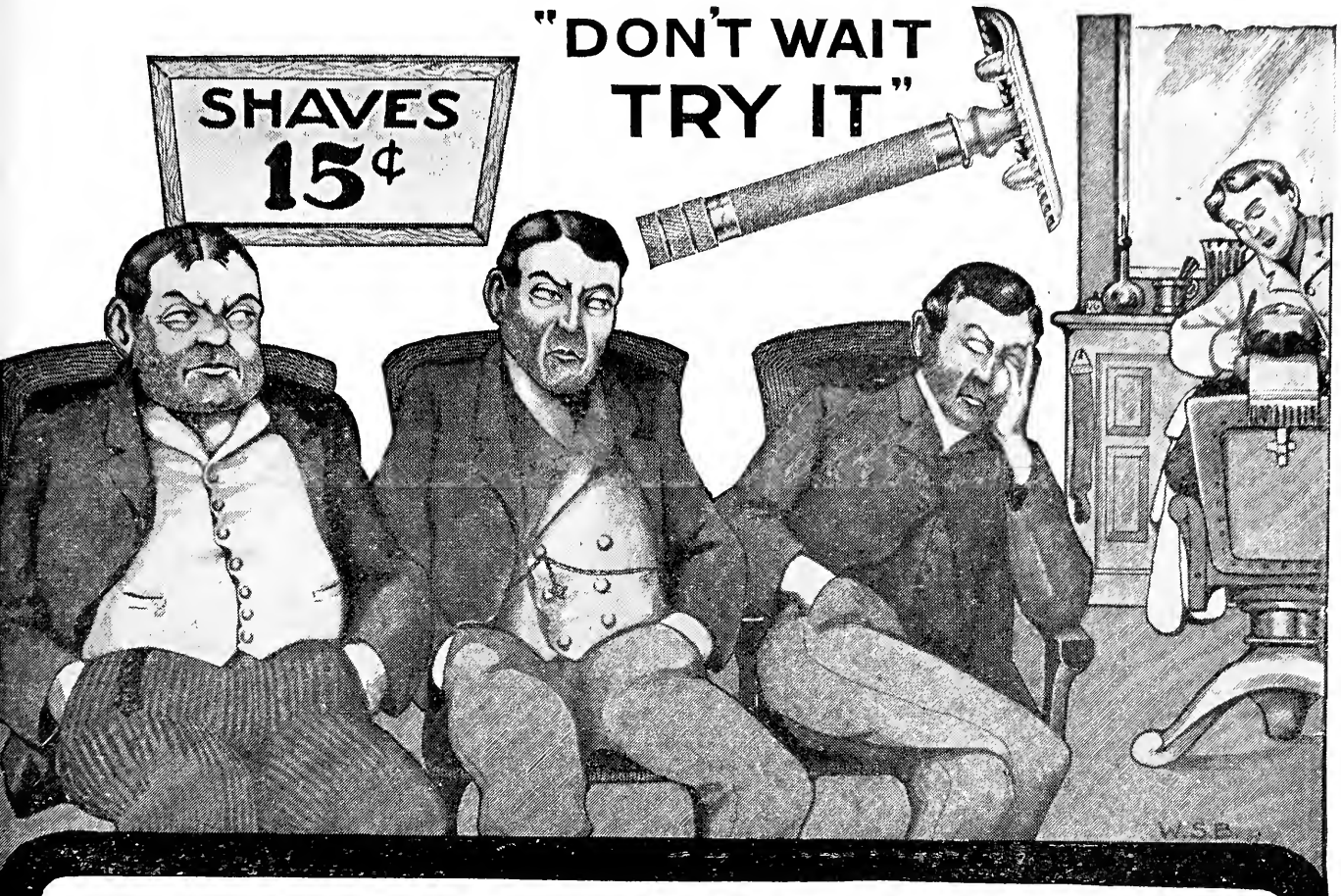
Shredded Wheat keeps the stomach sweet and clean and the bowels healthy and active.

TRISCUIT is the Shredded Whole Wheat Cracker, better than bread as a toast, with butter, cheese or preserves. The "Vital Question" Cook Book sent free.



"It's All in the Shreds"

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY, Niagara Falls, N. Y.



THE WAITING HABIT

WEAKENS THE ENTIRE MAN. It destroys energy, promptness, ambition and personal power. **CULTIVATE YOUR PERSONAL LIBERTY, APPEARANCE AND MANLINESS BY SHAVING YOURSELF.**

"THE GILLETTE" SETS MEN FREE FROM BARBER-SHOP BONDAGE. KEEPS THE FACE CLEAN, SMOOTH, WHOLESOME AND FREE FROM RASH.

12 BLADES, 24 KEEN CUTTING EDGES OF FINEST STEEL. EACH BLADE WILL GIVE 20 TO 40 SHAVES.

Triple silver plated set with 12 blades. Quadruple gold plated set with monogram. Velvet-Lined Cases. Special combination set with brush and soap in silver holders.

10 EXTRA BLADES, 20 SHARP EDGES, GOOD FOR A YEAR, 50 CENTS.

At this low price, NO BLADES EXCHANGED. The most wonderful steel blade in the world.

NO HINGES THAT RUST, NO CLASPS THAT BREAK, NO SPRINGS THAT WEAKEN, ONE STURDY FRAME OF MECHANICAL COMPLETENESS.

OUR NEW COMBINATION SET with razor, including soap and brush in silver holders, is a boon to the traveling man. A full line of fine toilet cases with fittings and razor set now offered.

SOLD BY LEADING DRUG, CUTLERY AND HARDWARE DEALERS.

Ask to see "The Gillette," and for our booklet, or write for our special trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

Gillette Safety Razor

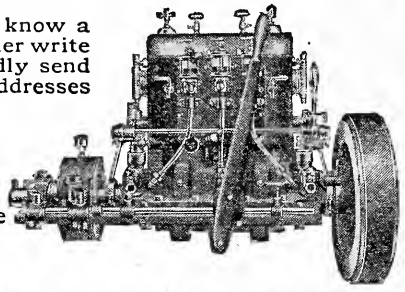
NO STROPPING. NO HONING.

TOQUET
Marine Motor

RELIABILITY

That's what you want in a Marine Motor. Have you got it now? "Toquet" stands for reliability. Ask any owner of a Toquet motor. Get his opinion.

If you don't know a 'Toquet' owner write us, we'll g adly send names and addresses of a few.



Catalogue sent on receipt of three **2c** stamps.

THE TOQUET MOTOR CO.
Metropolitan Building
29 East Twenty-third Street, New York
G. EDUARD SHAW, General Manager

WE HAVE MOVED CAMP

Our manufacturing and retail business outgrew the old quarters some time ago, and we have therefore packed all our departments to

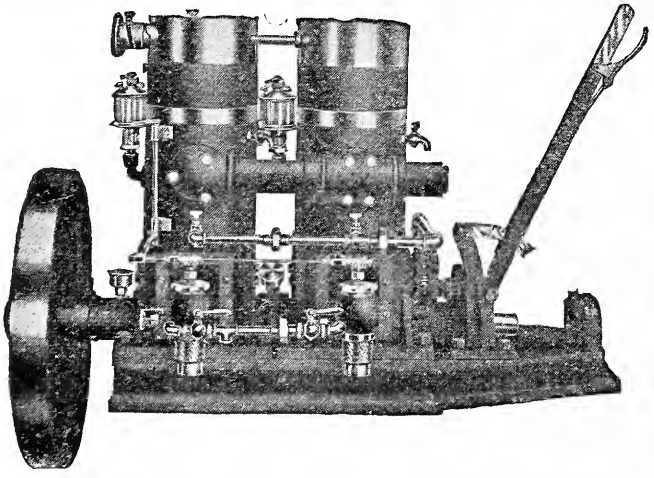
57 READE STREET

where we now occupy an entire building of seven floors. ¶ The display of goods on our main floors is much greater than we have ever shown before. Larger factory space also gives us greatly increased facilities for the prompt filling of orders. ¶ We now manufacture and retail every known appliance for the camper, hunter, prospector and fisherman—there is absolutely nothing to be sought elsewhere. Every article is listed and illustrated in our catalogue R.

We mail the catalogue on request.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
57 Reade St. One door from Broadway, **New York**

Reliable Marine Motors



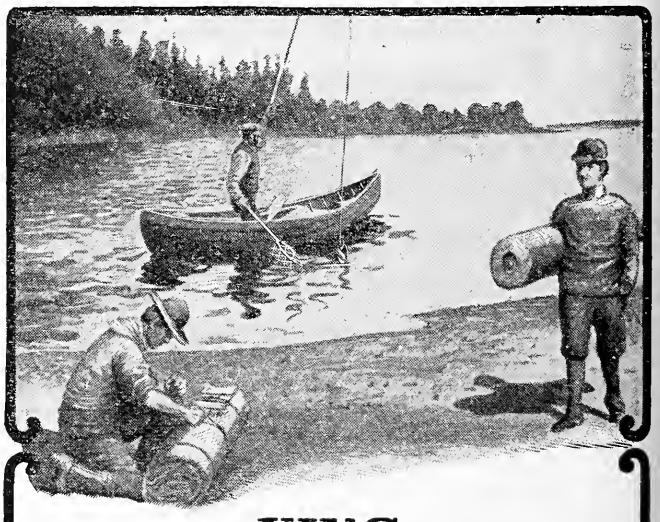
RELIABILITY is absolutely the first consideration in a marine motor.

Fay & Bowen Motors have an unequalled record for reliability in numberless endurance and heavy weather tests.

Simplicity, durability, power and flexibility. No crank required for starting.

Send for free catalogue of Reliable Motors and perfectly built boats

Fay & Bowen Engine Co.
74 Lake Street, Geneva, N. Y., U. S. A.



KING
Folding Canvas Boats

Galvanized tempered light steel ribs running both longitudinally and diagonally for strength and lightness—the entire boat solid and stiff when in use, yet collapsible and portable in a minute—that, briefly, is the King, the only boat in the world that you can

FOLD UP INTO A PACKAGE

It's a revelation in boat construction. Nothing like it ever made. **Non-sinkable.** Can't tip over. Puncture-proof. Wears longer than a wooden boat. No repairs; no cost for storage. Always ready—you can boat when and where you want to. Carried by hand, on bicycle or in a buggy. A simply wonderful boat, in either fresh or salt water. Used by U. S. Navy. We make them in all styles and sizes for hunting, fishing, family use, etc.

Our catalogue, sent free to adults—will post you—100 engravings—400 testimonials. When you write tell us where you usually go for your outing and receive valuable information.

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO.
668 North Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.

42 PLANTS $2.50

10 Currant Bushes — 10 Gooseberry Bushes
10 Raspberry Bushes — 10 Blackberry Bushes
1 Concord Grape Vine — 1 Niagara Grape Vine

Greatest Bargain yet, 42 plants, all grown, ready to bear fruit, for only $2.50. Every one should have these lovely fruits growing in their garden. Now is your chance. Order early, and be sure of them.

BAY STATE PLANT CO., BOSTON, MASS.

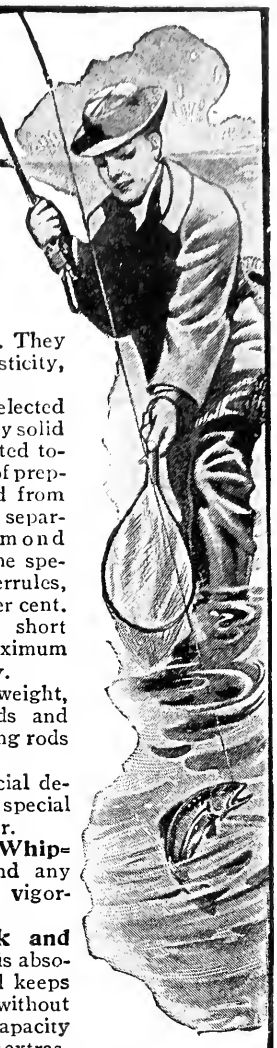
Have you a Dog?

We will send, if you mention its breed, **Polk Miller's Great Book on Dogs;** How to Take Care of Them; **Sen. Vest's Eloquent Tribute to a Dog,** and **A Yellow Dog's Love for a Nigger** (the famous poem) all for 10c, just to advertise **Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies.** Address,

POLK MILLER DRUG CO.
863 Main St., Richmond, Va.

Beginning with April, RECREATION will be $1.50 per year. Subscriptions received before April first will be accepted at $1.00.

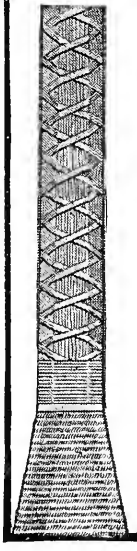
THE ANGLERS CO., INC.



Diamond Metal Whipped Rods

were designed for particular anglers. They are unrivalled for strength, even elasticity, perfect balance and casting power.

The rod is made from specially selected butts of a particular bamboo and only solid enameled portions used; it is cemented together with a waterproof preparation and wrapped from butt to tip with four separate and distinct Diamond Metal Whippings. The special, short, reinforced ferrules, hand-drawn from 18 per cent. German Silver, make short joints that combine maximum strength and flexibility.



Fly-rods of any weight, Tarpon or Tuna rods and professional bait casting rods always in stock.

Special rods of special design and wood for special purposes made to order.

Diamond Metal Whipping is patented, and any infringement will be vigorously prosecuted.

Service Fly-Book and Soak-Box combined is absolutely moth-proof and keeps loop and gut moist without dampening the flies; capacity 12 doz. flies; pockets for extras.

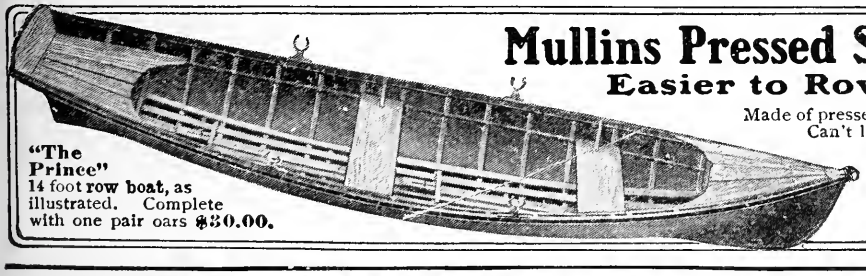
Service-Flies of natural feathers dressed on tested hooks and gut.

"Angler's" accessories comprise anything and everything that the particular angler could desire.

If your dealer does not carry "Angler's" tackle, write to us direct.

Catalogue-Booklet free on request.

THE ANGLERS COMPANY, Inc.
907 Main Street, Hartford, Conn.



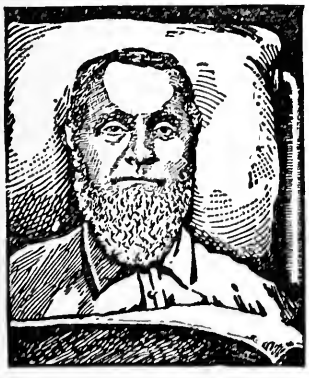
Mullins Pressed Steel Boats Can't Sink

Easier to Row—Absolutely Safe

Made of pressed steel, with air chambers in each end like a life boat. Can't leak—crack—dry out or sink—last a lifetime. Every boat guaranteed. The ideal boat for families—summer resorts—parks—boat liveries, etc. Strong—safe—speedy. Write to lay for our large catalog of **row boats, motor boats, hunting and fishing boats.**

"The Prince" 14 foot **row boat,** as illustrated. Complete with one pair oars **$30.00.**

The W. H. Mullins Co., 320 Franklin St., Salem, O.



I CURED MY RUPTURE

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE.

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you. Write to-day. Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 408 Watertown, N. Y.

McFADDEN & SON

Taxidermists and Furriers
FUR AND CURIO DEALERS

"A" 1632-34 Champa St., Denver, Colo.

Artistic Taxidermy our Specialty

SATISFACTION guaranteed. All work moth proof. Our Winner Sleeping Bag, the best for all conditions of climate and weather, light, warm, durable and waterproof. Our new and artistic method of mounting fish can't be beat. We furnish Elk Lodges with whole mounted Elk or Heads or Horns, also Eagles mounted in any style for Eagle Lodges. Rattle snake skin belts, hat bands and neckties, the latest novelties made to order. We carry a full line of Ladies' Furs, also make them up to order. We have our own tannery. Tanning done to order. Highest prices paid for raw furs. We also buy the natural skulls. Taxidermist supplies, felt linings, artificial eyes, skulls, etc.

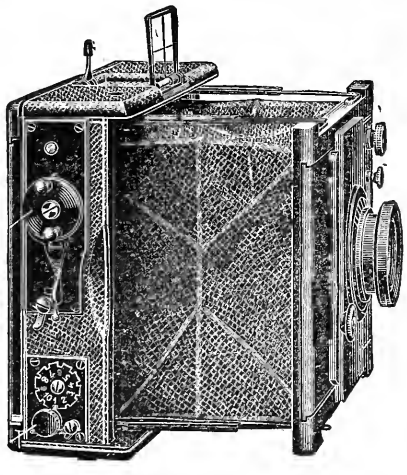
Romeike Press Cutting Bureau

First established and most complete in the world

¶ To be abreast of the times subscribe to the old reliable bureau founded by the late Henry Romeike and you will be right up-to-date on all current topics in which you are interested. ¶ Reads every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Europe. Branches throughout the civilized world. *Write for circular and terms.*

Henry Romeike, Inc., 33 Union Sq., New York.

Beginning with April, RECREATION will be $1.50 per year. Subscriptions received before April first will be accepted at $1.00.



Now that spring has come and winter is on the wane is the right time to plan and prepare for the coming season

The Camera Hit for 1906

is the

Goerz-Anschütz

NEW MODEL

With its improved Focal Plane Shutter, giving time bulb exposures, and automatic slow exposures of 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 1-2, 1-3, 1-4, 1-5, 1-10 second, and fast shutter exposures from 1-10 to 1-1200th of a second.

Notice the Rigidity of all Parts,—small bulk, light weight, and fine workmanship.

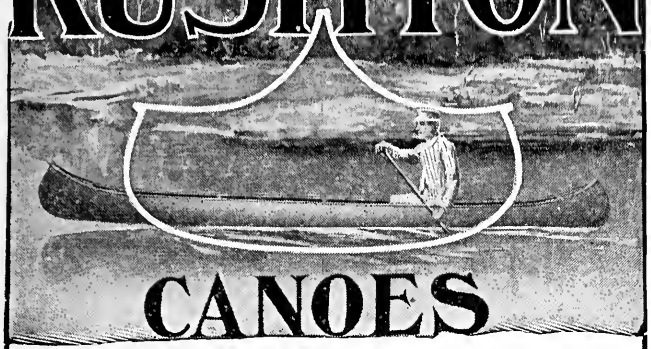
¶ We court inspection. We want you to realize what this outfit actually is, to investigate and ascertain its numerous advantages. We give you a ten days' trial free of charge. Don't be bashful about it. Just send us the name and address of your dealer or write for our complete catalogue. It gives all particulars about the **Goerz Anschutz** Camera, about our well-known anastigmats, **Celor** and **Dagor,** and our other lenses and apparatus.

C. P. GOERZ OPTICAL WORKS

36 Union Square, NEW YORK, and Heyworth Building, Chicago

BERLIN PARIS LONDON ST. PETERSBURG

RUSHTON



CANOES

It is Time to Make Your Plans for Summer Boating

Order your canoe now and avoid the vexation of delays when the season has come and you want to be off.

RUSHTON CANOES are the standard of excellence in canoe-building. 31 years' experience shows in their construction. They combine great strength with graceful lines, which gives them speed, staunchness and great wearing qualities.

My "INDIAN GIRL" model called forth the strongest approval from expert canoeists last summer. Built of the tough, enduring Northern White Cedar and covered with a specially prepared canvas.

Lengths: 15, 16, 17 and 18 feet. Weight: 56 to 80 lbs.
Net Price, $32 to $44, f. o. b. cars at Canton, N. Y.

My illustrated catalogue of row-boats, all-cedar and canvas-covered canoes, sailing canoes, paddles, oars, fittings, etc., **sent free** to any address. Better get one now and look it over.

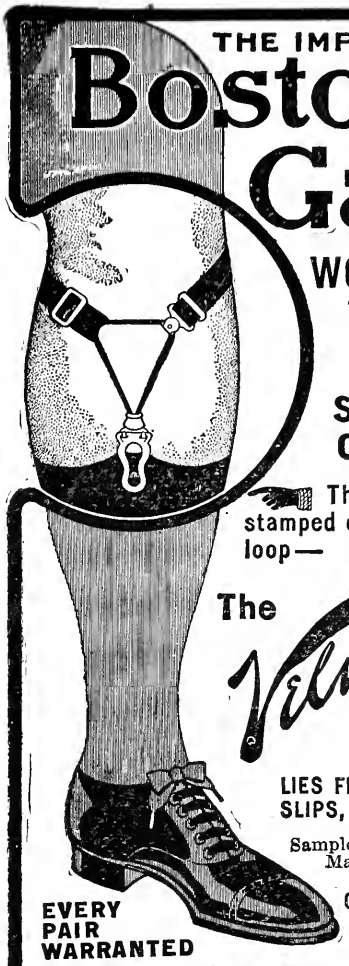
J. H. RUSHTON, 817 Water Street, Canton, N. Y.

THE IMPROVED

Boston Garter

WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES OFFERED YOU



The Name is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

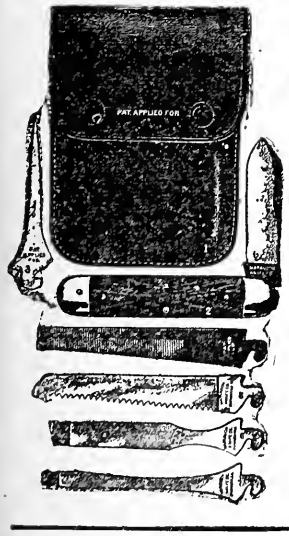
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

ALWAYS EASY

No. 602 "NAPANOCH" Pocket Knife Tool Kit

Most Useful Warranted Made in America



With more or less frequency almost every one has use for a **Knife, Reamer, File, Saw, Chisel** or **Screw Driver,** and this outfit is practical, yet so small, being contained in a **Leather Pocket Book** 4¼ x 3¼ inches, that the owner, by carrying it in his pocket, always has it at hand for immediate use, whether **Camping, Boating, Teaming, Driving,** in the **Shop, Factory, Office, Store, Warehouse, Automobile,** on the **Farm, Bicycle,** or around the **Home.**

Any **Tool** firmly attached or detached to the **Pocket Knife** in a second.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price, **$2.25.**

Use it five days and if not satisfactory return it and I will refund your money.

U. J. ULERY CO.
F7 Warren St. New York, N. Y.

YOU like the uniformity of flavor in your favorite brand of cigars—how about your cocktails?

Are you going to accept any chance mixer's decoction, or order CLUB COCKTAILS? Their excellence has been attained through scientific blending and subsequent ageing to perfection. There is but one perfect brand—CLUB. Specify CLUB for your own satisfaction.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London

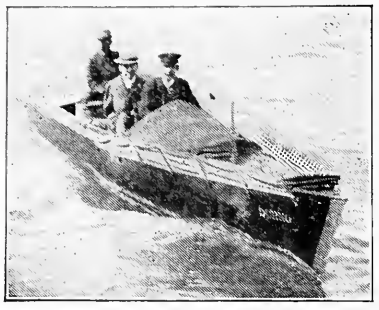
BEFORE YOU INVEST

A dollar in anything get my book "How to Judge Investments." It tells you all about everything you should know before making any kind of an investment, either for a large or small amount. This book gives the soundest advice and may save you many dollars. Send two-cent stamp for a copy; do it now.

If you want to keep reliably posted on various kinds of investments, send your name and address and get the Investors' Review for **3 MONTHS FREE** Address

Editor INVESTORS' REVIEW, 1604 Gaft Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

First in Speed and Endurance



The DURNO, a 25-foot semi-racer, won the Inter-State Trophy in the Hudson River Carnival; record over a 19½ mile course was 12.12 statute miles per hour. This after running **under her own power** 1,000 miles from Rochester to New York, via Alexandria Bay.

She was fitted with a

ROCHESTER

MARINE ENGINE, 7 Horse, 3-Port, 2 Stroke

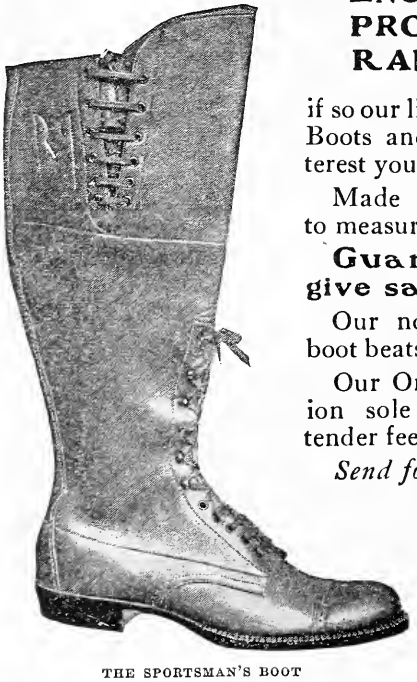
which did not ONCE stop in 3 days' racing. Here is why—The construction and fitting of the Rochester are given such care as to prevent the slightest leakage of power; cylinders, pistons, eccentric piston rings, beside being of the toughest selected material, are ground time after time and GRADUALLY fitted that they may be so snug as to waste no compression whatever. No scraping with these perfectly ground parts—hence a minimum of wear. Our process adds many dollars to OUR cost but NOT to yours.

3½ to 100 Horse Power *New Catalog on Request*

ROCHESTER GAS ENGINE CO., 711 Driving Park Ave. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ARE YOU A SPORTSMAN

ENGINEER
PROSPECTOR
RANCHMAN



if so our line of waterproof Boots and Shoes will interest you.

Made of Moose Calf, to measure.

Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Our noiseless hunting boot beats anything made.

Our Orthopedic Cushion sole is comfort to tender feet.

Send for Catalog.

Agents wanted in every town.

THE SPORTSMAN'S BOOT

WM. N. GOKEY SHOE CO.

No. 1 West 3rd St., Jamestown, N. Y., U. S. A.

DON'T BE FAT

My New Obesity Food Quickly Reduces Your Weight to Normal, Requires No Starvation Process and is Absolutely Safe

TRIAL PACKAGE MAILED FREE.

The Above Illustration Shows the Remarkable Effects of This Wonderful Obesity Food—What It Has Done For Others it Will Do For You.

My new Obesity Food, taken at mealtime compels perfect assimilation of the food and sends the food nutriment where it belongs. It requires no starvation process. You can eat all you want. It makes muscle, bone, sinew, nerve and brain tissue out of the excess fat, and quickly reduces your weight to normal. It takes off the big stomach and relieves the compressed condition and enables the heart to act freely and the lungs to expand naturally and the kidneys and liver to perform their functions in a natural manner. You will feel better the first day you try this wonderful home food. Fill out coupon herewith and mail to-day.

FREE

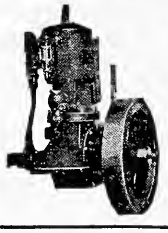
This coupon is good for one trial package of Kellogg's Obesity Food, with testimonials from hundreds who have been greatly reduced mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to

F. J. KELLOGG, 2600 Kellogg Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

.....

.....

.....



1½ H. P. MARINE ENGINE

$33.50 Engine Only

Engine and Engine Fittings $37.50

For your Row Boat, Sail Boat or Launch

No cranks to start—No cams, valves, gears, springs or sprockets. All working parts in full view. We build all sizes of Boat Engines.

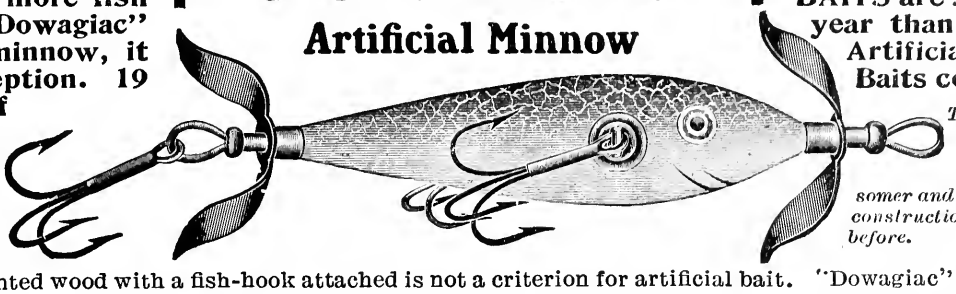
DETROIT ENGINE WORKS,

1395 JEFFERSON AVE. DETROIT, MICH.

IF LIVE BAIT will ever catch more fish than a "Dowagiac" artificial minnow, it is the exception. 19 times out of 20, game fish 'strike' only to attack the lure.

"DOWAGIAC"

Artificial Minnow



MORE "DOWAGIAC" BAITS are sold every year than all other Artificial Casting Baits combined.

The "Dowagiac" Bait Products for 1906 are just a little handsomer and more perfect in construction than ever before.

A piece of painted wood with a fish-hook attached is not a criterion for artificial bait. "Dowagiac" baits are the result of many years' experience of practical bait casters. Every detail has been carefully worked out and *that is why* the "Dowagiac" minnow will land your fish at a time when he would slip off the other fellow's bait.

"Drop a line" to us and catch one of our booklets showing our minnows printed up in their natural colors.

JAS. HEDDON & SON, Dept. 6. Dowagiac, Mich.

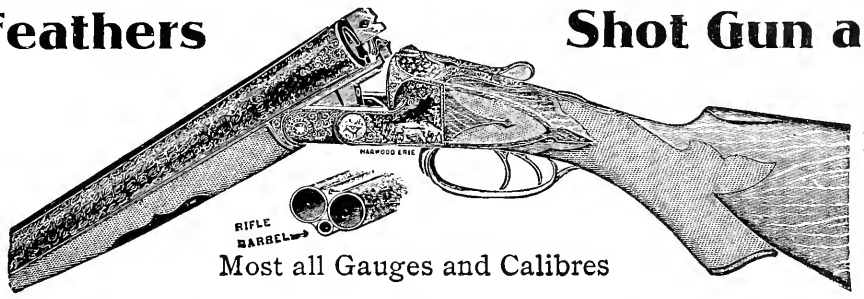
For

Fur or Feathers

Combined

Shot Gun and Rifle

Light Weight



Perfect Balance

Send for Catalog

Most all Gauges and Calibres

THE THREE BARREL GUN CO., Box 1015, Moundsville, W. Va.

Duxbak

TRADE MARK

Sportsmen's Clothing

Sheds Water like a Duck's Back

Combines the advantage of perfect tailoring with protection against rain. Water-proofed by a patent process, permitting thorough ventilation, yet rain does not penetrate in any ordinary storm. Soft and pliable; sightly and durable; no rubber or paraffine. Fit, finish and waterproof qualities guaranteed.

Coat lined throughout the entire body with same rain-proof material as outside. Patent bellows under arms give extra ventilation and freedom of movement with paddle, rod or gun. Pockets for everything.

Trousers reinforced front and large double seat.

Give loose breast measure over garments to be worn with coat. Waist and leg measure for trousers.

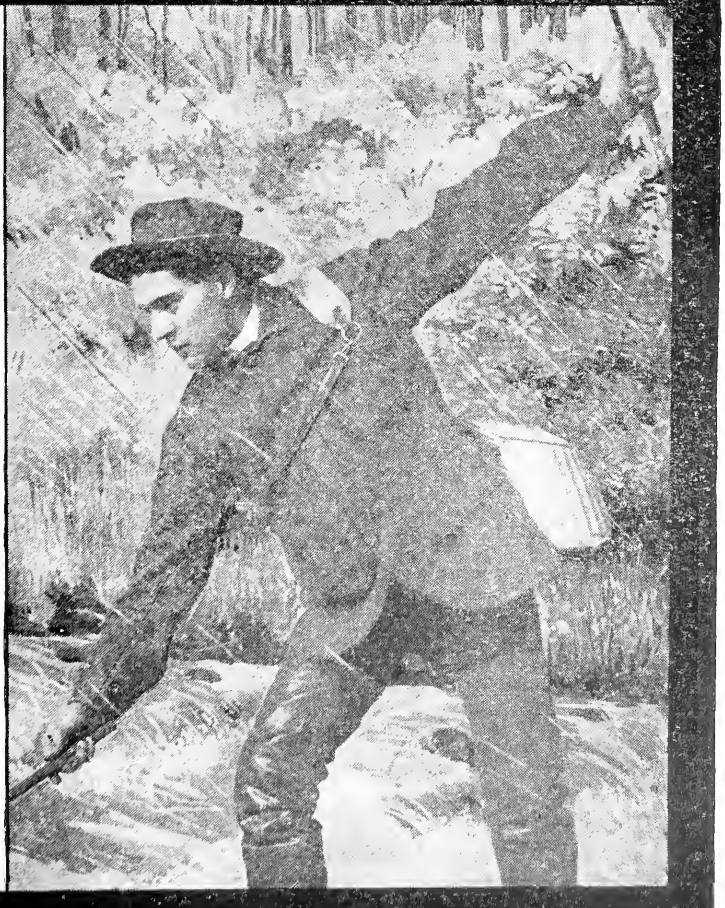
Made in two colors, light tan and dead grass green.

Coat, $5; trousers, $3; hat, $1. Express prepaid.

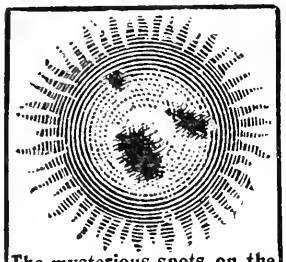
FOR LADIES' WEAR

Neatly tailored coat and skirt. Gives absolute protection on any outing trip. Suitable for gunning, fishing, tramping, boating climbing. Coat, $5.00; skirt, $4.00. Express prepaid. Booklet, with samples of material and directions for self-measurement sent free. **Special discount to dealers.**

BIRD, JONES & KENYON,
1 Blandina St. Utica, N. Y.



ONLY $1.00 SPECIAL 60 DAY OFFER TO INTRODUCE OUR NEW EXCEL



The mysterious spots on the Sun. Get our Solar Telescope and see them.

This is a large powerful achromatic Telescope for Terrestrial and Celestial use. This Telescope is provided with an adjustable Solar Eye-piece. With this wonderful eye-piece you look the sun square in the face, on the brightest and hottest day, and study its face as you do the moon at night. Every student, male or female, needs this Telescope to study the sun in Eclipses, also the mysterious recurrent Sun Spots which appear and disappear at intervals, and move about in different locations of the Sun. You will regret it if you neglect to secure this Telescope.

POSITIVELY such a good Telescope was never sold for this price before. These Telescopes are made by one of the largest manufacturers of Europe, **measure closed 12 inches** and **open 3 1-2 feet** in five sections, and **5 3-4** inches in circumference. They are **Brass Bound, Brass Safety Cap** on each end to exclude dust, etc., with **Powerful Lenses,** scientifically ground and adjusted. **Guaranteed by the Maker.**

Heretofore, Telescopes of this size have been sold for from $8.00 to $10.00.

Objects miles away are brought to view with astonishing clearness. Sent by express, safely packed, for only **$1.00.** Sent by mail prepaid for **$1.10.** Our new catalogue of Guns, etc., sent with each order. This is a grand offer and you should not miss it. We **warrant** each Telescope **just as represented** or money refunded.

Send $1.00 by Registered Letter, Post-Office Money Order, Express Money Order, or Bank Draft payable to our order. If you desire Telescope by mail add 10 cents postage.

Every sojourner in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments; and no farmer should be without one.

Interesting Booklet, entitled **Telescope Talk, FREE** with each order, or sent on request. This booklet tells all about the care of Telescopes, Eclipses of Sun and Moon for year, where visible, etc.

Address KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., Dept. R. E., 90 Chambers St., N.Y.

WANTS ANOTHER

Brandy, Va.

Gentlemen: Please send another Telescope. Money enclosed. Other was a bargain, good as instruments costing many times the money.

R. C. ALLEN.

16 FOOT LAUNCH COMPLETE WITH ENGINE $96

WE ARE THE LARGEST BUILDERS OF BOATS & LAUNCHES IN THE WORLD.
SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG
ALL BOATS FITTED WITH WATER TIGHT COMPARTMENTS
CAN NOT SINK.
WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF BOATS READY TO SHIP.
MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO. 1395 JEFFERSON AVE DETROIT MICH

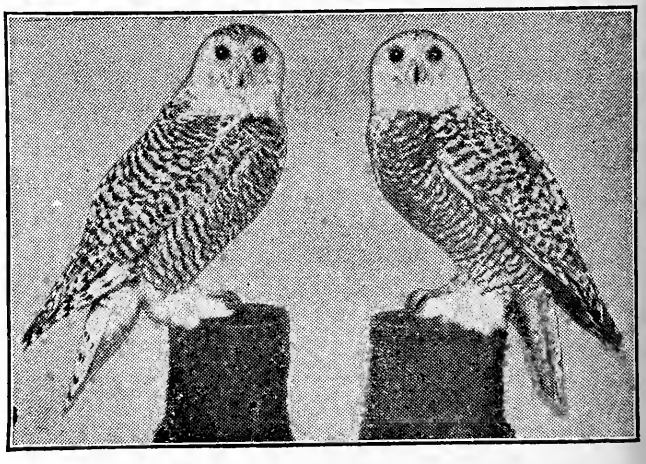
CAMP OUTFITS

Canvas, Silk and Khaki waterproof tents, aluminum and steel cooking utensils, folding cots, tables, chairs, stoves, boats and canoes.

JOHN C. HOPKINS & CO., 119 Chambers St., New York

Mount Your Own Specimens

Of Birds, Animals, Game-Heads, Fish, Etc.



BE YOUR OWN TAXIDERMIST

We can teach you **by mail** to mount all kinds of birds and animals true to life, by the best and latest methods. Learned in your own home during spare time. Thousands of sportsmen all over the country are members of this school, and are making splendid collections of their trophies. **You** can learn this great art **now.** You can decorate your home, den or office, enjoy your leisure time, save Taxidermists' bills and make **big profit** by selling specimens and mounting for others. Taxidermy is very fascinating. It is easily and quickly learned under our instructions. Our rates are **low** and we **guarantee satisfaction.** Highest references furnished.

FREE Write us today and we will send you **without cost** our beautiful **new catalog,** a copy of the **Taxidermy Magazine** and full particulars. Don't delay, if you are interested. This is the right time to commence the study. Spring is at hand and fine specimens are abundant and easily secured.

Every sportsman, trapper or nature-lover should answer this ad **today** and get our free book. Address

THE NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY

525 M Street - - - - Omaha, Nebr.

SIOR SOLAR TELESCOPE

THE WONDER OF THE AGE

JUST WHAT YOU WANT ON SEA, FARM, RANCH OR IN THE SCHOOL

SUPERIOR TO A $15.00 GLASS

Fred Walsh, of Howe Island, Ontario, Canada, says:

Gentlemen: — I have just received your telescope, and must say it surpasses all expectations. It is far superior to one which we have had, which cost $15.00 some years ago. Just a few sights I have seen with it are worth more than double what it cost me.

COULD DISCERN BOATS FROM FIVE TO TEN MILES

Mr. C. M. Medley, of Duluth, Minn., who purchased one of these Telescopes, says they are superior to anything he expected; that with it he could discern boats on the Great Lakes at a distance of 5 to 10 miles, and in clear weather he could read the names of steamers and other craft at a distance of one-half mile away.

WORTH MANY TIMES THE PRICE

The Saxon, New York, Nov. 4, 1905.

Messrs. Kirtland Bros. & Co.

Gentlemen: — I had with me on my recent European trip, one of your Excelsior Solar Telescopes, with which I observed an Eclipse of the Sun. At the Austrian Tyrol it was almost 80 per cent. concealed. Your Solar eye-piece is a great thing. Its value to me on this occasion was many times greater than the entire outlay for the Telescope.

Yours truly,
L. S. HENRY.

Thousands of others are saying good things about these Telescopes. **In numerous ways it will repay its cost a hundred times over.** Get one and try it.

SECURE THIS TELESCOPE AND TAKE A LOOK AT OLD SOL

Pat. Applied for.

Never before sold on any Telescope for less than $8.00 or $10.00. Now is a chance to secure one for $1.00.

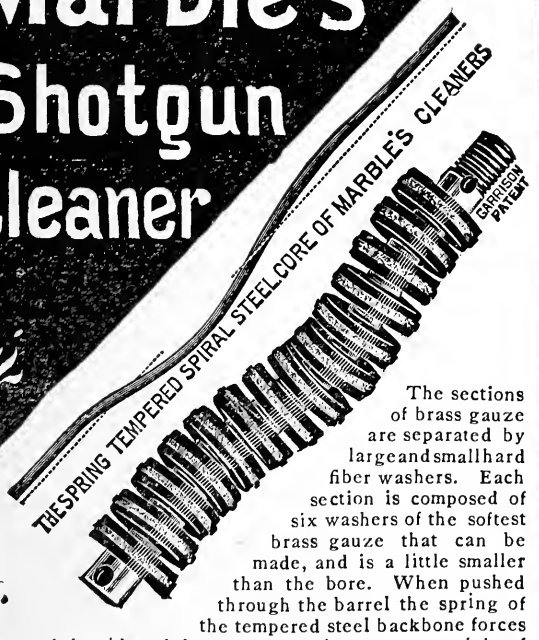
This Eye-piece alone is worth more than we charge for the entire telescope, to all who wish to **Behold the Sun in its Tranquil Beauty.** Remove the Solar Eye-piece lens and you have a good, practical telescope for land observations.

Address

KIRTLAND BROS. & CO.

Dept. R.E. 90 Chambers St., N.Y.

Marble's Shotgun Cleaner



The sections of brass gauze are separated by large and small hard fiber washers. Each section is composed of six washers of the softest brass gauze that can be made, and is a little smaller than the bore. When pushed through the barrel the spring of the tempered steel backbone forces some of the sides of the brushes against every particle of the surface of the bore, exerts equal and constant pressure from chamber to choke and does this without twisting the rod. When the brushes become worn on one side they can be turned. This cleaner will fit all standard rods. **Price, prepaid, 75c.**

Mention Gauge when ordering. Rifle and Field Cleaners described in catalog "A."

MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO., Gladstone, Mich.

"Bristol"

Steel Fishing Rods

"Bristol" Luck

means invariably *good* luck. Of course you can't catch fish if there are none in the pool, and you can't persuade them to bite always, but our kind of good luck will be yours if you use a "BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rod, which will insure you against *bad* luck in the way of broken tackle and lost fish. "BRISTOL" Rods last longer and give better service than any other Rod at any cost.

Send for our beautiful Catalog showing Rods for all fishing and our Combination Reel and Handle which is an excellent feature.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.

21 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.

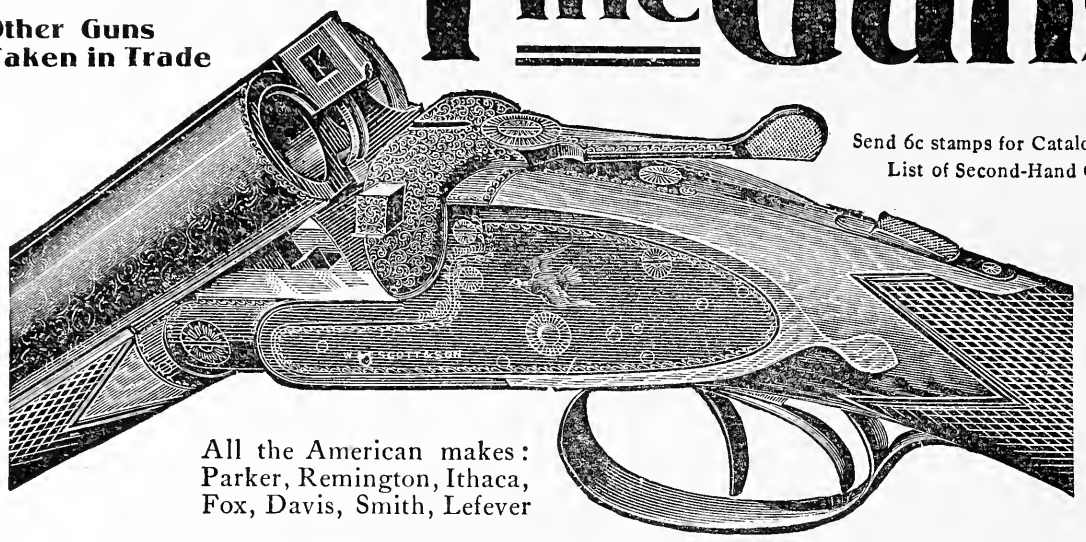
SCOTT — GREENER — LANG — PURDEY

12, 16 and 20 bores
Trap and Light Weights

Other Guns Taken in Trade

Fine Guns

Send 6c stamps for Catalogue and List of Second-Hand Guns



Snow Shoes and Skis
all sizes—send for catalogue

Our Specialty: Swedish Leather Jacket finest garment made for protection from cold

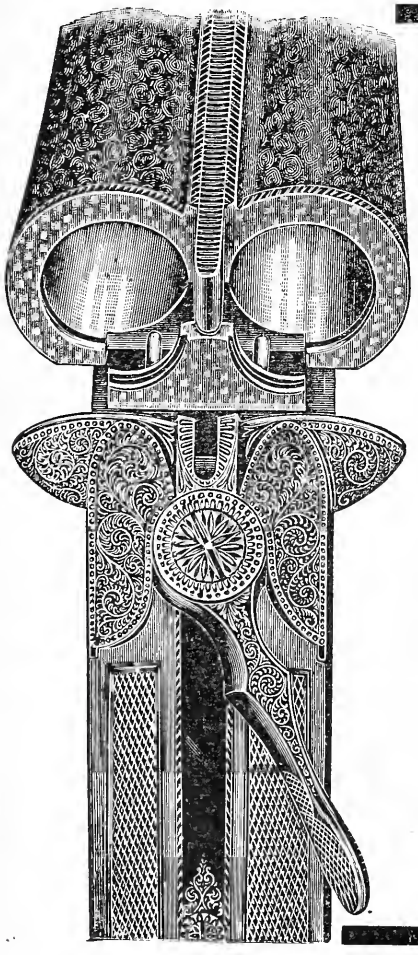
All the American makes:
Parker, Remington, Ithaca,
Fox, Davis, Smith, Lefever

AT PRESENT TIME ON HAND

100 genuine **Forehand Hammerless Guns** made by Hopkins & Allen, top lever, pistol grip, 12 bores, former price $20.00, we offer at **$15.00**

Wm. Read & Sons, 107 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1826



ITHACA GUNS

THIS illustration shows the double thick nitro breech and narrow skeleton rib of an ITHACA No. 7 $300 list gun. ¶ This feature, together with the reinforced frame, reinforced stock and double bolt, makes the ITHACA the strongest and safest gun for Nitro powder. ¶ We build everything from a featherweight 5¾ pound 20 gauge gun to a 10½ pound 10 gauge duck, fox and goose gun. ¶ Send for Art Catalogue describing 17 grades 10, 12, 16 and 20 gauge guns ranging in price from $17.75 to $300.

ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH, 114 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

H. & R. SINGLE GUN

Model 1905 ***Non-Ejecting***

28 Gauge
44 Caliber

Small Frame
Light Weight

A new gun throughout, on sporting lines; not a small bore gun on a large frame, nor a rifle bored smooth for shot.

Small frame and stock enable us to produce a very attractive and symmetrical light weight, small bore gun. 28 gauge, barrel 28 inches, plain steel, weight about 4 lbs. 44 caliber, barrel 26 inches, plain steel, weight about 4¾ lbs. Adapted to the 44 W.C.F. Shot Cartridge, or the XL 44 Shot Cartridge.

Sold by the leading dealers. *Catalog on request.*

Harrington & Richardson Arms Company

Dept. R, WORCESTER, MASS.

Also makers of H. & R. Revolvers

STOP GUESSING

For Trap Shooting
use shells loaded with

WALSRODE

POWDER

You can get factory loaded shells, 12 gauge with 1¼ ounces shot.

If your dealer will not supply you write

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES

302-304 Broadway **NEW YORK CITY**

The Prudential

Advances in Security and Public Confidence.

THIRTIETH ANNUAL STATEMENT, JANUARY 1, 1906, SHOWS

Assets, over	107 Million Dollars
Liabilities (including Reserve $88,000,000)	91 Million Dollars
Surplus, over	16 Million Dollars
Increase in Assets, over	18 Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders during 1905, over	14 Million Dollars
Total Payments to Policyholders to Dec. 31, 1905, over	107 Million Dollars
Cash Dividends and Other Concessions not Stipulated in Original Contracts and Voluntarily Given to Holders of Old Policies to Date, over	6 Million Dollars
Number of Policies in Force, nearly	6½ Million
Increase in Number of Policies in Force, over	½ Million
Net Increase in Insurance in Force, over	113 Million Dollars

Bringing Total Amount of Insurance in Force to over

One Billion One Hundred and Seventy Million Dollars.

ECONOMICAL ADMINISTRATION.

LOWER EXPENSE RATE THAN EVER BEFORE.

CAREFUL SELECTION OF RISKS.

FAVORABLE MORTALITY EXPERIENCE.

Dividends Paid to Policyholders
During 1905, Over
ONE MILLION DOLLARS

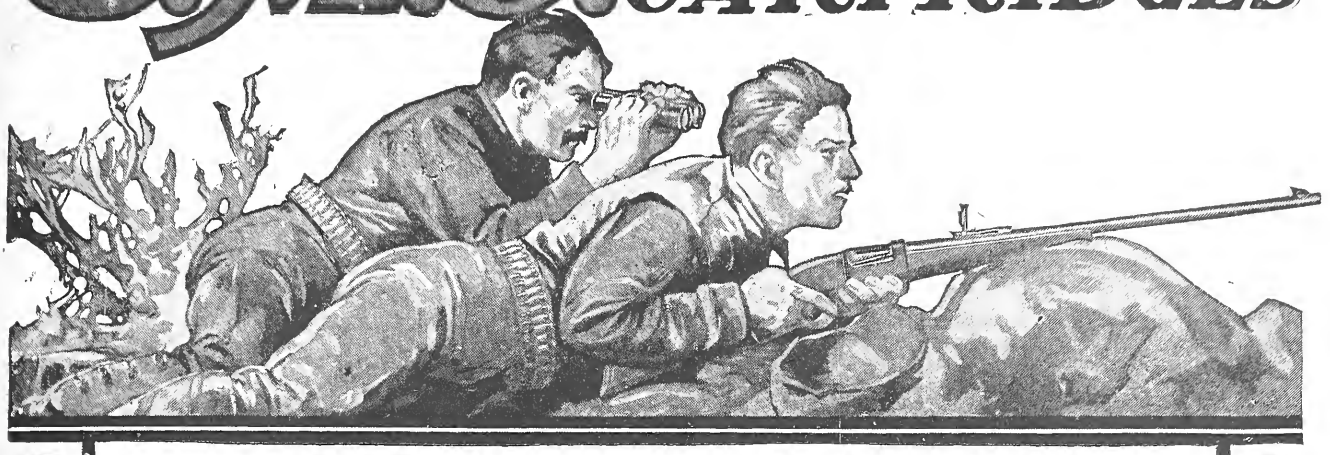
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office, Newark, N. J.

Write for Information of Policies, Dept. 92

U.M.C. METALLIC CARTRIDGES



AT LONG RANGE

Have you considered how much depends on your cartridge when you raise the rear sight for a long shot? The trajectory or curved path of the bullet which rises above the mark and then is deflected by gravity to it—must be perfect and uniform. The amount of powder in U.M.C. Cartridges is so uniform, the combustion so perfect, the bullet of such a model and so accurately gauged, that long range shots are always "kills" if the aim be true. *U.M.C. Cartridge for every gun.*

AGENCY,
313 Broadway,
New York City.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Company
Bridgeport, Conn.

DEPOT,
86-88 First Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

Remington

"Good Dog"

Good gun, good shells, good cover, good sport.

Don't forget that the gun is an important link in this chain of "goods." Now the good gun is the Remington. Hard shooting, moderate priced Remington Guns; or higher priced finely finished "pet" Remingtons.

Remingtons are good goods.

Send for Catalogue, free.

Remington Arms Co.
ILION, N. Y.

Agency: 315 Broadway
New York

Depot: 86 First Street
San Francisco, Cal.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

A DISCRIMINATING MAN

who has once experienced the thick, creamlike lather of Williams' Shaving Soap, the exquisite, soothing and refreshing effect on his face, the feeling of safety and satisfaction that its purity guarantees, is not easily persuaded to accept a substitute. If he does, it's at the expense of his face.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Williams' Tar Soap, etc., etc., sold everywhere

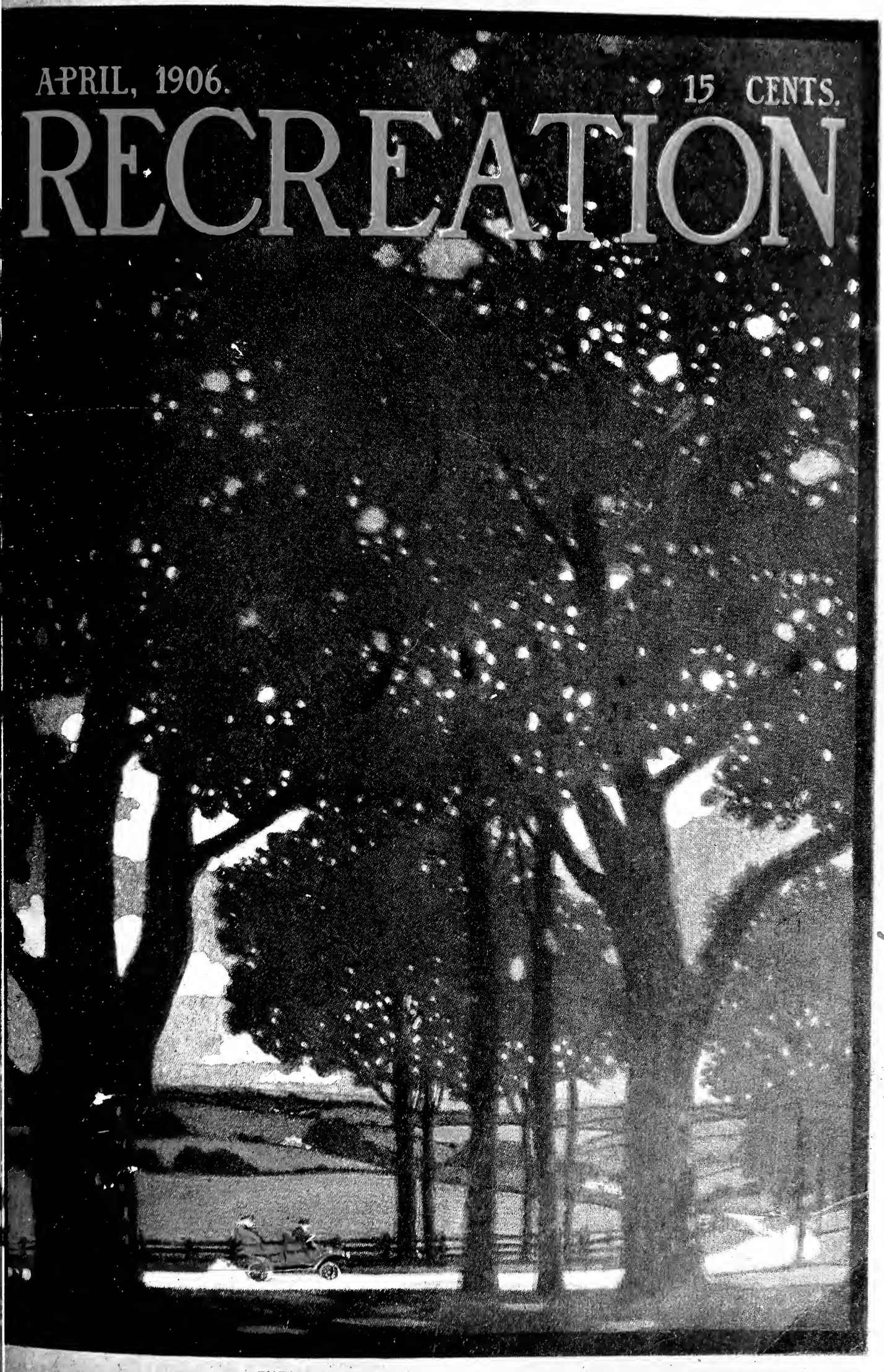
Send 4 cts. in stamps for a Williams' Shaving Stick (Trial Size) enough for 50 shaves

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO. Glastonbury, Conn.

CHARLES FRANCIS PRESS, NEW YORK

APRIL, 1906. 15 CENTS.

RECREATION



PUBLISHED BY WM. E. ANNIS, NEW YORK

PACIFIC MAIL
Steamship Company

THE Pacific Mail follows the "Sunshine Belt" across the Pacific to enchanting Japan, the Philippines and China, stopping one day at beautiful Hawaii. ¶ Holds the records for quickest Trans-Pacific passages.

First in Size
First in Speed
First in Luxury

Send for Literature

PACIFIC MAIL S. S. CO.

NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO
CHICAGO

SEAMAN

"A neater, sweeter maiden,
In a cleaner, greener land"
Kipling

"Fishing Tackle that's Fit for Fishing"

Established 1820

Grand Prize—
highest possible award
St. Louis, 1904

¶ The "A. & I." trade-mark stands for Eighty-six Years of painstaking and intelligent tackle making.

¶ Everything for fishing—from a penny hook to a sixty dollar rod.

¶ 224 page book (partly illustrated in colors) mailed to the angler who sends the name of his local tackle dealer to

Abbey & Imbrie, 19 Vesey Street, New York City

Duxbak
TRADE MARK

Sportsmen's Clothing

Sheds Water like a Duck's Back

Combines the advantage of perfect tailoring with protection against rain. Water-proofed by a patent process, permitting thorough ventilation, yet rain does not penetrate in any ordinary storm. Soft and pliable; sightly and durable; no rubber or paraffine. Fit, finish and waterproof qualities guaranteed.

Coat lined throughout the entire body with same rain-proof material as outside. Patent bellows under arms give extra ventilation and freedom of movement with paddle, rod or gun. Pockets for everything.

Trousers reinforced front and large double seat.

Give loose breast measure over garments to be worn with coat. Waist and leg measure for trousers.

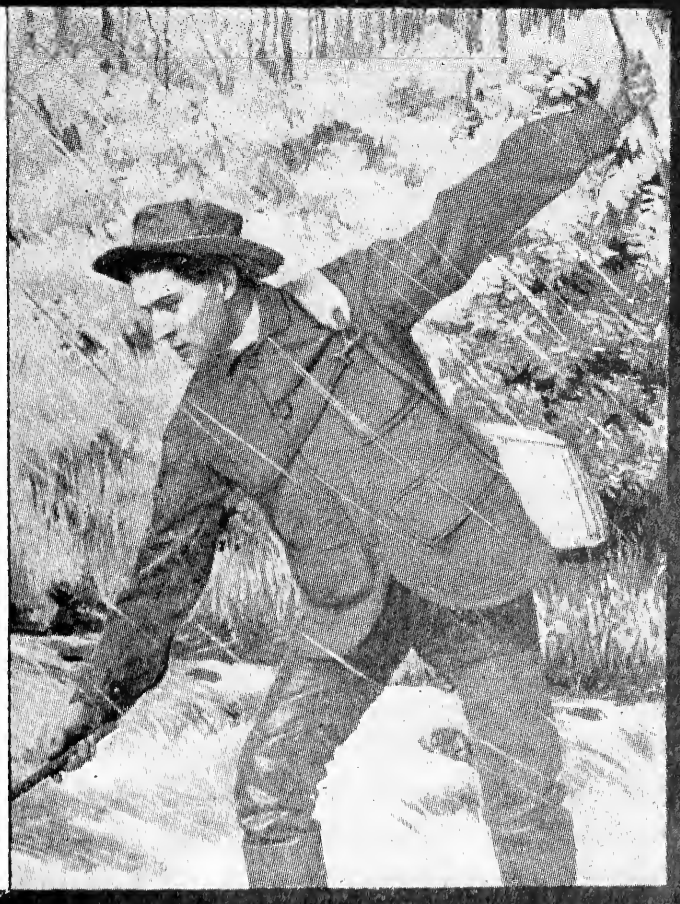
Made in two colors, light tan and dead grass green

Coat, $5; trousers, $3; hat, $1. Express prepaid.

FOR LADIES' WEAR

Neatly tailored coat and skirt. Gives absolute protection on any outing trip. Suitable for gunning, fishing, tramping, boating climbing. Coat, $5.00; skirt, $4.00. Express prepaid. Booklet, with samples of material and directions for self-measurement sent free. **Special discount to dealers.**

BIRD, JONES & KENYON,
1 Blandina St. Utica, N. Y.



Wants .·. For Sale .·. Exchange

¶ **Advertisements will be inserted under the proper heading in this department at the rate of 5 cents a word, each initial and figure counting as one word. No advertisement will be inserted at less than fifty cents. Cash must invariably accompany the order. A discount of 10 per cent. may be deducted from a twelve-time order. It is possible through this department to reach nearly 400,000 people twelve times a year for the sum of $6.00. Display type and illustrations at regular rates.**

KENNEL

POINTERS AND SETTERS wanted, to train. Game plenty. H. H. SMITH, Marydel, Md.

FOR SALE—Beautiful Bluebelton Setter Pups, one of my good brood and partridge bitches. Registered. Cheap. CLARK HESS, Johnsonville, Pa.

FOR SALE—Trained Coon, Fox and Rabbit Hounds. COMRADE KENNELS, Bucyrus, Ohio.

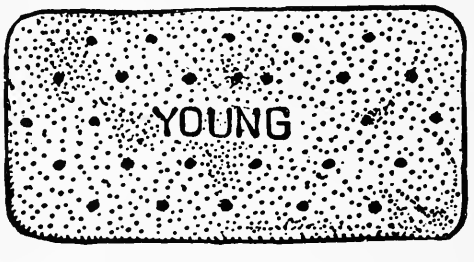
THE LARGEST Pointer Kennel in the World is BAR HARBOR KENNELS, Bar Harbor, Maine.

BEAGLE HOUNDS—Young and mature stock. None better. All eligible and bred to hunt. "DEBONAIR," South End, Gloversville, N. Y.

IRISH SETTER at STUD
IRISH BOY A.K.S. 67436
Fee, $20.00
For information write
M. W. BADEN, Box 930, Winfield, Kas.

ENGLISH BULLDOGS—Ferocious looking, yet extremely gentle, affectionate pals. Puppies, grandsired by undefeated world champions, for sale. H. HERA, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUNG'S IMPROVED
DOG BISCUIT



For Sale by all Grocers and Sporting Goods dealers. Send for our special premium offer.
YOUNG'S BISCUIT CO., 89 Fulton St., Boston, Mass.

BOOK on
Dog Diseases
and How to Feed
Mailed **Free** to any address by the author
H. Clay Glover, D. V. S. · 1278 Broadway, New York

KENNEL

COLLIE PUPS at reasonable prices. Highly pedigreed, handsome, vigorous, farm-raised stock. Please state wants fully. HARVARD KENNELS, 48 Pine St., New York, N. Y.

BOW WOW OUTFITS—Cloth Blankets, Fur Collars, Whips, Lashes, Harness, Dog Shoes, etc., all at popular prices. PETS MOUNTED. Our Taxidermy department is the largest and best-equipped in this country. We have the finest artists employed, and have a reputation of doing the most life-like and lasting work. Everything guaranteed moth-proof. WM. W. HART, 451 Seventh Avenue, New York.

KENNEL SUPPLIES
Dog Chains, Brushes, Combs, Shipping Crates, Medicines, Dog and Puppy Cakes, all the latest and best books. *A complete list in our Kennel Supply circular mailed free.*
Excelsior Wire & Poultry Supply Co.
26-28 Vesey St., Dept. R. C. **New York, N. Y.**

PUPPIES WANTED—I pay liberally for all kinds of puppies; all good breeds bring good prices; bring them with you; keep my address. I am a sure buyer. COSTOR'S, 424 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

HEIRS AND LEGATEES

HEIRS AND LEGATEES may obtain loans upon or cash immediately for their shares in undivided estates; confidential. GEO. S. BRADT, 31 Liberty Street, New York City.

TAXIDERMISTS

YOU CAN DO YOUR OWN TANNING, make your own robes, rugs, etc. I can teach you. I have the best formulas in existence for first-class work. You are certain of a soft, insect-proof finish. No machinery. You cannot spoil any pelt. If interested, write at once. Complete instructions and formulas, $3.00. EDWIN DIXON, Taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario.

GADZOOKS!—I have *Wasted Enough Money* on taxidermists—I am going to write CLARENCE BIRDSEYE, JR., 42 Broadway, New York City, for particulars of his *scientifically taught Complete Correspondence Course in Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting;* it will *Teach Me How* to do the *Mounting Myself* and to make my *Sport Pay for Itself.* I'll send him a *Postal Card To-day.*

ROWLAND, TAXIDERMIST. A specialty in mounting moose, elk, caribou and deer heads; also fish. 182 Sixth Ave., New York. Telephone.

POULTRY

FREE—1906 Catalogue. Forty varieties land and water fowl. S. A. HUMMEL,
Box 68, Freeport, Ill.

SQUABS—How we raise and prepare Squabs for market; prices, profits, care of breeders. Details of management in one of the most perfectly equipped Squab plants in the world. Sent free.
ROYAL SQUAB CO.,
Show Room, 153 East 42d Street, New York.

POULTRY PAPER, 74 pages, illustrated, 25 cents per year; 4 months' trial, 10 cents; sample free; 64 pages practical poultry book free to yearly subscribers; book alone, 10 cents; catalogue poultry books free.
POULTRY ADVOCATE, Dept. R., Syracuse, N. Y.

WE WERE THE PIONEERS IN SQUABS. Our Homers are straight-bred and unexcelled for size. We have supplied equipment for many of the finest estates in America. Our plant is the largest and best in the world. During the past year we sold more Homers than all other pigeon breeders and importers in America combined. There is a reason for this; look around before buying. We publish a full line of printed matter, covering every detail of this rich industry. Send for our Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs." Visitors welcome at our plant and Boston Office, Address

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB COMPANY
402 HOWARD STREET, - - MELROSE, MASS.

The Bartlett Strain of
White Plymouth Rocks
is the finest strain of the best and most beautiful chicken on earth. EGGS, $3.00 per 15, express prepaid. *Circular free.*
DR. W. E. BARTLETT, BELLE PLAINE, KANS.

FISHING TACKLE AND RODS

GENUINE Bristol Rainbow Fishing Rods, all lengths. List, $5. Our cash price, $2.65.
J. H. KINERY, Claremont, N. H.

ANGLERS' RARE TACKLE OPPORTUNITIES! Samples and Broken Lots of Highest Grade Fishing Tackle in Excellent Condition, at a saving of 100 per cent. Rods retailing at $5 to $10 we sell at $2 to $5. Silk lines, best grades, less than 2 cents a yard—wholesale price is 3 cents. Leaders, selected single, double and twisted, 10 cents to 30 cents each—the kind you pay 25 cents to 75 cents for. Write quickly for Monthly Roster. SPORTSMEN'S SERVICE BUREAU,
211 North Ninth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

STAMPS AND COINS

$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS; $4 paid for 1804 dimes; $15 paid for 1858 dollars; big prices paid for hundreds of other dates; keep all money coined before 1879 and send 10 cents at once for a set of two coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you.
Address C. F. CLARKE, Agent,
Le Roy, N. Y., Dept. 3.

PIANO TUNING

WE SUCCESSFULLY teach this art. The most perfect correspondence system in the world and the most essentials of this art combined. Write to-day for free booklet.
NEW YORK SCHOOL OF PIANO AND ORGAN TUNING,
50 Bible House, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SHADOW CIRCUS." Funniest and best parlor game ever invented. 60 cents, postpaid. We carry plays, games, favors, decorations and entertainment supplies. Catalogue free. Agents wanted.
HINTS PUBLISHING HOUSE,
53 Bible House, New York.

TYPEWRITERS OF ALL STANDARD MAKES bought, exchanged and sold, from $10 upwards. Write for catalogue. Our prices are lowest.
EAGLE TYPEWRITER CO.,
Tel. 2566 Cortlandt. 2B Park Place, New York.

IMPERIAL CHASERS and Tracers prevent losses; new, unique, practical, supplies universal need. Sells at sight anywhere. Profits $5 to $25 daily. Pocket sample. Unequalled side line for specialty or traveling salesmen. Room 1551, 11 Broadway, New York.

HEADQUARTERS for

Artistic Signs	**Aluminum**
Souvenirs	**Enameled Iron**
Calendars	**Lithographed Metal**
Novelties	**Metal Etched**

Designs and Estimates
The **NEW JERSEY ALUMINUM CO.**
H. M. WILLIS, Mgr. 150 Nassau St., New York

EMPIRE REFRIGERATORS for families, hotels, clubs, etc., that are made different than the usual kind. The catalogue will tell you all about them if you send to the makers for it.
EMPIRE HARDWARE CO.,
141 Duane Street, New York City.

MANY ANTIQUE ARTICLES for dens. Ancient flintlock arms. Indian relics. List for stamp.
DAVIS BROTHERS,
Kent, O.

THE WATER PROBLEM SOLVED

at small expense. If you have running water within a mile of where you want it, we can automatically pump it for you. Write for catalogue. Raises water 35 feet for every foot fall. Requires no fuel.

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE CO.
140R Nassau Street, New York

NO MORE GRAY HAIR
BRUCELINE, the only genuine remedy for restoring gray hair to its natural color; 40 years on the market. No dye, and harmless. $1.00 per bottle. Treatise on the hair sent on application, FREE.
BRUCELINE CO., 57 W. 21st St., New York.

REAL ESTATE

A PARTNER WANTED—In sunny Mexico, where the most attractive opportunities are offered to a gentleman who has a few thousand dollars to invest. I own a vast tract of land at the base of the Sierra Madre Mountains, beautifully watered and timbered, 72 hours from New York. The opportunity now offered is unsurpassed, as large profits are guaranteed. The proposition is past the experimental stage, and the returns are sure. It also presents excellent opportunities for outdoor sports. Hunting, fishing, etc., in a country unsurpassed for health, and this, together with the satisfactory financial returns, makes it a most desirable investment. Highest references given and required. Party desiring to correspond with a view to business, address F. B. T., care of RECREATION, 23 West 24th St., New York, N. Y.

APARTMENTS

APARTMENTS, 3 to 7 rooms each; rooms single and en suite. The Hinman, Apartment and European Hotel. Booklet mailed free.

MARSHALL COOPER, Mgr.,
7th and Figuerda, Los Angeles, Cal.

MAIL ORDERS

7,000,000 ORIGINAL LETTERS to lease; from mail order buyers, agents, etc. My system is the best for advertisers; adopted by large mail order houses. Write for booklet. Will buy your letters. FRANK B. SWETT,
Downing Building, New York City.

RUBBER STAMPS AND STENCILS

DO YOU USE RUBBER STAMPS? We make the best rubber stamps and stencils in New York. Protectograph, the best safety check protector made. Rubber Type Alphabets, 5A fonts, $1.10 postpaid. Send postal for circular. ABRAM AARONS,
16½ University Place, N. Y.

BUFFALO HORNS

BUFFALO HORNS, matched pairs, polished and mounted; also make into showy hall racks; flintlock pistols; Indian relics, ancient and modern; Navajo blankets; elk tusks; old brass, pewter and crockery. Illustrated lists, 2 cents. N. CARTER, Elkhorn, Wis.

GUNS

FOR SALE—Fine Baker Hammerless Gun, 12, 30, 7.13, 2⅞, 14¼—F. P. G. Fine Crowley Star, damascus barrels, both full choke, re-enforced breech, extra strong for trap or field. Fine shooter, selected dark stock, oil finished. Beautifully engraved all over, with fine scroll and hunting scenes, blued frame. In perfect condition, inside and out. Worth $125. Price, $50, and money returned if not satisfied. R. M. MASON,
Batavia, N. Y.

TWELVE-GAUGE BAKER HAMMERLESS, 28 inch, 7½ pounds, absolutely new. Cost $60; will take $40. For full description, write
CHAS. HUCKLY, Mahanoy City, Pa.

CAMERAS

FIVE HUNDRED new and exchange cameras at half-price. Send for bargain list No. 14.
N. Y. CAMERA EXCHANGE
114 Fulton St.,
New York, N. Y.

GAME HUNTING

BIG GAME. Hunting on the Head Waters of the Stickine River. I am better prepared than ever to furnish outfits, pack horses and guides for the season 1906. Moose, caribou, Stone's sheep, goat, black, brown and grizzly bear are all killed within one hundred miles of Telegraph Creek. Season opens September 1. References: Andrew J. Stone, J. R. Bradley, T. T. Reese. J. FRANK CALLBREATH,
Telegraph Creek, B. C.,
Via Wrangle, Alaska.

FOR THE BIG GAME FIELDS of Routt County, Colorado. Best of hunting of all kinds, and fine trout fishing. I have a full pack outfit and can handle parties any time during the season. Special care and extra gentle horses for women and children. Correspondence solicited. ALBERT WHITNEY,
Yampa, Routt Co., Colo.

BIG GAME HUNTING in India is dangerous sport; but for genuine enjoyment and excitement go along with Tom Watson hunting the Great American Grafter! It isn't expensive. Send $1.50 for *Watson's Magazine* a whole year. 15 cents a copy at newsdealers. Send four two cent stamps and mention RECREATION for a sample copy. Address,
TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE,
121 West 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

WANTED—To correspond with parties wishing to hunt in the Rockies. C. ELLIS,
Tourists' and Hunters' Guide,
Ovando, Powell Co., Mont.

HELP WANTED

WE HAVE POSITIONS open for competent men, paying $1,000 to $10,000. A few good opportunities for men having money to invest with their services; twelve offices, covering the entire country.

HAPGOODS,
Suite 509–10, 309 Broadway, New York.

MANAGER WANTED—In every city and country to handle the best-paying business known. Exclusive territory given. No insurance or book canvassing scheme. Our managers make on an average of $100 a week. J. L. Smith made $140 in five days. If you want to handle a legitimate money-making business and be your own boss, send at once for particulars. PHOENIX CO.,
32 West 26th St., New York City.

TENTS

Do not think of buying a tent until you have received our 50-page illustrated catalogue showing tents suitable for every purpose and quoting factory prices.

4 Room Family Compartment Tents, Wall Tents, Sportsmen's and Campers' Tents, Children's Play Tents.

In fact everything in the Tent line at right prices.

FOND DU LAC AWNING AND TENT CO.
Dept. 11, Fond Du Lac, Wis.

"The Camera is mightier than the Gun"

Library of Natural History

ILLUSTRATED ENTIRELY FROM ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS, MANY OF THEM IN COLORS

EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS

Charles J. Cornish — **Ernest Ingersoll** — **F. C. Selous**
John W. Gregory — **Sir Harry H. Johnston** — **W. Saville-Kent**
H. N. Hutchinson — **Prof. Richard Lyddeker**
and many other experts and authorities on every branch of Natural History.

FIVE DE LUXE VOLUMES — 2,000 ILLUSTRATIONS

THIS is the only Natural History in existence illustrated entirely from actual photographs, many of which were secured at an enormous expense and after years of patient labor. In some instances special expeditions, armed with cameras and dry plates, had to be sent to foreign lands. It is a history of all living creatures on the earth—animals and man—told by travellers, anthropologists and eminent authorities. Although scientific and accurate, it is entertaining and instructive throughout, being designed for the average reader. Descriptions of animals, birds, fishes, reptiles, and insects, as well as true stories of the intelligence of animals in protecting themselves, in tracking their prey, in caring for their young, etc., are given in such a way as to interest and benefit every reader, young and old. It is the first Natural History projected and written along modern lines.

Complete in five large volumes, 8½ x 11 inches, printed on the finest satin finished paper and bound in two styles, cloth buckram and half leather. Contains over 2,000 illustrations, many of which are in colors.

POPULAR PRICE AND PLAN OF SALE

Owing to the great cost of producing the work it has hitherto been held at very high prices; yet 2,000,000 volumes have already been sold in England and Germany. We have secured the American rights, and by publishing a very large edition and taking advantage of modern engraving and printing methods, can supply the work, now for the first time, at a moderate price and on terms suited to those who wish to pay in small monthly instalments.

SPECIAL LIMITED OFFER

This first American edition, limited to 500 sets, we offer at $15.00 in cloth binding or $19.00 in half leather, payable $1.00 a month if desired. Sets now ready for delivery. Prices will positively be increased when the work is given over to agents to be sold by subscription, as they now represent but little more than the actual cost of production.

FREE ON APPROVAL

On receipt of the accompanying coupon, we will send you a complete set on approval, express prepaid. You do not have to pay a cent or obligate yourself in any way until you have examined it thoroughly in your own home. If it is not perfectly satisfactory, simply return it at our expense. This offer may never be repeated; do not let it pass.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, 78 Fifth Avenue, New York

COUPON

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, Inc., 78 Fifth Avenue, New York:
Please send me, prepaid, for examination, the Library of Natural History, five volumes, half leather binding. If satisfactory, I will pay you $1.00 on acceptance and $2.00 a month thereafter, until your special price, $19.00, is paid. If not satisfactory, I will return it at your expense.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

If you wish cloth bindings, change $19 to $15. If you prefer to pay only $1 a month, change $2 to $1.

Recrea. 4, '06

ABOUT 50,000 readers of RECREATION will fish this season. Perhaps half this number already use a

Steel Fishing Rod

We are advertising to the other half. The greatest value a rod offers is its *dependability*. All other rods break, sooner or later. "Bristol" Steel Rods will not break with fair treatment.

Many of the best fish of the season are lost because of faulty tackle. A "BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rod reduces this objection to a minimum. They last forever, and give a service which no other rod can give.

We have a beautiful booklet showing rods for all fishing, and containing much information. It also tells of our combination reel and handle, which is an excellent feature.

Write to-day

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.

21 Horton Street, Bristol, Conn.

RECREATION

Dan Beard, Editor

CONTENTS

Volume XXIV APRIL, 1906 *Number 4*

Cover Design	WALTER KING STONE	
A Scoffer Converted (Illustrated)	LLOYD J. TOOLEY	287
Sullivan County Trout (Illustrated)	L. F. BROWN	293
Salmon Fishing at the Clubs (Illustrated)	CHARLES HALLOCK	299
Fishing on Cage Lake (Illustrated)	M. T. FRISBIC	303
Early Morning Bluefishing	E. M. LEEK	308
Rembrandt Lighting (Illustrated)	FELIX RAYMER	311
A Buzzard Bay Craft (Illustrated)	FREDERICK SLOCUM	315
Summer on Highland Lake	JOHN HARRINGTON KEENE	316
Queer Bait (Illustrated)	W. M. HART	320
The Mystery of the Blue Goose	DAN BEARD	325
A Trout-Brook Triumph (Illustrated)	BARAK MEADE	327
Through Old Oregon	WILLIAM PERKINS	331
Spring—*A villanelle*	MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW	332
Old-Fashioned Wild Flowers (Illustrated)	HARRIET WILLIAMS MYERS	333
A Canadian Paradise	C. E. MILLS	336
Trout of the Saw-Tooth (Illustrated)	W. E. BRAMEL	340
Woodcraft	WELD ALLEN ROLLINS	342
Learnt from Glasgow	MARTIN HUNTER	347
Editorial	350	
Guns and Ammunition	352	
The Hunting Dog	360	
The Referendum	370	
Photography	362	
American Archery	365	
Motoring	367	

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY *ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR*

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission

WM. E. ANNIS, PUBLISHER, 23 WEST TWENTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK

Copyrighted, 1906, by Wm. E. Annis

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second Class Matter

AROUND OUR CAMP-FIRE

I leave this rule for others when I'm dead,
Be always sure you're right—then go ahead.
—DAVID CROCKETT.

OPPORTUNITY

You all know those clever but somewhat "chestnutty" verses on opportunity. We are told that opportunity knocks once at every man's door.

Fudge!

Opportunity knocks at every man's door every morning, and gets there before the milk. There is never a day that opportunity does not knock at our doors, but many of us are too deaf to hear. *Those whose senses are more acute become either great merchants, or great insurance men, or sometimes even police captains, which we know by the daily papers is the greatest graft of all.* But what I was about to observe—when I started moralizing—was, that opportunity knocked at your door last month when RECREATION asked you for some good fishing stories. Some of you responded, and now I am going to ask the other fellows to get busy. We have got a nice, long fishing season ahead of us. I have laid in a good stock of hooks and floats, and I know where some fine, fat garden worms are hibernating, so I anticipate a lot of pleasure between April 1 and the time the beach birds come along and win over my affections. I hope you other fellows will also have a good time, and that you will find the fish not over-coy, of goodly proportions, and that the farmer won't chase you off with a bulldog or a pitchfork, as he does me, sometimes—though I have little to fear, as I am fleet of foot.

WHAT WE LACK

Some of our friends tell us that we do not lack anything, that the magazine is just as good as it can be. Whereat we blush and say nothing. Yet we feel that we lack a few thousand readers, as we want to reach the 100,000 mark during 1906. Won't you help us obtain the object of our ambition? YOU LIKE RECREATION. Would not you like it better if it were twice as thick? Well, it can be made so if each reader will consider it a point of honor during the coming year to introduce at least one subscriber. We shall then have many more than 100,000.

RECREATION'S PLATFORM

An uncompromising fight for the protection, preservation and propagation of all game; placing a sane limit on the bag that can be taken in a day or season; the prevention of the shipment or transportation of game, except in limited quantities, and then only when accompanied by the party who killed it; the prohibition of the sale of game. These are "Recreation's" slogans now and forever.

REMEMBER THE PRICE

No more marked-down, bargain-counter sales. Each issue marked in plain figures—$1.50 *a year, or* 15 *cents a copy.* A little figuring will show you that by subscribing by the year you save 30 cents, and that will buy three ice-cream sodas, or other equally useful and ornamental articles.

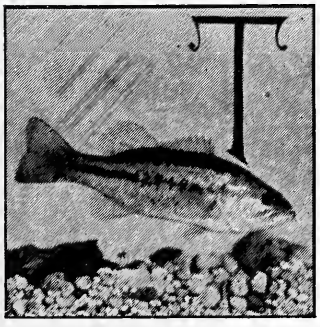
ON RED PINE LAKE, ALGONQUIN PARK

RECREATION

Vol. XXIV | APRIL, 1906 | No. 4

A SCOFFER CONVERTED

BY LLOYD J. TOOLEY



THE plants are awakening and peeping their delicate green heads from under the cover old Mother Earth so carefully put over them but a few months ago. The birds have returned to their home haunts and are proclaiming in rapturous song the joy of their homecoming. The gentle, sweet call of the bluebird is mingled with the prattle of the wren, and the half plaintive song of the robin, as he sits on the topmost branch of the tallest tree, swaying to and fro, calling, as we have been taught to believe, for rain, fills the air with melody.

My heavy clothing becomes uncomfortable as I walk through the fields, and I long to take off my shoes and stockings, as in days gone by, to feel the velvety softness of the fresh green grass and to dabble my feet in the water and mud of the stream, even though I know the icy chill has not yet left it.

It is spring. I know it, for the fever has caught me. I have been at the stream for many an hour, holding with aching arm and benumbed hand my long cane pole, wearily watching the tip for indications of a bite, for I am so tired I could not feel it should there happen to be one.

The ground is soft and wet, not having recovered from the icy grasp of winter; the log on which I sit is damp and slippery; my feet and, I dare say, other portions of my anatomy, are uncomfortably wet. I know I am catching cold, as I sit and think of the many moods of the fishes, and I cannot help but express to these fanciful nymphs of the deep my candid opinion of their neglect.

Gradually the fishing fever abates; I am disgusted with fishing; have caught nothing—have not even had a bite—and I go home, vowing never to make such a "phool" of myself again.

But in a short time I forget all these discomforts, and that delightful human or animal instinct, I care not which, is aroused in me and I collect my scattered tackle again, handling each piece lovingly and wondering how I could ever be so thoughtless as to

Copyright, 1906, by Wm. E. Annis.

Photo by L. J. Tooley

THE RESULT OF A MORNING'S FISHING

leave it lying so carelessly around, and away to the lake this time—no more stream fishing for me. Give me a bright, clear, sunshiny day, and how delightful to lie back in the boat, to be rocked by the gentle waves and fanned by the delightfully cool breeze, and what seems better still, absorb some of the grandeur of God's sunshine. In my mind, I vary the monotony of this programme by occasionally pulling in one of the fighting beauties of the deep.

How perfect and delightful this appears (on paper), but how many of us have had visions, thought thoughts, and dreamed dreams the night before, only to have them shattered when experiencing reality the next day.

First, we have difficulty in securing a boat, and invariably get a leaky one. One of the strange things of life is that a boat will remain in the water for two weeks as dry inside as a drum, but when the fisherman is a half-mile from shore it will develop no less than forty leaks, and soon it seems there is more water in the boat than in the lake.

Then the hot sun burns the back of our neck, until we are convinced that we are more of a lobster than we ever imagined—and the end of our nose! For weeks we must stand the scoffing of our friends about the kind of bait we used on that trip.

The hard side of the board which we held down! They always make boat seats with the hard side up. A rod in one hand and a hand line in the other, we wait patiently with only occasionally a nibble, as a ittle perch, or "punkin-seed," mistakes the sinker or the knot above the hook for something eatable.

The angleworms become soft and useless; the minnows all die; then we decide to move. "This isn't a very good place, anyway; we wanted to try it, though—a feller caught a five-pounder there once." Now we get hold of the anchor rope, at the bottom of which was a modest little weight which would only tip the scales at about four

pounds when we let it down, but when we attempt to pull it up, as we lean over the edge of the boat, trying to keep our balance, we are convinced that the pesky thing went clear to China and they have it tied there, but at length by much tugging and hauling we manage to loosen it; it gives suddenly, and if we are not on our guard, away we go, over the other side of the boat, and head first.

We pull it up, hand over hand, while the water runs down our arms to our elbows, thoroughly wetting our clothing, and when the anchor is just at the edge of the boat, a mighty heave and about a bushel of moss, mud, etc., is dumped over our feet.

But at last a start is made, and we row around until we see a stick projecting out of the water. "By gee! here's the place! See! some one has marked it." In our eagerness to get to fishing, we cast the anchor overboard, and it is a hundred to one the coils of wet rope entangle some of our tackle, wearing apparel or bait, and overboard it goes also; but never mind, the big string of fish we shall catch will more than repay us for the loss. But very soon, my dear fisherman, we must come to the conclusion that the moment we sighted the lake the fish saw us, and sent out a general alarm, with five-minute bulletins as to our position, bait, and a general report on our piscatorial abilities. The few we did catch on rare occasions were only some of the weaker-minded or careless who paid no attention to the reports.

How often have we waited outside the town till after dark, and then gone home the back way—not that we were ashamed, but our clothes are soiled and it is nearer.

After a number of experiences like the above I soured on fishing, and became a scoffer at all things pertaining to the sport. No amount of persuasion could get me on the lake again to fish by these old methods, but soon I began reading a little, and seeing much of the results of that excellent sport, bait casting, and still possessing the fishing instinct, I bought a rod, reel, line and some

Photo by L. J. Tooley

MR. J. L. BURTON AND SOME FLORIDA BASS

baits, but before trying them on the fish, I did some practice on the lawn. In a remarkably short time I learned how to handle the rod and reel fairly well.

Of course this outfit was very crude compared to the one I fish with now, and I have spent many hours improving, building and fixing my tackle, but to-day I think I am using the best tackle which could possibly be construtcted for fishing or tournament casting.

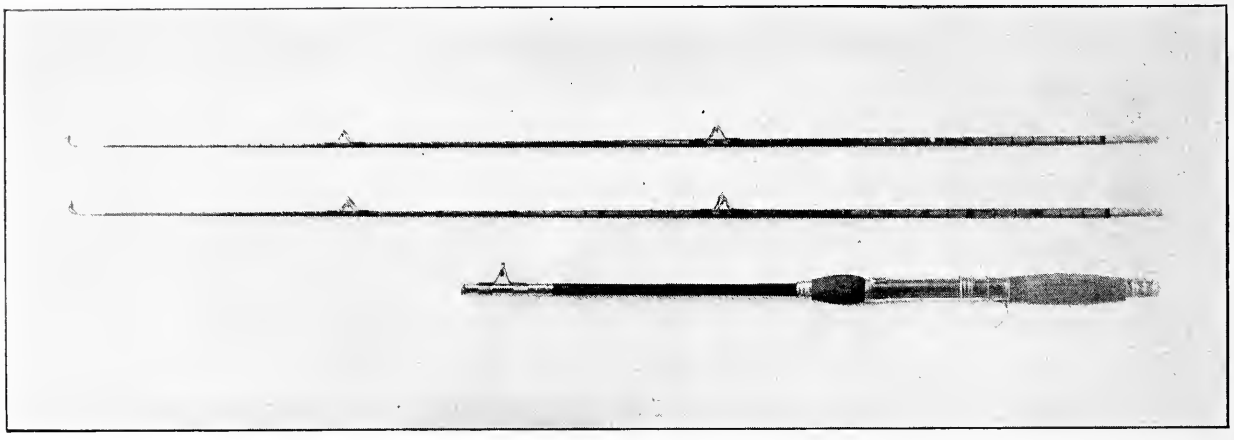


Photo by L. J. Tooley

"MY FAVORITE ROD"

My rod is a four-foot, ten-inch, hexagon, split bamboo, made up in two sections, a tip thirty-six inches long, and a butt-joint twenty-two inches long. The tip is fitted with two guides having steel rings instead of the usual agate. These are much lighter and just as efficient. The butt-joint has one guide with narrow agate ring. This guide is fitted to the ferrule.

At the tip is a special offset agate top, having one-eighth inch hole. All the guides are set up off the rod, keeping the line from coming in contact with the rod and thus greatly retarding its movement. The butt-joint has a double reel seat and grip, and the Kalamazoo trigger is set in position for the second finger in such a manner that the rod is perfectly balanced.

The tip is wound with very narrow windings at intervals of about two inches at the butt, and gradually narrows until the tip windings are very close together.

For a reel I use a No. 3 Meek, and am convinced, for both fishing and tournament casting, after having used nearly every reel made, that this reel has no superior. It is light, of small diameter, and the parts are balanced perfectly, giving the proper amount of momentum to the spool and handle, so that a perfect cast is possible.

The very best line for casting I have found to be an exceedingly hard-braided silk line of small diameter. This I treat with ordinary oil on a cloth each time before using, being particular to see that it is properly dried in the shade after the trip.

As to baits, I am tempted to say with the old woman, "Every one to their own tastes," as she kissed a cow. To be perfectly candid, I prefer the wooden minnow over every style of bait. The makers have brought the construction of this style of bait to such a state of perfection that it is really a pleasure to use one they appear so lifelike and beautiful as they come through the water, and, what is more, they *catch fish.*

I have described these different articles of my outfit that the beginner who reads this may not experience the same difficulty I did in securing proper tackle, and for the same reason I shall give a brief description of my method of using the various articles.

Connect up rod, reel and line, and in lieu of bait with hooks attached tie a weight weighing one-half ounce to line, which should be reeled up until the weight is about five inches from the tip of the rod.

Grasp the lower grip firmly in the right hand, with the trigger between the second and third fingers, having the thumb pressed firmly upon the line that is spooled upon the reel.

The overhead cast is used very much in

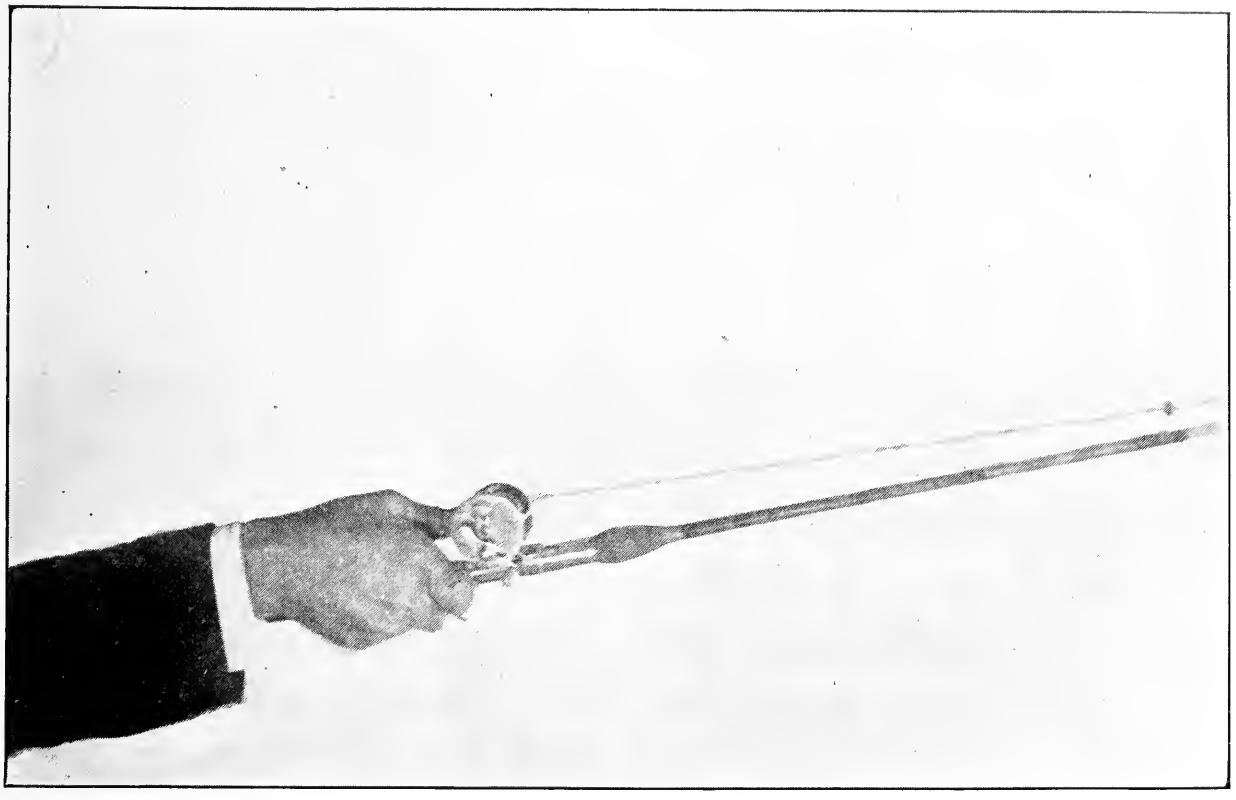


Photo by L. J. Tooley

THE PROPER WAY TO HOLD THE ROD

fishing, and entirely in tournament casting, and is easily the most important; therefore I shall describe it first.

Swing the rod back over the right shoulder until hand is just above shoulder and rod is held in an easy position, the weight coming about in line with the waist; then swing smartly to the front, and as rod reaches a perpendicular position release the pressure of thumb on reel (but do not remove the thumb entirely from it), gradually increasing the pressure as the weight nears the end of the cast, continuing the swing with rod until it is in a horizontal position in front of the body.

It is always best to cast at some object; three pieces of white paper placed at twenty-five, fifty and seventy-five feet do very nicely. When the weight is just over the object ca t at, press the thumb tightly on the spooled line, thus stopping the weight, which should drop very lightly upon the paper. Just as the weight strikes the paper swing the tip of the rod back. By so doing the weight is started on the retrieve, just as it touches the ground.

In tournament casting for distance, I find that I can put more power in the swing by starting about five feet from the starting line and stepping up to the line slowly, swinging the rod in perfect rythm with body.

In the retrieve, grasp rod at the winding grip with second and third fingers and little finger of the left hand, leaving the thumb and first finger free to guide the line on the reel. Grasp the handle of the reel in the right hand, place the butt of the rod against the body and proceed to wind up the line, guiding it evenly with thumb and first finger of left hand.

When making the underhand cast, grasp the rod as for the overhead; swing it back so that the hand is behind the body, and just below the waist line, with the weight clearing the ground. Swing smartly up and to the front, releasing pressure on reel as tip of rod comes in line with body. Stop when directly in front of the body and tip is about level with the head and proceed to reel in line as before.

The "cross cast" is difficult to learn, but is very useful at times, and for this reason I will explain it: grasp the rod in the right hand, as before; bring the arm across the body until the right wrist rests in the angle of the left elbow. With the rod held back of the body and weight just off the ground,

swing up and to the front, stopping rod, releasing reel and reeling up exactly as in the underhand cast.

It requires very little practice to become proficient enough for fishing, but for tournament casting much hard work must be done. The swing of the rod, the thumbing of the reel, and the judging of the wind, etc., in the long distance, and the perfect judging of distance and handling of reel, rod and line in the accuracy events, cannot be learned in a day, but the results and pleasure obtained more than repay the casters for their trouble. In conclusion, I wish to say, brother angler, I do not wish to discourage any branch of this delightful sport, but my memory is so filled with disagreeable experiences of the old method, and I have enjoyed the new so much, that I cannot help being a trifle severe when comparing them.

If you wish to enjoy every moment of your outing, procure a bait-casting outfit, and if you don't catch a big string of fish you will have had so much sport, enjoyment and exercise that you will be filled to overflowing with the glory of God's out-of-doors, and like the Village Blacksmith, "Can look the whole world in the face," without being ashamed that you are one of the mighty army of fishermen.

Mr. L. J. Tooley is one of the most expert exponents of the Dowagiac style, and a winner of many competitions—EDITOR.

SPRING FEVER

BY FRANK FARRINGTON

The hills are growing bright again,
  They've long enough been brown;
The slopes are clean
And fresh and green—
  It's hard to stay in town.

Bluebirds are in the country lanes,
  Where peepers pipe to drown,
With voices shrill,
The songs they spill—
  I hate it here in town.

The road is smooth up through the woods
  Where Honest Brook comes down;
The May sun shines
There on the pines—
  I just can't stay in town.

The water writhes among the roots
  And over pebbles brown;
The trout will bite
Now every night—
  I *will not* stay in town.

SULLIVAN COUNTY TROUT

BY L. F. BROWN

It is the mountain to the sea
That makes a messenger of me;
And lest I loiter on the way,
And lose what I am sent to say,
He sets my message to a song,
And bids me sing it all day long.
Good-bye, for here my stream is slow,
And I have many a mile to go."

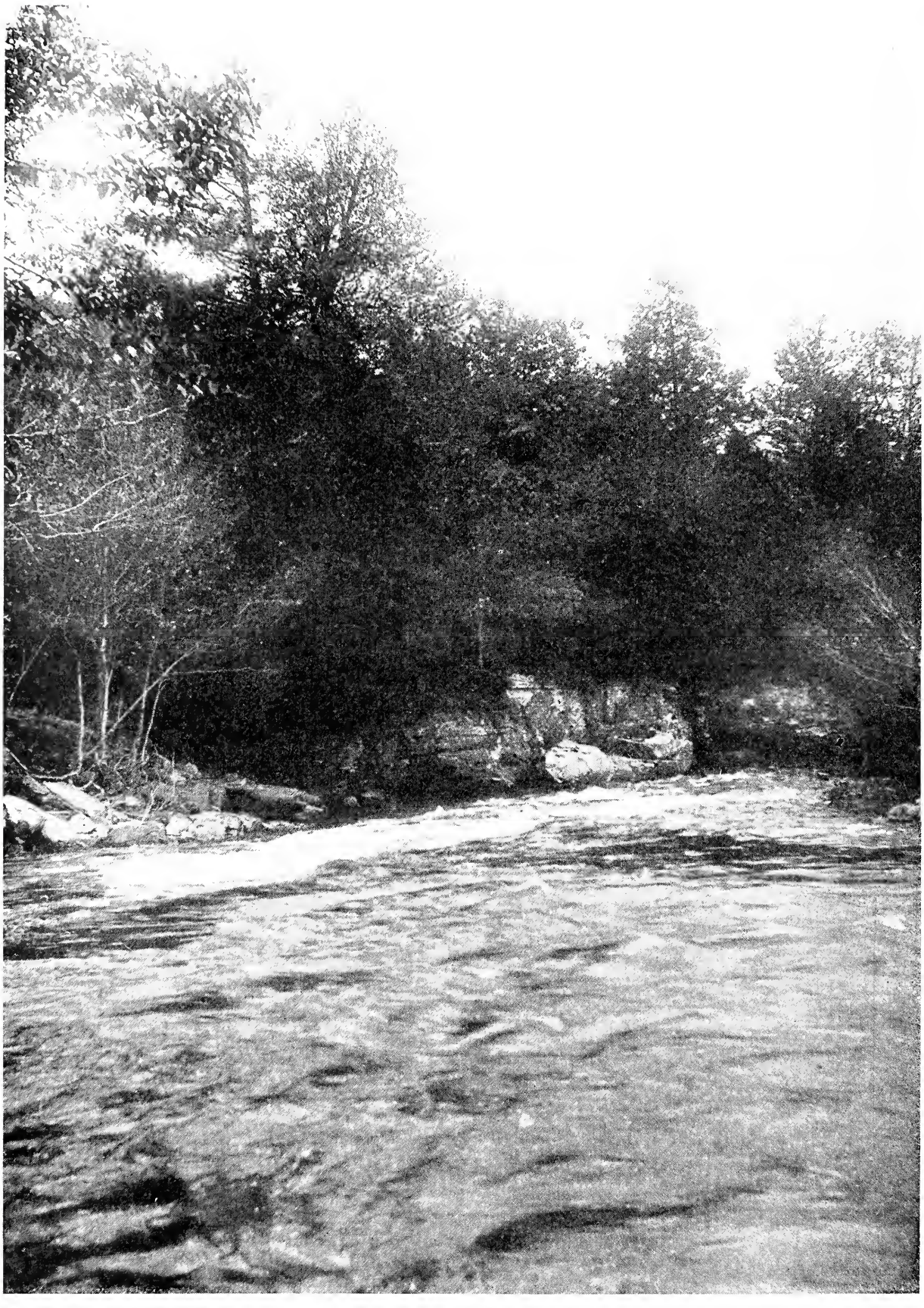
THE above lines, quoted from memory, well describe the monologue of a dozen trout-streams in Sullivan County. Hundreds of anglers visit them year after year, as the first notes of the bluebirds are heard among the pussywillows along the rocky banks where the chuckles of the water break and die and live again, while the robins are making short runs and long stops, cocking their heads to one side as they listen for the earthworms crawling just below the surface of the ground.

The oldest resident and most inveterate angler does not know the trout-brooks of Sullivan. How the localities crowd and throng on the attention and form pictures in memory! All grace and beauty of outdoors—mountains, wild blossoms, slopes dark with graceful foliage, myriads of ideal camping places, and such wealth of loveliness of sunshine and shadow, and spring voices in and along the forested shores of rapids! Small wonder that we return again and again, although, so often, the trout are either small and shy, or very scarce when large. The writer has fished all day in the Beaverkill and Willowemoc, enjoyed every minute, and returned with an empty creel, but happy. And he has taken small speckled beauties till the creel was heavy; and, twice, has lifted fish from the Beaverkil that would weigh over two pounds each.

Nowhere does the time of the angler, so precious and full of joy, pass more rapidly.

A six-ounce rod, three-foot single gut leader and cheap reel, with not over sixty feet of oiled silk line, a dozen dark flies on No. 10 hooks (three each of the Brown Hackle, Gray Drake, Black Gnat and Beaverkill), a pair of wading boots and a knife and box of matches for building the fire that will roast the trout by the streamside at noon, and we are off, like Jason after the Golden Fleece. It is the very first day of the trout season, April 16. No mention is made here of best clothing—any old raiment is properly comfortable. How to handle the rod, build the fire, dress and cook the fish, need not be told; it is assumed that the reader is no tyro, and that while he loves the little king of the jeweled coat, he almost worships his environment.

The leaves are yet hidden in smallest buds—no foliage. The water is probably high; but the first wild birds are about, and some bold anemone or violet may be seen busy with preparations for blossoming. The water is cold and angry, and probably rather turbid. The rocks show no moss as yet—but only the wonderful colors, often the work of a thousand years, showing in brown and gray and ochre, those slow-fingered artists painting and staining the faces and shoulders of rocks and cliffs in quietest hues of tender honor. To the best angler such beauty of environment comes first. Now for something of the trout haunts, and of the fishing that may be very poor, but which often gives the sportsman plenty of excitement, and amplest reward for his time and work. If he visits "Old Sullivan" by either the magnificent upper Delaware River, or *via* the Hudson, and the grand mountain pictures that really begin as the train starts up the incline opposite the Shawangunk Hills at Summitville, he passes station after station that invites him to stop



A TROUT POOL NEAR BEAVERKILL

and try his luck. Four miles from Mamakating he can get trout-fishing; west of the Hudson River and with the Catskills almost in sight, he can find trout-fishing right on the Brookwood Lodge farm. At Rock Hill there are four trout-streams, stocked. Only a half-mile from Ellenville trout may be found; and also at Haven. A dozen rather unsatisfactory streams may be reached from Monticello. All this is, however, only a hint of what lies beyond. Let not the reader be deluded with promises of taking trout in the Neversink River—a perfect stream for beauty and wildness, but lacking trout. Beware of him who promises fine bass, pickerel and trout-fishing in lakes. One lake near Liberty furnishes pickerel—but we want the *Salvelinus fontinalis*. Let the bearer of fish tales fail to lure you north of Liberty to streams that he will say swarm with trout; they will not materialize, it being a "bad day; water too high, good fishing here yesterday, or last year, or will be, etc., etc."

But beyond Liberty things get interesting for the angler. Plenty of small trout may be found by writing the postmaster at Parksville to engage a guide who knows some of the special haunts of trout in several small streams that flow into the Beaverkill. Better, let him write to Livingston Manor. I know several fine trout-streams within a few miles of this place; but the native guide who watches the trout month by month is the man to whom the angler should turn in trust. He will show you where to go, and for his single day of service you will bless the wise expenditure of a couple of dollars because of the knowledge that he imparts. "Get next" to the native who knows, and will show you—for money. I might mention some of these guides; but this is not an advertising article. The man who really seeks trout-fishing can easily find them by mail.

A boat trip down the Willowemoc from the Manor will furnish exquisite views of as handsome a river as lies under the sky, and very large trout rise to flies there—but so few and wary! The region is "fished to death"; one should get wise through his paid guide, who will take him to smaller streams and plenty of smaller fish. The country is fairly gridironed with these runlets and brooks, and the man who lives near them knows: you will not know, and cannot hope to follow the somewhat shifting locations of the trout. At Lew Beach or Parkston postoffices, men may be had who will part with their knowledge for a dollar or two—and work and show you how to roast trout that will be good enough for a king.

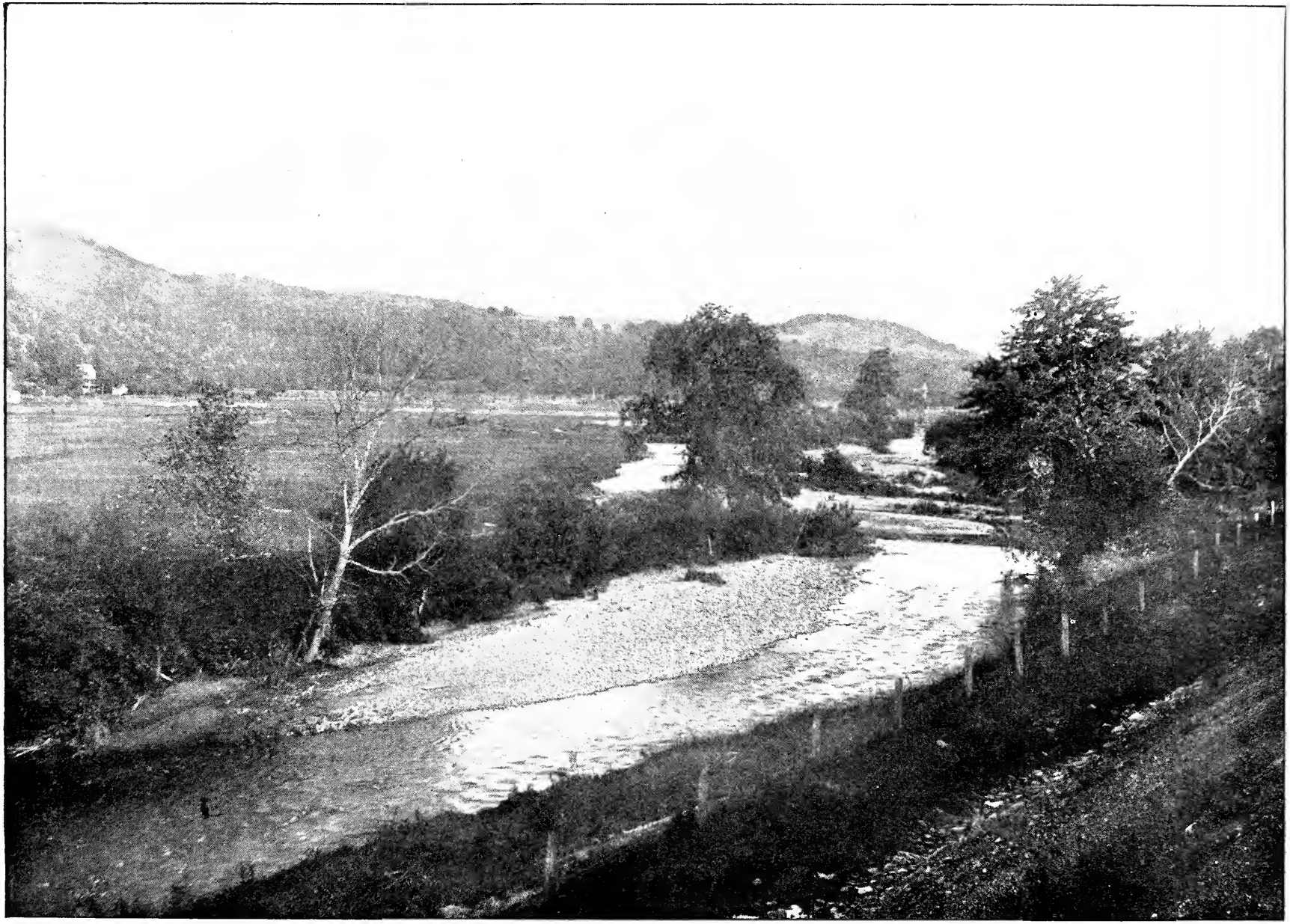
My own choice was Rockland, with the Campbell House as a base. The Willowemoc and Beaverkill proper join about a mile below. Here Louis Rhead, of trout and bass book fame, was an enthusiastic angler; and poor W. C. Harris loved to fish off the bridge just where the East Branch of the Willowemoc joined across the line into Delaware County.

There are several famous trout-pools where the Beaverkill enters the Willowemoc near Roscoe. Every trout landed there will be a good one; yet Mr. Rhead sometimes fished for days without getting even a rise—and enjoyed every minute. But he brought several splendid trout to the hotel.

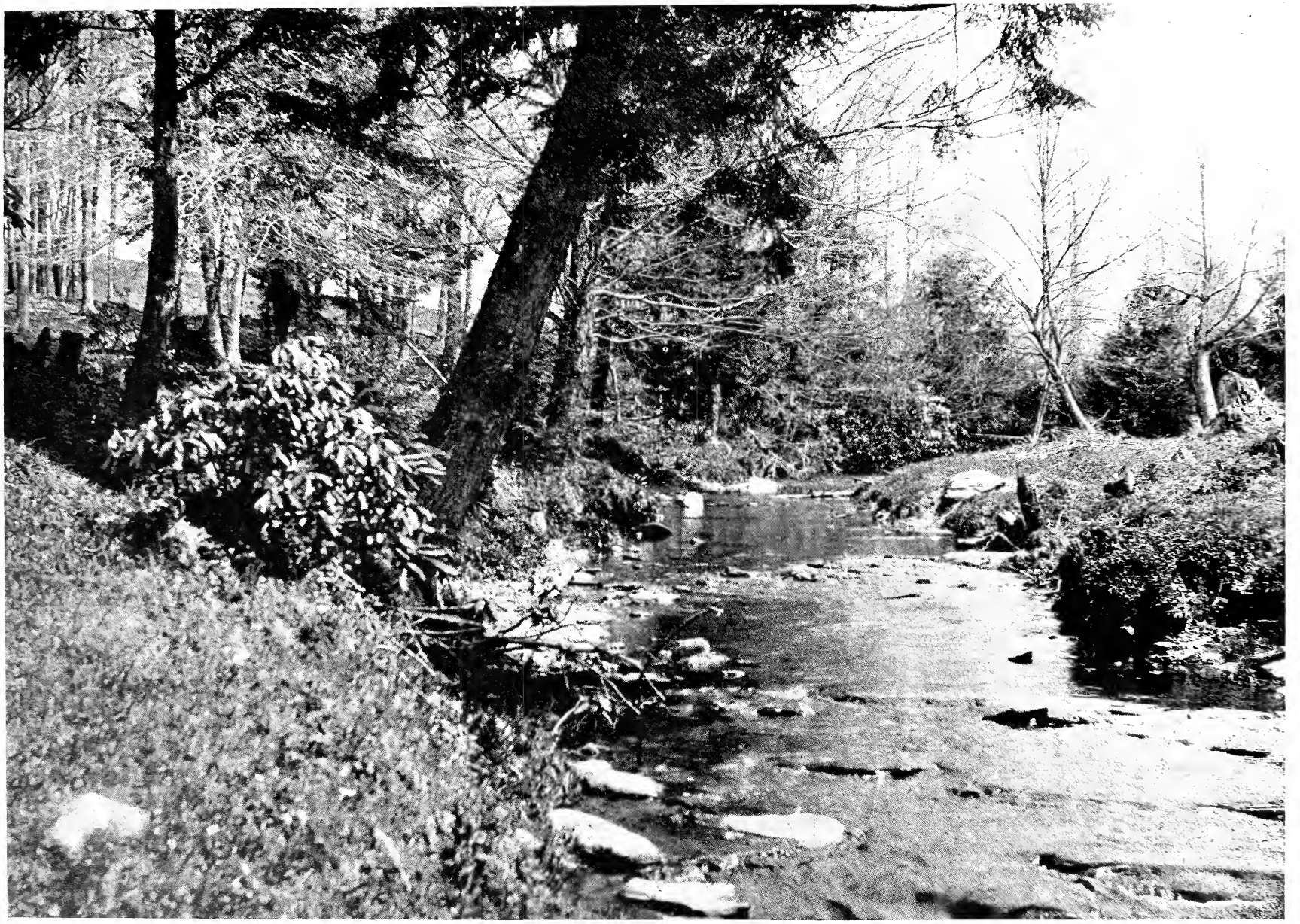
This paragraph is for the expert who thinks he knows trout lures and how to cast them. Let him stop at the Campbell House in Roscoe (or Rockland) the night of April 15, and fish on the Willowemoc the next day—ascertaining whether the big trout are to be seen yet—up at the dam, two miles north, in a valley visible from the porch of the hotel.

In its own way, no fairer view anywhere than that from the porch of the Campbell House—right in front, reaching to the crests all afire in morning sunrise. No words are delicate, tender or rich enough to describe that view!

Two miles north, in a well-known pool to which any boy can lead the angler, five big trout lived and showed themselves for years. They may be there yet. The writer prides himself on being a past grand master of trout lures. White Miller flies of various shapes and modifying tints for night work, Beaverkills, live mice, grasshoppers, common red rags, beetles, butterflies of black and brown, flutterers, humming bird imitations—these were cast for days and days and nights and nights over those five wary troutships, and with no result except a lazy rise and flaps of the tail; and all five would face me, grinning if ever trout grinned, not thirty feet away,



EAST OF LIVINGSTON MANOR



"IT SEEKS THE SEA"

and with the water so clear one could see their gills open and shut. Every fish would weigh twenty ounces. They were wise! I shifted myself and family from Roscoe to Liberty; if I had remained, the temptation to dynamite or net those beauties would have been too great. That was five years ago. As I could not get even one of them, I wished them good luck; they "were not so bery fat."

I avoided the Beaverkill, being assured that it was much fished, lined with trespass signs and big dogs and surly owners who wanted fabulous sums as damages for spoiling their land.

All localities mentioned are less than 140 miles from New York. The railroads used are easily ascertained or already known—this is no advertisement.

On the west side of Sullivan County, traversed by another railroad and bounded by the Delaware River with its fine bass fishing, and from Half-Way Brook, reached from Shohola, all the way to Long Eddy, 147 miles from New York, there is fair trout fishing in streams known to natives easily communicated with through local postmasters. Brown trout by thousands (fingerlings) have been placed in Beaver (Shohola Postoffice), Ten Mile River and Boyd's Mill Brook (Mast Hope), Narrowsburg, Tyler and Page Brooks (Cochecton) and Adams, Peak's and Basket Brooks (Long Eddy).

My own choice of all this fishing is Basket Brook. The Shohola route to Sullivan County has better fishing and grander scenery than the Liberty route. At Rock Valley, five miles from Long Eddy station, Basket Brook has been stocked with thousands of brown and brook trout fry; and when the water is right (somewhat in flood) a full creel is almost sure to result. Use dark flies. The stream is somewhat brushy, but any angler at all handy with flies should be able to fish with them there without getting "snagged" or "hooked" on brush.

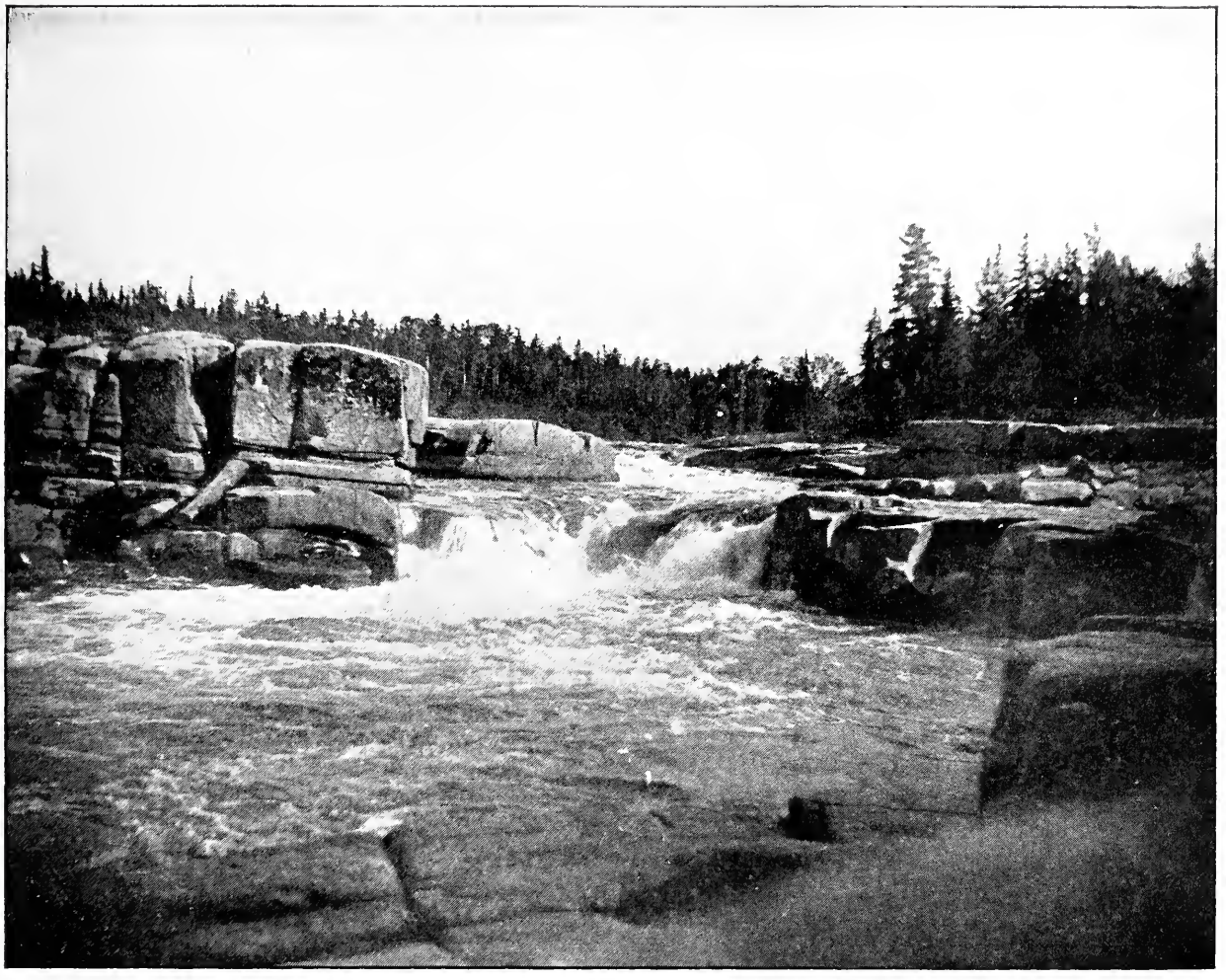
It is difficult to close without extended reference to the exquisite scenery along either of these routes. They can be traversed by rail from New York or Philadelphia after business hours any evening, a night's sleep obtained, and the guide will be hammering on the angler's door by daylight and have him in good trout waters before breakfast if desired. How rich and abundant the trout fishing is naturally is demonstrated by its continuance in spite of the hundreds of anglers. No camping is necessary, although frequently practiced. Reasonable rail, livery and hotel prices, hospitable natives and respectful guides, the best of fare and water and air, and as many trout as a fisherman who is reasonable has any right to expect—that all spells Sullivan County. As our Irish guide at Long Eddy often exclaimed: "Long may she wave!"

TROUT TIME

BY T. SHELLEY SUTTON

I'm tired of the dinging and donging,
  I'm tired of the traffic and din,
The crowding and cramming and thronging,
  The struggle and folly and sin;
The belt and the bell and the bustle,
  The buzz and the clang and the roar—
'Tis a vain and a brain-racking tustle
  That makes me disheartened and sore.

I want to get back to the mountains,
  I want to get back to the wild,
To the brook and the fresh-flowing fountains
  Where never a thought is defiled;
I want to live closer to Nature;
  My soul of its struggles is sick;
There's a voice in the cataract calling—
  I want to go fishin'—quick!



THE FAMOUS FLAT ROCK POOL—NIPISSIGUIT RIVER

SALMON FISHING AT THE CLUBS

[Golden Rod and Silver Doctor]

BY CHARLES HALLOCK

IN CASTING about among the many angling books which have been written, I discover that the literature of the salmon is for the most part painfully hackneyed. Every author is voiced alike. There is the same theme, similar treatment, and one uniform arrangement. Each book aspires to be a "complete" treatise, and every one is oracular. There follow, by rote, the biology of the fish, his habits and characteristics, and "when, how and where to capture him," concluding with some wild anecdote or bit of poetry by way of a snapper. If any variation is attempted, it runs into the speculative and mysterious. The more abstruse and empirical the treatise is, the more eminent becomes the philosopher; and the stronger his "pull" on the credulity of his readers, the higher the price of the book and the wider the play of his fancy. Yet the guild of anglers has been listening to fascinating platitudes with rapt consideration for eighteen centuries. Strange that so much inspiration can be drawn from a single theme! But is it not time that we had a new version?

I have had faith that a master spirit might yet appear who would aerate the pool, and place himself in such perfect touch with his

catechumen that when he leads him to the riverside, be he adept or novice, he will be able to imbue him with the full power of the subtle sentiment which animates the passion for salmon-fishing. By some sort of a mental metathesis he will put his pupil in the place of himself. He will guide him to the swirling pool and point out the exact spot in the curl of the rapid where he shall toss his fly. He will act as mentor to him all the way through, precisely as if he were in bodily presence beside him—the only difference being that instead of jogging his elbow here and giving a timely hint there, the pupil will be left entirely to the exercise of his own judgment and discretion in the exercise of his wand. Given a manual of tactics for an infinite number of hypothetical situations, prescribing for each a process, he will have full liberty to make his own selection of materials and methods. He pays his money for his information and he takes his choice; only he may not be able to catch any fish! However, no writer that I know of, save one, has ever exhibited the rare faculty required to produce a true *vade-mecum* for the salmon-fisher, and he, unfortunately for the craft, seldom airs his knowledge through the medium of cold type.

But, after all, where is the use? Of what advantage is classical learning if one cannot put it to practical test? No one can afford to go salmon-fishing nowadays unless he has a mint of money; and the man who does go has his object lessons right before him. He pays high for them. What need has he of books when he can have realism? And of what value are books, anyway, to the multitude who are disbarred from fishing? Angling treatises may have had their day as textbooks? *Quien sabe?* The private tutor takes their place. Nowadays, the canoeman does all the coaching. Very few salmon-anglers undertake the rough work of the old school. They do not care to pit their mettle against the tempter of what the Scotchman call "wicked rivers," where the capture of a heavy salmon is the test of true strategic cleverness and physical endurance, rather than of mere mechanical manipulation. Most of their fishing is done from canoes or boats on glassy and streamy water, with two canoemen to handle the craft. They have spent fortunes to secure their rivers and equip their sumptuous cottages, which in these days have taken the place of primitive camps, and it has taken time and money to reach the delectable ground. They do not propose "to work their passage leading the horse." Therefore, as has been stated, the boatmen do all the work, and the angler enjoys the luxury. They carry the gentleman's rod and wraps and rubber cushion to the canoe by the riverside, and make him snug on a seat amidships. They then pole out to the middle of the stream or the most likely portion of the pool, which they all know like a book, and drop killick to hold the canoe in position. They suggest the most killing flies, for they are posted by critical observation, and the angler makes up his cast accordingly, and pitches it at the spot to which he is directed. Boatmen instantly detect a novice, and thenceforward lose no time in working in their varnish. They show him how to cast properly, and how to pump the rod in order to attract the fish, and how to fasten to a rise. No persons more able and ready to coach than they. Sometimes they will take the rod in hand themselves and deliver the line in a way to astonish the tyro. If a fish fastens, they hand the rod back to the angler, then up killick at once and follow the fish with the boat, snubbing or humoring it according to its moods. These tactics amount to the play of an automatic reel, and the angler has only to keep the tip of his rod well up, except when the fish jumps; the boatmen "do the rest." If the fish jumps, the tip dips responsively, else the salmon's likely to free himself. Each crew takes personal pride in the achievements of his canoe, and of the trophies it returns to the camp, all of which are credited to the patron of the boat, whoever kills them. Usually the boatmen tire the fish out in twenty minutes or so by skillful navigation, and gaff him alongside of the canoe; but if they have an experienced angler aboard, they will go ashore on occasion, keeping deferential silence from start to finish, and venturing no suggestion until the result transpires, when critical remarks are allowed to be in order.

The foregoing is the vogue on many rivers, especially on the Restigouche. Boats are used wherever they can be, because there are many pools, or more properly swims,

which cannot otherwise be reached. On rivers whose midchannels are studded with boulders, ladders with boards are often laid out to the best casting stands, and from one point of vantage to another, so that an angler not especially expert in handling a salmon on the line can do so with excellent chances of saving him by simply following the course of the ladders up and down the pools, as the fish may happen to lead him. This is salmon fishing made easy! Canoes are generally used, but on the Godbout there are "Castle Connell punts" some twenty-six feet in length, which are very stiff and safe, even under the crucial test of the roughest water that any craft ought to venture into. On narrow rivers like the Jaquet and Charles, which can be covered by a maximum length of cast, no boats are required, and on the Nepissiguit the channel pools are too strong and deep to be fished from canoes, and have to be reached from marginal rocks and ledges.

Of course the style of gaffing a salmon depends much upon whether the gaff is handled from a canoe, a shelving beach, or a steep ledge, and the length of handle varies accordingly. For the rocks it may be ten feet long, and the feat of getting a fish securely on the iron under such disadvantages is difficult indeed. The ordinary length of handle would be four feet. Some anglers invariably beach their fish when they can; others prefer to gaff from the canoe. None *choose* the rocks. It is possible for the angler to gaff his own fish from boat or beach, but not from a vertical rock. Old anglers who have had unfortunate experience with bunglers and lost many fish are chary of strange gaffers, or gillies, for there is nothing more exasperating, after a forty minutes' tussle with a strong fish, than to have some slouch barely scratch him with the point of the iron as he wallop's past an arm's length off, thereby working up renewed energy which gives promise of a long continuation of the fight. However, one cannot always choose his own gaffing place. Gravel beaches are not conveniently at hand on most rivers. Neither can an angler always keep out of the water when he fishes from the shore. Says one old veteran: "I never wade." Doubtless? But there *are* rivers with precipitous shores where you would have to wade or swim to follow your fish. On such wild waters a gaffer is indispensable. In all contingencies place faith on the Silver Doctor! It's a killing fly at all times.

One should never be in a hurry when he wishes to fix a fish on his iron. Put the gaff into the water as quietly as possible, and unobserved by the fish, to the depth of sixteen inches or so, and make the clip point upward and inward, sharply, but without jerking, endeavoring to hook him just abaft the shoulders, which is the centre of gravity. If hooked elsewhere in the body, the fish gets a big leverage with head or tail, and will make a ghastly rent in his flesh, if indeed he don't flop off altogether. Never wire a fish in the belly. Nothing is more unsightly than a great gaping wound, especially if the entrails protrude. I notice that a few old anglers have adopted a big landing net with a two-foot span, which has its advantages; but one would think it clumsy to handle, and likely to scare the fish. Veteran river men invariably carry a billet with which to whack the salmon on the head as soon as he is lifted out of the water. It gives him a speedy quietus and a better flavor when eaten. Moreover, a thumping fish makes a hideous noise in the bottom of a boat, and scares other fish away. Few anglers think of this.

Lots of things are to be borne in mind when one goes salmon-fishing. One object is the reel. Keep your eyes on the drag, and don't let the line backlash or overrun. An unexpected jerk on a line will do this and make mischief in an instant which, perhaps, an hour of labor will not undo. "Striking" a salmon will lose oftener than win. In general, a heavy salmon hooks himself by carrying down the fly in water which is curly, else he is not hooked at all. To strike a salmon on a taut line in streamy water when well down stream would be fatal to tackle. An old angler simply lifts the tip of his rod gently, and so tightens the line at the proper instant. In dead water, or a back eddy, when the fly is well under the surface, a smart stroke is not only admissible, but necessary. When to strike, how to strike, and whether to strike at all, are questions of the moment, not of set precept. Categorically, the whole subject of salmon-fish-

ing is one of varying situations and continued practice. An angler may fish one and the same river all his life with best success, and yet fail to kill on another river until he has studied its different and peculiar idiosyncrasies. It is the intensely specific characteristics of rivers which make salmon-fishing a superlative art and the most difficult to master of all piscatory attainments. A doctor might as well undertake to diagnose one case by the symptoms of another case, as for an angler to judge of the temper of one river by that of another. The more we fish the more surely we discover this truism and its parallel. One cannot always judge character by physiognomy; we discover it by trial. The master hand may outline the rote and routine of an angler, but he cannot make an adept. Perhaps this is why an old hand is tempted to discard treatises. Fortunate he may be if he is not compelled to hang up his rod altogether. To the "contemplative angler," still robust and hearty, but poor in purse, it is misery to reflect that he must yield *his* pastime before his day is run. Rivers continue to flow, and the splash of the salmon is heard in the stream, but he may not fish; the priceless waters are open only to the few who can afford to buy. The bamboo wand is superseded by the *golden rod.* But what astounding sums these angling privileges command! Ten, twenty, thirty thousand dollars, and even more, for a few rods of riverfront with a bare fortnight's fishing per annum! To those who have enjoyed the freedom of the river, without money and without price, in years gone by, the changed conditions of things seem strange, and the question naturally comes up: How has it all happened? Has the intense passion for salmon-fishing, whose charms all the poets and anglers have sung, from the days of Oppian to Bethune, at last reached fever heat? Or is it merely the pleasure of exclusive possession that enhances values?

I remember once coming down the Restigouche forty odd years ago, and stopping at old man Merrill's over night, half-way up the river. He occupied a small log cabin beside a splendid salmon-pool, and lived a lonely life in a very humble way. He was poor, but gathered no end of salmon during the season; indeed salmon became a drug at his table, and a steady diet of the pink-hued fish for forty days would cloy his stomach.

Wishing to do the handsome act for his guest at supper, he graciously set before me the best his larder afforded, in his estimation, which was a broiled smoked herring! No cooked salmon was in sight. I was hungry for a mess of the dainty fish, for I was fresh on the river myself, and for hours previously, as the ever-dipping paddles sped us down the stream, I had kept on thinking: "At Merrill's we will have fresh salmon." However, I had no occasion to feel disappointed, for I had only to express my desire and abundance soon appeared. I ate of boiled salmon to repletion, but old Merrill "allowed" that *he* had had so much of it since the season opened in June that he didn't think *I* would care for it. That seems to be the logic of the present status on the river. Anglers who are surfeited with sport are liable to forget that the rest of the fraternity are yearning for it. The next time I come down I fear it will be smoked red herring or no fish.

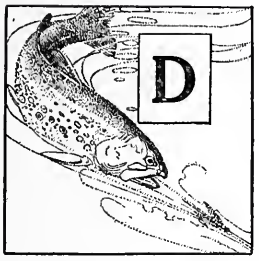
APRIL

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

A black pool, lined with slowly freshening sedge,
A flame of buds upon the maple tree;
A gray rain-cloud with wool-white, crinkled edge—
And in the air a hint of flowers to be.

FISHING ON CAGE LAKE

BY M. T. FRISBIE



DID you ever notice how, when any matter either of politics, religion, how to grow turnips, or municipal ownership of public utilities, is up for discussion in the columns of the press, after Veritas and Old Subscriber and Pro Bono Publico have had their turn at it, invariably comes along One Who Knows and settles the whole business out of hand? His solution, to ordinary minds, may be far from correct, his contribution to general information concerning the matter under discussion may not be germane to the subject; he may even write himself down to most of his readers as pure crank, but for cocksureness and positive certainty that he is right and that all the others are dead wrong, he grabs the batter cake.

When we were making out our spring fishing schedule, we had the assistance of the original One Who Knows. He could tell more about the great Adirondack Woods than the guides who had traversed them all their lives. He knew which and where the good trout-ponds were and the shortest way to get to them. More than that, he knew of one in particular in the heart of the virgin timber, fairly teeming with trout of all sizes from fingerling up to land-locked salmon. It had never been seen by a white man until he and his guide stumbled upon it by pure accident the previous fall while stalking deer—or if so, rarely.

HIGH FALLS ON THE OSWEGATCHIE

Trout there? Why, hadn't he seen them jump? The water fairly boiled with them.

This little gem, undiscovered of the great army of fishermen who go to the Woods each year on the 15th of April; this flower

OUR RUSTIC DINING ROOM

of the North, which had been wasting its sweetness on the desert air for generations, waiting for us to come and pluck it, was Cage Lake, reached only by mountain trail from the headwaters of the Oswegatchie River, known (or at least that portion of it) as the Inlet to Cranberry Lake.

Now, as a matter of fact, Cage Lake has been fished for the past two generations by at least its fair proportion of the fifty thousand, more or less, of tourists who seek recreation in the Adirondacks annually; and as a matter of reasonable conjecture the troubling of the waters, which to his excited vision represented millions of trout, was probably caused by hungry dace and shiners.

Not to give Cage Lake a bad name, however, they do say that if one happens to strike it when the trout are biting, there is no limit to the number that may be taken. Such a day is said to have occurred in the seventies and has probably been duplicated once or twice each year since. But it is not down on the calendar and every fisherman has to find it out for himself. So we went to Cage Lake.

"Resolved, that the pleasures of anticipation are greater than those of reality," is the question we used to debate with much heat in the little old red schoolhouse, and sometimes, even then, the affirmative had the best of it. Any man who is a fisherman at heart enjoys anticipatory pleasures. We began to talk about Cage Lake in midwinter and long before the fishing season opened our rods and tackle had been carefully overhauled, our duffle packed and all made ready.

The day of departure dawned at last. Behold three middle-aged boys in outrageous togs and unspeakable head and footgear, pack baskets slung on their shoulders, making their way before daylight to the early morning train with enthusiastic sleepiness.

A ride of six hours brings us to Benson Mines in a country where the hills are composed of single granite rocks, bald as a skull, and the meadows yield more "hardhead" boulders than pasturage. God never intended it for anything but timberland, and when men cut and burned it over he withdrew his favor.

"The Mines" represent a deposit of excellent iron ore, in which a fortune has been sunk. They are now inoperative, being unable to compete with the vast de-

SURESHOT HAS A TROUT

posits of the Superior region and cheap lake transportation. So Benson Mines is best known by campers and fishermen as a

railroad junction and getting-off place for Sternberg's.

The inevitable buckboard awaits us at the station. There are various buckboards, but the vehicle which met us is of a style peculiar to the Adirondack Mountains and beyond description. A cross between a flat car and a load of soap boxes might produce such offspring. But for getting over the boulder-strewn, corduroyed "roads" of the North Woods nothing could beat it, except perhaps a flying machine. Only, if you have been delicately nurtured, you will prefer to walk.

By buckboard and shanksmares then to Sternberg's, a half-way house between civilization and the absolute wilds. It is situated at the crossing of the Inlet by the Albany road, that old military highway thrown across the northern wilderness, from Albany to Sacketts Harbor on Lake Ontario, during the War of 1812, when Perry was successfully disputing with Great Britain for the mastery of the lakes.

STERNBERG'S, ON THE ALBANY ROAD

Deer signs are seen near the highway and a fat hedgehog scuttles across the road with his quills lifted and scrambles up a tall balsam as we pass. The hedgehog is a pest, denuding the evergreens of foliage in the localities where he feeds. A curious thing the guides tell of him is that he also devours the dropped antlers of the deer, which is said to account for the fact that the latter are so rarely found, though hundreds of bucks roam the woods, shedding their horns annually. The "hog" is a nuisance around camp, too. More than that, his head at fifty yards presented an excellent target for Sureshot's "long and deadly hunting rifle," which proved the final argument.

After dinner at Sternberg's with Mine Host Redway, whom, with his white apron and noiseless slippers serving the meal, we could hardly imagine to be the same individual that we saw and heard dispensing mule talk from the high seat of the buckboard half an hour earlier, the guides stowed our duffle into their cockleshell river boats. Holding the bow against the bank with the paddle they waited for us to step in.

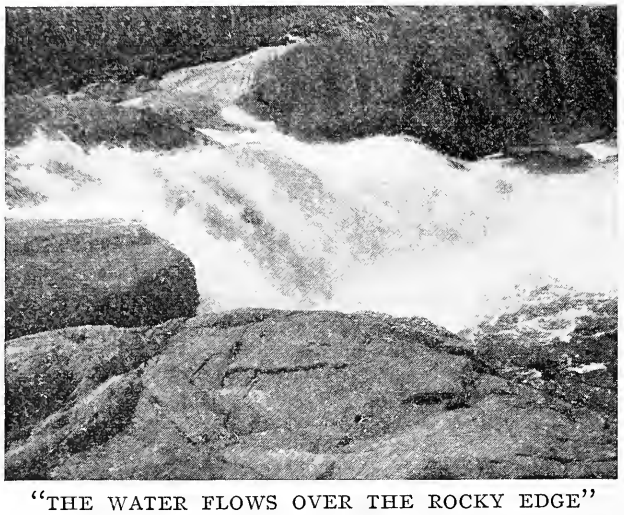
The river was in flood. Imagine a mountain-fed stream in places so narrow that the overhanging alders would make rowing impossible with the water normal, widening in level places to form miniature lakes, more tortuous than a corkscrew and broken by frequent rapids, and you have some idea of the Inlet, which is navigable by canoe for twenty-five miles or more. Now, with a rise of three feet, it gave two men plenty to do to work the boat up-stream, laden only with themselves and necessary duffle.

Of course, the heaviest part of the work fell on the guide in the stern, for he had to swing the curves and navigate the rapids. The greenhorn in the bow simply dug his paddle into the water with all the energy that was in him for eight straight miles of uphill climbing. Did I say straight miles? Then mark me down a liar. They were the crookedest miles man ever traveled. One landmark, "the Seven Pines" (all growing from one stump) we came abreast of four times in a half-hour's paddling, each time coming so near that it would not have been difficult to fling a pebble into their branches. Once a carry of five rods across a narrow neck of land admitted us into the river again and saved a mile and a half of the distance.

So, past the "battle ground," High Rock, the Seven Pines, past numerous coves and rapids, we made our way eight miles into the heart of the woods. We passed through timberlands owned by various lumber companies, soon to be denuded, to the everlast-

ing shame of the Empire State, and at last made camp on State land, a corner of the great forest preserve, to which the State is adding a trifle by purchase from year to year.

Here at Young's Camp, a shack of poles and building paper (the wardens will not allow the erection of permanent structures on State land) that had not been occupied since the previous fall, we were to stop for the night. A camp fire was soon built, and Ed Young, with his brother Robbie, quickly had the bacon in the frying pan, while Johnny McBroom stowed the duffle and set about making beds. In making and caring for camp and cooking fires the average Adirondack guide is the zealous supporter of the warden, though perhaps in not much else. But an extensive forest fire means the wholesale destruction of good hunting ground and a corresponding injury to the guide's means of livelihood. Besides, in those northern counties all able-bodied male inhabitants are liable to be drafted out as fire fighters every time there is a big forest conflagration. Occasionally, too, in the carelessly started forest fires, human lives are lost. Posted near all camps in the North Woods are copies of the statutes relative to fire protection and the protection of game and song birds. Hunters and smokers are cautioned against allowing fires to originate from the use of firearms, cigars and pipes, and especial care is enjoined that lighted matches should be extinguished before being thrown down. Neglect of these rules during the summer, when the woods are like tinder, has caused the burning over of thousands of acres of valuable timberland which conserves the source of the great natural waterways of the State.



"THE WATER FLOWS OVER THE ROCKY EDGE"

But there was no danger of forest fires spreading when we made our trip to Cage Lake. The woods were wet, the skies were wet, our clothes were wet, even our bedding would have been a bonanza to a traveler dying of thirst. But that was nothing. In the great natural health resort of Northern New York it is impossible to take cold, and though we crawled into wet blankets with our damp clothing sticking to our bodies, we slept the sleep of the utterly weary and woke refreshed.

A BIT OF ROUGH WATER

It rained all night. How it rained! The One Who Knew had brought a canvas boat into the woods with him at considerable expense of muscle (not his own) and Sureshot awakened him several times to ask if he had brought his nice new boat in out of the wet. Knowledge retaliated with a scornful snort, and then, but for the hoot of an owl or the melancholy groan of a "stake driver" out in

the alder beds, silence reigned again. When the morning light was visible at the front of the open camp, it was apparent a raw day was in prospect. But the gloomy outlook was cheered by bacon and flapjacks with real maple syrup, and Johnny McBroom's story about the French "breed" and the muskrat.

"Dat Maskar-rang de bes' meat. I like 'eem. I like 'eem goot! Catch 'eem. Peel 'eem. Par*bile* 'eem. *Par*bile 'eem goot. Push 'eem in hov'. Bake 'eem. Jus' soon have lamb as it!"

Just as breakfast is over Johnny Marshall comes swinging down the mountainside from his camp at Cage Lake, anywhere from five to eight miles distant by blazed trail, and we reload the pack baskets for the climb. Three hours later the white of Marshall's tent, our destination, shows away up on the hillside. We slip the straps of our baskets and for the next ten minutes nearly pitch forward on our hands and knees before our backs can adjust themselves to the changed conditions.

Cage Lake is one of hundreds of small lakes and ponds existing among the wooded hills of southern St. Lawrence and northern Herkimer and Lewis counties, most of them uncharted on the maps. One guide in that locality has visited three hundred of them. Many of them are mere bowls or basins between the hills, fed by springs and rivulets. At the lowest side of the bowl the water flows over the rocky edge in a small cataract and following down this stream for one hundred feet or so you are below the level of the lake's bottom. Nearly all of them contain more or less trout. I should say that Cage Lake contained more. Certainly it didn't give them up.

The One Who Knew fished industriously, vigorously and at times profanely. But after two days he refused to accept any responsibility for the success or failure of the expedition and replied with hard looks when his glowing eulogiums of Cage Lake were quoted. What made it worse was that the guides knew and he knew and the rest knew that not fifteen miles away, at Waunakena, fishermen were hauling out trout as long as your arm, all that they could carry away. So he sent two of the guides back to Young's for his folding boat, as a diversion.

They arrived sweating, and swore they would sooner carry one of their own wooden boats on their heads, which they do with a curious yoke arrangement very comfortably.

Marshall's tent was eight feet by twelve. It contained a balsam bough bed and a little sheet-iron heating-stove. The bed held seven of us edgewise. Leaning over it was a hundred-year-old hemlock with a crack in the trunk that opened and closed in a high wind and creaked dismally. The Sureshot lay in terror all night during a thunderstorm, with his shoes in his hand, ready to dash out if he heard an unusual crash.

The dining-table was of split slabs beside a great log outdoors, and one morning everybody stood up to eat breakfast in a storm of rain and sleet. But Johnny McBroom made baking powder biscuits fit for a king, while the snow fell in the kneading pan, and baked them before the camp fire. Just to stand up and eat those biscuits with maple syrup on them, in the out-of-doors, was worth the price of admission, even though the wet snow did trickle down the back of your neck meanwhile.

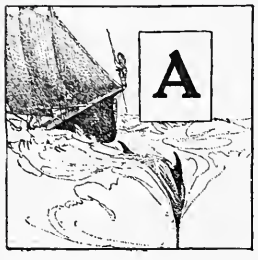
So matters might have gone on until this day if it hadn't been for Marshall. When the One Who Knew, who still had to swear by Cage Lake, was out whipping the water for trout, Marshall said:

"I d'no as I ought to interfere, an' its money in my pocket to have you stay, but you fellows ain't going to get any trout in Cage Lake. If you was here a day when they bit, you'd maybe get quite a bunch of 'em, but you see they ain't a-bitin'."

We saw, and held a council of war. Then we gave a whoop to call in the lone fisherman. He was glad of an excuse. So we packed up and hiked back to the Oswegatchie. Nobody left Cage Lake with regret. And no harm came to the canvas boat, which did not get taken out of the original package.

EARLY MORNING BLUEFISHING

BY E. M. LEEK



A FEW summers ago I was sailing with a party of friends on Long Island Sound, a few miles east of New Haven near Faulkner's Island. This island is an important light station, and shows a flashlight, and there is a fog-horn for thick weather. Near and around this island are countless rocks and shoals. Now, while these obstructions are a serious menace to navigation, they form an ideal fishing ground, and many a blackfish, bass and bluefish has been taken here.

The blackfish and bass are always there in summer, while the bluefish come and go. One day the reef would not have a fin on it, and on the next it might be alive with the ravenous beauties, and so it happens that boatmen sailing these waters in July and August are always on the lookout for a bluefish school. The gulls almost always show where the fish are, and a bunch wheeling over and diving into the midst of the whipping fish sends a thrill through any one with a drop of fishing blood in his veins.

The bluefish are caught on long trolling lines, rigged with a bone jig, towed from the stern of a boat cruising back and forth, just in front of the school. During the summer in question I had for a boat what we called a sharpie—a long, narrow, flat-bottomed craft, with a big centreboard, and two tall slender masts with leg-of-mutton sails, the foresail fitted with a big club to increase the sail area. This kind of a sailboat is now nearly obsolete, but was once considered the proper thing, and a good sharpie man, with a breeze to help him, could do almost anything with his craft.

Well, on this afternoon in question, we had been off around Faulkner's Island, and rounding the island with a good southwest wind had slacked our sheets off for the run home. Reaching a point perhaps a mile north of the light, I happened to cast my eye to windward, and 'way over on the North Reef I caught the glint of a gull's wing, and looking closer saw quite a flock of them circling over the shoal. I did not need to be told what that meant, for it was as plain as print to me. The bluefish had come.

I thought I would keep this bit of news to myself long enough to have one try at them, at least. Too many boats sink the fish. We were staying at the time in a cottage by the shore, and landing my party I moored my boat, and went up to the house. I had my bluefish gear all ready, and asked my wife if she would like to go off early and have a try at them. She was glad enough to go, so after tea we turned in early, setting the alarm for 3 A. M. The noisy bell of the clock woke me from sound slumber, and getting out of bed, I went to the windows to have a look at the weather. Not a very encouraging prospect. It was as thick as mud, and no daylight in sight. We dressed, just the same, had a cup of coffee with a mouthful to eat, and started for the boat. Now, gentle reader, if there is anything that will take the enthusiasm out of a fishing party any quicker than fog and darkness, I don't want to see it—not if I am in the party. The fog was like a blanket, and as the day began to break, while the light was stronger, you really could see no further than in the dark. I had, however, a good compass, and this was by no means my first trip in thick weather, so it was up to me to make a try anyway. We felt our way down to the skiff, and pulled off to the sharpie, set both sails and cast off with a light, easterly wind, as fair as it could be for our course to North Reef. By compass we ran due south for ten minutes and picked up Riding Rock, then slacking off the sheets we ran southwest about the same length of time, and found Cracked Top, then due south to White Top, whence I knew it was all open water to the reef.

My wife all this time was sitting on the middle thwart, with a coil of rigging under her as the driest spot she could find, trying

to look pleasant. She had on a short skirt, s'out boots, with one of my caps on her head, and a raincoat over all. I had on my oilers and rubber boots, so we were neither of us getting very wet. It certainly seemed to me the thickest morning that I was ever out. You could see, perhaps, three or four boat's lengths, but beyond that it was a gray wall, while in the distance you could hear the dull boom of the fog-horn on the Island. The breeze, freshening a little, was sending the boat along at a lively pace. We ran along in this way, holding our course due southwest for about twenty or twenty-five minutes, with hardly a word passing between us, the water from the accumulated moisture on our sails dripping from the leach rope, while our clothing and hair were covered with the white moisture. It was just a wet, nasty time, and more than ever I thought how foolish we were to start out, and especially for me to bring my wife out at such a time as this seemed actually wicked. The place for her was home and in bed at this time of day. Suddenly, from out the mist, came the cry of a gull, and listening I heard more, and then ahead of us I could see the rip in the reef. "Get out your lines, Mary," I called, putting over one on each quarter, while the missis put out two more on outriggers, one on each side, so that we were towing four lines, well spread, coming down to where the rip showed. I put down my helm, trimmed my sails, and stood off to the southward, running along on the edge of the shoal in the smooth water. I could still hear the birds just ahead of us, and once saw a fish break, when "I have got one, John," cried the lady, and sure enough she had, and was trying hard to land him, when one struck my line on the quarter. With the tiller between my knees and facing the stern, I hauled him in and looked around to see how my wife was getting along. She had her fish all right, and was sitting in the bottom of the boat in a snarl of bluefish line, with the fish kicking around at her feet.

"Oh, John, my foot slipped and I fell down," she said. "Well, we will fix that all right," I replied, putting her fish in a box we had for them, and helping her up. "Suppose you try again," pointing to the other line, that had another fish fast. So at it she went, landing it in good shape. Another came my way, making four for that time across; then we went about and stood back on the other tack. With fish breaking all around us and the screaming gulls overhead, it was getting to be quite interesting, to say the least.

We caught five on this tack and narrowly escaped running down another boat that suddenly loomed up out of the mist. It proved to be the Island boat, with Captain H. and his daughter, fishing like ourselves. The next time across we added more to our string, and at one time had every jig full. Oh, the fun we had that morning, out there in the fog bank! It was breezing up all the time, and the fog was clearing a little, so we could now see the lighthouse. The madam was doing her part in great shape. She had shed her raincoat, her cap had fallen off, and apparently she had lost most of her hairpins, as her hair hung in tangles around her face.

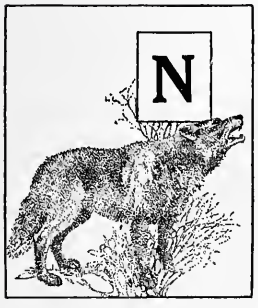
"Ain't this fun, John?" she said, yanking aboard another bluefish. That was what I thought of it, but just at the time I was busy with the boat, trying to go slow enough for us to save the fish. It was a wholesale breeze by this time, and increasing. We went over the ground once more, with the rail under water most of the way, and then gave it up. The sun was by this time shining and I squared away for home. A fair wind it was and plenty of it.

I winged out the two big sails and with the white water roaring alongside and the breaking seas chasing us astern, we started in for breakfast.

A REMBRANDT EFFECT

REMBRANDT LIGHTING

BY FELIX RAYMER



NO DOUBT one of the most attractive lightings known to the photographic operator, as well as the home worker, is the Rembrandt effect of light. These effects of light are quite different from any other made by the studio worker, and in nearly all cases please the customer, for they appeal to the artistic feeling of all. In addition to this there are few subjects that will make the best pictures in this lighting. Subjects of a blonde type or of children are as a rule better for this class of work, as the brunette having very dark hair makes it especially difficult to get detail in the deepest shadows.

We will suppose our window to be three feet wide and six feet high. This, I think, is about the usual size of windows in the living rooms of our homes. There is generally a shade of dark material that can be drawn from the top down to the bottom of the window. This shade should be removed and the fasteners which hold it in place and in which it revolves should be placed at the bottom of the casing, and the curtain then inserted. In the centre of the curtain should be fastened a cord, and this cord run through a pulley that has been placed at the top of the casing, so that when the cord is pulled it will raise the curtain up to the top of the window if desired. This is simply to reverse the curtain. By this means the lower half of the window can be shaded, if desired, and I have found that it is seldom the lower sash is of use in portrait-making.

We will now take up Rembrandt lighting in easy steps, as we did in a preceding article on plain lighting. I will ask that a close study be given the illustration of the little girl that accompanies this article, so that one may be perfectly familiar with it, as I will refer to it frequently in the course of my paper.

First—Draw the curtain on the window up to the top of the lower sash. This closes off the lower part of the light, and prevents too much contrast between the light side of the face and the shadow side.

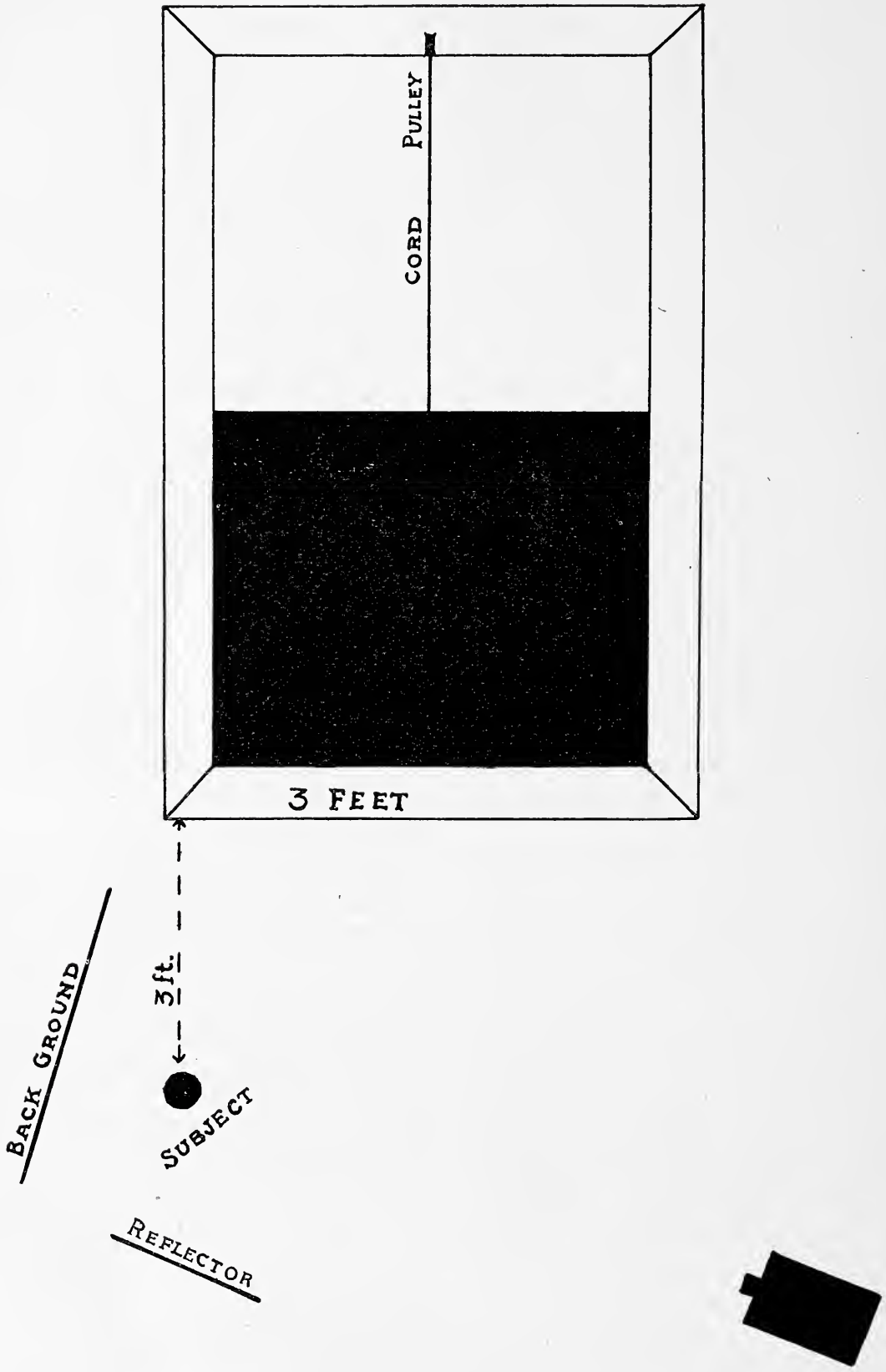
Second—Seat the subject directly opposite one of the side casings of the window, so that the window is in front of her. Here it will be well to refer to the little pen sketch of the window and room, so as to fully understand our meaning. My reason for having all of the light fall on the subject from the front is that the more light we have from the front, the softer the effect of the entire lighting. And the Rembrandt effect of light is such that we have to work to the end that we secure softness. Its natural tendency is toward contrast. We must overcome this natural tendency and to do that we shall have to get all the light possible falling on the subject from the front. It might be well for the reader to try moving the subject backward and forward under the light, and notice the difference in its effects as she is moved back, so that the light falls from the front, and as she is moved up so that a part of it falls from the rear.

Third—Place the subject the same distance from the light that it measures in width. If the window is three feet wide the subject should be three feet from it. If more, the subject should be placed accordingly.

Fourth—Request the subject to turn her back to the light, and face out in the room.

Fifth—Cause the subject to turn slowly back toward the light, and when she has reached the point where a sharp little dart of light comes into the shadow eye bid her stop.

Sixth—Now study the effect of light as it falls on the face. Look at the eyes, and if there is a little dart of light in both of them they are all right. But if there is a dart of light in the light eye and not in the shadow eye it is because the subject has not been turned far enough to the light. If there is a dart of light in the shadow eye and not in the light one it is because the light eye is



PLANS SHOWING POSITION OF CAMERA IN REMBRANDT EFFECT

smaller than the other, and the curtain on the light will have to be lowered just a trifle or until the light comes into the light eye. These little darts of light are absolutely necessary to the making of good work. They give expression to the eyes, making it possible to tell whether they are brown, blue or black. Without them all eyes look the same color, and none of them have the life we like to see in pictures.

Seventh—Next look for the shadow that should fall from the nose. This we call the "cast shadow," which means it is cast from the nose. This shadow denotes the direction your light takes in falling toward the subject, and the direction is a very important matter. The more this shadow extends under the nose the more top light is being used. That is, the top light falling on the subject is in excess of the side light, and will cause heavy shadows under the eyes and under the nose and chin. These shadows should be lightened up, and the only way to do it is to use more side light. To get more side light, the curtain on the window must be lowered a trifle, or until the shadow from the nose takes a direction more across the shadow cheek.

Eighth—If the shadow from the nose runs across the cheek, in almost a horizontal line, it indicates that the curtain on the light is too low, and that there is too much side light. Draw the curtain up until the shadow from the nose takes a more downward course. The idea is to work the light so that it will fall on the subject from an angle of about 45 degrees.

Ninth—Now look to the shadow on the shaded cheek. If this shadow joins with the cast shadow from the nose, it is because the subject has not been turned far enough to the light. The effect of having these two shadows join would be a spot of light directly under the shaded eye, and the rest of that side of the face being in shadow would give a "spotted" lighting. The subject should turn until these shadows barely separate.

Tenth—Look into the very deepest shadows in the face, and see if you can see the flesh, and if there is detail in the draperies. If there is any doubt about your being able to tell that the face is flesh, or if it looks so dark that it might be leather, or painted over with lamp black, there must be a reflector used on the shadow side of the figure. All that is needed is a white card measuring about 16 by 20 inches, and this can be held in the hand while the exposure is being made. This card must be so manipulated that it throws a faint light into the shadows. This must be done carefully, as to overdo it would destroy the modeling of the face. Work the card back and forth until you are satisfied that you have the correct value of reflected light, before exposing the plate. All that is wanted is to see the flesh through the deepest shadow on the face.

Eleventh—Walk over on the shadow side of the subject and you will have the Rembrandt effect of light. Any position can be made of the face that is desired. But make the lighting first, and afterward choose the view of the face. But the camera should always be on the shadow side of the subject. Refer to the sketch again, and the position of the camera can be seen, as it was placed to make our illustration.

The exposure on such a lighting should be about three times as long as would be the case if the camera was on the light side of the figure. The more shadow we show in our pictures the more exposure we should give.

It is the same in making two views of a house. If we have the light falling full against it, and make one view giving one-twenty-fifth of a second exposure, and then make another of the same house, only having the camera on the shadow side of it, we should give much longer time.

Now, just a word about the developing of Rembrandt effects. The developer should be weaker; that is, more water should be added. Leave the ingredients the same, but add about twice the amount of water that has been used for broader effects of light. This makes the developer work slowly, and allows the shadows to come up fuller in detail. Neither should a lighting of this nature be carried so far in the developing solution. Leave off just a little sooner than you would for a broad lighting.

After the plate is fixed, examine it carefully, and if the highest lights on the face are rather stronger than you like they can be made still softer, in the next attempt, by

hanging a white cloth over the upper half of the window, so that all the light has to pass through it before falling on the subject. This gives diffusion, and makes the whole picture softer in tone. This is often necessary where the window has clear glass. Some of the home workers have ground glass placed in the upper sash, and then all curtains are done away with, making the work much simpler.

Photo by Frederick Slocum

"WHEN THE DAYS GROW LONGER"

A BOATING SONG

LINCOLN HULLEY, PH.F., DE LAND, FLORIDA

Row, row, boatman, row,
Strongly pull the oar, ho! ho!
Merrily cut the water, oh!
Row, boatman, row.

Merrily through the waters glide,
Speeding away with wind and tide,
The moon for a guide, we ride, we ride,
Row, boatman, row.

Love is sweet and eyes are bright
Under the vaulted arch of night,
Moon, moon, hide your light,
Row, boatman, row.

Plighted troth was n'er so sweet,
Never a joy so near complete,
The world is conquered beneath our feet,
Row, boatman, row.

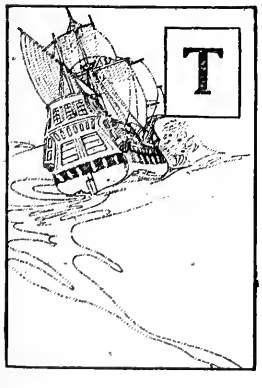
Row, row, boatman, row,
Happy of heart we homeward go;
Pull with a will, yo ho! heave ho!
Row, boatman, row.

Photo by Frederick Slocum

THE LOIS

A BUZZARD BAY CRAFT

BY FREDERICK SLOCUM



THE motor boat Lois, shown in the accompanying photograph, is owned by Mr. E. M. Slocum, of New Bedford, Mass. She was designed for striped bass fishing in Buzzard's Bay around the shores of Cuttyhunk and in the vicinity of Westport Harbor. The fish illustrated were the result of one morning's fishing at Westport and weighed respectively 35 and 18 pounds.

The striped bass in these waters are caught almost exclusively in the surf along the rocky shores. Some fish for them from the rocks or from stands built out over the rocks, while others prefer to fish from a boat, skirting the outer edge of the surf and casting an eel bait in toward the shore. A good strong rowboat, from 12 to 15 feet long, is generaly used for this purpose, but as the favorite haunts of the bass are frequently at some distance from the harbors, Mr. Slocum's introduction of the motor boat for this purpose saves many a long and tedious row. The Lois is 15 feet long, 4 feet 9 inches wide and her $3\frac{1}{2}$ horse-power Belcher motor gives her a speed of seven miles an hour. The motor is used only for going to and from the fishing grounds. While fishing the oars are used.

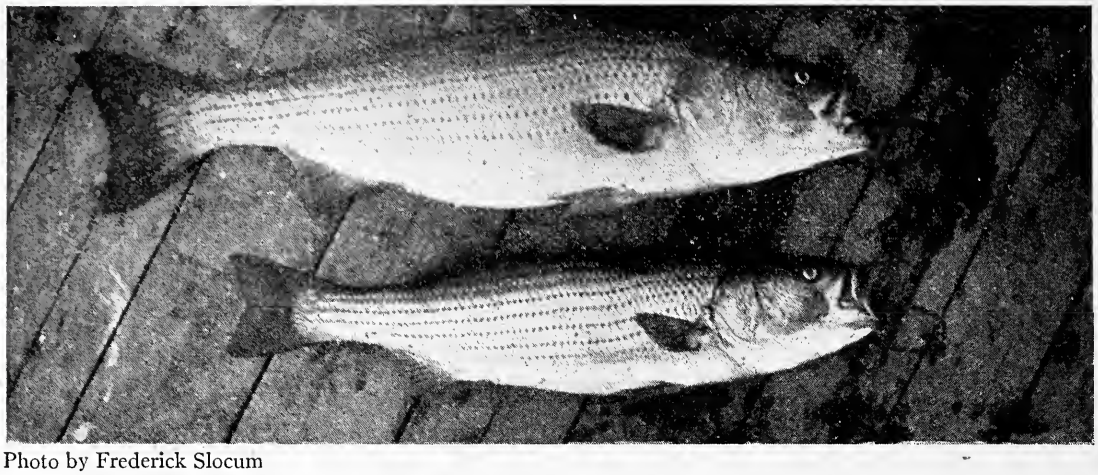
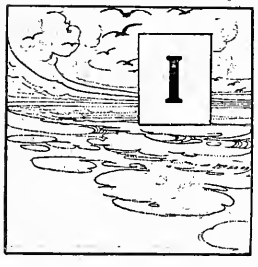


Photo by Frederick Slocum

TWO OF A KIND

SUMMER ON HIGHLAND LAKE

BY JOHN HARRINGTON KEENE



IN MY experience of forty years of angling I have never spent with more pleasure any summer in either of two continents than that of nineteen hundred and five on the shores and waters of Highland Lake, of Winsted, Connecticut. This lake is the reservoir of crystal springs that furnishes the water supply of the beautiful town of Winsted, both for drinking and extensive manufactures, and the lakes, divided into three large bays of over a mile each long, are about eight miles in circumferential extent, around which a perfect driving and pedestrian road circles, and is surmounted by the most luxurious and glorious tree vegetation, tier on tier for miles on every side.

Secluded from the public sight, but not hidden, are some seventy-five cottages of summer dwellers, mostly the inhabitants of Winsted and the neighborhood, but many of them guests of the proprietors, from New York, Boston and other large cities. By the end of June these commodious cottages are all engaged or in order for habitation, and many hundreds of families find summer breezes and sunshine by daytime, and cool rest at night, absolutely for the most part without mosquitoes, and quite free from malaria.

The fishing on this lake is, of course, the great attraction for the men folk, though it is not confined by any means to the fathers and sons of the families present. The fair sex have their share in the piscatorial sports, and many ladies have, to my certain knowledge, surpassed their lords and masters, making the latter look insignificant with their successful prowess.

Highland Lake is well stocked with the following fish, to wit: pickerel, up to six or seven pounds; the small-mouthed black bass up to eight, and even ten pounds, on rare occasions. A friend of mine took one of the latter weight on a Montreal fly and a five-ounce fly-rod; the usual size is, however, from three to five pounds, for the *Micropterous dolomieu*. These two fish are the most plentiful, but there also abound fine perch up to a pound and more, at times. Occasionally the lordly lake-trout is taken with the live-bait or by trolling in deep water. Nearly all the New England mountain lakes contain the spike-tailed lake trout (*Salmo namaycush*), and they have been taken this summer in lakes not far from Winsted in large quantities by a friend of mine, Deputy-Sheriff Rhoades, from ten to sixteen pounds in weight. He and a friend took no less than eleven large trout from Twin Lake, Conn., none of which were less than seven pounds. In Highland Lake, Winsted, however, these fish are more scarce, apparently, or the num-

ber of anglers is greater, and the steam launches more disturbing. Be it as it may, there is no doubt the very large fish are present, having been placed in these waters by the Connecticut Fish Commissioner some twenty years ago. Some large fish have since then been caught, but they are *rara pisces*, and when one is taken it is looked on as one of the most remarkable catches of the season. The rock-bass swarm in Highland Lake, and though a fish of little game quality it is not despised for the pan, and the juvenile angler is very fond of it, though the mature fly-fisher is wont to do some lively "cussing" when he finds the "rockie" on the hook in the place of the fierce and gamy "bronze-backer," yclept the small-mouth bass. The punkin-seed are also very plentiful and I have taken them up to a pound in weight, when, at which weight, the gay "sunfish," with his brilliant spots, may be said to be very good eating. There are eels in Highland Lake of portentous size, reminding one when hooked of that evil serpentine spirit of Paradise by their entangling antics. The "bullhead" is one of the most toothsome of fish in these clear waters, and, though owing to the dry summer of 1905, they were scarce, those who managed to get a mess of these spiky mudfish were glad of their capture. This fish ends the list of the edible denizens of Highland Lake. It now becomes the proper thing to describe the methods used by the experts and the bait and tackle which are most appropriate and have been found to be the most effectual, on this splendid New England lake.

Beginning with the rod for bass, which is the fish of fish in this lake, being, size for size, the gamest and most courageous of all the denizens of fresh water, there is no absolute choice, though the preference in the long-time veterans is for the 10-foot greenheart, hand-made, for fly-fishing and bait-casting, being convertible from one to the other with upright guides and long and short tips and reel below the hand, for both kinds of fishing. This rod stands the trial well, but not better than the hand-made, cane-spliced weapon, which being lighter in proportion is not so tiring to the angler after a long day's angling. The reel for both should be one of generous size, and no cheap reel should be selected, for the reason that all cheap goods of this kind are and must be nasty and inefficient. *Experientia docet!* A good silk line, not too thin, but well made and not less than one hundred and fifty yards in length, is necessary if one would deal with the big fish once and again, and come off victorious. I prefer an enameled line, and one which is of the dun or mist color tint, so that it may agree with the tint of the water, grass or weeds and the cloudy skies, and not be visible when the wary bass rises from his rocky covert to seize the enticing lure, whatsoever the latter may be. The above instructions refer, of course, to both fly-fishing and bait-fishing. In the former the expert for the abundant lake uses the following selection of flies tied on the No. 2 hook and preferably on re-enforced gut snell, to wit: Royal Coachman, Brown Hackle, Parmachene Belle, Montreal and Silver Doctor, varied with Yellow May and Grizzly King, *et hoc genus omne*. These flies are extremely effectual on Highland Lake and I have caught from three to five-pounders on nearly all those named on various occasions. The leader necessary for the possible big fish should always be used on this body of water, and I prefer the double to the single one. The knots in tying this leader should be simple, and carefully tied, and the gut from which they are tied must be of the best quality and moderate thickness, if for double leaders, and very thick salmon gut if for single leaders. It must be remembered that sometimes a lake trout strikes the fly in black bass fishing in this lake, and not unfrequently a big pickerel does the same. Woe to the fly if such a calamity as the latter occur, for there is no more destructive fish than the pickerel on the fly, within the ken of the fisherman on this or any other waters. The pickerel is not the *Esox lucius*, or pike, but the true pickerel, *Esox reticulatus*, and whereas the latter seldom grows to more than one pound in his natural conditions, and the pike grows normally much larger always, yet in Highland Lake it develops to three and four pounds and occasionally six and seven, and still remains the striped pike of New England, devouring and ravening, like his congener of the Great Lakes and the pike of the British Islands, or *Esox lucius*.

But, to return to fly-fishing for bass. The method on this lake is to take a rower in the boat with two anglers, one each side casting and covering a sweep of the water. The rower brings the boat gently over the channels and rocky ridges of the lake, and near to the lily pads, and the casters carefully send the fly hither and thither with all diligence and watchfulness. Presently, when least expected, a fish rises with fierce and sudden splash and the rod springs swiftly in the air with taut and certain impulse, out runs the line with a wild screech of the reel, up flies the bass in the air four feet or so above the water, and with quick surprise the boatman yells, "A five-pounder! Keep the point of the rod up, give him the butt!" On speeds the fighting fish, up in air again he springs, more line he carries out, the angler grows more and more eager and nervous, but does not lose his grip, still keeping a tight line on the struggling fish. Ten minutes—twenty minutes—and at last it turns toward the boat, which has been deftly sculled here and there since the bass was hooked to ease the strain on the six-ounce rod. At last it approaches the landing net. The rower reaches forward to net the panting and apparently exhausted fish. It sails easily, obeying the impulse of the rod to within three feet of the reach of the net. Then with one mighty downward plunge, instantly followed by an upward spring out of the water, the five-pound bass absolutely clears the bow of the boat with the velocity of a torpedo, snapping the leader with its tail, and falls with a resounding splash to vanish forevermore from sight! This is a true story of what actually occurred, and is a common experience of the bass fly-fisher. Of course such a disaster does not always occur, for several larger fish than the lost "five-pounder" have been landed during the present season from Highland Lake. But the majority of the largest black bass, in this lake as in all others I have known, are those that *break away*, apparently, and according to the reports of the unfortunate anglers, who relate their experiences when such catastrophes occur. One, and the greatest, capture was, however, related to me over the camp fire on Glen Lake in August, 1904, by the Postmaster of Glens Falls, who, some decade before, caught on rod and line with a live minnow a true black bass of nine pounds from that very lake. I speak from his own words and the testimony of the late A. N. Cheney, whose letter is in my possession, and this bass was probably the largest ever seen in the possession of an angler. It was weighed at the office of the largest hotel in Glens Falls, where the orginal record is kept. In any case, the Postmaster, Mr. Baker, will verify it, as he caught it. From this incident it may be deduced that the largest fish are not invariably those that get away, and that the law which says they do is *not* immutable.

Though the fly is a usual way of fishing for bass the trolling bait seems to prevail in the later season, when the bass frequents the deeper water in the lake to which I am chiefly referring. Most of the baits on the market have been tried here with varying success, especially the Phantom and the Dowagiac—the first being of silk, painted the color of a minnow, and the latter of some kind of composition which is sufficiently weighty to sink the bait in moderately deep water. If I must use a bait for bass I prefer the live minnow rather than the silken, metal, celluloid or rubber imitation, or even the dead one on a flight of hooks so arranged that they will make the bait revolve when drawn through the water, either when towing or casting .

I do not enjoy trolling for any fish save the voracious pike or pickerel, but the frog is so irresistible a bait in late summer for the black bass that I can put it aside. It is used extensively on Highland Lake, and kills when no other bait will do the least execution. The larvæ of the *Corydalus cornatus* (the "Dobson"), or helgramite, is also invincible in August and September, and in Northern New York it is indispensable before then. So also is the larvæ of the dragon fly, and when these flies begin in July to break loose from these "what is its," as it is called, the bass are ravenous for them on the lake, and lucky is the fisherman who has provided either a supply of frogs, grasshoppers, garden worms, "what is its" or helgramites, just at the psychological moment or day.

So much for the bass, which is the prime fish of Lake Highland. The pickerel deserves mention because he is often caught

while angling for bass or for the lake trout (*S. namaycush*). I have seen the true pickerel (*Lucius reticularius*) taken from these waters up to five pounds. I got several myself up to four. These New England members of the pike family are bred in very pure water, and their culinary qualities are excellent, being firm in texture and sweet in flavor, and a very fine pan-fish. The tackle for their capture is the ubiquitous spoon-bait and its variations. Of course the pickerel takes the bait-fish, and I have caught it on the Coachman fly tied on No. 2 for bass. I have also had the two-pound pickerel spring in the air like a bass when hooked, but this is a rare occurrence. The limit of its weight is probably about five pounds. I heard of one seven pounds in weight, taken from Crystal Lake, a lake which also swarms with black bass and pickerel, perch and rock-bass, and is some two or three hundred feet above Highland Lake in a northern direction, but closely joining. In the early spring when the ice begins to thaw out the ice fishing is very good, as it is in the early winter before the ice becomes too thick. There is no ice fishing in the dead of winter in Winsted as there is in Canada. The ice is too thick and the fish are in too deep water, where they retire when the thermometer is down to 18° to 25° below zero. It is good sport, however, at the proper season, when live bait can be obtained from the trout springs and streams. There are many holes and pools which open up in the spring and do not close till December, from which shiners and suckers can be obtained, and the pickerel can then be taken with "tip-ups" through the ice, and the fun is often fast and furious when the weather is sunny and not too cold.

In the spring, as early as April 15, the snow begins to pass down the streams of Connecticut from the mountains and the trout season opens with more or less success according to the weather. Worm-fishing is the more in vogue than fly-fishing in these mountain streams, because of the thick brush which prevails and prevents the casting of the fly and, of course, every farmer's boy and inhabitant of village and town goes out with his rod and hook and pot of worms as soon as the season permits. Later on the visitors from the cities and the elite from the near country towns flock to the lakes and large rivers as the snow passes out and the water clears, and reports are then abundant of large fish and many good catches all over the Connecticut valleys. Winsted, so far as the immediate town is concerned, is almost fished out, and the manufacturing plants are destructive of the trout and their homes.

But further away, at Norfolk, Canaan, Colebrook and Tolland the fishing is yet excellent, and I saw many fine catches taken from streams and lakes not twenty miles from the town of Winsted, which could not be excelled in any other locality of trout waters in New England. Winsted is about 130 miles from New York City and is easily reached in a few hours from the W. C. Station on the N. H. & C. N. E. Railway, and taking all things in consideration I know of no finer spot for the summer tourist and angler and of no more beautiful lakes than those termed the Highland and Crystal of Winsted Township.

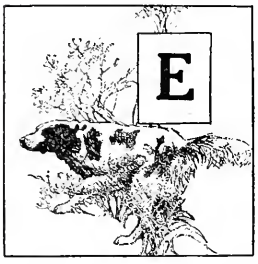
THE POINT OF VIEW

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

The Earthworm said: "What stupid folks!
They really give me pains.
They actually don't know enough
To come out when it rains!"

"QUEER BAIT"

BY W. M. HART



EXACTLY six years old. All I knew then was to dig a few angle or earthworms, put them pure and unadulterated in my breeches pocket, and hie me to the canal which ran close to the old farm house to fish for sunnys, perch, or, if in great luck, a pickerel (not over a foot long), the head (as usual) constituting nearly half its length, and from the time I used to steal (or rather hook) needles from my mother's work basket, and made a little thick dough to inveigle the gold and silver fish from the little pond, I found that, as others have, a good old "standby" for fresh water fish the angleworm under ordinary conditions is the bait. This is an endless subject to write on, and I don't doubt but that this article will be severely criticized, and that other articles on the same subject will follow.

It has always been exceedingly interesting to the writer, the many and varied ways, and the many and varied sorts of bait used to tempt the fish, in some cases of the same species, and within a few miles of each other, and I take pleasure in relating a few experiences. I recall when quite a youngster, stealing from my bed at 3 A.M., and tramping five miles to a pond (in

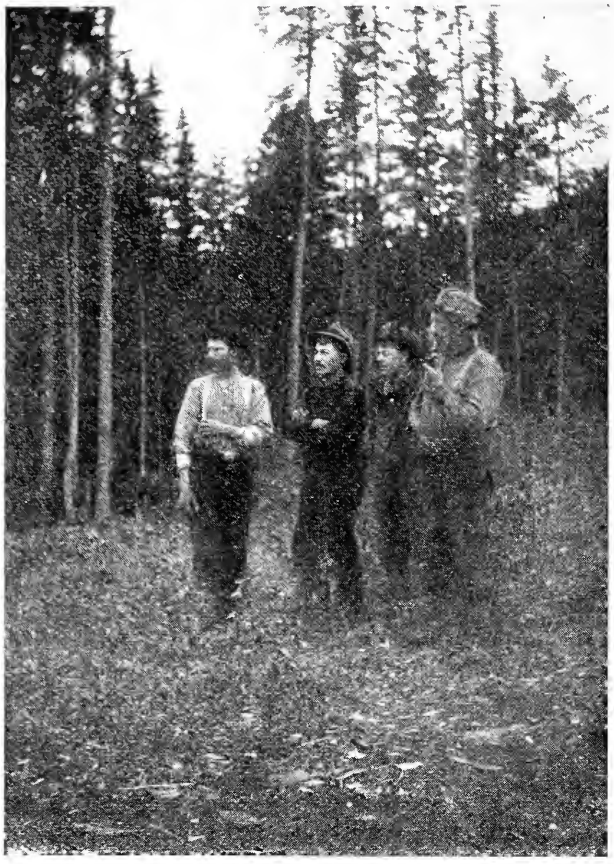
A LAKE IN THE TRITON CLUB'S PRESERVE

which I must acknowledge fishing was forbidden). Arriving before daybreak, and finding difficulty in threading my line on my pole, in the darkness I fished hard and faithfully with my standby, "the worm," till the day broke, catching only two small bass, and as the sun rose, and the morning grew warm, and the grasshoppers hopped, I secured a few to see if I might have better luck. I hooked one on, carefully, leaving him as natural as possible and I cast and cast my prettiest, without result. I then (becoming careless) hooked on another, the weight of which enabled me to cast it further. Ambition then overtook me, and I jammed on a third, and then a fourth, regardless of bait, simply to see how far I really could cast. I made a beautiful throw with the big bunch of hoppers, when to my surprise there was a rise and a swell, and my bait disappeared and luck of feeling the bite of a good black bass was mine. I allowed his bass-ship to imagine the bait was his, to the extent of about six feet of line, then I twitched him, and after thirty-five minutes landed a two and one-half pounder; not large, but game, and only to prove that a mutilated mass of legs and wings attracted the fish, when the carefully hooked single, natural grasshopper did not. I mention this as it leads up to such strange experiences in later life. We have all fished for speckled trout, when they would take nothing but the fly, also when they would take nothing but worms. When a boy after trout, if I ran out of worms I would hook on a couple of the eyes from the trout I had caught, making excellent bait to help fill my creel. Those were the days I shall never forget. From the age of six to the age of sixteen I was fortunate enough to be taken by my father to Keene Valley, in the Adirondacks. The Ausable River, and the many beautiful brooks (its tributaries) were still well filled with the speckled beauties, and what bitter resentment I felt toward the first old professional that appeared on the scene. He was an old Scotch schoolmaster and one of the typical old cranks that ignored the common angleworm; such a thing was beneath him. It was, to a true sportsman, like shooting a game bird before it took wing. He had no end of flies, in all varieties, not only for every month but for almost every hour of the day. He would select them out so carefully, and tell exactly why the trout were so anxiously waiting to snap at certain colored flies at certain moments. He would look with disgust on the farmer's boy, myself and the worms, but we caught ten fish to his one with the old standby bait.

One fact that has always struck me most peculiarly and no doubt most other fishermen, was no matter where you travel for the sport, whether from one State to another, or in many cases from one county to another, whether salt or fresh water fish, you will find the methods and the baits used to capture the identical same species entirely different. In one lake they will fish most successfully with live frog for large mouth bass, in the next lake helgramite will be the bait. In one section, trolling will be the only way to inveigle the bass, in another only deep, or still fishing will secure them. Artificial bait, such as flies, frogs, minnows, grasshoppers, helgramites, etc., will lure the fish in many lakes, where such frauds are useless in others. In the last few remarks I refer to large and small-mouth bass and pickerel, more especially, but the same conditions obtain with many other species and with other baits.

While in Florida, a few years ago, at Palm Beach, I fished at Fresh Water Lake, for large-mouth bass, and live minnow was the only bait known. We still-fished from a small boat, using light tackle, pole and float, hooking the minnow through the entre of the back under the dorsal fin, and casting off into the open bits of water among the lily pads.

From Palm Beach I went to Deer Field, Florida, only thirty-five miles away, and here fished with the spoon troll, and also the artificial minnow, and strangest of all with the tip end of a deer's tail; nothing but the tip I was told would answer. It was the red hair with the white tip wound round a hook, fly fashion. This was handled with a common long stiff bamboo pole, and only about three or four feet of line extending from the end, and was skipped with a stiff motion from side to side, the switch of the pole supplying the motion. What insect it was supposed to imitate I could not find out, but it fooled the largest



"KNOW ALL ABOUT TROUT"

of the bass. I have used this strange bait in several other locations but without success.

Tarpon were caught at the mouth of this same stream. "Mr. George," the well-known tarpon fisherman, told the writer that he preferred a strip of the belly of a kingfish to anything as bait for tarpon. The kingfish of Florida are not like the Northern fish by that name. It is of the mackerel family, and resembles the Spanish mackerel, being very brilliant, in its metallic coloring, especially the belly. This fish is caught off the coast in large quantities by trolling with a squid, precisely the same as for bluefish, and will weigh from five to forty pounds, being very gamy.

Guests at Palm Beach were amused by watching some old fishermen on the long pier, who, by taking a long-handled hoe, would scrape the barnacles from the piles, attracting large schools of sheepshead, which they caught easily with sand fleas as bait.

These immense chunks of fish meat, weighing from ten to fifteen pounds, showed not the slightest particle of grit when hooked. It was simply a matter of reeling in so much dead weight.

Off the end of the dock was a famous old shark fisherman, hired for this special purpose. He would watch the surface of the water, and whenever any fins of these ugly fish showed themselves above the water he would signal a boatman, whose place it was to take the bait (a large piece of pork about five pounds in weight) and row with it about six or eight hundred yards in the direction of the fin or the fins that had been seen. The pork was fastened to an enormous hook, which was attached by a chain to a strong rope, this was fast to a windlass on the dock, and you can be sure there was a lively time when his sharkship was hooked and the winding in began. It took from one to two hours frequently to land one, and they would measure from three to twelve feet in length.

To return to the large-mouth bass of Florida, I could not obtain any artificial flies, so improvised some of my own, rising turkey feathers and tin foil, which worked beautifully when nothing else would, though I acknowledge I could not tell what

"THE OLD LOG HUT"

they represented. It reminded me of the days when I used a small piece of pork rind, about three-quarters of an inch wide, by two inches long, cut in fork shape, and skipping it over the lily pads, thus luring the pickerel to the hook without trouble. I never could find out what it imitated. It was like bobbing a piece of red flannel on a hook in front of a poor innocent frog's nose till he jumped for it, but I found later that any other kind of cloth and any other color would answer almost as well. And speaking of frogs, I had always been taught to hook them through the two lips to cast for bass, till this summer, when I found by hooking them through the thigh, well up to the body, it gave them a much more natural swimming movement and prolonged their lives in the water, and quite the opposite from the live minnow, which I had been taught to hook carefully through the centre of the back, under the dorsal fin; I now hook them through the thin portion of the under and upper jaws; the minnow works far better, lives longer, and attracts more fish.

THE HOME OF THE TRITON CLUB

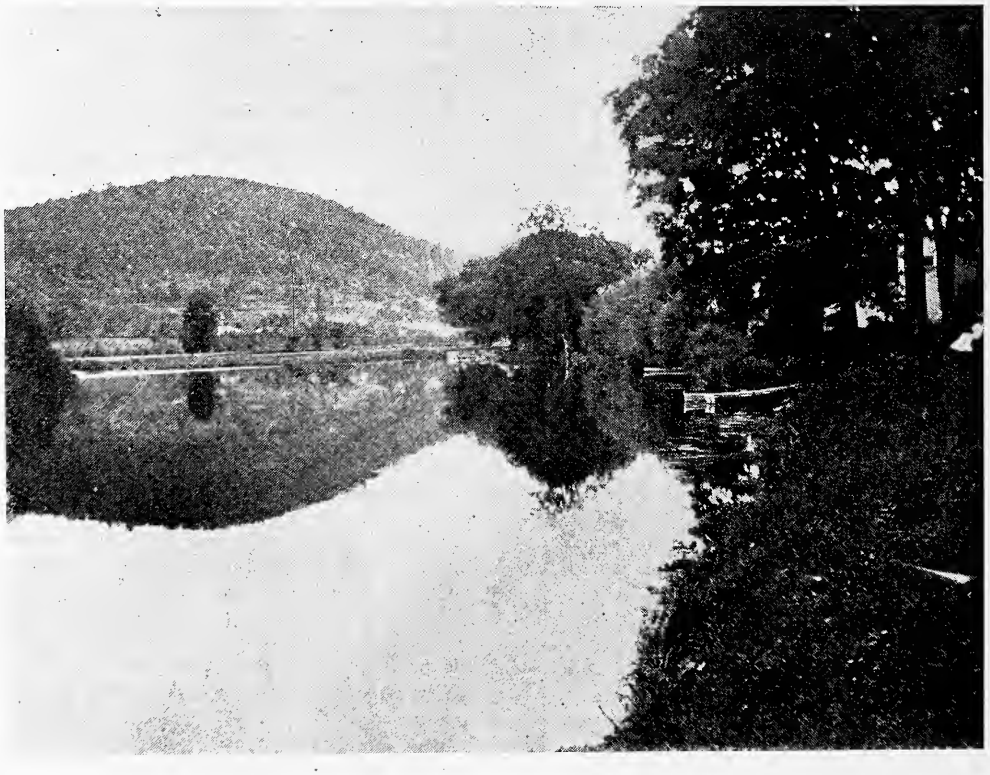
I have heard many stories of pickerel, and of their not being particular as to food, one friend telling of catching a large one with the remains of a kitten in it, but I doubted this. However, I can tell, on good authority, of one of the early followers of Isaac Walton, who fishing in a fine stream, where it emptied with a grand pool on the northern shore of Lake Superior, and after landing four or five speckled beauties weighing from four to five pounds each, ran out of bait, and on opening one of the fish finding a field mouse, little the worse for his experience. Baiting with defunct rodent, he quickly added another fine trout to his catch.

During the past summer I became really a crank on the subject of bait. While fishing in that most beautiful of lakes, Winnepasaukee, in Northern New Hampshire, for small-mouth bass, many natives remarked that there were very few fish, that the lake was fished to death, etc., because they were unable to catch but very few of these gamy fellows; the fact was that the lake was simply alive with fish, but also alive with bait. The natives would venture out during heavy rain storms, when the natural bait was being showered into the lake from off the banks and through the small streams emptying into it. Their luck was poor, of course; the fish were not hungry and no bait would tempt them. I witnessed here a strange sight. Where I camped at Melvin village, we had great difficulty in obtaining angleworms, on account of the sandy soil. Just back of my little camp ran a small natural drain or spring brook, almost dry, except in rainy weather. I had been paying the village urchins from 25 to 50 cents a hundred for worms, and could not always obtain them, even at these figures. I arose early one morning—there had been a very heavy rain during the night—and looking toward the brook I saw a neighbor wading it and picking up something at every step. On coming up to him, I found the stream was literally alive with worms, washed from the banks above. I collected about two quarts in a short time, which supplied me for the rest of my vacation.

On going to the lake I found the shore for a hundred yards each side of the outlet

of the little stream a wriggling mass of worms, all heading for the shore. I never again tried to catch the bass after a heavy shower. I found one fisherman using crawfish, and strangest of all, another was having very good luck catching the bass with soldier crabs, which he brought from the salt water near Boston.

On September 20 last, it being the last day of my outing at the lake, I determined to make a last grand effort for a record catch. You will acknowledge that it was a grand effort when I say truthfully that I started out in my boat at 5 A.M., with the following bait: helgramites, frogs, minnows, white grubs from a potato hill, nightwalkers, angleworms, grasshoppers, crickets and troll, a pretty fair assortment. I was well rewarded, though, for after trying all the other baits, I hooked on a minnow. I feared my minnows were a little large, but the seven and a quarter pound small-mouth bass (almost the record for this lake) which I soon after landed was evidently satisfied. Aside from this I had two other good ones and thirty-one of the largest yellow perch I ever saw, weighing from one and a quarter to two pounds each, and measuring from fifteen to sixteen inches in length. Most of them were caught on the live minnow. The natives call these perch the red fin and they are caught in 20 to 30 feet of water. But to cap the climax and to also prove that science and bait count for little at times, I stopped at a well-stocked stream about dusk one evening in July. I had just arrived from the city, and was not prepared to fish, most of my tackle being in my trunk. To say that the trout were rising to a wonderful extent would be mild; the surface of the water was literally alive with fish, jumping for the little white miller which appears about the evening hour. I had my pole with me, and in my valise a reel and line and some hooks, and no bait. I quickly cut the corner from my handkerchief and tied it fast to a hook, the best I could do to imitate the miller, and in fifteen minutes I had caught three beauties, enough for early breakfast.



THE SUSQUEHANNA NEAR UNADILLA

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE GOOSE

BY DAN BEARD

(*Continued*)

CHAPTER IX.

TO THE HOME OF THE ECUTOCKS

SINCE the time when men with prehensile feet left their arboreal dwellings to congregate in bands or tribes, through all the ages down to the present day, the actions of head men, chief statesmen, rulers and kings have been governed to a more or less extent by their individual racial or national superstitions, and thus imaginary demons, devils, hobgoblins, wehrwolves, fairies, gnomes and ghosts have settled or altered the fates of nations, exercising almost as much influence on history as if these glimmering fantasies really existed outside of the minds of the credulous people.

Why, then, should we think it strange that a delightfully simple mind like Big Pete Darlinkel's should believe in wehrwolves and witches? Why find fault with him for hesitating to follow the trail of the mysterious maiden who came from nowhere to peep at two mortals imprisoned in a giant vault in the Rocky Mountains?

I did not suggest to Pete the advisability of following the trail, neither did I find fault with him for not doing so when he discovered the stranger's presence. I knew and respected my friend's personal superstitions but secretly planned to make some more thorough investigation on my own part, knowing that whoever our strange neighbors might be, they at least were not possessed of wings, and must have some reasonable manner of entering and leaving the park.

Peter had gone out to look for game to replenish our larder, and I left camp to again examine the girl's tracks. The season was growing late, cold weather was approaching, and it seemed to me that if we intended to escape from the park before next summer it was necessary to do so at once.

I realized that we were in a most serious position and began to examine the faint trail with that concentration of mind only attainable by a man in a desperate situation.

Down on all fours I crept over the ground, and, to my own surprise and joy, I found that I could here and there detect a turned leaf, the twist of which indicated the direction taken by the party who made the trail. I noticed that the bits of wood, pine cones and sticks scattered around were darker on the parts next to the ground, and it only required simple reasoning for me to conclude that when the dark side was uppermost the object had recently been disturbed and rolled over.

It was a day of great discoveries. I found that what is true of the sticks is equally true of the pebbles, and a displaced fragment of stone immediately caught my eye. With the tenacity of a bloodhound I stuck to my task, until I suddenly found myself at the base of the park wall, where the twin flower pass leads diagonally up the towering face of the beetling precipice.

For fear that I might have made some mistake, I retraced my steps and carefully went backward towards the bullberry thicket near camp. On the back trail I came upon some distinct and obvious footprints in a dusty place, but so deeply interested was I in the hidden signs, the slight but telltale disturbances of leaf and soil, that I once passed these plainly-marked tracks with only a glance, and would have done so the second time had not their marked peculiarities accidentally caught my attention.

When examining the trail of this mysterious maiden, I suddenly realized that in place of moccasin footprints I was following bear tracks; my heart ceased to beat for a moment or two before I could pull my nineteenth century self together and smother the prehensile-footed, superstitious old savage in me with the practical philosophy of the up-to-date man of to-day.

Taking a short-cut, I ran back to the foot of the pass, and there on hands and knees ascended for a hundred feet or more—the bear tracks led up the twin flower pass. But there were also traces of footsteps going down the pass, and these feet wore moccasins. This I knew, because at one place the footmark showed plainly in the mould which had accumulated upon a projecting bit of stone a few feet below the ledge. Big Pete was right, she had entered and left by this pass, and I had been too blind to see the tracks unti I had concentrated the force of all my mind upon unraveling the mystery. Returning to camp I sat down on a log, lost in thought. My reverie was at length broken by the voice of my guide quietly remarking, "Wall, Le-Loo, what do you think of witches now?"

I had made no elaborate efforts to conceal my movements from my companion, still I was startled to discover that he evidently not only knew what I had been investigating, but also what the nature of my discoveries.

"Pete," I answered, "that she-bear walks on its hind legs; there is not the sign of a forefoot anywhere along the trail. Now, this could not be caused by the hind feet obliterating the tracks of the front feet, because in many places the pass is so steep that the forefeet, in reaching out for support, would make tracks not to be overlapped by the hind ones."

"That's true, Le-Loo; sartin true. If you live a hundred years you'll make as good a trailer as the great Greaser trailer of New Mexico, Dolores Sanchez, or my old friend, Bill Hassler, who could follow a six-month-old trail," replied my guide. "But," he continued, "maybe witch bars do walk on their hind legs, same as people."

"Witch be bloomed!" I cried, impatiently; "she is no four-legged witch nor bear, either; good-bye, I'm going to find that girl if I die on the mountains." And picking up my gun and other necessary traps, I prepared to start immediately on the journey.

Big Pete looked at me solemnly for awhile, ran over the cartridges in his belt and went through all those familiar, unconscious motions which betokened danger ahead, and said, "Le-Loo, you are a quare critter; you are not afeared of all the devils in hell, but tarnally feared of live varmints like grizzly bars—one would think you had no religion. But, gosh all hemlock! If you can face bar wimmen and wehrwolves, even though all the *Hy-as Ecutocks* of the mountains show fight, I'll be cornfed if I don't stand by ye! Barring the Wild Hunter and this gal, don't know as I ever ran agin a *Ecutock* yit; that is, if they be *Ecutocks*—maybe they be *econes*? Yes, I reckon that's what they be," continued Pete, reflectively.

"Maybe they are pine cones; whatever they are, they both know the way out of this park of yours, and I'm going to follow them," I emphatically answered.

"That's howsomever!" exclaimed my guide, approvingly; "but," he continued, "the mountains air kivered with snow, while it is still summer weather down here, so I reckon t'would be the proper wrinkle for us to pull our things together, have a good feed and a sleep afore we start. We can cache most of our stuff and turn the horses loose. Bighorn's mutton is powerful good, but tarnally shy and hung mighty high, an' goat is doggoned strong 'nless ye are mighty hungry. Yes, we'll eat an' sleep fust an' then hie for the land whar the Bighorn pasture, the woolly white goats sleep on the rocks, the whistling marmot blows his danger signal an' the purty white ptarmigan dusts hisself in the snow bank—the home of the *Ecutocks*."

"What the thunder is a *Ecutock*, Pete?" I asked.

"An Injun devil, I reckon you'd call it; it's bad medicine," he answered, soberly, and continuing in his former strain, he exclaimed, "Wha' critters like goats, sheeps and rock-chucks kin live, you bet your hy-as muck-a-muck, we kin live, too!"

While Big Pete was talking, I was dimly conscious of a most agreeable odor, which it was now evident emanated from a simmer-

ing mess in the pot over the camp fire. Near by the terminal vertebræ of an animal with a bit of armadillo-like skin disclosed the probable nature of the concoction over the fire.

"Pass yer cup and have a taste of some of this here soup," said Pete, and then and there I took my first mouthful of beaver-tail soup. A chef on the Atlantic coast line can as soon produce the like of this wildland dish as the landscape gardener can reproduce Darlinkel's park in the suburbs of New York.

Beaver are not found in Eastern markets, and their tails do not hang in Eastern ice-chests.

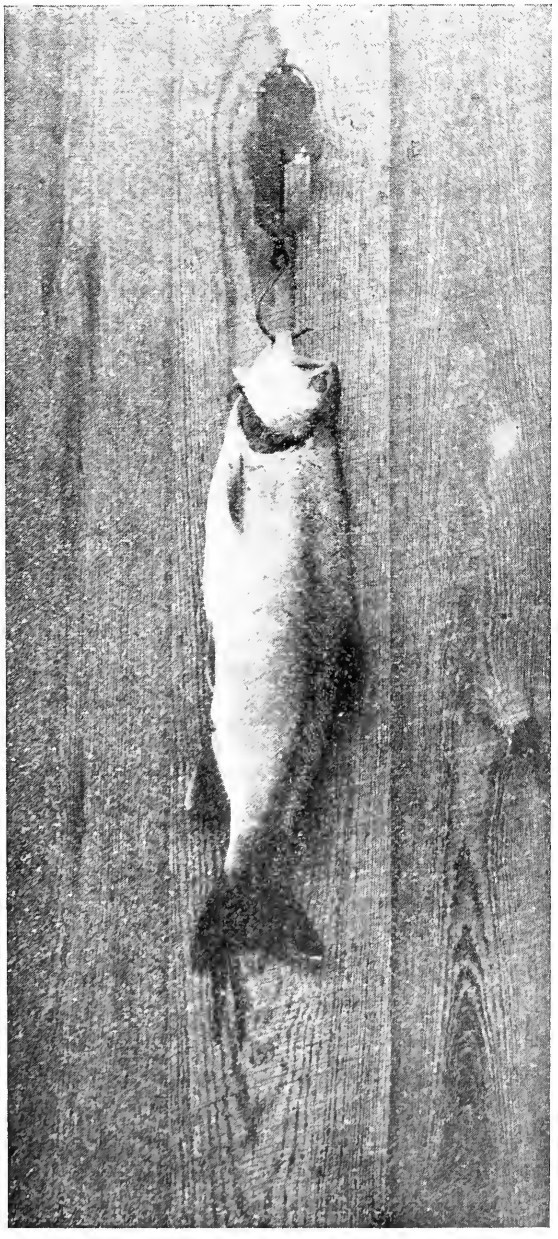
(To be continued)

A TROUT BROOK TRIUMPH

BY BARAK MEADE

THE Judge was leaving for the brooks of Northern New York, and over the salad that he and three good fellows were eating down at Old Tom's the night of the first real spring day of the season he told this story of his last year's fishing:

"When fishing weather came last April I simply ached to get away to the woods and the brooks. The first night of the spring weather, and it was just such a night as this, I got out my tackle and before the lazy fire in my library went through it all just as I do every year. Every old, bedraggled fly, each yard of frayed line, the reels and the springy rods brought back memories of splendid days on the brooks, and I planned an early trip to the singing Squawkill. But business went wrong and I had a grind of it. It was not until August that I could go after the trout, and the season is pretty late then, you know. I had never missed spring fishing before in twelve years.



THE BIG ONE

"I went up to my cousin's farm beyond the Adirondacks. That's where the Squawkill is. Jim met me at the station, and as we drove out to the farm he told me of the trout that had been creeled that season: 'Now, there's four half-pounders and an old fellow that will go near two pounds lying in the pool beneath Simkins bridge. I have tried, Joe Reed and two city fellows have tried to hook them, but we could not get even a rise. I reckon that I have spent more than three days after that big fellow, and I have given him up. See what you can do; it's your only chance around here now.'

"When we reached the farm, I tramped

right over to the bridge on the road to Simkins mills. I was in a hurry to catch a glimpse of those trout. I crept up to the bridge, and lying flat in the dust peered over the edge and searched around in the pool for the fish. It was twilight, but I could still see down in the water for some distance. I caught sight of two and they were half-pounders. Then I found the big fellow. He was hugging the stone pier. Two pounds easily, I judged, as I watched him with greedy eyes. And I swore that he would lie in my creel before many days.

"Well, I tried every fly in my book the next morning. I took every precaution in casting, not a sound did I make, no shadow of mine or the rod fell across the pool. But not a rise did I get from any of the five trout that lay under the bridge.

"Again that evening I tried. Grasshoppers and crickets, lively fellows, too, didn't prove attractive. I fished through the twilight. I played white millers, a Jenny Lind, and even a glittering minnow over the pool. I tried a firefly. I used every trick that I had learned in my twelve years of fishing. The trout did not rise to a single cast. It was so the next day, and the next.

"On the fourth day I did nothing but lie for several hours at the edge of the bridge and watch the fish down in the pool, slowly fanning the gravel with their red fins. That's all they did during six hours of silent watching. The next day I began to wonder if they would take a worm. I tried the lure, both angleworms and fat grubs. No rise. But late that afternoon when I went to the bridge again I heard the splash of a rising fish. I peeked through a crack in the bridge quickly and saw the old two-pounder settling back into his lair, with a widening circles of ripples above him. What on earth had he risen to? I looked about for evening insects. Not a bug was stirring, except innumerable grasshoppers jumping about in the last mellow rays of the sinking sun. I quickly caught a handful. And as I caught them I noticed that several of them were of different sizes and colors. Perhaps that difference, I thought, might solve the problem of the trout's appetite.

"I dropped a big, fat, brown hopper through the crack. It fell just over the big fellow's lair and floated down stream unmolested. A green hopper followed after the same manner. Another brown one with big wings paddled himself ashore undisturbed. He certainly looked like tempting bait to me. The big trout stuck his nose out from beneath the shelving pier in a half-interested way, but moved no farther.

"The last hopper in my closed fist was small, brown, mottled with black, and had tiny wings with red streaks on them. I dropped him in half-reluctantly. My eyes fairly bulged as I saw the great trout leap for it and spring entirely clear of the water. And by the time he had flopped back to his hiding place I was chasing wildly across the meadows to get my rod.

"I found Jim at the house, and grabbing rod and creel and net yelled for him to be in at the death. He came and we hurried back to the bridge. Both of us then began a grasshopper chase that would have put an entomologist to shame. After catching about a dozen of every kind but the one wanted, Jim got hold of the mate to the one swallowed so eagerly a few minutes before. I strung the finest leader I had and my smallest Aberdeen. I put the hopper on with care. Then I gave Jim instructions and we crept up to the bridge.

"I stood back about two paces from the pool. Jim took the baited hook in hand and crawled onto the bridge. I was going to take no chances with a danger-warning cast. Stealthily the squirming hopper was dropped over the up-stream edge of the bridge. I gave line and the lure floated down with the gentle swirl of the current. A tense moment of expectancy and then came a vicious strike. A turn of the wrist and I had the hook fast in him. I shouted and so did Jim.

"At the first prick of the steel away he went down the pool, down into the riffles at racing speed, carrying half the line out before I could put the drag on. I stepped up to the pool to be ready for the battle. As the big trout felt the strain he turned and came back more furiously than he had gone done. Frantically I reeled in, trying to take up the slack that his swiftness had won for him. Clear up the pool he rushed, among the rocks at its head. There he stopped and I had the line taut once more. He sulked and hung on the line as a dead weight. All the strain that the tackle would stand I put on

him. For a moment, for ten, he stood it and then down he came. Now to this side, now to that, he rushed, shaking himself fiercely. The silken line sang with the strain, the silvery leader hissed through the water, the four-once rod was a circle always. Twice the big fellow, striving for freedom, leaped in splendid circles above the water. What a fish he was!

"Suddenly he rushed for the hole beneath the pier and it took my supremest skill and the uttermost strain on the line to stop him. Now he fought around the pool madly. The water was streaked with white with his rushes. Jim shouted and I trembled. Then again his fierceness gave way to the sulks and he dropped down to the lowest depths. I kept a strain steadily on him for several minutes. Again he burst forth to the surface of the pool, renewing the battle with fury. And all his strength was put forth in that last tremendous effort to tear the burning steel from his mouth. I tell you, boys, that was the hardest fighter that I ever hope to hook. How he did rip and tear around that pool! Twice he got slack on me and came near tearing loose with his swift rushes. He seemed to be winning his fight. But of a sudden his strength went. And I drew him, flopping weakly, to the edge of the pool among the long grasses. He ——"

"Stop right there, Judge," said the banker, "don't spoil that splendid battle by telling us how much he weighed. He was a game fighter. Don't let's measure him at all. Let's drink to him instead."

And they drank.

FISHIN' FANCIES

BY T. SHELLEY SUTTON

In the shadow of the pines
  Where the canyon walls are steep,
Where the mountain brooklet winds
  And the cascade waters leap—,

Oft I troll in moody rapture,
  Far from city, path or pike,
With my eye upon the ripple
  And my heart upon the strike—

While my thoughts go wand'ring backward
  To a childhood, gay and free,
And I hear my mother singing
  As I stood beside her knee:

"Little fishies in the brook,
"Papa catch 'em with a hook;
"Mama fry 'em in a pan,
"Baby eat 'em like a man."

Now, you'd think to hear that ditty
  That the fish were easy game,
But the fellow from the city
  Finds that angling ain't the same;

For the little speckled darlings
  Now are wiser to the hook—
Mother's song is quite a chestnut
  To the beauties in the brook;

And if papa ever gets 'em,
  Ten to one, my little man,
Mamma 'll never get to put 'em
  In the fam'ly frying-pan.

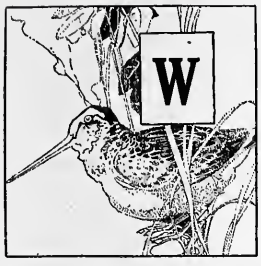
"Little fishies in the brook,
"Papa catch 'em with a hook;
"Papa fry 'em in a pan,
"Papa eat 'em, like a man!"

Photo by L. W. Baker

SPORT IN NORTH CAROLINA

THROUGH "OLD OREGON"

BY WILLIAM PERKINS



WHAT pleasant memories cluster around one's heart as we return to a land or place which has endeared itself to us. Such was my experience as the train on the O. R. & N. slowly steamed into Portland on September 23, 1895. Leaving Portland in the spring of '86 after a sojourn there of two years, it was always my wish to return where the "best" two years of my life had been spent. And not until this fall was my wish gratified.

My old "chum," Ben E. Smith, who owns a large ranch at Oceanview, Oregon, was at the station awaiting me. After spending a week at the Lewis & Clark Exposition, we started for Independence, forty miles south of Portland, where there is splendid "china" shooting. It seems almost a crime to shoot these beautiful birds, and my conscience hurt me not a little as I would "draw a bead" on a fine cock. Ten birds to a man is the limit, and with a good dog you can make your "bag" in a half day. After two days' "sport," we started for Waldport, on Alsea Bay, going by way of Yaquina City, Newport and then down the coast sixteen miles with the mail wagon. Fare one dollar, but you had the "privilege" of walking most of the way as the load was too heavy for the team to pull up the steep grades. At Alsea Bay I had my first experience of catching the grand Chinook salmon. The bay seemed to be alive with them, jumping out of the water as far as the eye could reach.

My friend Smith pulled the oar, while I stood in the stern of the boat and played out my "young rope" with a large spoon hook on it. Before we had gone a hundred yards from the shore, I had a "strike" and I was pulling for dear life a mighty fish. The words of caution "Play him, Will, play him" from my friend Smith fell unheeded on my ears. "Play" a "fish" when I had a line strong enough to hold a horse! Well, not if the court knows herself. After leaping into the air several times, I got him alongside of the boat, and having no gaff attempted to lift him into the boat, when, with a "splash" that wet me through, he was gone, spoon and all. I will not try to explain my feelings to you, dear reader, but will leave that for your imagination. Inside of ten minutes I had another spoon on my "line" and a salmon on the spoon. This one I "played," consequently soon had him floundering in the boat. And now the question confronts us, shall we catch more for "sport," as the fish we have will last us for three days at least. No, I silently wind up my line and look to our guns which we have with us, for there are some fine mallard ducks at the head of the bay.

After slaying enough to last us for a few days, we started for Mr. Smith's ranch, which lay about twenty miles south, which we reached the next morning, footing it over the mountain trail with a pack horse to carry our "traps." His cabin faces the Pacific Ocean, while a beautiful mountain stream flows at the side of the house, and right here I "put in" one of the most enjoyable weeks of my life. Within a few steps of the cabin door were all the "speckled beauties" you wanted to catch, while the quail was so abundant that, on a Sunday while there, I saw two flocks in Mr. Smith's yard at the same time. One flock stood on the lawn in front of the cabin, while the other flock was running through his vegetables at the back. At another time I ran into two flocks on my return to the cabin with a loaded gun in my hand and would not shoot them, as I had nine dead ones, all we could eat.

I cannot begin to tell you of all the sport I had, or the grand sights I saw, in this short article, but would say to you that, having the time and opportunity, "go thou and do likewise."

From Charles Hallock

GLASSY POOL, GODBOUT RIVER

SPRING—A VILLANELLE

BY MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW

O'er the wide expanse of the fertile plain,
And the softer swing of the warmer wave,
There breathes a loss that is all a gain!

For the last soft snows are dissolved to rain,
And it lightly falls on the last year's grave,
O'er the wide expanse of the fertile plain.

Through the last wind song, in a wild refrain,
That the goodwives fear, and the goodmen brave
There breathes a loss that is all a gain.

Lost the sad, old life of the winter's pain,
And hail! to the glad new life we crave
O'er the wide expanse of the fertile plain.

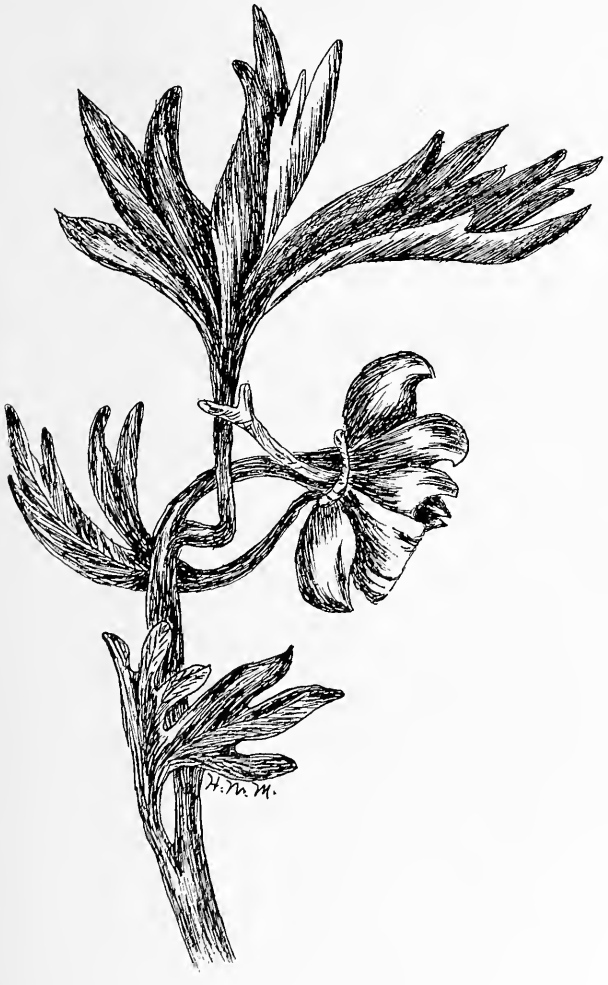
Awake from a slumber weak and vain!
In the rich, sweet air, that can heal and save,
There breathes a loss that is all a gain.

Oh, the glowing strength, that we may attain!
Oh, the old-time soil, that new love may lave!
O'er the wide expanse of the fertile plain
There breathes a loss that is all a gain.

OLD-FASHIONED WILD FLOWERS

BY HARRIET WILLIAMS MYERS

UNLIKE the wild flowers of the Eastern States, which are coaxed forth by the spring rains, the California wild flowers are in their splendor during the winter and spring, after the fall rains. If the rains are late in coming the flowers are correspondingly late; if the rains are meagre the flowers are few; but if Jupiter Pluvius does his duty by California and the year is a "wet" one, every available patch of ground becomes carpeted with blooms of every color and size, and the landscape is not unlike one produced by an impressionist painter on canvas.



WILD PEONY

Among those that impress the California resident whose early days were spent in the East are the blossoms which resemble the flowers of grandmother's garden and carry one back to the days of childhood when a trip among these fragrant blossoms was an eventful one.

In Los Angeles County, during the winter and early spring, grow wild peonies, larkspurs, four-o'clocks, hollyhocks, portulacas and heliotropes, some of which look enough like their cultivated sisters to make one recognize them at once.

Perhaps the one which is quaintest in appearance and least resembles the cultivated flower is the wild peony (*Pæonia brownii*)—the only species of North America. The leaves seem to be the same as those of

BLUE LARKSPUR

WILD HOLLYHOCK

grandmother's garden, but the flowers are much smaller, being only about two inches across and having red, velvety petals which shade almost to black. They are among the earliest flowers to come after the rains, and though not so handsome as some of the more common ones they are none the less welcome.

The blue larkspur (*Delphinium*) is a much later flower and seems, as I look back to childhood, to be an exact counterpart of the dark, rich blue flowers that flourished in grandmother's garden. The Spanish-Californians called these larkspurs "espuela del caballero"—"the cavalier's spur."

During the dry summer months there springs north in the canyons a most gorgeous larkspur—a brilliant scarlet flower which in color is quite unlike anything I ever saw in the cultivated plants.

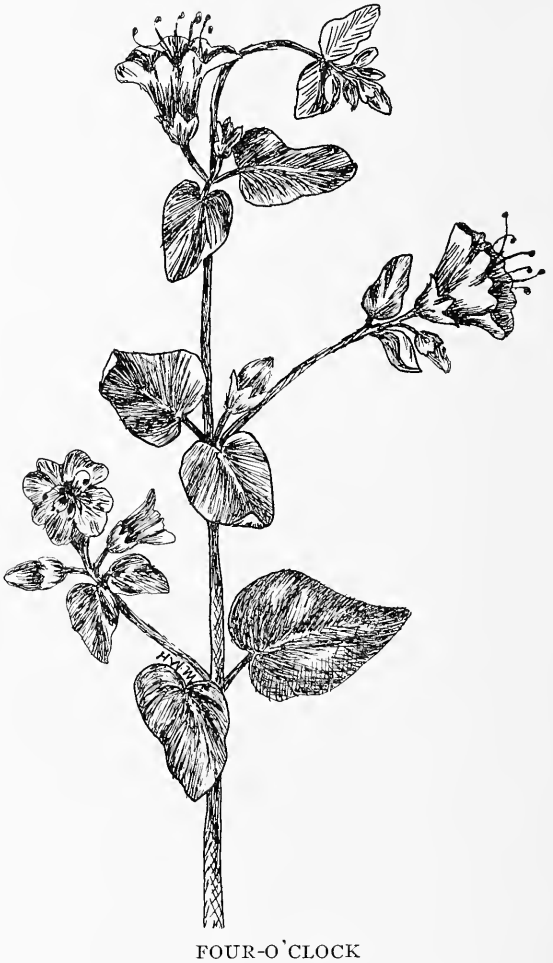
The wild hollyhock (*Sidalcea malvæflora*) grows about two feet high and has a single blossom, about two inches in diameter, which, though so much smaller than the tame plants, are unmistakably hollyhocks.

The California four-o'clocks (*Mirabilis californica*) open their magenta-colored blossoms late in the afternoon, as do their cultivated sisters. These wild flowers are much smaller than the tame ones, their stems are more woody and their leaves darker and more glossy.

The plant which is called wild heliotrope (*Phacilia tanaceti*) is, botanically, not a real heliotrope, yet its bright violet-blue blossoms, though coarser and lacking the fragrance of the tame plants, are not unlike the cultivated flowers. These cheerful flowers grow along the railroad embankments, in sandy and gravelly places, making these otherwise desolate spots things of beauty.

No old-time garden would be complete without its portulaca. Here an California we have a wild variety (*Calandrinia canlescens*) which has a delicate purplish-pink blossom with white centres and black-veined petals. As in the case of all these flowers—save the heliotrope—the blossoms are smaller than the tame ones, still there is a marked resemblance to the cultivated blossom.

The peony, the larkspur, the hollyhock, the four-o'clock and the portulaca—what memories you bring forth! Memories of a



FOUR-O'CLOCK

WILD HELIOTROPE

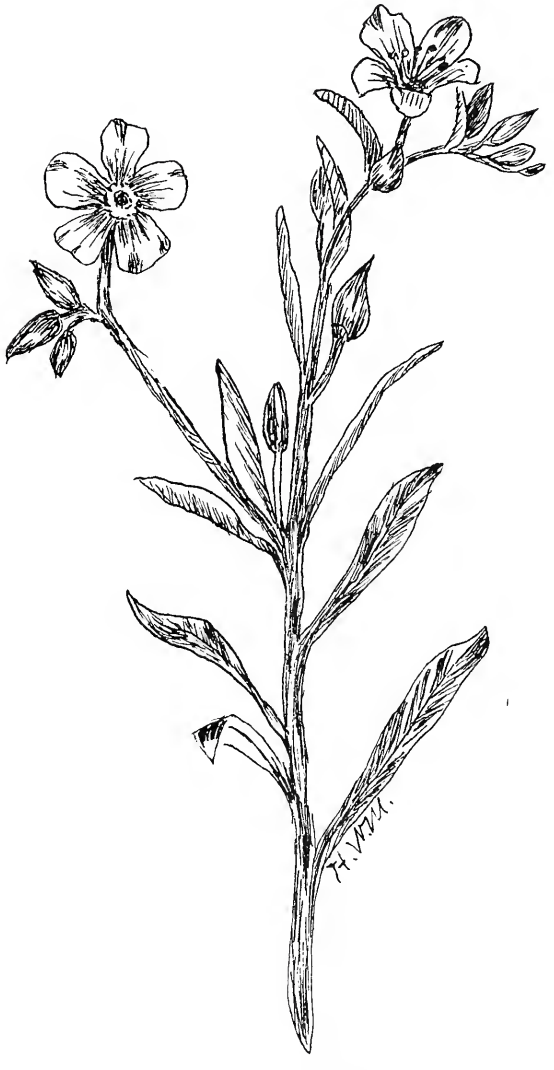
far-away garden where you flourished side by side in unfettered profusion in that fairy-land of childhood—grandmother's garden.

FUTILITY

BY GRACE STONE FIELD

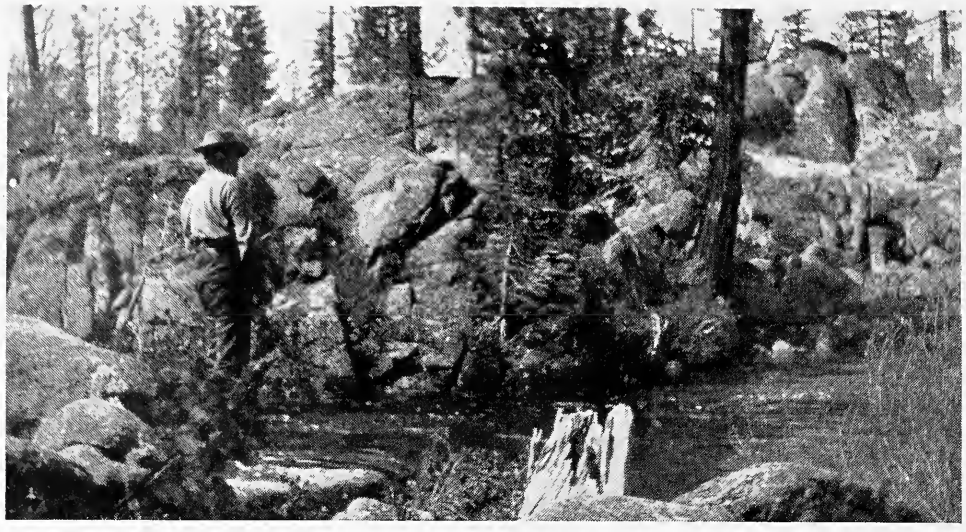
Deep in the woods the violets blossom and droop and die;
Out in the fields the daisies smile, up to the summer sky;
And happy boys with bare brown feet and careless girls at play
Scatter the petals as they pass, unheeding, on their way.

Down in the city's reeking slums the human blossoms fade.
Dear Nature's God! Was it for this the little ones were made?
Oh, for a field of daisies fair here in the stifling town!
Oh, for a wood with violets and the breath of hill and down!



WILD PORTULACA

The pitiful, patient babies languish and fade and fail,
And prodigal Nature's offspring crowd in wood and dale.
God's country calls to heedless ears, closed e'en to children's cries,
And ever the man-made city lures its souls from paradise.



A TROUT STREAM OF THE SIERRAS

LEAVES FROM A CANADIAN PARADISE

BY C. E. MILLS

HOW often we hear the phrase, "the glories that are no more," mingled with a deep-sigh for but a glimpse of the Forest of Arden, or the "brooks that make the meadows green," or the enchanted lakes of bygone days; we listen and believe till a kindly voice whispers, go far to the North in Canadian wilds and find other places as new and beautiful and enticing as nature has ever revealed to her appreciative children. Then we turn down the leaf of the heat and turmoil of city life and open a new leaf that has everything that is cool and peaceful to the experience.

About ninety miles to the north of Toronto the Severn River winds its way from Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching to Sparrow Lake and then bends with many placid turnings and picturesque waterfalls for its journey of thirty miles to Georgian Bay. Sparrow Lake, in the highlands of Ontario, at the outskirts of Muskoka Lakes' region, is only a small lake, two miles wide and five miles long, but it is fed from the large lakes Simcoe and Couchiching. Its bays are many, its waters are deep, its shores are lined with rocks on the one hand and grasses on the other, and thus from its abundant resources it is the natural home for fish and waterfowl. The lordly lunge lurks among its weeds or off its rocks, the gamy black bass dart here and there, finding their home everywhere, and the wall-eyed pike, or pickerel, as they are commonly called, move in sluggish enjoyment along the shores. And duck of many kinds find their pasturage and home in the wild rice that begins to ripen in August days.

For eight weeks this last summer my wife, who is my boon companion, and I fished Sparrow Lake and explored the shores and country round about. I remember one fishing day, just one of many, when the unexpected happens. We had been trolling with the "Expert" wooden minnow, as was our invariable custom, in and out of the bays, hooking more weed possibly than fish. It was so very calm that the fish were not biting well, so we said, "Let's go back to Tony's and take in the fishing about the islands on our way." The first and second islands were passed without a nibble. We

approached the third. A fraction of a second, in deep water, the strike came. I was at the oars, my wife holding the rod. Down the lake I pulled, down deep in the water that fish pulled. He followed the tow, of course, but he would not come up, though all the possibly safe pressure was brought to bear upon his majesty—the unknown. Down and up that lake I rowed, while that unknown sulked below until an hour passed by. Finally he swam to the surface and was easily gaffed, a seven-pound mascalonge. The secret was out as he lay gasping in the boat—he was hooked from the outside, so with closed mouth, swimming as fast as a lunge can swim, he was almost the victor and not the vanquished.

TONY'S COTTAGE ON SPARROW LAKE

Right here let me say that one of the greatest charms of fishing in Sparrow Lake is that it often happens that when a fish strikes you do not know whether it is a lunge, pickerel or bass. I recall a vivid instance of the truth of that statement. A close friend of mine, Mr. Charles A. Neidhart, of Pittsburgh (a very skillful angler, by the way), who, accompanied by his wife, was with us for awhile this summer, was making one of his long casts of one hundred feet or more, when a strike came. His pole bent under. Quickly he called: "Row, Tony; row for deep water, I've got the daddy of them all." And Tony rowed and Charles dexterously handled that fish, applying the give and take for five minutes. Then up rose the fish, only a three-pound pickerel; yet by no means was it always that way, for Mr. Neidhart caught lunge of large size while he was there. One day we were all down in McLean Bay. Mr. and Mrs. Neidhart and Tony were in one boat, my wife and I in the other. A little tug at Mrs. Neidhart's line. "Something doing; only a pick, I guess," she called, but out for deep water rowed Tony. This time it was a lunge and a big one. The reel came off, but Mrs. Neidhart cleverly put it on again while she handled the fish. Close he came to the boat, and with a small gaff hook Charles gaffed him in. The fish weighed twelve pounds and was 34 inches in length from the tip of nose to crotch of tail—the way they have of measuring in Canada. We

were enjoying that fun all the time, keeping our boat abreast of theirs, and were glad as they of the well-won victory. Truly, it is a victory to capture a mascalonge of size, as all lunge fishermen know. Sometimes the fish come rapidly toward the boat without resistance, but one quick glance at the boat and occupants is enough, and out of the water they leap, two or three feet in the air, it may be, shaking the hooks with rage of desperation, or down deep they plunge, sailing away for Georgian Bay, if only fate gives them the advantage. It was our pleasure to behold the capture of one of these big fellows in Deep Bay. For two hundred yards he towed an Indian guide and white man in their canoe, but the strong cotton hand line would not break, and the Indian, with his red cedar club, upon which were engraved the mystic symbols of his Chippewa tribe, finally clubbed the fish insensible as he lay struggling on the surface of the water. This beautiful fish was forty-two inches in length and weighed twenty-two pounds.

And now I approach an amusing experience in which the chief actor of the little drama was Tony. Tony Miller, of whom I have spoken before, kept the little cottages down in a grove on the prettiest point of the lake. With Mrs. Miller, Tony furnished the nicest meals and most comfortable accommodations. He also was a first-class guide and a hail-fellow-well-met, carrying with him the cordial, genial hospitality of the typical Canadian. But, to return to the one-act drama unwritten and unexpected, but no less of thrilling interest while it lasted. My wife had just lost a big fish, whose tail was actually ten inches in width to the vision of us all in the boat (I will not retract an inch); she, Tony and I were lamenting the loss when another lunge took hold of her minnow. This time we intended to make no mistake. When the fish was reeled in Tony stood up; I stood up while my wife calmly pulled the fish around to the end of the boat. Tony made a stab at him with his gaff; the fish lunged; I lunged as the prong of Tony's gaff missed his majesty and came up within half an inch of my spinal column. Well, in the process of time, Tony gaffed the fish. He was thirty-three inches in length and weighed nine pounds.

But the fishing is only a part of the enjoyments of Sparrow Lake. It was not a fishing day, the wind was blowing hard from the east with that perversity of having its own way that is so rare in July. But the balmy air invites one into the open, now caressing with a dainty touch, now blowing a broken limb far to the west. Yet, the cottage door was open, near the friendly water, and the birds were singing merrily high in the pines that send their incense down. On the porch my wife was reading, with the house dog by her side. A sudden dry crackling in the "bush" attracted her attention. The dog barked once and slunk away afraid, as a large deer bounded close to the cottage and charged back into the woods, his curiosity about human kind having been satisfied, and his instinct for self-preservation aroused. Such is the charm about Sparrow Lake with the wild life reaching out for civilization with half-accord.

We passed the cool evenings most delightfully this summer. Lighting camp fires on the rocks of drifted logs surmounted by dead branches and roots of trees, which nature has twisted into inconceivable shapes, we would linger on through the evening shadows and watch the sparkle and dance of the flames as they shot up into pure space. Over the tall pines across the lake the ducks would silently file, while the glowing streaks of a declining sun would touch the whole stretch of lake and shore. And then the "Admiral" would recite poetry from Byron to Kipling, and the "Captain" would tell his wonderful stories of real life. The "Admiral" and the "Captain," by the way, were our friends, Mr. W. A. Chadwick and Mr. Slawson, from Sharon, Pa. Both gentlemen were adepts with rod and reel, catching large strings of lunge, pickerel and bass in their two weeks' outing.

I remarked before of the hospitality of the Canadian people. Though making the most of a summer season in a financial way, they are not exorbitant in their charges, nor are they loath to give you all their farms and houses afford. I recall that a pack peddler called at Tony's one day and asked for a dinner. He was not refused. No bargain was struck, but the peddler, leaving, in-

sisted on settling for his meals. I am sure a peddler in this country would jump the barking dog and the fence before paying for what was freely offered him.

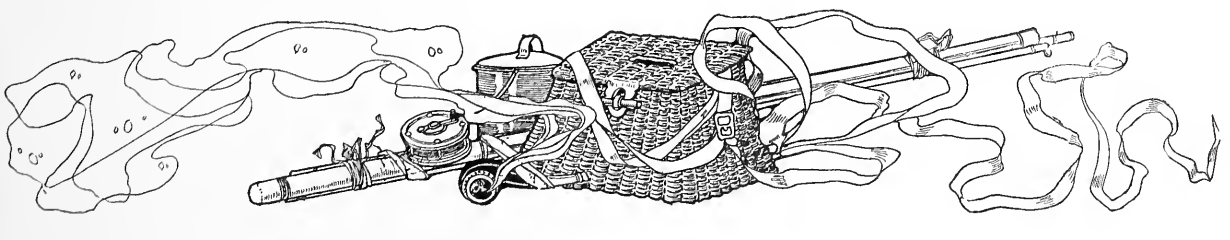
The Indians on Sparrow Lake are a picturesque tribe. They make and sell pretty baskets to tourists and act as guides for those who wish to go down the Severn River. As one passes by an island in the lake where their tents are pitched he notices the smallness of the white tents, the outside fire for cooking purposes, and the dark red bodies of the Indian children as they dive off the rocks into the sparkling water, like so many children of nature, that are as dear to her as the treasures hidden within her earth.

Across the lake from Miller's is Massey Camp, the summer home of Canadian Methodist ministers and their families. On the Sabbath they conduct services. It was our privilege to attend an impressive evening service there. Held out of doors, with the congregation facing the peaceful waters, overhead the blue heavens, inland the vesper song of a thrush, the service had a beauty and solemnity that inspired the feeling that the Father of all waters hallowed that scene. A few Christian Indians stalked slowly and reverentially to their places; with uplifted heads they sang with a wonderful pathos, in their native Chippewa tongue, the verses of our childhood's hymn, "Happy Day," and then they and the audience joined in singing the English words of the chorus. In considering a certain grandeur of such a scene, I am led to think of lines of Kipling's "Recessional":

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold,
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

But to return once more to the enjoyments of Sparrow Lake. The climate is so delightful, so bracingly cool at all times, and the opportunities so varied, that one can find out of doors what he or she desires. People spending their vacations there can bask in the glorious sunshine, or lie in hammocks, with book in hand, in shady groves, or bathe on many little sandy beaches, or go canoeing up and down the river; or go a-fishing with the certainty of good sport; or a-berrying in the "bush" with the surety of bringing home delicious blueberries, raspberries, blackberries and gooseberries, all wild but large and plentiful; or they can take trips on the two steamers, Captain Stanton's and Captain Wood's, down to the first "shoots," so called, and then make the portage in small boats and canoes and get an excellent day's fishing for black bass—returning by the large boats at night; or they can wander off into the interior on good roads searching for the flora and fauna of Canada; or with camera in hand they can take many scenic views of wild country and changing waters.

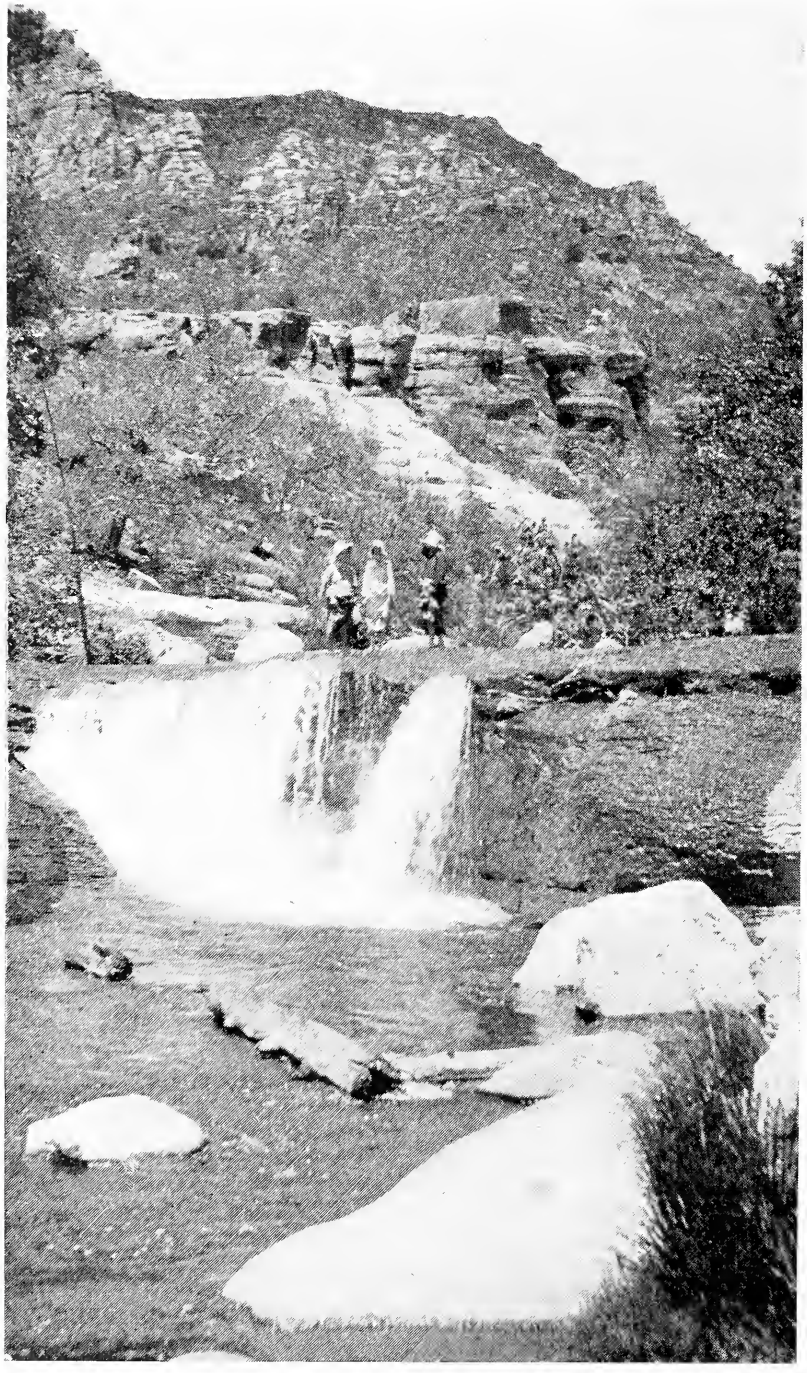
The twilight deepens, and the lights go out, and the train speeds away, but behind is the beautiful lake nestling among rock-ribbed shores, lulled to sleep by the softest airs, while ceaselessly, invitingly, the whip-poor-will calls the traveler to return.



TROUT OF THE SAW-TOOTH

BY W. E. BRAMEL

OF ALL the people, the myriads of people, who cross the continent—I mean of all those who have crossed and who will cross the continent in order to see California and the Pacific Coast and the West in general—it is a great surprise how few of those travelers know as large a proportion of the West as they believe they do upon their return home. True, the wide expanse of desert and sage-brush in Southern Idaho, which requires one whole day to cross, gives one the impression—observing from the car window—that nothing but starvation and poor success could attend any one's efforts in that part of the State, but true as this may all seem, and natural enough as this may be, I want to say right here that it is a conundrum to any one who knows this part of the State, why the railroad was put in such a desolate stretch of country. The probability is that it was built there because of the apparent evenness of the ground for the construction of the road-bed—where the wash from the mountains in the prehistoric ages reached the borders of the great snake river.



THE FALLS ON OAK CREEK

It is only fifty-seven miles north of this railroad that the little town of Hailey is located—a town of 2,000 souls, situated on a branch line and amid immense mining and sheep industries—sheep industries second to none in the Coast States. It is the stream upon which this little city is located that nature has amply supplied with those speckled beauties—the trout that our Government has termed the "cut-throat" trout. This stream is named Big Wood River and heads in the snow-clad Saw Tooth range of mountains north of Hailey.

After traveling twenty or thirty miles southward from the town, the abode of the writer, the water sinks in the sand and gravel to rise again further on down nearer the Snake River.

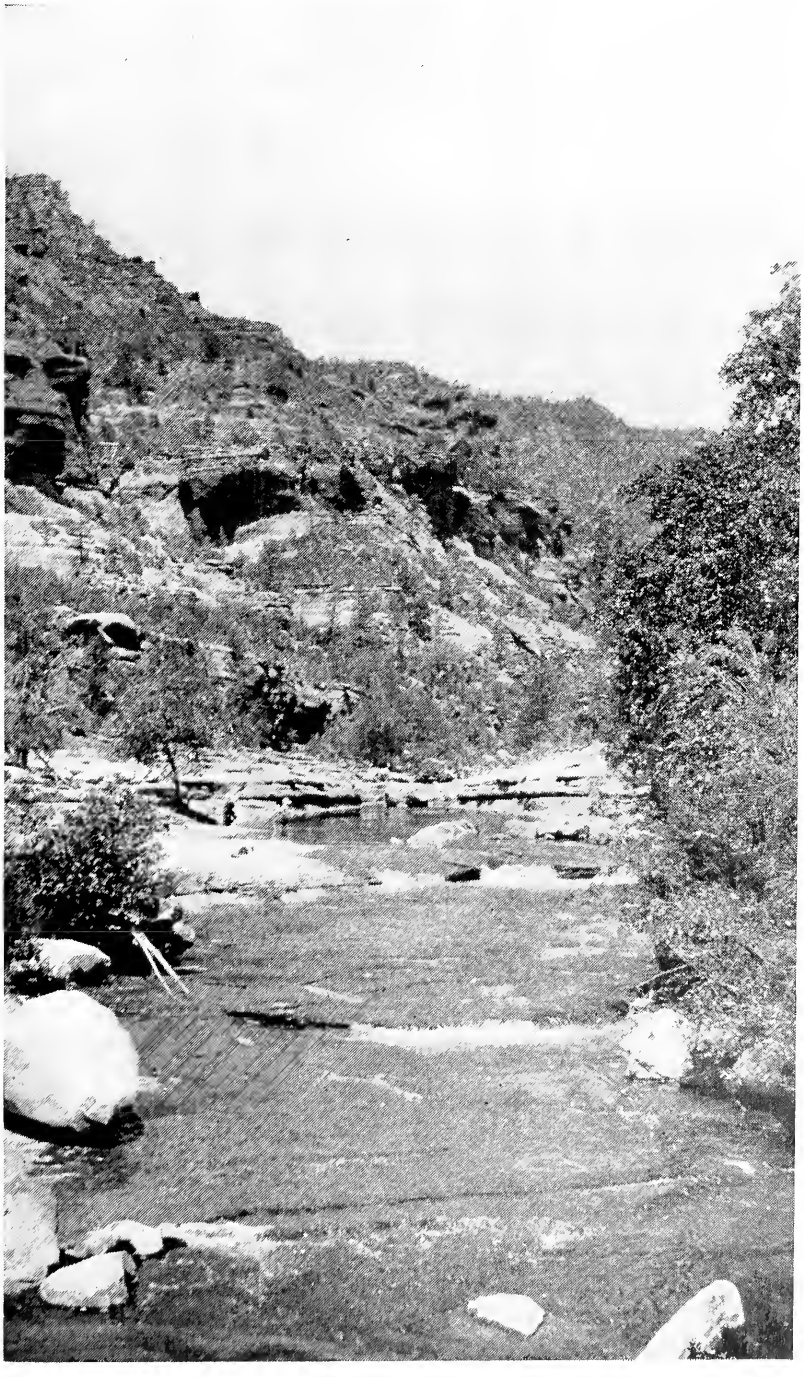
Legend says that several years ago a few brook trout were planted in the stream, and the legend is sustained by an occasional catch, but of course time has not been theirs enough to add the size that the cut-throat family furnishes.

I know whereof I speak when I relate the vast numbers of sixteen to twenty-one inch trout that are taken from this stream every season, and it is a matter of wonderment to me that they exist in such vast numbers to this day, with never a dollar expended to propagate them in their natural haunts.

It was this little town north of the desert that the world-famed Jay Gould finally found during the last three years of his life on this earth, and in answer to a friend who asked why he did not travel in a foreign country for his health and recreation he simply said, "This is good enough for me."

It was one of the fine days in July—one of those fine summer days that we experience on the Pacific Slope in an altitude of 5,300 feet—that a party of five—I counted myself as one—camped on the edge of the Big Wood River, twenty miles south of Hailey, and to say the big trout were taking the fly well was only to express the conditions mildly. Soon our baskets were full and we moved toward camp. We could stand or walk along the bank and see the big fellows in the clear water. Of course they wouldn't bite when we were seen, but if we wanted to have some fun, we would walk away from the river, and sneak up near a hole and look at the big fish basking in the shade. We would let a fly play out over and upon the water's surface "just to see a struggle," and it was this very time that I saw, hooked and finally landed with a bend in my split bamboo pole the largest speckled beauty that it has been my good fortune to take, although there have been larger ones caught this season.

Just to give the reader some idea of the



OAK CREEK, ARIZONA

weight of one of these old settlers, I will say that I have seen several this season that weighed three and four pounds each. Occasionally a five-pounder is landed, but since such fish have lived long enough to escape the American lure, they have learned the danger that is attendant upon striking it, hence delicate tackle must necessarily be used to catch them, but this will with difficulty stand the strain after the large fish is hooked.

There is one caution that every one who fishes in these waters should bear in mind, and that is unless he uses an extra heavy bamboo pole, a recent importation from China in its native size and shape, these fish won't come immediately to the surface and flop out on the bank at his feet at one effort.

The split bamboo is the proper tool only in the hands of the proper person—that's all.

WOODCRAFT

BY WELD ALLEN ROLLINS

ONE who goes moose shooting in the wilderness plays two games: one a game with the moose for his adversary, the other a game of solitaire in the forest, the object being to get out and back to camp again. The latter is quite as interesting as the former.

The game of solitaire, if one is satisfied with playing it crudely, is not difficult. If, for instance, your camp is on a river which flows east and west, and you go into the woods on the south side, it does not require much learning in woodcraft to hit the river again by going north. You can tell which way is north from the sun or from your compass. Once on the river you can get back to camp again. A man in the woods searching for game walks only about two miles an hour, so that in half a day he cannot well get to such a remote distance that, with the aid of a compass, he cannot in reason strike the river again, and strike it somewhere near his camp. But the niceties of the game of solitaire are infinite. Let me give two or three examples.

In the fall of 1904, while on a shooting trip in Northern Ontario, I went out one morning before dawn with my guide on what they called there a "farm." It was a dry, grassy place which had been cleared of trees by some forest fires of years before. The moose came out in places like this by night. We walked around on it for some time, and then lay down on a ridge and waited. By and by we heard the call of a bull moose on the wooded hillside. The guide put his birch-bark horn to his mouth and answered the call. He made the sound with his lips as if he were blowing a cornet. The imitation was not perfect, but it served its purpose, for the moose answered and came nearer. The guide called again and again, and as often as he called the moose answered and came nearer. Soon he was so close that we could hear the guttural notes of his voice, but he was working to leeward. That would never do; we must work to leeward, too, and down the wind we ran. Now and again the guide would stop and send his call into the morning air, and then the answer would come back, but always to leeward of us, and now more remote. Soon we could get no answer. By this time it was sunrise and the moose was far away in the silent forest of the great Canadian wilderness. So we started toward camp. I could not have told within 180 degrees the direction we ought to take. If I had noted any stars on coming on the "farm," they had now set, and as I had relied entirely on the guide, and had not referred once to my compass, and had never seen the country before, I was hopelessly confused. The guide seemed not to be, and I followed him. Now notice what happened. We walked perhaps half an hour, and by and by found ourselves at

the river. I waited for him to go down the steep bank to the edge of the water where he could get an unobstructed view up and down stream, and perhaps see the canoe (*canoe* he called it except when he talked in Indian, and then he called it *cheema*), but go to the edge of the water he did not. Instead he looked around at me inquiringly and said, "Aren't you coming?" So I went to where he was, and then followed him down the bank, and there was the canoe. He had not only struck the river near where we had left the canoe; he had hit it exactly. I pondered over this, and after awhile asked him how he had done it. "Why," said he in his subdued voice, "I followed in the back trail."

Soon after this incident we paddled down one river and up another toward a place where the guides thought there would be good moose shooting. But alas! There were other "niniwok" there ahead of us. They showed us a fine head which they had secured, but reported a scarcity of game. So on the next day but one we turned our faces toward the country we had just left, portaged around, some falls, put our canoes in the millrace below, and sped down the stream. Great bergs of foam were floating on the surface. Into these the guides would direct the canoes and cleave them in two. Soon we were at the side stream again, and had to portage once more, this time for half a mile through the forest to avoid the rapids; then came more paddling interrupted by short portages around log jams, and by and by we were gliding upon long uninterrupted stretches of placid river flowing between beautiful banks ploughed with deep gullies by the moose as they had slid down into the water to cross the stream, and showing every now and then among the trees the bright wood of saplings bare of bark—the work of beaver. In the soft mud upon which the water lapped were the tracks of innumerable creatures of the wilderness. "Where was it," said the voice from the stern of my canoe, "we saw the 'moosk rat?'" I confessed that I did not know. Each turn of the river showed only the wilderness, and each turn was like every other. I could not have told within miles, even had I thought it an event worth trying to remember, where I had seen the little animal swimming in the water. A silence of half an hour followed as we steadily plied our paddles. Then the soft voice from the stern quietly said, "It was here that we saw the 'moosk rat.'" I mention the incident only as showing on what the mind of this native of the wilderness was dwelling. It is instructive.

One night, a little later on, we went out after dark. It was a beautiful night and the moon was up. We paddled down the river two miles or so, then pulled the canoe part way up the steep bank, hoisted ourselves up the rest of the way to the top and stood in the forest. Pierre looked up among the trees to mark his position, and I did the same. Then we started off with the moon over our left breast and walked for a long time. As I write, I can picture that silent forest a hundred leagues away, untrodden since the snow came by the foot of man, lying as it lay that night, tranquil and vast beneath the moon. At the end of the walking we sat down in a favorable place and waited. While we waited we experimented with the rifle and tried to fix birch bark on the front sight so that we could see to aim in the dark. But it was of no use. We tried matches, which, because of the brimstone, ought to do well, but they did not. There isn't anything that is very helpful in making the sights visible unless it is a jack. After awhile we began to be chilly and started back toward the canoe. We now kept the moon almost behind us, thus making allowance for the distance it had traveled while we had been waiting. The course led us through rough country, among windfalls. In the moonlight I could see where the bears had been at work among the logs, and, had I been alone, I should have gone more cautiously, for I remembered the alliterative advice of a Montana guide who once took me into the Teton country: "Be careful in going where there are bears," said he, "to see that one doesn't rise up and slap you to sleep." However, Pierre forged ahead at a tremendous rate, regardless of possible bears, and I followed him. He was taking just about the course that I should have followed. He was keeping the moon behind him and he was going toward a hill which, just after we had left the canoe, I had noted on the other side of

Photo by B. Sutton

WORTH GOING AFTER

the river. We were surely going in just about the right direction, but presently he turned sharp to the left. Why he did it I did not know, but I followed him. In fifteen minutes we had reached the river, and, what was more, we had reached the canoe, and not only that, but without following the river up or down one inch, we had on a course at right angles to the river intersected it exactly where the canoe lay. The canoe, being on the side of the steep bank, was entirely invisible from the forest. I pondered over this as we paddled back to camp. Finally, after much deliberation to make sure that I was not asking an unnecessary question, I ventured to say, "Pierre, how did you find the canoe? Did you strike our trail?"

"No," said he, "we came back a different way."

After a pause, during which I had again considered the feat from every possible viewpoint, I said, "How do you hit the canoe so exactly?"

"When I started out," replied Pierre, "I marked where it was."

"So did I," I answered, "but I couldn't have hit it so exactly. Why did you turn to your left back there in the bush?"

"Because," said he, "when we started

in, we walked with the moon over our left breast, and on the way out we walked with it behind us, and when we got to where the moon had been, we turned to the left and came to the canoe."

It looked as though I was not going to find out by what subtle woodcraft he had really been guided; he probably was not able to analyze and put into words the reasons underlying the instinct which had served him so well, but I wanted very much to learn, so I kept on.

"But how did you know when you had gotten to where the moon had been?" I asked.

"I remembered," said he, in his mild, low voice, "and besides—and here at length came what I was after—did you not see that our cánoe was at the edge of the dead wood? When I reached the edge of the dead wood I turned and followed it down to the river where the cánoe was."

The next day I paddled down there and looked at the forest. Surely enough, there was a difference in the trees. There was an indistinct line on one side of which there was more dead wood than on the other. It marked the limit of some old forest fire which had killed all the trees within a certain area, and some beyond it. New growth had sprung up, however, on both sides of this vague boundary, and I should never have been able to see it if it had not been pointed out to me. But Pierre, even in the night, had noticed this blurred and shaded line, and on the homeward trip had recognized it again, and skilfully followed it till it had led him exactly to the canoe.

Some days later we paddled up the river a long distance. Pierre had never been there before. The river wound in and out through the great wilderness. Each turn disclosed only the interminable forest, the virgin forest. There were no mountains, no tributaries to the stream, no landmarks of any sort; the banks at one point were just as high and just as wooded as at any other point; each part was exactly like every other part. We paddled on for hours. At about eleven o'clock we pulled the canoe up on the right-hand bank, ate a pilot cracker and started into the woods. For about three hours we wandered through the forest, always on the lookout for game. By and by we came unexpectedly upon the river, which, it appeared, made an abrupt turn above the place where we had left the canoe. We crossed it on a jam of logs, and wandered on the left side for more than two hours. Most of the time we were in a cranberry swamp, where we could go very quietly on the moss, and where there were many fresh moose tracks. It seemed like a good place, but the day was drawing to a close, and so we decided to head toward the river. Pierre complimented me by asking me in what direction I thought the canoe was. We both thought alike and set out. In due season we reached the river, but not where we had left the birch-bark. It was not within sight. I could not tell whether it was up-stream or down-stream; in fact, it would have been impossible for me to make an intelligent guess, but I resolved to advise going up-stream if Pierre asked for my opinion, for it seemed to me, as the distance lay in my mind, that we had walked farther in one direction than in another, and ought, therefore, to go up-stream. Pierre, however, looked a minute at the river and started down-stream. I followed him, but without much faith, for how could he tell any better than I? The traveling was very bad, very bad. If we should not reach the canoe by going down the river—and, obviously, it would be necessary to go far enough to make sure that it could not be in that direction—we should have to retrace all our toilsome steps, and then go perhaps as far again up-stream, and night was coming on. It was, therefore, very important that we go in the right direction. I was very tired. As we toiled through the forest, I turned all these things over in my mind without any pleasant anticipations, for I thought that we were going wrong, but in half an hour we were abreast of the canoe, and Pierre crossed on some logs and brought it over to me. After suitable consideration, I propounded my usual questions. How in the world did he know that he ought to go down-stream in order to reach the canoe?

"I remembered when I looked at the river where we came out that I had never seen it before," said Pierre.

"How could you remember that? The river looks just the same all the way," said I.

"I just remembered. I notice things as I go."

"Well, what did you notice?"

"I noticed the trees and the banks."

"And what did you notice about them?" cross-questioned I.

"I noticed as we came up the river from the camp that the banks were high, and we went through white pines and red pines and jack pines. Those tall, scrawny trees down there are jack pines. They grow about anywhere, where other trees won't. We came through them last. When out of the bush and we saw the river again, we had been walking in a swamp. Spruce trees grow in the swamp. I did not see any spruce trees on the way up the river."

As we paddled homeward, I mused over this artistic woodcraft, and made up my mind to study the white pine, the red pine and the jack pine, so that I, too, could turn them to account. I noted, too, the banks which Pierre had said were high. In fact, they were all the same height; he had made a mistake as to the banks, but his skill in reading the trees had filled me with so much admiration that I did not mind this lapse. The next day, however, I walked up the river about half a mile inland and then I saw what he had meant. From the character of the trees he had reasoned that the land away from the shore was high land up to where the swamp in which we had found ourselves began, and he was right.

The Indians are guided by the trees more than anything else. If you look across a lake, you will see that the tops of about half of the tall pine trees bend slightly toward the east. There is a distinct trend to the forest, always toward the east. On this the Indian relies implicitly, and it does not deceive him. Again, if an Indian, traveling in the forest, makes a loop and intersects his own trail, he knows it immediately, without seeing any footprints, because of the character of the timber. One of our party, accompanied by the Indian, Big Paul, as guide, shot a moose. Big Paul had never been in that country before, and, as it was a stormy day, without the sun to guide him, he became confused in his sense of direction and had to wander around somewhat in order to find the camp again. But on the following day he led us three miles through the forest to the carcass. He did not follow the back trail but he went apparently by instinct to the moose. I followed him with my compass. He would vary and waver in his course nearly ninety degrees, first to right and then to left, but he went to the moose. Now and again he would point to something he remembered particularly. "Here," he would say, "is the rock where you set the compass down"; or, "This is where we were when we heard the shot." Then he would point to the ground,where to our asphalt-pavement-trained senses there wasn't anything at all to see, and make no comment, but would smile at us a little and go on. By and by he came out exactly at the moose. All I could get out of him was that he went by the trees.

In addition to noticing everything else, your guide sees trails that you cannot see, and notices the bitten twigs that you do not discover have been browsed off until he points it out to you. When a twig seems to have been very freshly bitten off, he will apply his own mouth to it, and bite it off again. A comparison of the two ends will serve as the foundation for an estimate as to when the moose went by. If he sees froth on the twigs, he makes a sign to you not to crack so many branches.

Woodcraft is a science. One who would learn it must learn to know the different kinds of trees, and to recognize them with certainty from afar off, and he must learn to observe everything that he passes. The power to observe is dependent on real and classified knowledge. Having begun to study this science of woodcraft, even the trees that one passes in the railway train will give one pleasure.

AN EIGHT-POUND CUSK

LEARNT FROM GLASGOW

BY MARTIN HUNTER

THE following bush knowledge was not acquired from the City of Glasgow, as the heading might naturally lead the reader at first glance to infer, but from a celebrated hunter and trapper of that name who roamed the northern woods in the early sixties.

I may say, almost, that I served my apprenticeship with him, as we were together for two seasons in my verdant days.

His name was Peter Glasgow, or rather that was the name he went under, for I suspect Glasgow was an assumed cognomen, for once in a talkative mood he made casual reference to having been on a water-logged vessel in his early career in which the crew, from dire necessity, resorted to cannibalism, and I fancy after that sad experience he dropped his proper surname and adopted the uncommon one under which I and others knew him.

He was deformed by a hump back, and from Dumas' description of his "Hunch Back of Notre Dame," might have been his double, and he was the last person one would think capable or likely to adopt a bush life. But what he lacked in activity he made up in sureness. He was methodical in all his movements, even to his walk; this was no doubt a necessity from his formation.

His stride on the tramp I do not think exceeded twenty-four inches, yet I have known him to leave camp at daylight and by sundown he had left a trail forty-five miles long behind him, and that on the hardest of walking ice.

With this, no doubt unnecessary preamble, I will give some of the useful things I learned from him.

Glasgow always had his moose or deerskin moccasins sewed in such a way that they were reversible. He explained this to me as economy. He would use them when first new fleshside out; when this surface was pretty well worn over, he then used them *grain side out.* He proved to me that you have thus much more wear out of the shoe. And it stands to reason, for once the grain, or smooth side, is worn through there is no more resistance, as the flesh side *alone* is not much stronger than a piece of flannel.

Holding an ordinary frying pan over a hot blaze is pretty trying and hard on the hands. Glasgow got over this difficulty by splitting a length of sapling a few feet long and inserting the handle in the crack, thereby lengthening the original handle. In this way the distance you can stand from the fire is only limited by the length of the pole attachment, and it would be possible for the fire to be in one county and the man behind the handle in the next.

The water we required for our culinary and washing purposes was taken, in the winter, from a hole in the ice, either from the river or lake near which we were camped. This hole, if left as it was after dipping the last kettle full in the evening, would be cov-

ered by thick ice next morning, necessitating the chopping it out afresh.

Glasgow kept a rough split wood shovel near the hole. When the last person got water before bedtime, the hole was shovelled full to the level of the ice with soft snow. This prevented ice forming, at least to any thickness worth mentioning. In the morning all we had to do was to shovel it clear, which as can be imagined was easier and quicker than chopping out six or eight inches of solid ice.

We shot a large caribou on a lake some distance from our camp, and as we were about starting for the coast for supplies it was desirous we should cache it secure till our return, probably a month hence.

Wolves were pretty numerous, and an old carcajou prowled about at unlooked for times, and any ordinary mode of hiding the meat was not to be depended on. Old Peter, however, was equal to the requirements and speedily showed me how to do it.

We chopped out a trench in the solid ice (which was probably two and a half or three feet thick) four feet long by three broad, and two feet deep. The meat of the animal, which had been properly jointed, was packed in the bottom of this ice-chest and the skin folded and placed on top. When finished the pile came within four or five inches of the ice level. Chopped up ice was then packed down hard over all, bringing it up above the ice. This was tramped and battered until perfectly hard.

To make it proof against all peradventure of a doubt, a hole was made at some little distance and water taken from this and thrown over our caché.

A cold, cutting wind was blowing at the time, freezing the water as it ran over the mass. When the whole was finished to the perfect satisfaction of Glasgow an animal would have as much chance of getting into our store as if he tackled an ironclad.

The last thing the old man did after night camp was made, wood chopped and bark and kindling gathered, was to cut a wooden poker. This would be of alder or young birch and a prong or hook was left at the thick end. This he used while smoking his pipe to adjust any burned off ends of the firewood, to rake out a brand for his light, and sometimes I would wake up in the night to see him smoking, and, apparently, aimlessly prodding the ashes or drawing diagrams thereon. No doubt, as to many of us, while gazing in a brown study into the fire much of his former life passed in retrospect through his mind. I never broke the silence when I caught him thus. A man living close to nature does not like his reverie broken rudely into by some fool greenhorn.

When it was my turn to chop the night's firewood and he to make camp, and the weather appearance would indicate a possible wild night, I would get kind of slack on the work and venture the opinion after a while that we had enough. Old Peter would say with quiet deliberation: "Young man, it is better to have ten lengths of wood over in the morning than have to turn out and chop by flambeau before daylight."

This on his part was equivalent to a command, and I would pitch in and cut some more. If the night did happen to pan out mild and there was a surplus in the morning it was human nature to want to say: "I told you so!" But I did not.

Another thing I learned from my old companion and instructor was, when flushing a covey of partridge and several branched on the same tree, to locate them one by one before starting in shooting, and then to pick off the lowest branched one first, and so on up the tree, thus avoiding frightening the others by a bird crashing down through and amongst them.

In this way by using a small charge every bird of the covey could be got, providing it was neither cold nor blowing.

I'll let this go and if the Editor of RECREATION passes favorably upon it and wants some more I can give it, for Old Peter was chuck-full of what was good and useful knowledge.

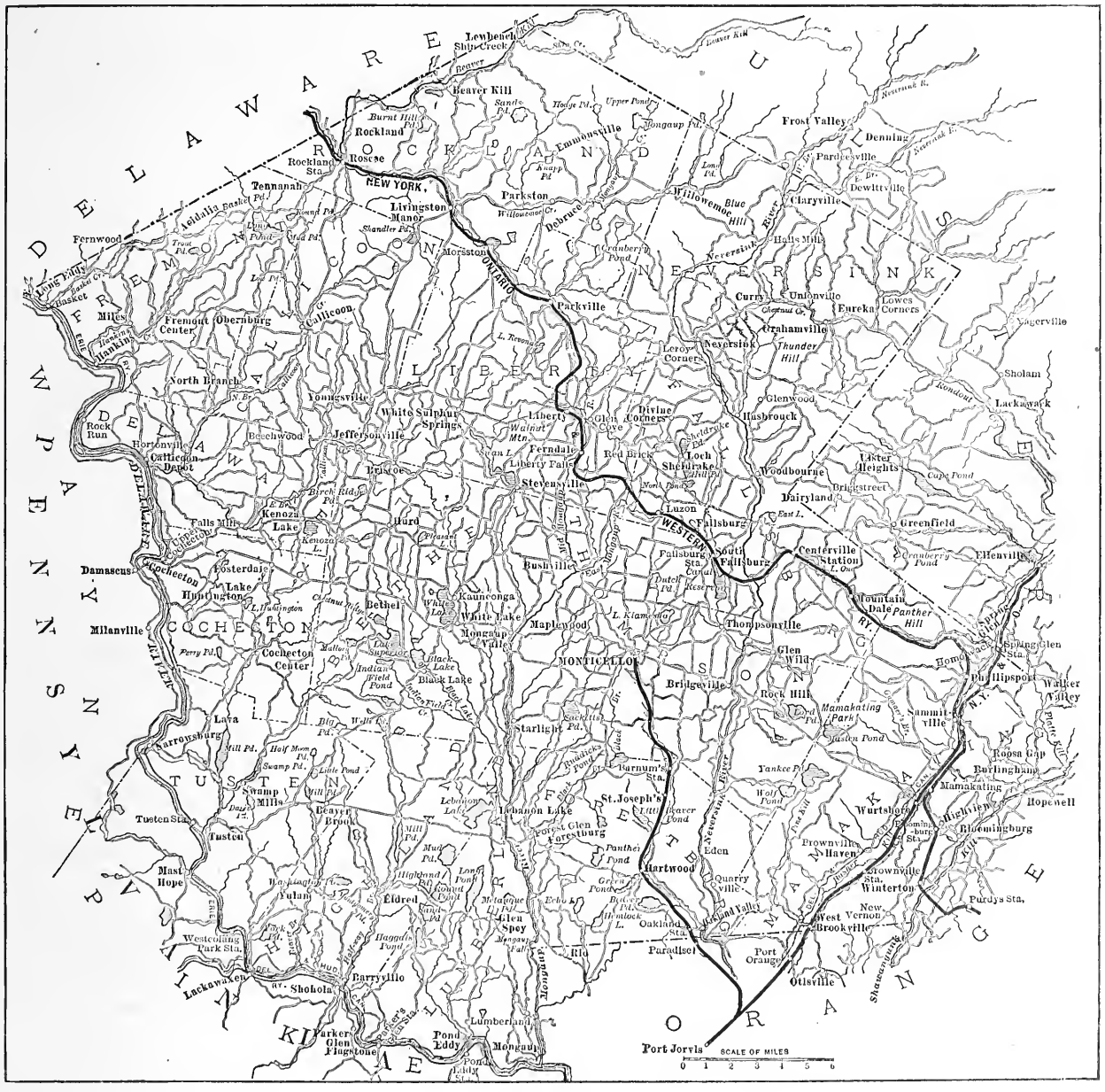
I imbibed several and was glad I did in after life in "The Wild."

Peter was slow and very methodical in all his movements, but by keeping everlastingly at it he got *there*, be it making deadfalls or spinning out a trail. As I took a much longer stride than Peter it was pretty hard following and the apparent slowness with which he lifted one snowshoe after another was exasperation to a young, active man.

He used to say: "You go ahead as fast as you like, yet old Glasgow, with his short

steps and slowness, will manage to sleep in the same camp." And so he could and did.

Spurts don't count any more in the bush than they do in the strenuous life—everlastingly pegging at it is what gets there.



MAP OF SULLIVAN COUNTY, NEW YORK

The above map of Sullivan County, N. Y., will be found useful in connection with Mr. L. F. Brown's article on "Sullivan County Trout," appearing on pages 293-298 of the present issue. This map is reduced from one of the largest and most correct maps of Sullivan County, and, although on a small scale, shows distinctly all the streams and places mentioned in Mr. Brown's narrative. Sullivan County was long known as the Mecca of New York sportsmen, on account of its accessibility, together with the excellent sport its streams could always be counted upon furnishing. Unfortunately many of these streams are now sadly deficient in trout, yet an enterprising and persevering fisherman will find many waters in the county from which he can often pull enough trout to content the soul of any reasonable angler.

In the January number of RECREATION, in our enthusiasm for the natural outdoor life, we were led to make some statements about domestic bees and honey which seem to reflect upon the bee culturist, and we want to say, right here, that there is no higher and more respectable calling in the outdoor life than that of the beekeeper. Also, that the bees themselves will not adulterate their honey, and while the taste is largely dependent upon the source from which the bees derive their sweets, if the honey is adulterated it is not done by the producers.

We have received numerous inquiries as to proper terms to apply to groups of animals and birds. It is customary now to speak of a bunch of cattle, and we frequently see used a covey of quail; but if we go back to the original use of this word, covey is only applied to partridges. In some parts of the United States the Bob White is called a partridge and in other parts a quail, and I suppose that in those parts of the country where it is called a partridge it would be perfectly proper to speak of a group of them as a covey, but, if we call the Bob White a quail, according to Hoyle, we must speak of a group of them as a bevy. Bevy is frequently used for a group of young girls, but this is not an Americanism, for it was used in the same sense in mediæval times in England.

It may be best to give the old use of these words as laid down in the ancient books of hunting and falconry. When beasts went together in companies a group of lions was called a pride of lions. It was also a lepe of leopards. Herd is proper for deer and elk of any sort, and generally used for all kinds of horned beasts, but, if it is a group of does of which you are speaking, call it a bevy. They also formerly spoke of a sloth of bears and a singular of boars and sounder of wild swine, but a crowd of domestic hogs was called a drift.

We use the term now, pack of wolves, but the old hunter called it a route of wolves. It was a harass of horses, a rag of colts and a stud of mares, a pace of asses, and a baren of mules; a flock of sheep is the term formerly applied and still in common use, but it was a tribe of goats. Very properly they spoke of a skulk of foxes, a cete of badgers, a richess of martins, a fesymes of ferrets. Now when you want to speak of a great congregation of jack-rabbits, call it a husk of jack-rabbits, also a down of hares, a nest of cottontail. If you meet a group of wildcat remember to say, "I met a clowder of cats"; but if you find they are young it is a kennel of young.

Should you be traveling in the tropics you may meet a shrewdness of ape and on your lawn you may find a labor of moles.

Two greyhounds are called a brace, three a leash; but two spaniels or harriers are called a couple. A number of hounds is a mute of hounds, but when you speak of common curs be sure to remember and call them a cowardess of curs.

In olden times they applied these sporting-terms in derision or fun to people and spoke of a skulk of friar and a skulk of thieves, an observance of hermits, a lying of partners, a substitute of sergeants and what might apply to our "400" a multiplying of husbands, a blast of hunters, a draught of butlers, a poverty of pipers, etc. But it was really mean when they spoke of a bunch of wives as a gaggle of women, gaggle being the term used for a bunch of geese.

Speaking of geese reminds us that it was proper to call a group of herons a sedge. This also applied to bitterns, but when it came to swans it was a herd; it was also a herd of cranes and of curlews, and duck-hunters may take notice that when a flock of shelldrakes appear they must by no means call it a flock, but a dropping of shelldrakes, a spring of teals, and a cover of coots, a gaggle of geese, a badeling of ducks. That is, when there is a group of various or unknown ducks the term badeling is used, but when the mallards come speak of them as a sord or sute; but if you happen to be in India hunting peacocks and run across a flock, by no means speak of it as a flock, but call it a muster of peacocks and a nye of pheasant. At home it is a congregation of plover, a flight of doves, a flight of swallows, a dule of turtle dove, a walk of snipe, and a fall of woodcock, but with domestic fowl it is a brood of hens; a rookery of crows and a building of rooks, a murmuration of starlings. A flock of larks is poetically spoken of as an exaltation of larks, and the sparrows very properly as a host of sparrows. A watch of nightingale is also significant in its meaning, and a charm of goldfinches is charming.

Now, then, we trust that the readers of RECREATION will no longer be confused in the terms they use for the different "bunches" of animals and game they meet, and please do not speak of an afternoon tea as a gaggle of women, or of a bunch of pretty girls as a badeling of ducks.

Let Us Be Just

The city-bred man is likely to think of the Western hunter as brutal, but the man of the wilds who lives by his rifle is not "in it" as far as brutality and cruelty are concerned with the city sportsman. In fact, a city man and an Indian with

modern firearms "see red" when in a good game country. They never take the trouble to hunt down and kill the wounded and paunched animals. I know personally of a case where a city man refused to turn over two shells to a man who had paunched a mountain ram. In this case the animal could have been put out of pain easily, had the man who shot it had any ammunition. When he asked for more he was refused for no reason except that the city man did not fancy returning to camp with an empty gun. Possibly he feared some fierce marmot or little chief hare might attack him.

A real mountain man, one of those fellows the urbane people look upon as a bloody man, will often follow a wounded animal all day and this over the roughest of country, in the worst of weather, until the wounded creature is overtaken and put out of its misery. But the city sportsman and the childlike Indian would not think of fasting all day and perhaps sleeping away from camp without a blanket, out of compassion for a wounded beast. Not because either our city friend or the Indian delight in cruelty, but because both are only children with new toys in their hands.

Honesty

Is a somewhat rare quality of late years. To such a degree has rascality flourished that it seems to be only necessary for a man in politics to be strictly and aggressively honest to become a noted and a great man, though he hasn't much chance of becoming a rich one. There are a number of articles now appearing in various magazines apologizing for the

ADULTERATION OF FOOD

The people who write these things seem to be moral idiots, that is, incapable of distinguishing right from wrong; for instance, they argue that because oleomargarine is not deleterious to the health, that it is all right to palm it off on the unsuspecting public as butter; because glucose is not poisonous, that it is proper to substitute it for sugar; likewise because cocoanut shells are harmless that they will serve for pepper and spice. These people fail to see that the swindle and dishonesty of such things is in making any substitution whatever. Butter should be honest butter—nothing else. The other products, to be honest, should be sold under their own names.

In RECREATION we avoid, wherever it is possible, personal "knocking," leaving that for the Colonel Manns to do, for we have noticed that a suggestion of blackmail always accompanies papers and periodicals which make a point of personal attacks, a suggestion which so often in the past has proved to be founded upon an ugly truth, that we look upon such literature with the same disgust as do our readers. So, "with charity for all and with malice toward none," we will discuss our subjects and not our neighbors.

Any one who cares enough for his stomach to inquire whether his particular brand of tea is colored with Prussian blue, or his canned goods are embalmed or not, can write to the Department of Agriculture for the bulletin on food adulteration, and he will get the truth.

Instead of fining a manufacturer of fake food when he is caught in the act, the French people have a pleasant habit of confiscating his plant—a process we quite believe in. But a three months' diet on his own specialty would probably stop the production, and at the same time rid the country of a fake and be of great service to the honest people in the business.

Save Alive All Hoop Snakes

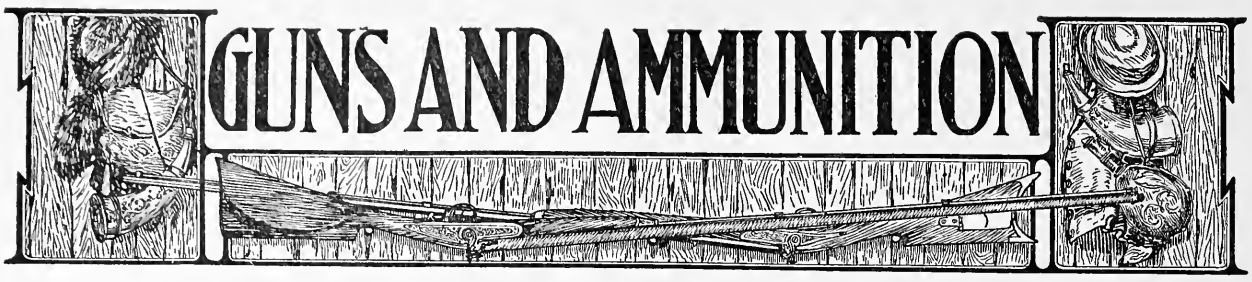
We have received a very interesting letter from a man in the State of Washington who claims not only to have seen two hoop snakes, but to have killed one himself. Unfortunately, he requested us not to publish his letter and we hold such requests sacred. We can say, however, without fear of contradiction, that there are probably many—very many people—who have seen, not only hoop snakes, but have seen the hazel-rod turn in the hand of a diviner and point to the water beneath, though we are of the opinion that the water would have been found just the same, without the mummery of the forked hazel twig and its appeal to the aid of Thor. Hoop snakes, hazel-rods, lucky stones, horseshoes, and the old thread of red worsted which, in the far districts of England, the old peasant woman still ties to her cow's tail before sending it out to pasture—all these are heirlooms from the faith of our superstitious ancestors, who lived in a world in which fairies and gnomes, hobgoblins, witches and mermaids, the unicorn and the sea-serpent, played a very real part.

Under the fierce, cold electric light of this age of scientific investigation, these things which our ancestors believed in so implicitly have no place except in books of folk-lore, or in children's books, where the hoop snake may find a congenial companion with Mother Goose's cow, who jumped over the moon.

Yet we freely acknowledge that we love Mother Goose, Baron Munchausen and all their family and friends, and are in sympathy with the New York *Sun* when it says:

> It is a cheerful belief that it would be a pity to discard into the lumber room of the things that once held faith. The most appreciative account of the water finder's rod is in Dr. Herbert Mayo's work, "Letters on the Truth Contained in Popular Superstitions" (London, 1851). The work is most cordial in its tone toward these old beliefs of the lowly, and is a mine of curious information, a worthy divagation of a learned student of medicine.

A very interesting and complete account of old superstitions, more judicious than the former, is Folkard's "Plant-lore, Legends and Lyrics."



Favors the Colt .45 S. A.

EDITOR RECREATION:

I have watched the articles in your magazine, relating to the improvement of the six-shooter, with some interest. And it seems to me that a great deal of the argument advanced has no bearing on the case. It seems to me that they are asking an impossibility when they expect a gun to combine all the good features of a double action, single action, pocket and holster gun in one. And they do not seem to be able to tell just what purpose they expect to use it for. Now, the chances of a man ever needing more shots than is contained in Colt's .45 S. A. without reloading is about one in a hundred thousand, providing he can use those to advantage and put them where he wants them or where they will do the most good. If he can not do this with the first six, how does he expect to with the next six or the next? If he expects any such emergency to arise, he had better get a sawed-off, or at least another gun (a six-shooter). How many of these men who are asking for a new model could, if the right hand became disabled, use their six-shooter in the left with any accuracy ?

The six-shooter, for an arm of defense, is as much different from a target gun as a Pope target rifle is from a hunting rifle. Although a good shot can use either one, one man's complaint of the old model S. A. .45 was the click of the safety and half cock notches, which seemed to nearly cause him nervous prostration, which shows that a man of his nervous temperament should not have a gun of any kind. And another one complained of the hammer having too long a sweep, as it penetrated the primer, and caused his gun to stick. Now, does he not know that easing up the main spring or filing of the firing pin (which is not intended to be long enough to penetrate the primer, and is not made so usually) would have regulated that trouble.

Target sights on a belt gun are simply out of place, as they do not let a gun come out free as they should and in case of defense one's assailant is not liable to allow one time to draw a fine bead on him. And still another complains of the weight of the Colt's S. A. guns. Still they never complain of the weight of the ammunition, and they all carry as much as they can put in their belt, usually forty or fifty rounds, which weighs as much or more than the gun. The double-action man seems to care only to be able to rip off six shots in as many seconds or less, regardless of where they hit. And no man can hit anything using a gun that way.

The old Colt's .45 S. A. is the height of perfection and can not be improved upon. Captain Wallace, in his engagement with the Indians on the battlefield of Wounded Knee, where he used his Colt's .45 S. A. with such telling effect, would not have wished for a new model side ejector but for another one like he had. The rapidity with which he could have reloaded a new model gun would have been of no account to a man in his position.

The new model side ejector would be a modern arm. But I think that is about all that could be said of it. When you take the extractor off the barrel you destroy the balance of the arm and balance amounts to a great deal in a gun. The break in the frame (and no one can deny it) is a weak point in the gun. And any of them, so far produced, will show it after they have been fired a few hundred shots. The only improvement that can be made in the old .45, and I think it is a practical, one too, would be to make it out of nickel steel and load with H. P. smokeless powder, although I have used it in the old ones, and came to no harm by so doing, but I suppose there is some danger attached to the experiment. The firearms as made to-day have reached a higher state of perfection than the men who use them. And as to a belt and holster gun, a great deal depends on the belt and holster.

A holster should be made of leather that is heavy enough to retain its shape after it has been thoroughly dampened in lukewarm water, then wrap the gun in a fold or bit of paper, force it into holster and leave until dry. And your gun will then come out of holster without lifting same with it. The holsters put on the market by the Eastern people at 75 cents to a dollar are of no account at all as they collapse as soon as the gun is removed and pull up with it when you attempt to draw the gun. For the benefit of the gentleman from Indiana who inquired for a belt and holster, I would recommend him to write to Mr. Jake Haffer, Mont Rose, Colo., or H. H. Heizer, Denver, who will furnish him an outfit that will please him. Describe the gun for which holster is wanted. A plain one will cost $1.50. Fancy stamped will cost $3.00. They are cut on a pattern that cannot be beat. A belt made of fine calfskin, combined money and cartridge belt, all hand-sewed, and leather-covered buckle, $3.00 and up. But there is nothing finer. Initials stamped on billet free of charge, making an outfit cost from $4.50 to $5.50.

I have not meant to offend the advocates of the new model single action gun. But I am so thoroughly convinced that the old model cannot be worked over, and still come up to its old standard,

and for that reason I have written so. Samuel Colt's first gun was a masterpiece and has never been changed, except to add a strap over the top, making a solid frame, adding a notch to the hand that turns the cylinder, and the putting of a bushing in the cylinder. Has it not stood the test well? Will the automatics and double action ones do as well? I think not. I am speaking from experience, and not through my hat, as some people who have never lived in the West, where the art of gunnery comes as near to perfection as it is in this world, might think.

WALTER KENLY.

Cripple Creek, Colo.

Comparative Penetration of .22s

Editor RECREATION:

Having read the answer, in January number, to letter of J. Frank Jones, Bethany, W. Va., in regard to relative penetrations of the .22 Winchester and .22 Automatic, I wish to tell you of a test conducted last week of this very thing, concerning which I have long been curious.

Mr. Robeson, of Springfield, Mass., and I, together with Mr. W. H. Duncan, of Barnwell, S. C., with whom we were staying, placed two hard yellow pine boards against the fence of the latter's dooryard, one over the other, about $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch thick, so that they practically made one $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch board. Mr. Robeson shot a Marlin rifle with .22 long rifle cartridge. I shot a Winchester Automatic. The Marlin drove its bullets through the first board and dented into the second, so that when we lifted the first board off, most of them fell to the ground. The Automatic drove its bullets through the first board and so far through the second that all but one stuck nearly their full length through the second, so that Mr. Duncan picked up the boards with one hand, and, *wiping* his other along their back, gathered the bullets in his hand. One bullet penetrated through and beyond. We stood at about fifteen feet. In order to prove the penetration of this rifle to Mr. Duncan, who is an adept both at rifle shooting and judging timber, I had previously shot the same weapon at a hard spot (not a knot) which he marked on a lightwood post, and which he did not believe any .22 bullet would penetrate, warning me to stand well back lest the bullet hurt me in its rebound. From the distance his knife-blade went into the bullet hole, I believe the nose of the bullet must have penetrated over an inch.

When I first got this rifle I shot it at the narrow edge of a 2 by 3 joist, to test its sights for accuracy, and on going to look at my target was surprised to find that the bullets had gone clean through. Possibly the sharp point and hardness of the bullet had something to do with this, as it was a soft pine joist, or some similar wood; but the cartridge certainly must be an extraordinarily powerful .22 for its recoil to operate the action of the rifle. The fact that the comparatively short cartridge of the new .32 automatic soft nose has the same penetration as the soft nose .30-30, which looks much more powerful, in spite of its larger calibre, convinces me that the Winchester people must be very generous with their powder when loading the cartridges whose recoil operates the action of these modern weapons.

I wonder if the brethren who are having so much trouble to find a handy, accurate, powerful belt revolver that "comes up" well have seen the new handle that Smith & Wesson are furnishing on their .38 Military 1902 model revolver? It is shaped like a Colt Military handle, and is nicely checked. I use one that handles the .32 Winchester rifle cartridge, and it is as accurate as I could wish a gun to be. The fact that it is a double action gun does not in the least interfere with its use as a single action, for the trigger pull is perfect, while it fits in the hand so nicely that, like the Frontier model Colt, it seems to point itself, while with smokeless powder and a soft nose express bullet it should have a "smashing" effect sufficient to satisfy the most bloodthirsty.

It bears out the claim of the makers that it will do good work up to 200 yards. Before this handle came out I was so pleased with the power, penetration, balance and lack of recoil of this gun that I used to wrap the old-style handle with tire tape or adhesive plaster to suit. It shoots close to the mark when too dark to see the sights, or even the end of the barrel, which should be a good test of the balance and "come-up" of a revolver. Besides, you have the advantage of double action when speed is more to be desired than extreme accuracy.

H. M. CLAPP.

The editorial note in the January number was correct, as it referred to the .22-7-45 and the .22 Winchester automatic.—EDITOR.

Pleased with His "Baker"

Editor RECREATION:

In the January number of RECREATION I notice a request from some person who signs his name as "Black Duck." He wishes advice from some of your readers as to the best kind of gun for duck-shooting, with details as to gauge, length of barrels, weight and loads. I have had considerable experience with different makes of guns and guns of different calibre. I always have a few days' duck-shooting every season, and I usually get a liberal share of game. Nothing larger than a good heavy 12-gauge is necessary. I consider an 8-pound 12-gauge with 30-inch full choke bore barrels, using $2\frac{3}{4}$-inch cases, with the equivalent of $3\frac{1}{4}$ drams of any good smokeless powder and $1\frac{1}{4}$ ounces of No. 5 chilled shot, as good a combination as a man can get. I always load my own shells.

Last season I had the Baker Gun and Forging Company, of Batavia, N. Y., make me a double-barrel hammerless gun. The price of the gun is $75.00, without the automatic ejector, and with double trigger. It is 12-gauge, weighs 8 pounds 1 ounce, 30-inch Krupp Fluid steel barrels, and full choke. I had the Baker Company pattern it with No. 5 shot, and I have yet to see the gun that I would like to trade it for. It certainly is a fine gun. There are many good American-made guns, but I consider that the Baker gun is the only American-made gun that I have seen that is absolutely safe from accidental discharge.

The Baker gun cannot be discharged unless the

trigger is pulled, and when the trigger safety is on you cannot pull the trigger. The Baker gun is equipped with special safety blocks, which are operated by fingers on the triggers, and if the hammer should fall on account of the notch being worn, or the sear-spring becoming weak or broken, through years of use or neglect, they cannot discharge the gun, for they cannot get by the safety blocks unless the trigger is pulled.

After the shooting season was over, I took the locks of my gun off to clean and oil them, if found necessary, before laying the gun away. I put an empty shell with good primers in each barrel and put the trigger safety on so that the triggers could not be pulled. I took the right lock off first, and to test the safety block I took a small screw-driver and lifted the end of the left sear so as to let the hammer go. The hammer went down with full force until it was arrested by the safety block, and there it had to stop, for it could not get by and strike the firing pin and discharge the primer in the shell. I tried both locks three times, and I must say that the Baker people deserve great credit for equipping their guns with safeties that are absolutely safe from accidental discharge. The hammers are rebounding, and the safety blocks always come into position in front of hammers regardless of whether they are up or down, so there can be no danger from firing pins pressing on loaded shells when hammers are down. I hope the time will soon come when all hammerless guns will be equipped with safeties similar to those on the Baker gun. I have seen both hammer and hammerless guns that, when both hammers were cocked, and one barrel was discharged, the shock discharged the other, and some of them were not cheap guns, either.

I have nothing against any particular make of guns, for I am sure there are many fine guns made and just as good shooting guns as the Baker gun, but for safety any that I have seen are simply not in it with the Baker gun. The Baker people do not put their special block safety on their cheapest make of gun. I am very much surprised that they do not use it on all grades. I suppose they cannot afford to put it on their cheapest gun for the price they ask for it.

DONALD MCLAREN.

Fort William, Ont.

From an Old Gunner

Editor RECREATION:

To "Black Duck"—"Information wanted as to duck gun": Granted that he wishes a double gun, we ask, where will he use it? On long tramps or short ones; or from a boot or blind?

Again what is Black Duck's physical condition, strength, ambition, etc.?

Will he use but one gun?

Will he use it for sport only?

The weight, length and drop of stock have a great deal to do with quickness and accuracy of aim, and in bringing down the ducks.

As for the gun, content yourself with a $50 to $75 grade of one of the well-known American makes, and of whatever size you may select to suit your wants and not those of your neighbor's, and in all cases choose a full choke in both barrels. The guns built for that purpose and insuring about the limit of range and penetration are the 12-gauge of 8½-pound weight and 32-inch barrels; 10-gauge of 10 pounds and 32-inch barrels. You use in the 12-gauge a charge of 3¾ to 4 drams black powder and 1⅛ to 1¼-ounces No. 4 or 6 shot. For the 10-gauge you should use 4½ to 5 drams black powder and 1¼ to 1½ ounces No. 4 or 6 shot.

But now, for myself and a tramp over the marsh, as I have done many a time, and brought down six to ten ducks in less than two hours, I find I can do this with a 7¾-pound Parker, 12-gauge and 30-inch barrels, full choke and using 3½ drams Laflin & Rand No. 3 orange ducking, and 1-ounce No. 4 shot, with 2 pink-edge wads on powder and heavy pressure on wads, and 1, or even a split, wad on shot. My judgment is—buy the gun that best suits your work and do not load yourself down for single-bird shooting with two or four extra pounds of iron. I have used from a 7¼ to a 11-pound gun and you get just as much sport in a middle-weight gun as any, and a little caution on your part gives you almost the same number of ducks.

But on the Western grain fields I should use a 10-gauge and target my gun to learn its best or proper load; that means, 80 per cent. of the shot in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards, with the greatest penetration, and which can be reduced to 70 per cent. for better penetration by increasing powder.

HUNTER.

Much in "Grip"

Editor RECREATION:

I have been much interested lately in some of the articles published in your valuable paper on the subject of "the best design for a belt revolver."

I notice a great deal has been said about the calibre, style of cartridge, length of barrel, single action, weight of arm, and so on. But the stock of the weapon has not been discussed to any extent, except that it should be the regular Colt grip.

Now all the different models in general use have the grip quite a distance below the centre line of the barrel, and as a result of this the front sight has to be made much higher than the rear to allow for the "flip-up" of the muzzle. If the pressure of the shooter's hand on the grip of the revolver is always the same the flip-up will be the same, and the bullets will strike about the same height each shot. But if the pressure is not uniform the bullets will be apt to go low when the grip is held tight, and high when it is held loose.

Now it seems to me that a revolver designed with the grip nearer the centre of the barrel would diminish the tendency of the muzzle to flip up, and the recoil would be nearer a straight line rearward.

I have always been able to do better shooting with a revolver or pistol, especially one with a long barrel, when the grip or drop of the stock was such that in aiming the top of my hand was almost on a line with my forearm. This, of course, would mean a stock with much less drop than the Standard Colt. The old model Smith & Wesson octagon barrel, using .32 calibre rim-fire cartridge,

which came out about 1863, had a stock the shape and position of which suited me better than any of the more modern make; but as it was more of a pocket weapon the stock was too small for a belt revolver made for large ammunition. Another good feature about this old revolver was that the shooter's thumb could readily manipulate the hammer without his having to alter his grip on the stock.

I believe that the designer of a new model revolver would do well to look into this matter of the position and drop of the stock; also he should try not to put too much iron (weight) below the centre line of the barrel, as that would also tend to aggravate the flip-up effect mentioned above.

In most of the modern revolvers the catch which holds the cylinder in the firing position is located in the lower "bridge" which connects the rear part of the frame with the front part. In this style of construction it is necessary to make the lower bridge larger and heavier than would be the case if this catch were located in the top bridge, as it is in the 1863 model S. & W.

As the trigger extends down below the bridge the stock has to be located correspondingly low, thus bringing the grip of the stock a long way below the centre of the barrel.

This condition, in my belief, is detrimental to good shooting. The "throw-out" cylinder feature should certainly be included in any new up-to-date revolver. The .38 S. & W. special cartridge is as good as any for target practice, and is large enough for anything except army use or perhaps for hunting excursions in the West. J. E. Beach.

Ilion, N. Y.

Reloads His Shells

Editor Recreation:

I, for one, would like to see "The Reloading of Gun Shells" discussed in your paper. What little I know of the art I learned at the expense of much experimenting. I use a Colt's New Service Revolver, .38-40 cal., and load most of the ammunition for it. I can shoot this gun with reloaded shells for about half a cent a shot, and shoot as true and hard as with factory loaded shells, which cost me more than one and one-half cents each.

I fired one particular shell twenty-four times, as an experiment, and could not see that it was hurt in the least.

I also shoot an L. C. Smith hammerless shotgun, 12 ga. On this gun I use home-loaded brass shells. A suitable load for rabbits, etc. (3 drs. powder, 1 oz. shot) costs about one cent. For ducks, the trap, etc., my loads cost about one and one-quarter cents, but they are "killers" and "pigeon smashers." I get just as good if not better results from my own loading as from factory loads. Beside, my guns and especially my revolver clean out very much better after the shoot. I always use factory cut wads in loading. Black powder (Dupont's) costs me 18 to 20 cents per pound, and shot about 7 cents. I find that a "shell resizer" is a very important tool. I resize shells about as fast as I can drive nails, so it does not bother me much; in fact, I regard a resizer as being just the difference between success and failure.

To show what a resizer will do I relate the following: I fired three .38 W. C. F. cartridges in a .44 cal. gun, and they expanded until they filled or nearly filled the chamber. I then run those shells through my resizer and they returned to their original size and shape and appeared none the worse for their experience. By reloading shells I save about one-half my ammunition bill. I believe that most "Wild West" shows reload their shells. My .38-40 cal. resizer cost $1.35 and the 12 ga. resizer cost $1.75, but they make reloading a success.

Every reloader should get a copy of the "Ideal Hand Book" (for 6 cents). It has been worth dollars to me. Well, I must close. Wishing your magazine many subscribers.

Earl J. Sowerby.

Rockford, Mich.

The Reason Why

Editor Recreation:

I have noticed for some time, in fact, since the .32 Winchester and Marlin Special was put on the market, that it has many champions and users. Now I should, purely for information, like to know why these various gentlemen prefer this calibre or rather cartridge to the .32-40 H. P.?

Unless I am mistaken, the diameter of both are the same, the weight of both bullets are the same, the amount of the same kind of powder is the same, the velocity is about the same; if any difference, the .32-40 H. P. has the higher velocity and as to the trajectory, the .32-40 H. P. has the advantage in the 200 and 300-yard range.

Certainly, there has never been a more accurate cartridge brought out than the old 32.-40. In short, I have been unable to discover any material difference in the two cartridges except that the one has the bottle neck and the other has the straight taper. It is needless to discuss which of the two different shaped shells are to be preferred, as every one knows that the straight taper shell is less liable to stick in the chamber and break at the neck.

If some rifleman who knows the advantage the .32 Special has over the .32-40 H. P., I would be obliged to him for showing me wherein it lies. I've no objections to the .32 Special, but I must confess to liking the .32-40 best on account of the different shape of the shell.

I wish to say in conclusion that I have been a reader of Recreation for several years, but I think it better to-day than ever before. If this escapes the waste basket I may try to interest your readers with an account of some of our hunts after duck and quail in this part of the country.

O. A. R.

Springfield, Ind.

The reason many prefer the .32 W. S. is that with the smokeless load you obtain 300 ft. sec. higher velocity and 300 ft. lbs. more energy at 50 ft. than are possessed by the .32-40 H. P. You may, on the other hand, choose the black powder

load and get the same ballistic results as with the .32-40 black powder load.—EDITOR.

About Holsters

Editor RECREATION:

I notice in this month's number (February) of your magazine that one of your readers writes that he objects to the creaking noise made by new leather.

Any first-class gun store will make a belt and holster after his own ideas, if he is willing to pay them for their extra labor. To rid the leather of the creak, and to darken a light tanned leather, he could use either neat's-foot oil, or "3-in-1." Either of these oils applied liberally with a small brush will do the work. Besides, neither of them will soil any cloth which it comes in contact with.

I also notice in one of the current magazines that some one makes the positive statement that a magazine gun cannot jam. As I have never had any experience with a gun of this sort, I can't speak on my own hook relative to it, but it was due to the jamming of the action of a magazine gun a year or so ago that one of the most notorious bandits of the present age was captured. The gun failed him at a critical moment and the result was defeat for him.

Would the action of a S. A. Colt jam? Nix-ee.

E. M. CRAFTON.

Chicago, Ill.

The .41 Colt in Single Action

Editor RECREATION:

Although I am not a subscriber to RECREATION, I purchase it regularly each month, and the revolver controversy has interested me so much as to make me venture a few suggestions in the hope that they may prove of some value.

The single-action Colt Frontier model revolver, adapted primarily for the .44 and .45 calibres, was introduced when there was need for a weapon of great stopping power. But the settlement of the West and the disappearance of the bad man and the wild Indian have rendered so powerful a weapon unnecessary. Many bad men in the West now claim that the .41 long is powerful enough to kill a man quickly at the distances at which such shots are usually taken. It is only natural, therefore, that there should be a demand for a similar weapon of lighter frame and smaller calibre.

Most of your correspondents insist on a swing-out cylinder. Now, the making of an entirely new frame would probably involve more expense than the sale would warrant. If the manufacturers are asked to do too much, they will do nothing.

The .41 Colt double-action revolver has a frame of the same relative weight for the .41 long cartridge that the Frontier model has for the .45. It has practically the same shape of handle, and is bored also for the .38 cartridge.

If the Colt Company could be convinced that there would be a sufficient demand, I am confident they would speedily modify this model, by changing it to a single-action with a hammer trigger and guard of the same style as those of the Frontier model.

This revolver, of course, would not have a swing-out cylinder, but if we cannot get the whole apple we should be contented if we get the meat, and not make too much fuss about the skin and the core.

WESTERNER.

The All-Around Rifle

Editor RECREATION:

Have read so much in RECREATION regarding the small calibre rifle, that, not knowing the contributors personally, I scarcely know where to get off.

I want a rifle and would like to have it come as near as may be to performing the following stunts (of course, taking for granted it is properly cared for and properly held): Kill a deer, coon, fox, chuck, turkey, chicken, rabbit—and cat (Thomas). One that will shoot H. P. smokeless powder.

One that can be reloaded with a miniature charge for target.

One that the shells can be reloaded with ordinary ease.

Your advice on the kind and make (S. S. or repeater) would be appreciated, but the main question is, "What calibre?"

Thanking you in advance for your kindness and expressing good wishes for RECREATION, I beg to remain, ROY BOFFENMEYER.

Cleveland, Ohio.

The all-around rifle has not yet been produced and until it appears you must be content with an approximation. For instance, why not try a .25–35, or a .25–36, or a .30–30. Any of these will be found very fairly satisfactory. Most shooters, excepting for purely target work, now favor the repeater.—EDITOR.

"Point Blank"

Editor RECREATION:

Will you kindly let me know the "natural point blank" of a Winchester .25–20 rifle, using the regular and high velocity cartridges, also at what limit good shooting can be done with the .25–20, in combination with front globe and Lyman Com. rear sights.

The notches in the Marble and Lyman rear sight each add what distance toward a target at, say, 200 or more yards? H. HARRITY.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I am obliged to ask you a few questions in return. What do you understand by the natural point blank of a rifle? There is, of course, no such a thing as a point blank; the very instant the bullet leaves the muzzle it begins to fall, but it is possible to assume an artificial point blank by defining the distance above or below the line of sight the bullet must be within in order to satisfy the requirements of the case.

With regard to the distances that good shooting can be done with a .25–20, that also is a matter of opinion. There should be no difficulty in keeping a .25–20–86 in a 8-in. bull, shot from a rest on a perfectly calm day at 200 yards. Would this satisfy you? Our own limit to the .25–20 would be about 100 yards, as at that distance it is proportionately more accurate than at 200 yards. The notches in the Lyman and other rear sights

have no fixed value in giving elevation. This will depend upon the distance between sights, and upon the velocity, weight, and shape of the bullet. —EDITOR.

Another Kind

One sees some remarkable statements in print. Only recently the worthy editor of a contemporary magazine made an astounding statement. He said: "The point blank range of a rifle means that if you hold a rifle perfectly horizontal, the bullet will travel in a true horizontal line up to a certain distance, and after this distance the bullet will certainly drop toward the earth as it cannot remain in the air."

Now, with all due deference to this authority, we are willing to confess that he has not convinced us that a bullet which has such extraordinary independence of action, as to travel in a true horizontal line even for a short distance, cannot remain in the air as long as it sees fit. The ordinary every-day bullet unfortunately finds it necessary to fall from the very moment that the support of the barrel fails it.

Another statement made by the same gentleman was: "A bullet falls at the rate of 15 feet per second per hundred yards coming out of a rifle." We had an impression that gravity, acting at sea-level, caused the bullet to fall 16 feet in the first second, the fall increasing from 0 to 32 feet by the end of the second. Hence it would follow that whatever distance is covered by the bullet in one second will be the range in which the bullet will drop 16 feet.

The Luger for Him

Editor RECREATION:

Apropos of the current discussion in RECREATION on the merits of different "belt guns," allow me to say a few words on the merits of the Luger Automatic. In my work as a ranger in the forest service and my many hunting trips during the past seven years, I have used almost every kind of pistol or revolver and have discarded them all for the Luger. The one I have is the Military model, .30 calibre, eight shots, five-inch barrel. In range and penetration this gun excelled anything I have ever seen, doubling that of the .45 Frontier Colt and far exceeding any of the .32 specials. Its accuracy is remarkable, shoots like a rifle, with practically no recoil. I have repeatedly killed quail with steel balls at 50 yards and brought squirrels out of high pine trees. In riding on the Pinal mountains reserve the past summer, where rattlesnakes were numerous, it was my common practice to shoot their heads off from the saddle with the expansive balls. I have made good targets at 150 yards, the ball seeming to drop very little at that distance. The steel balls will drill a hole through an 8-inch seasoned railroad tie at twenty yards. In rapidity of fire it is unsurpassed by any of them. Weighing but 23 ounces is another point in its favor. As one of the two safety devices is always "on" when the handle is not in one's grasp, accidental discharge is impossible. I use the German make of cartridges exclusively, as others are not satisfactory.

The Luger is rather an expensive arm and the cartridges out this way cost $3 per hundred, but both are worth the price.

J. C. BRODIE.

Flagstaff, Ariz.

Most Revolvers Too Light

Editor RECREATION:

By reading the ideas of different writers on the revolver question, I have been prompted to put in my say. Whatever manufacturer undertakes the job of supplying a belt revolver for all kinds of shooting, he should give a six-inch barrel at least, and plenty of good metal in it to keep it down. Smith & Wesson revolvers have always been my favorite, but they are too light in weight. I have one now, .32 calibre double action, with six-inch barrel, but it is so light I have to hold it with both hands to keep it from jumping over my head. By holding the end of the barrel with one hand and pulling the trigger with the other I can do as good shooting as with many rifles.

Thirty-five years ago, when I was a boy, my father had one of Smith & Wesson's first .22-calibre revolvers. The barrel was 3½ inches and almost as large as the .22-calibre rifles made to-day. I practised with that revolver for years, and could do almost as good shooting as with a rifle at distances from twenty-five to fifty yards. I hardly ever wanted more than one shot to bring a red squirrel out of any tree while riding along our country roads. Since then all other revolvers have been too light for their calibre to suit me.

E. KELLY.

Arkville, N. Y.

Also Uses a .22 Pistol

Editor RECREATION:

I agree with Josh Bill that for small game around camp, such as porcupines and grouse, a pistol is better than a heavy calibre revolver. For this use the Smith & Wesson single shot pistol, chambered for the .22 long rifle cartridge, seems to me to be best. With a six-inch barrel it weighs a bit over twenty ounces. If one wants a light revolver, I would advise him to get a .32 Colt's New Police with a six-inch barrel. The weight is about the same as the pistol. Be careful when using a smokeless powder.

I once had a long .44 powder and ball old-fashioned revolver. Loaded with bullets of my own mold, I used to have great fun with the arm. One day I loaded her with a mixture of black and Dupont Shotgun Smokeless. At the first shot a large piece of the cylinder blew out and narrowly missed a friend standing to one side. Of course, this arm was not meant for smokeless powder, and the mixture was probably doubly dangerous.

Do chipmunks as a rule eat meat? While walking in some wood in the Adirondacks last fall I saw a chipmunk with something in his mouth. He stopped and nibbled at it. I frightened him away and found a bat, wings and all, with its body half eaten. I would like to hear from the rest of your readers about the two arms mentioned.

KENNETH S. ALLING.

Montclair, N. J.

Can Drive Tacks

Editor RECREATION:

Although I am not an old subscriber to your interesting magazine and do not profess to be a "pistol crank" any more than a rifle or shot-gun crank, for I enjoy shooting all three, I should like to ask Mr. Stuart Johnston, of Macon, Ga. (his article was in the February RECREATION), if he is able by "quick firing" to hit a tack head or an empty twenty-two (.22) cartridge shell at ten (10) yards. If he is able to do this, say once out of three shots, then "rapid firing" for "target shooting" with a pistol at arm's length is all right.

I agree that "rapid firing" with a revolver should be the only way to use one, but I hold that a pistol is more for target work than otherwise.

Perhaps I am wrong, as my pistol shooting has been of only about six (6) months' duration, but I could enumerate some very remarkable shots that I and a fellow enthusiast have made with my "Conlin Model Stevens." The finest shot was at a common pin, twenty-five (25) feet distant, hitting it on the head and bending it nearly in the middle, driving the head into the wood in which the pin was stuck. This, of course, was a "luck shot," although I shot for it at my fellow-shooter's request.

This kind of shooting, it seems to me, requires pretty steady "holding" and "pulling."

I have also made fair scores at fifty (50) yards (same method), getting eight (8) and nine (9) "bull's-eyes" out of ten (10) shots, "Standard American Target No. 1."

Hoping I may have more light as to which is the better way to shoot, JOHN LYMAN LADD.

Needham, Mass.

The .32 Automatic Colt

Editor RECREATION:

The most interesting part to me of your magazine is the part relating to guns and ammunition.

Of late I have seen a good deal in regard to revolver shooting, but have noticed the scarcity of "boosts" for the automatic pistol.

I have one of them, of .32-calibre Colt's, and like it very much. It is a handy, reliable and very accurate, hard shooting gun. With the soft-nose bullet it will kill almost anything up to a wolf and is fine for squirrel and rabbits.

The arm is very simple compared to other automatic guns, and I do not think it liable to get out of order with proper care. I would recommend it to sportsmen wanting a small, light pistol to carry on hunting trips.

Should like to have some fellow-sportsman, who objects to them, give it a trial and see how it stacks up with any of the other guns of equal size and weight. H. C. RUSSELL.

Madison, Wis.

A Target Load

Editor RECREATION:

I notice in your January issue an inquiry from Mr. Van Allen Lyman as to a light load for Smith & Wesson Special, and if he shoots a Smith & Wesson 38-Special revolver, fitted with Smith & Wesson target sight, I will suggest a load that I have shot thousands of times by the number of primers I have used and up to thirty yards. It is a most uniform and dependable load. I load with the regular Smith & Wesson reloading tools, using seven grains of Laflin & Rand F. F. G. black powder and raising the rear sight five half turns.

The ball I use is a round ball cast in Smith & Wesson bullet mould, one to twenty, driven hard home by their tools. If one cannot do excellent work with this load it is not due to the cartridge.

WILLIAM S. BELLIS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

No Double Action in His

Editor RECREATION:

As a gun crank I have been much interested in reading Mr. Haines' article on the proposed new type of revolver, as well as other comments on the same. I would like to ask, through RECREATION, of some or all of the double-action pistol cranks, what they would do (with any make of double-action pistol) in case of emergency, where it stands for life or death, if it should happen that their trigger springs or main springs should break, after they had one shot and missed, and another shot would do the work.

Convince me, and I will be a double-action crank, too.

I agree with Mr. Haines, and will buy a pair of the new type guns as soon as they are put on the market. T. M. HOUDLETTE.

Little Rock, Ark.

Quite Satisfied

Editor RECREATION:

I was very glad Mark Reddy said a good word for his Smith gun, in December RECREATION. I, also, am a Smith gun enthusiast, but I have gone Mr. Reddy one better and had my gun equipped with the Hunter One-Trigger. During the past season I have fired over two thousand shots, and, without one single exception, I have found the One-Trigger absolutely perfect.

I believe the Smith Automatic Ejector, equipped with the Hunter One-Trigger, is the most advanced type of shotgun in the world to-day, and I never lose an opportunity of urging every true sportsman to become the satisfied owner of one of these perfect arms.

ALEX. MONTGOMERY, JR.

Natick, Mass.

To Start a Club

Editor RECREATION:

I have been a reader of RECREATION for a number of years, and think it is better now than it used to be.

I would like to ask you where I could get rules for a rifle club, and where I could get targets.

CHAS. H. POOL.

Antigo, Wis.

If you will write to the Stevens Arm Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., and ask them for their Rifleman's Encyclopedia, mentioning RECREATION, you will find rules and regulations suitable to a rifle club. Price 10 cents.

Standard American targets are for sale, but a

target is something you can easily manufacture for yourself, once you have the dimensions.—EDITOR.

Interested in the .38 C. A.

Editor RECREATION:

As a constant reader of your magazine, I should like to ask a few questions:

What are the advantages (if any) of the Colt's .38-calibre automatic pistol over the ordinary revolver?

About how long would such an arm remain accurate with the use of metal-cased bullets exclusively?

Also, what is the penetration, velocity and trajectory of said bullet? W. F. SMITH.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

"The Derringer"

Editor RECREATION:

Did any of the many readers of RECREATION ever use or handle the Remington Derringer of .41 calibre, with two barrels?

It is said to be a good one and to shoot hard, as the powder gases cannot escape as they do in a revolver, between the cylinder and the barrel. Moreover, it lies flat like a book in the pocket.

Elmira, N. Y. M. H. CALE.

Another .38 Special Man

Editor RECREATION:

I am very much interested in the gun ammunition part of RECREATION and hope to see the .38 Special come out as Mr. Haines has described, then I would have a new revolver.

I would like to ask if the 1894 Model Winchester .38-55 is all right for the high power load, 26½ grains of high power smokeless. M. L. PECK.

Elmira, N. Y.

A Good Gun

Editor RECREATION:

For gunning sea ducks in Penobscot Bay, I use a Remington 10-ga. 10-lb. 32-inc hbarrel gun.

I have used several guns, but like this best of any. For load I use four and one-half drams black powder, one and one-half ounces No. 3 shot and Winchester shells. L. H. W.

Vinalhaven, Me.

Effect of a Heart Shot

Editor RECREATION:

Being quite interested in the discussions of large vs. small-bore rifles, also soft-nose bullets and their effect on game, I enclose photograph of a deer's heart, shot November 27, 1905, at 200 yards, with Marlin .32-40-165 soft-nose bullet, which did not strike a bone until after it passed through the heart. C. E. HADLEY.

Bradford, N. H.

Wants .25-20 Savage

Editor RECREATION:

As I am a constant reader of your valuable magazine I am very much interested in "Guns and Ammunition," and would like to say a few words in regard to the .25-20 calibre rifle.

I would very much like to see that calibre made by the Savage Arms Company, the same as their 1899 model, also the .32-20. I don't see why they don't make them, as they are a most desirable gun for small game. I would like to hear from other riflemen what they think about them. I consider the .25-20 Marlin the best rifle for anything smaller than deer. ".25-20."

Elyria, O.

A HEART SHOT

Paris Green and Quail

Editor RECREATION:

The quail shooting season which has just ended here has been very poor—very few birds. Undoubtedly the severe winter of 1904-5 has had a great deal to do with the scarcity of birds. One sportsman that I have talked with tells me that while the heavy snows and cold weather of last winter killed a great many, the paris green spraying machines operated by the farmers kill some also. These machines are used to spray the rows of potato vines, to kill potato bugs, and when the machine is turned around on the end of the rows more or less of the poison gets onto the weeds, etc., in the hedge, and the birds eat the buds, etc., and are poisoned. He says that he has seen a number of dead birds lying in the rows of potatoes near the hedge and can attribute it to no other cause.

P. HARVEY DURYEE.

Mattituck, L. I.

On Starting Right

BY W. B. TALLMAN

In recent conversation with a man who has for years been a prominent and hearty supporter of the hunting dog, the writer was much impressed with the fact that the first dog that a man owns plays a very important part in his development as a sportsman, and leaves an impression that influences his views on dogs as long as he takes any interest in them. The gentleman of whom I speak, related an incident of his boyhood: A friend of his father's, knowing of his fondness for animals, gave him a dog, which for want of a better name was called a setter, and he immediately went to a local shooter and asked him to break the pup, saying that it was his first dog and that he would chop wood, run errands or do almost anything in payment for the breaking. The first question the old shooter asked after hearing the description was, "Are you sure that its granddaddy was a bird dog." The question was put in such a manner as to indicate that the boy's request might be granted if he could establish the indentity of this grandparent; and was followed by the remark, "You'd better start right, Sonny, while you're about it." So the boy went bravely to work, nquiring into his dog's pedigree, only to find that back of its parents was a marvelous mixture of hound and collie blood. This was duly reported, and resulted in the refusal on the part of the man to have anything to do with such a dog. The boy was, however, well-stirred up on the subject by this time, and by dint of much "swapping" finally got hold of a straight-bred bird dog. He isn't sure now whether it was all setter or pointer, but is pretty certain that it was one or the other, or both. No hound or collie, anyway.

This dog was broken, and proved to be a good one. Later on he was bred to an English setter bitch and produced more good ones. The result is that for about thirty years that boy has been a stickler for breeding and has done much toward raising the standard of setters and pointers in this country.

The importance of starting right cannot be overestimated. Whether a man is buying stock with the intention of breeding for field or show purposes, or is simply buying one or two dogs for his personal use in the field, it is equally important that he start right. The only difference is that when a man is buying for field purposes, with show qualities a minor consideration, or *vice versa*, in either case there are certain points to which special attention should be given. In buying for show purposes, the first important step is to acquire a bit of education on the subject of show form, and conformation. Don't study up on the published "standards" or "scales of points." In English setters, there have been different standards written, some of which, if it were possible to follow them, would turn out canine monstrosities, and they serve at all times only to confuse the mind of the person who earnestly tries to interpret them. In a pointer standard you may read: "Brains, nose and speed make the pointer"(!) Brains, nose and speed might make a setter. Brains and speed, minus nose,might make a good fire horse, and yet a fire horse that could smell birds would not be a pointer. The same standard a little further on says that the nose should be "large, long, deep and broad." (This is not the "nose" referred to making the pointer). Its color should be "black, in all except lemon and white." There is a chance for an interesting search. Try to find a black nose on a liver and white dog. But enough of "standards." Few men can review them and have sense enough left to pick a good dog from a bad one.

In studying either setters or pointers, cultivate an eye for symmetry; leave the standards alone and remember that heads should be of good length and clean cut, necks long and slightly arched, chests deep, and loins and quarters strong; shoulders free and not lumbered up with flesh or fat; legs and feet strong, and so formed as to indicate the possibilities of much speed.

Having acquired some knowledge of what a show dog should be, don't put yourself in the hands of a friend who has a friend who has some dogs for sale. If possible, visit one of the big bench shows, and watch the dogs when they are judged. The chances are that one or two will catch your eye, regardless of how the judge distributes the ribbons. Look them up on the bench, and see if they will stand closer inspection. Run your hand over them and note their condition. If they are soft and don't stand up under handling, try to determine whether this is due to inherited "sloppiness," some structural defect, or merely from lack of proper exercise. Don't pick out one that has to be lifted onto the bench, nor one that can't look you in the eye. Look up the breeding and guard against blank spaces in the pedigree. Then, if the price is reasonable, close the deal. You may have to buy more than one before you pick a real good one or a winner; but there is pleasure in it all, much valuable experience, and sometimes a little profit.

When a man starts out to buy a field dog, unless he has had experience, he is apt to take almost any one's advice as to a dog's field qualities, or

else, in judging for himself, he is apt to be influenced almost, if not entirely, by the amount of game found or killed. To "start right" with a shooting dog, one may either purchase a good puppy and have him broken, or else buy a broken dog; but in either case, a certain amount of attention should be paid to the dog's conformation and general appearance. Theoretically, the same rules may be observed as when picking one for the bench. The correct bench show head is indicative of much sense which is an important factor in the "make up" of the field dog. The deep chest is a good thing and the strong loins and quarters are as essential as sound feet and legs on a long day over rough country. There is, however, a slight difference in the practical application of these rules. There is many a good field dog, with a head that is as different as it is from a hound; but all the good ones *have* got plenty of brain room. Avoid a dog with a misshapen skull; nine times out of ten, it will show in his work. In chest formation, good field dogs are often rounder, and not so deep, as their show brethren. In fact, deep-chested ones are apt to be flat-ribbed, which must be avoided. In back and loin formation there is a great difference. This year's champion, Pioneer, has a back and quarters like a greyhound, as have also, many of the best field trial pointers; and yet, Jessie Rodfield's Count Gladstone, who is as fast as the best of them, is quite flat over the loin and hips. The point which they have in common, however, is *strength*. Put your hand on their backs, and their is no flinching nor swaying. Needless to say, their feet and legs are sound; so, when when you look to the appearance of your field dog, see that the lines of his back and quarters indicate strength, and that they stand straight on their legs and feet. In the field dog, the bend of the hind leg, from hip to hock, should be, theoretically, quite pronounced, but this need not be insisted upon, as there is plenty of speed and strength in the straight hind leg.

Before buying a field dog, it is well, if possible, to see him at work under different conditions. A dog for use in the South on quail should be tried out in big open country, and also in the cover on singles. And it is quite as important to see how he handles his ground when birds are scarce as it is to note his work on the birds themselves. The woodcock and partridge dogs should have a chance to show their obedience and bird sense under different climatic and atmospheric conditions. Don't buy a dog that creeps up to his game, nor one that is beyond control as soon as a gun is fired. You are supposed to be buying a broken dog, and there is no pleasure in handling a false pointer or a shot-breaker. Pick out one that goes boldly to his game, and makes high-headed upstanding points. Remember that it is a case of "starting right," and that one good one will produce others, while nothing but trouble can result from starting with a bad one.

The Glorious Camp Fire

The greatest institution of a camp is undoubtedly the camp-fire, and we think that this important matter was well treated of by Mr. L. F. Brown, a frequent contributor to RECREATION, by the bye, in his talk to the members of the Canadian Game Club at their last annual meeting in New York. Some of his word pictures will conjure up delightful memories to many of our readers:

And when the twilight and evening redden the camp-fire, the darkness deepens the mystery of the woods, and that sky gets spangled through its veil; and puffs of smoke pungent with burning balsam make the nose and throat tingle (I can smell that smoke now!); and circling patches of foam out on the black eddy of the pool come advancing into the firelight, pass and recede into gloom, the watchers by the fire revel in it all.

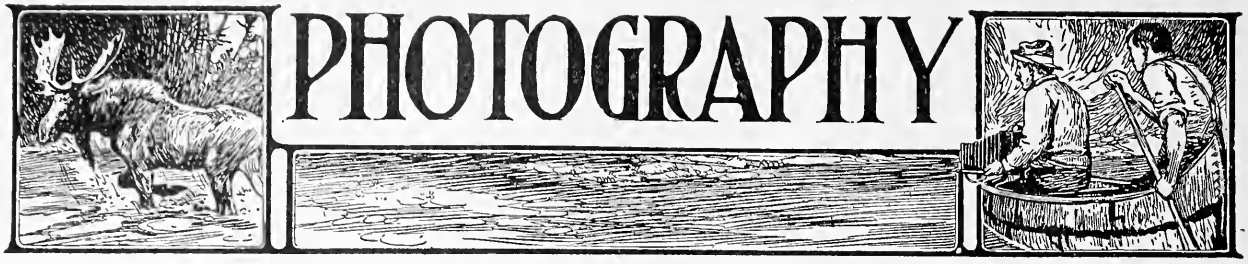
Far along in the night (as you replace the fallen brands, and may get your face heated and your hands black), you notice that sounds in the woods are not so much noises as they are fragments of the stillness! And then *you* hardly escape waking dreams. You are with the earth—not with wayfarers upon it—with nature, not human nature; under the spell of that sound of falling water and the mystery of this wilderness—the night fragrance and sighing branches of these solemn pines. Do not the quiet trees and plants claim fellowship and brotherhood, and welcome you as their guest? You know, you *know* they are glad you are with them. You are led through Nature's visible beauty into the presence and source of her vital, invisible beauty, and know something of its meaning in the cry of that whippoorwill, in the laughter of loons out on the lake, or in the far-off bellow of a moose; something of what was meant by the song, together, of those morning stars; that the ordained elevation of the land gives motion to that trout-stream—makes it seek the ocean and adorn every white cascade with its own little shower of tossing water-pearls, tossing to the water-music—and over all its ripples it is telling an endless story to its own self with ten thousand smiles and dimples out yonder and away in the dark! You commune with woods and streams, lakes and mountains through night and day, while Nature, for you, puts on robe after robe woven of sunshine and shadow, the moonlight and the starlight, and changing forms and colors of drifting cloud-ranges whose raindrops touch your face as if to smooth the wrinkles and check the advance of age. O, sir, that is what we love—the mysterious presences that we call Nature—unfenced Nature, God's Nature! We behold her best when in great woods and by remote waters, gathering nightly beside the camp-fire. And that is why we bring sprays of Canadian evergreen to these white tables and ask you to wear them over your hearts; for each spray contains a fragrant message from the big North Woods. That is why so many sportsmen shoot and fish less and less, and look, love and use the camera more and more; and why an antlered caribou, a bugling elk, or a bighorn sheep, standing upon crags above glaciers, may have his beauty of life spared to him in his own fastnesses. For *wild* life is the last touch of the divine in Nature.

Fishing

BY JAMES BUCKHAM

A rod,
A line,
A hook,
A sign:
"Notice! No fishing here."
A flash,
A shout,
A strike,
A trout!
An irate farmer near.

"See that
Sign, kid?"
"Of course
I did!"
"Why don't you git, then—spry?"
"Because"
(A grin;
More line
Dropped in)
"I knew it was a lie!"



Hints to an Amateur

A series of really interesting questions came to hand recently from one of my readers. They are the questions of a man who really wants to know something definite about what he is doing and are of sufficient interest to go into at length in these columns. He writes:

Editor RECREATION:

This is a direct response to your invitation of December last, to bring our troubles to you. If I come with too many, you have only yourself to blame for having made us have too much confidence in you. I will be as brief as possible, for I know this is your busy day.

First, I would appreciate a word of advice as to the correct plate to select to allow me to engage in general amateur work. I wish to do landscape work largely, some interior work, take a few flashlights occasionally, and take a few flower pictures. I have in mind now Seeds' non-halation ortho, and Lumiere's non-halation ortho. Would you disapprove my choice?

Second, if the Seeds is chosen as above, how long should I expose an orthochromatic? That is, presuming that Seeds' 26x requires one unit of time, should I give the ortho the same relative time, or one and a third or one and one-quarter units? How would a light yellow ray filter affect the exposure further?

Third, I am about to be converted to the "tank" system of development, as suggested in your January notes. Will you please give me the exact formula to use in this way, in connection with either of the above plates or the ones you may suggest? If you are favorable to glycin, will you also give me a formula for metol-hydro for the tank?

Fourth, in seeking for "atmosphere" in my pictures, am I to understand that softness is to be obtained by having the subject slightly out of focus? If so, and I am taking a landscape, should I have the foreground sharp, and the distant portion a little less so? If this is not the method pursued, is the softness I see in so many prints due to the method of printing?

Fifth, do you believe in the use of an exposure metre as an aid? If so, will you advise me in purchasing one?

This is all that I am bold enough to submit. I suppose that most of these questions have been covered in past issues of RECREATION, but as I have not been one of your family for a great time, I have missed the good things. For this same reason I am reluctant to make suggestions to you, but will venture on two.

First is a question that I know vexes many amateurs. It is this: when one has ordered a new lens, a double anistigmat, and has it in his hand for the first time, what qualities should be expected, and how should one go about it to test it to ascertain if these qualities are really present? You would be surprised to know the number of your readers who would derive great help from a short talk from you on this subject. If this strikes you favorably, I will look for some information on this subject in some of the coming issues. Again, I have found that a shutter of the kind on most cameras, say the Wollensak, for example, is a delicate piece of machinery, and will at times get a little out of order—not enough to prevent it working, but enough to cause it to vary a little on the intermediate speeds. This will, of course, cause a variation in results, which to a novice is hard to understand. A little talk from you as to a method of testing our shutters from time to time, without having to resort to the unsatisfactory pendulum, would come in about right. Now I am afraid I have been forward, but will hope that you will see that my aim has been to assist in the production of a bigger, better, more helpful RECREATION than ever.

CHARLES B. PIPER, M.D.

The first question concerns the correct plate to use for general amateur work, mainly landscape, a few interiors, a flashlight or two and now and then a flower study. The questioner suggests Seed's non-halation orthochromatic or the Lumiere non-halation ortho. Most emphatically I endorse the Seed plate, but as a plate for general amateur work it is possibly a little expensive, and further requires careful handling in the dark-room. It must be remembered that the orthochromatic plate is more sensitive to the rays from the dark-room lamp than the regular non-color sensitive plates, and very few dark-room lamps, such as usually sell round about a dollar, are worthy of the name. I have always recommended the beginner to use Seed 26x plates, a plate of excellent uniformity, fast enough for all ordinary work, including moderate speed work, and yet not too sensitive to bother the amateur. Or if a plate is needed for slender purses, there is nothing better than the Stanby, an old-timer and generally to be relied upon. However, if the amateur has a sense of color values, knows how to appreciate the harm halation does in a landscape negative where tree branches intersect the sky, and can use a color or ray-screen, there should be no hesitancy in using the Seed non-halation ortho, in every case. Brighter, snappier negatives will result, with truer color values; the light blue of the sky will not be as white on the print as the white sail of the yacht, and so on. As to the speed of the Seed non-halation ortho, it is about the same as the Seed 26x. The non-halation is double-coated, the two emulsions being of different speeds, consequently a greater latitude in exposure is permissible than with the single-coated plate. With a light yellow filter used in connection with the ortho plate, an exposure about four times the ordinary will be necessary, but this depends largely upon the depth of color of the filter, and there are so many different kinds upon the market it is hard to give a correct estimate. The deeper the color, the longer the exposure, and the harder and more pronounced will be the color renderings, until frequently an exaggeration occurs. This is often noticeable in landscapes with clouds, where too strong a filter causes an unnatural, stuck-on appearance of the cloud masses. Flower studies should not be attempted without a filter.

TANK DEVELOPMENT

The questioner states he is about to be converted to the "tank" system of development, and I hope, for his own sake, that by the time he reads these lines, he will not only be converted, but be a constant user. I have been using the tank now for a considerable period, and have uniformly better results with infinitely less labor. Let me give a little of my own experience. I have been doing quite a little commercial work lately, photographing pianos, to be exact, and I have used the auto-tank right through with splendid results until last night,

when I had a batch of eighteen 6x8 negatives to develop. Imagine my horror when I found I had no developer for my tank. I had to turn to and fix up my bath-room for a dark-room (with the tank I only turn out the light and don't bother) and develop in a tray one at a time. I only finished ten and was then dead tired. My negatives, exposed as carefully as always, did not give me as full values in the clear parts as I had gotten before with the tank, and it took me three hours to do what I could have done with a total loss of time of half an hour using the tank, for with that the plates look after themselves. I was using a metol-hydrodiman developer, and also a new developer, Ensignol, and some may ask why I did not put the metol-hydro. in the tank. Metol-hydro. is not a good tank developer, as it will cause chemical fogging of the plate during a prolonged exposure, for which reason glycin is usually used, as glycin will not stain or fog a plate. Here are two good glycin tank developers:

Water	20 oz.
Soda sulphite	2 oz.
Potass. carbonate	100 gr.
Glycin	20 gr.

or,

Water	20 oz.
Soda sulphite	1 oz.
Glycin	50 gr.
Soda carbonate	100 gr.

Rodinal makes an excellent tank developer, the formula being:

Rodinal	1 part
Water	100 to 1,000 parts

according to the length of time it is desired to have the negative in the tank. The Cramer book gives the two following developers as excellent for tank work:

PYRO TANK DEVELOPER

A.

Pure water	16 oz.
Citric acid	20 gr.
Sulphite of soda (dry)	¼ oz.
Pyrogallic acid	1 oz.

B.

Pure water	16 oz.
Sulphite of soda (dry)	2 oz.

C.

Pure water	16 oz.
Carbonate of soda (dry)	2 oz.

Mix for immediate use:

A	1 oz.
B	1 oz.
C	1 oz.
Water at 50°	50 oz.

Here is the Cramer Edinol formula:

A.

Pure water	32 oz.
Sulphite of soda (dry)	2 oz.
Acetone sulphite	½ oz.
Edinol	½ oz.
Bromide of Potass	5 gr.

B.

Pure water	32 oz.
Carbonate of Potass	4 oz.

For use mix in following proportions:

A	1 oz.
B	1 oz.
Water at 50°	24 oz.

These all make good working developers, but a metol-hydrochinane formula I frankly do not know, and would not give it if I did. A tank developer must necessarily be very much diluted, and metal-hydro., when too much diluted, gives streaks and markings on the negative, besides causing stains.

ATMOSPHERE IN PICTURES

The fourth question is on this interesting subject, and the writer asks if softness is to be obtained by having the subject slightly out of focus. Not necessarily. I have seen exquisite landscape photographs sharp all over, full of atmospheric effect, but these are rare and, generally speaking, we obtain atmosphere or sense of distance and airiness in a picture by rendering the principal subject or plan with a certain amount of sharpness and subordinating the rest of the picture. This is effected by focusing on this one object or plane using as large a lens opening as we can to get that and that only in definition. The other planes of the picture will then be out of focus, not necessarily foggy, but sufficiently unsharp to hold them back. The foreground is generally the most prominent part of the picture, and if a study of landscape paintings be made, it will be found that nearly always the foreground is brought up strongly.

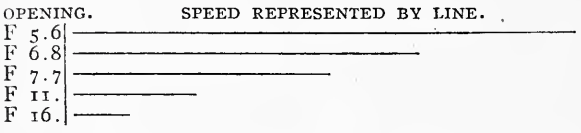
The method of printing from negatives has much to do with the rendering of atmosphere in a picture, but to describe this fully would require an article in itself. Platinum paper naturally lends itself better to this than a glossy paper, which brings up every detail strongly.

Is the exposure metre an aid? Do I believe in the use of exposure metre as an aid to correct exposure? Most certainly I do, and the man who uses a metre that is accurate will find that he has a far better set of negatives at less cost than the man who simply relies on his own judgment or intuition. I used to believe that a metre was a fool thing to have, that my right hand knew when to squeeze the rubber bulb of the shutter involuntarily. And I made all kinds of hits or misses, though usually my luck was pretty good. But one day I was called upon to make some photographs of the foundation of a house which was falling into a hole in an adjoining lot. The pictures were wanted for legal purposes, and they had to be done in a hurry, and right. It was a dull day and I didn't dare trust to luck, so I just bought a Wynne metre and the negatives were the best I ever made. I use a Wynne metre all the time now indoors and out, and I *know* that my negatives are going to be perfect. That sense of security is worth a great deal, when you are making pictures that cannot be secured again. As to the kind of metre, the best is the cheapest, and I personally use the Wynne, though the Watkins Bee metre works along similar lines and probably is equally effective.

My correspondent winds up with a couple of suggestions for articles, one of which I will take up right away The anestigmat lens is very much used to-day and very much misunderstood. The qualities to be expected from an anastigmat lens are extreme rapidity, minute definition, great covering powers, even illumination, flatness of field or elimination of curvature, whichever way you put it, and chromatic correction. These last two qualities are not so interesting to the amateur, although of great importance, as the one of speed. But, curiously enough, the average amateur usually uses a small stop or diaphragm when

making portraits or landscapes, in his eager endeavor to get "sharpness all over," and thus unconsciously invalidates one of the chief qualities of his lens as compared to the ordinary rapid rectilinear. Stop for stop, all lenses work at the same speed. An f. 5 anastigmat stopped down to f. 12 works no faster than a rapid rectilinear, stopped down to f. 12. This must not be forgotten. Many amateurs think that an anastigmat is always faster than a cheap lens, no matter what the stop. Within certain limits an anastigmat lens is a little faster, perhaps, because it gives more even illumination, but the real speed quality is only present when the lens is used at its larger apertures, and it is the nature of its construction which enables it to be worked at large apertures, and which causes its greater cost.

The following diagram shows the relations of speeds, and as the ordinary rapid rectilinear, fitted to the ready-made camera, usually works at about f. 11 (though marked as f. 8), it can be seen at a glance how much faster is the anastigmat working at f. 6.8 or f. 5.6.



I will take up the question of anastigmat lenses, and also the shutter question next month. Meanwhile, I hope more of my readers will fire questions at me.

Advantages of the Focal Plane

In answer to a question regarding the focal plane shutter, I may say right here that the full value of this efficient instrument is very poorly understood. Plain as the reasoning is, it seems that few can figure it out, that if a focal plane shutter can make pictures in such tiny fractions of a second, and still get an exposure, it should be able to fully time a negative when used at what is, compared to its best, a slow speed, say two-hundredths of a second, but which is a fast speed compared to that attained by the between-the-lens shutters. The unquestionable utility of the focal plane shutter at this time of the year when the light is poor is, therefore, very great. Another thing which is misunderstood—while it is essential to have a big aperture to make photographs in such fast time, it is not necessary for the slower exposures; the ordinary lens and the focal plane shutter go well together if the latter is not pushed to too high a speed.

And it will, in a way, increase the speed of the lens, for the great peculiarity and advantage of the focal plane shutter is that, in practical work, it admits about three times as much light, speed for speed, as any other kind of shutter. Consequently, if with the fastest behind the lens curtain shutter, full exposure is obtained with say one-fiftieth of a second, with the focal plane shutter, same opening and same lens, the plate will get an equal amount of exposure in one hundred and fiftieth of a second.

Facts About Bees

Editor RECREATION:

I notice in the January issue of RECREATION, under the heading of "Editorial," an item in reference to honey and the honey bee. Having had a wide experience in handling personally some three to four thousand colonies of bees, and making a special study of floral conditions and nectar-gathering by this marvelous little insect, would state that the article in question is very misleading.

I refer especially to that part which states, first, that the bee deposits honey in artificial comb. There has never yet been any artificial comb made that would duplicate that made by the bee, in fact, there are two offers of $1,000 each for one pound of comb honey artificially made that would resemble the original—one by N. E. France, of Platteville, Wis., secretary of the National Bee-Keepers' Association, and the other by the A. I. Root Company, Medina, O.—and while this offer has been standing for a decade, it has yet failed to produce a single sample.

In about the year 1892 a patent was taken out for preparing beeswax in flat rolls stamped the same as the base that the bees prepare in making comb honey. This was called starters, and was pure beeswax made by the bees, but was simply placed in very thin strips in the little boxes made in order to have the bees build their comb honey straight, and out of this possibly the writer may have been confused, like a number of others, in thinking that this was original comb. To the mind of the casual reader this could easily happen, and while excusable, yet if widespread would be very damaging to the honey producers. This pattern was found to be very beneficial to the bee-man as it has been a foundation for aiding the bees to build comb honey that gives it such a delicate and universally uniform appearance. It simply takes the place of melting a few drops of beeswax and placing in the centre of the boxes, which was the usual conception of the bee-keeper before this patent was put on the market.

The second statement to which I take exception is that bees would gather honey from chemically-prepared syrup. The writer has carried out a very extensive amount of experiments in connection with laboratory work, and in a number of articles which I could refer to showing by actual experiment, bees will not take up this chemically-prepared syrup, and while some preparations may be forced upon the bee that were largely made up of cane sugar, the article so produced has been branded by the department at Washington as an adulteration, and therefore is not practised.

WM. A. SELSER.

State Game Warden J. W. Baker, of Cottage Grove, Ore., has filed his annual report with the Governor. This is the first report since the law was passed requiring all hunters to procure a license. The receipt from license fees was $17,000, and after meeting all legitimate expenses there is a balance of $13,000. More arrests were made and fines collected for violating the game laws, according to the report, during the year just closed than during any previous year.

AMERICAN ARCHERY

Recreation is the Official Publication of the National Archery Association

From a Southern Archer

I was probably born with the spirit of archery in me. The bow and arrow was my favorite in my childhood and boyhood days, and is revived in me, just as I'm about to quit my 'teens.

My tackle was very crude. In fact, I, nor any of my friends, knew the meaning of the word "archery." So I had to hoe my own row. After trying all the woods in the region of my home (Cumberland Mountains), I learned that cedar was best for the bow. And I fashioned my bows from it, leaving the white on the back, and red on the inside. My way of stringing this bow was to place the lower end or horn on the ground and bend it with my knee, and wrap the string around the upper horn and secure it with a kind of bow knot which always held. The arrow was a light reed or weed, as near straight as I could find. For they were "found," not made. In the end was a nail, which, somehow, kept that end in front. These arrows were drawn with my right thumb and forefinger, on a line with my shoulder, and loosed with a little extra pull. By looking at pictures of Indians and Cupid I learned to hold my bow right, and at about fifteen I noticed the arrows had two vanes. So I began at once and made three experimental arrows with the two profalic vanes each. The arrows wobbled badly and I was almost discouraged. Noticing the action of the rear end of the shaft, I set about to make it follow the front end without all that unnecesary gymnastic performance. Learned to wrap two or three downy feathers to the rear end, which served very well. The down was simply a drag and I sacrificed the range of my arrows, but they shot very true, for my diary describes how I could shoot five out of seven arrows through a foot circle at fifteen yards, which wasn't bad.

The first and only man I've witnessed using a long bow was Mr. Maxson, September, 1904, while I was visiting the city of Washington. While walking through the beautiful Smithsonian grounds, I came upon his target, but couldn't see the archer from my position. After seeing a few "streaks" hunt the gold, it suddenly dawned upon me that these streaks were arrows, and some real archer was at his favorite pastime. I was soon standing behind Mr. Maxson, taking in every shot and movement he made. Also studied his tackle as closely as I could without appearing inquisitive. The old spirit was awakened and I set about getting some information on the subject of archery. The Congressional Library and National Museum afforded a splendid field. Last summer my bow was hardly out of my hands. As the late Maurice Thompson said, "The bow is an excellent fishing companion." No greater sport than to get out near the harvest field and imitate the partridge hen's call. Soon an old rooster will answer, and another with his craw full of wheat grains will want some feminine society. I have had as high as five try to beat each other to their lady love, and one, and sometimes two, would, as they used to say, get a "feather in his back," later to do the quail act on a piece of toast.

My hunting arrows were not what they ought to be. I learned to first wrap the feathers on with silk like the Indians did with sinew. Later I glued them on in little grooves, which is best. I tried second-growth hickory for the shafts and found them too heavy and limber. My cane arrows also proved a failure. By that time duty called me back to the city, and I haven't had time to look me up a range.

I would like to hear from some of the old-timers on the hunting arrow. Discuss these things so we youngsters can "get next." Also, will some of you give me a few hints through RECREATION on the following:

Where can deal wood be obtained?

Couldn't we get some old Reservation Indians to build hunting arrows? I mean cheap ones.

Could a shaft be made of hard drawn aluminum tubing, that would be lighter and stiffer than the ordinary arrow? They certainly wouldn't warp, and with proper feathers, I think they increase the range of the bow. It would be great to use an arrow that I could draw point-blank with at a rabbit or turkey at 75 yards, with a 50-pound bow.

"ROBIN HOOD."

Birmingham, Ala.

Deal is the English for Norway spruce—almost identical for commercial use with our American spruces, black and white.—EDITOR.

Archery in the Schools

BY DR. EDWARD B. WESTON

One of our leading daily newspapers, a few weeks ago, in discussing college athletics, maintained that we needed greater variety to meet the wants of the great body of students.

Football is the leading college sport, but as an athletic exercise is of little use. It trains, or overtrains, a few; it excites the interest of many, and nearly all are crazy to have their college or university win. This *esprit de corps* is commendable. It also starts a gambling spirit which no one can

successfully defend, especially as an accompaniment of an amateur spirit. Baseball, tennis, lacrosse, golf and other games will interest many, and are to be commended.

But there is a pastime which will interest the student, as well as the trained athlete. We refer to archery. It has a history more ancient than any other sport. It is only a few hundred years since the use of the long bow became a means of athletic recreation and not a powerful weapon of war and the chase.

In this sport, the muscular, well-trained athlete will find all his wants, as to strength and skill, met. He may use a 60-pound bow, and during an afternoon's shoot *lift* 60 pounds with each of his 100 to 200 arrows shot, and walk from four to five miles. And to hit the centre of the target requires much practice and patience. The physically weaker man, or woman, will use a weaker bow, and derive equally as much pleasure and benefit from the sport.

As a rule, the college man wants a game that is exciting, not only to the participant but to the spectator; consequently the majority of students take no part in physical exercise, except what the rules may require them to take in the gymnasium. This is drudgery. To this class, archery will appeal. The physical benefits is undeniable. All his muscles are used and he is straightened up and his lungs expanded; and as he becomes fairly proficient as a marksman he soon believes that archery is the only recreation and exercise, and he becomes thoroughly devoted to it.

To show what our leading teachers of physical culture think of archery, I am permitted to make extracts from personal letters from a few of them.

Dr. D. A. Sargent, professor of physical culture in Harvard University, writes as follows: "I shall be very glad to have you use my name in recommendation of the fine physical and mental effects of archery. Is there not some one in Boston, a member of your association, who could give us some instruction in the art?"

Prof. A. A. Stagg, of the University of Chicago, was present during most of the shooting at the meeting of the National Archery Association held in Chicago last August. He says: "I think it grand good sport, and worthy of every encouragement. Some day I hope we shall have an archery club among the tudents."

Robert D. ("Bob") Wrenn, the Harvard football and baseball player of a few years ago, and four times tennis champion of the United States, closes a letter as follows: "Wishing you every success in your endeavors to put archery well to the front, where it belongs, believe me, "etc.

The Spirit of Archery

BY DR. WILLIAM C. WILLIAMS, PRES. C. A.

In the main hall of the Chicago Art Institute stands a statue inscribed "Our Ancestor." The great two-edged sword, being tried by powerful hands, and the mighty muscles of the whole body, can scarce fail to attract notice. But what really rivets attention is the face, with its expression of immutable purpose and unflinching courage.

We, to whom the traditions of a brave and honest ancestry are of account, can find inspiring food for contemplation here, though we should like to see the good yew bow and feathered shaft take the sword's place.

To archers, however, the face there pictured can hardly fail to suggest the spirit which is the soul of their enchanting sport. And it is this: that in an age of commercial interests and grand stand effectiveness this has remained singularly free from everything spectacular and cheap, devoting itself to what is clean and honorable, and to a development of pure skill and nerve, which cannot be matched in any other sport known to man, unless it be the hunting of big game. And the result is that among archers there exists a common interest, and a love of each other, and each other's attainments, which is sadly wanting in other fields of athletic endeavor. While rivalry is keen, yet the writer has not known of an instance of any unsportsmanlike feeling in an experience quite extended.

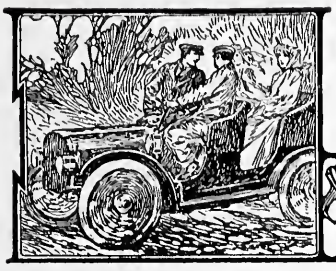
Not that we wish to proclaim a higher grade of manhood in archers by nature, but it would seem that the sport in itself has inherited much of the essence of the best chivalry which governed the lives of men when the archer was the mainstay of old England's military glory, and such a man as Robert, Earl of Huntington, erstwhile Robin Hood, was the chosen companion of his King, Richard, Cœur de Lion, not only because he was a magnificent bowman, but because he was a true man among men.

Archery at Coronado Beach

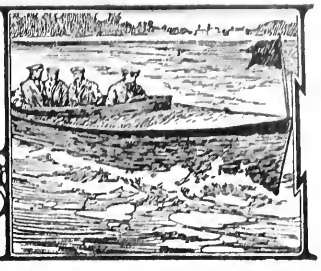
Every lover of archery in the United States will be under the greatest obligation to Mr. Morgan Ross, manager of Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, California, for his great help in reviving archery in America. He has encouraged in every way the lovers of archery to make it one of the pastimes of this more than ideal place of true pleasure and rest. He has persuaded Mr. F. S. Barnes, of Forest Grove, Oregon, to be there for a time, with a fine line of archery goods, form, and, if need be, train a club. As the guests are from all parts of the United States nothing could do more for the cause of archery, which is surely growing in favor.

The strength of muscle, the grace and the steadiness of nerve soon acquired by those who use the bow especially commend it to the ladies as their most valuable means of recreation, and the vim and vivacity which a few weeks of daily practise will produce will fully compensate for the time and energy spent in learning to shoot.

What could be more delightful and invigorating to the weary business man, after his day's labor in the city heat, than a long summer evening spent in friendly strife on the archery range?



MOTORING



AUTOMOBILE NOTES

BY JOHN B. FOSTER

Whatever specific complaint may have arisen, now and then, regarding the conduct of a speed road race in the United States of the magnitude of the Vanderbilt Cup contest, it is an unquestioned fact that the news announcement that it is to be held again this year was received with interest amounting to enthusiasm, not only on the part of those who are directly concerned with automobile building, but on the part of the general public.

The experiment of holding the first race in this country was viewed with some trepidation, and provoked some local opposition on Long Island, which was chosen for the course. At one time the opposition amounted to an attempted public demonstration, which failed, however, to carry much weight, owing to the fact that the locality most affected was divided in opinion as to the possible benefit and disadvantages of the contest.

That it proved to be an overwhelming financial assistance to the community in which it was conducted may easily be verified at any time by questioning the suburban hotel and restaurant proprietors, whose faces ever relax into a broad grin when they speak of the profits of "cup day," and the weeks which preceded it That it is attended by unusual and positive danger to the section in which it is run is perhaps too much of an exaggeration, although it is conceded that a competition of its nature is not without an uncommon risk. At the same time, it must be admitted by even those who are most violently opposed to such a race that the risk is one from which all persons, who are in the least watchful and observant, may protect themselves.

The feature of the Vanderbilt Cup race which most appeals to the general public is its striking immensity. Everything is on such a magnitude that the sentimental part of mankind becomes interested in the struggles of these wonderfully powerful machines for supremacy. Add to that the speed at which they fly over the course, and the certain amount of personal danger which attaches to those who operate the cars, and it is easily perceptible that the exhibition is one that impresses the most stolid disposition. Then, too, a race like that for the Vanderbilt Cup is purely a public entertainment. It is free to all who are willing to take the trouble to journey to the course, and speculation on the probability of its outcome becomes as locally exciting as settling upon the fastest horse in the village, or deciding what human happens to be the fastest runner.

Every boy, now grown to man's estate, must remember how he and other boys were wont to assemble at the side of the railroad track to watch the fast trains as they entered the village. Perhaps the train, in a great many ways, resembled most other trains, but the mere fact that it was advertised to be fast, to run at express speed, so appealed to the curious side of the youngsters that it was a gratification about train time to gather in groups near the main track, listen intently every now and then for the first rumbling of the ponderous locomotive away off somewhere in the distance, catch the first faint wreath of smoke that announced its appearance on the horizon, and secure some special vantage point to be safely near it, when it thundered by in a cloud of dust and confused noises. Watching an automobile race, of the character of that for the Vanderbilt Cup, appeals to almost an identical love for excitement. No matter whether there is the slightest personal interest in cars which are running for the prize, there is a tremendous interest in the abstract to be one of the thousands which sees such a race run. For that reason the Vanderbilt Cup contest quickly passed from a novelty to a really great public affair.

This seemed to be fully proved in 1905. Thousands witnessed the contest for the cup in 1904, but it was largely because nothing of the kind had ever before been attempted in this country. In 1905 the day of the race became a gala occasion on Long Island, and the only railroad which could carry passengers to the course found itself, at the hour of four o'clock in the morning, utterly unable to transport all those who desired to go. Passengers even rode on the locomotives, and the interiors of the cars not only were packed until it was impossible to squeeze another person within, but the platforms were loaded down with scores, who wanted to see the race for the spectacle it presented, and not because they owned motor cars, or were even interested in their operation, other than the interest which attaches to each fresh evidence of the evolution of modern comfort.

When the most conservative estimate can hardly place the number of spectators scattered around the twenty-eight mile course on a crisp October morning at less than 200,000, possibly a fair idea may be had of the drawing power in these mute machines and their somewhat famous drivers, who were to provide entertainment solely on the basis of speed and mechanical development.

It is too early now to state exactly what conditions will be made for the race of 1906, but the fact that the cup is to be contested for again, on this side of the ocean, opens a broad field of possibilities, the more so that it is probable no French cars

will start, and that more American makers will be interested than ever have been in the past.

At the last winning the cup went to France, and, as racing goes, should have been contested for in France this year. The French people have returned it to Mr. Vanderbilt, however, because they have withdrawn from roadracing. It is asserted by French builders of cars that they have learned all that is possible from sport of that kind and that it is inadvisable for them to continue. It is the private opinion of many builders of cars, and many owners of cars, that the French makers, having been successful for a long time, would far rather retire on their laurels than continue with a possibility that some day they will lose and thereby forfeit a certain prestige which has attached to their cars by reason of their past successes.

But no matter what action the French makers may have taken, the news of another race has been received with a great deal of delight on this side of the ocean, and there are reasons to believe that it has strengthened the purpose of more than one maker to continue developing his cars along lines which he thinks will ultimately make them the equals, or superiors, of all other cars which are manufactured in the world.

It has never been a trait of the American character to cease struggling to attain perfection in whatever is mechanical. No matter how good a foreign machine of any kind may have been, the American builder has continued to perfect his own until he has attained the foreign standard or surpassed it. This was in evidence in the bicycle, once the greatest medium of sport throughout the United States, and so far as determination is concerned is as much in evidence in the construction of motor cars.

The Chicago automobile show, following closely upon the double exhibition which took place in New York, was another flattering success. Although New York had been surfeited with automobile talk for a month, much of it being reproduced in Chicago through press despatches, the people in that city were just as anxious to learn all about the models of 1906 and the improvements which had been made as were the people of the Eastern metropolis.

The result was an attendance which was far in excess of what had been predicted three months ago, and a general boom in everything which pertains to motor cars.

A Western car builder, who has always been prominent in the advancement of the interests of the new vehicle, once asesrted that in his opinion the motor car some day would be the salvation of the West. "I am aware," said he, "that there was a great deal of opposition to it in some quarters in the first place, but it was the opposition which is produced by innovations, not always fully understood. Since the people of our section have become acquainted with the automobile, and know many of its possibilities, they are beginning to understand that they are finally possessed of something which shall enable them to make the long distances, which we have to face day after day, with less uncertainty than is the case with the horse, and with more regularity than is the case with the steam railroad, because we lack so much of that arrangement of suburban transportation which is prevalent in the East.

"We are not possessed, as a rule, of as good roads as are to be found in the East. The introduction of the motor car has shown our people the necessity of good roads. Let automobiles become more common, and the quagmires which have been excuses for highways for so long in our section of the land will be supplanted by firm turnpikes which will be of hard bottom and fair surface the year around. That, of itself, would be worth more to the West than almost any improvement which could be suggested. If the automobile is the prophet of better roads, then we shall all follow the banner of the prophet gladly."

Perhaps in connection with this conversation it is of interest to say that automobile organizations throughout the West are being tested as to their willingness to co-operate in some feasible plan for the improvement of the highways, and it may be added that none has even intimated a possibility of refusing.

Much enthusiasm has developed for the motor car in the Northwest, a territory in which the advance of the automobile has not progressed so rapidly as it has in some other sections of the country, and yet one where the population would benefit immensely. Think of being able to cover some of those long stretches from ranch to ranch in a machine capable of speed, instead of being compelled to adhere to the slower-going horse, which must be rested now and then unless his owner is without heart.

If there were good roads connecting the outlying sections of Minnesota, the Dakotas, Wyoming and Montana, that part of the United States would be put in touch with civilization a day sooner were there motor cars to carry people one way and the other.

Prefessional chauffeurs, who engage in track competition, are very hard to discourage. Barney Oldfield has had almost as many mishaps as any driver who has been daring enough to enter competitive races. Yet the other day he said: "I am confident the public likes to witness contests of that kind, and I am far from believing that the sport is dead. There is an element of uncertainty in it, added to the novelty of the thing, which is very attractive to the spectator. It is my opinion that there will be more track racing in years to come. Perhaps special tracks will be built for automobile racing. It would only be on a par with the old chariot racing of Rome, except the contests would be infinitely more interesting, because of the added speed. So far as I am concerned, I am ready to engage any time in the sport and I have talked with other chauffeurs who feel as I do."

There must be some fascination to such drivers as Oldfield and others, in contests of this character, for Earl Kiser, who lost a leg in a track race last year, expresses much the same opinion, and admits that he would not only like to race again, but sees no reason why he should not operate a car as successfully as he ever did.

The matter of track racing brings up the Florida

speed trials, which were held recently, and which so firmly established the automobile as the greatest engenderer of speed in the world.

The marvelous performance of Victor Demogeot, with the now famous 200 horse-power Darracq, marked an epoch in mechanical invention, since it demonstrated that human ingenuity has been able to devise a contrivance capable of producing and sustaining speed without injury to itself at the rate of two miles in one minute. On the Ormond beach, which nature fittingly adapted to such a performance, Demogeot operated the Darracq for two miles in 58 4-5 seconds.

There is no question as to the authenticity of the record. The devices, which controlled the registering of the time, were perfect. They had been tested until their accuracy could not be disputed, and when Demogeot was crowned speed king of the world by one of the handsomest daughters of Florida, motor car speeding had reached its zenith—that is, until some builder shall triumph over this achievement by constructing the car which shall make a "three miles a minute record."

One of the principal New York manufacturers, when solicited to give his opinion on the probability of that being accomplished, replied: "Why shall I undertake to predict what may happen? Three years ago some would have scoffed at two miles in a minute; before that there was grave question as to one mile in a minute. Who knows that a car may not be driven three miles in a minute?"

It is almost impossible to describe the ride which Demogeot made in his high-powered Darracq. The speed of the car was almost too great for the eye. Before the sense of the start had been fully grasped, the machine was well on its way down the course. Sight had not compared relative distances between start and finish before the car was over the line, and the excited spectators were cheering because the time record stared them in the face, when they had been barely able to gather the flight of the man and the car which had made it.

Imagine some straightaway stretch, not interrupted by obstacles which shall at any place obscure the line of vision. Think of some speck two miles toward the horizon, that seems to move, glance hastily at your watch, try to count sixty in measured beats, and before you have finished, witness a powerful motor car, puffing, roaring its cry of triumph, rush past you with a man rigidly holding the steering wheel, and then possibly some idea may be obtained of Demogeot's triumph in America.

It meant a great deal to him, and it was only the surly nature of Hemery, who won the Vanderbilt Cup race in 1905, which prevented the latter from attaining the lofty position in the world of chauffeurs now held by his rival, for Hemery was to have driven the car had he not come into conflict with the managers of the races.

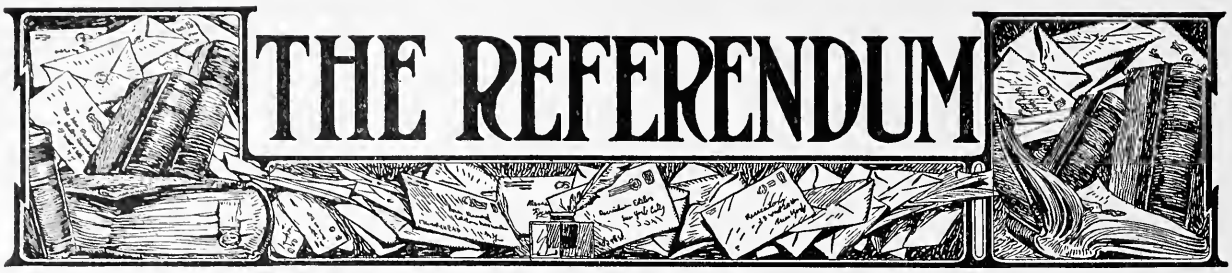
Everything else, which was done at Ormond, was as nothing compared with this one achievement. Other manufacturers were greatly pleased by their successes and the general scope of the competitions was beneficial toward what they were supposed to accomplish, but there was nothing to equal this marvel of speed development. The Darracq people were richly repaid by their trips to the United States in 1905, not only winning the Vanderbilt Cup in October, but establishing the mark of all marks in the winter following was a rich harvest for one concern to reap within a period of half a year.

The freak Stanley steamer, driven by Marriott, enjoyed its share of the honors which fell to the victors at Ormond, and had there not been a Darracq and a Demogeot, America would have stood at the top of the list instead of France. Yet the American manufacturer felt no selfish regret, for the achievements of his own invention were such that it was awarded high compliment for what it accomplished.

It is possible, however, in the future that races will be so arranged that freak cars will not be placed in the classes where machines corresponding to the regularly-built models of a maker are eligible to start. It is a trifle hard on the regulars which are trying to induce improvement on the lines which are followed in touring and high-powered cars. The freaks may be all right in the way that they show what can be accomplished if certain ideas are followed to an extreme conclusion, but as the freaks never would be purchased for family or business use, it seems hardly just that they should command recognition on the same footing as their really legitimate rivals.

A significant report from Paris is to the effect that the French makers are not so overrun with orders at present as they were at the same time last year. Perhaps American, English and German machines are crowding the French builders harder than they imagined would be possible. If that is the real significance of a falling off in orders, it will only be a question of time before the French concerns will find that they must devote as much attention to keeping their cars before the public as they did to try to induce the public to take notice of them when the automobile was beginning to assume its earliest importance. Unquestionably more cars will be in use in 1906 than ever before in the history of the world and quite as certain there will be at least one-third more in operation in 1907. They must be produced somewhere to meet the demand for them and the builder who is most active in placing the best points of his machine before buyers will absorb the cream of the trade.

The moment that a motor car is constructed which shall come within the demands of some purses, not yet quite sufficiently plethoric to venture upon such an experiment, that moment even the present boom in the trade will be made to appear like a county fair as compared with a State exposition. There are thousands of persons in America who would gladly be the owners of motor cars, but the price of the machines is still a little above the amount which they feel willing to expend.



With the Fish Commission

BY HENRY WARNER MAYNARD

(*Concluded.*)

For a little time there is nothing to be done on the bridge except for the captain to see that the dredge-wire keeps clear of the ship and that the dredge does not foul a rock. Observers, draughtsman and first officer sit on the cabin hatch and look out over the beautiful Sound, where white-caps sparkle and the lighthouses show clear against the sky; tugs, each with a string of barges, carrying their freight of granite or lumber or coal, a few schooners, a barkentine under full sail, a steam yacht glistening white and gold, are outlined against the dark-green shores of the islands, and against the horizon a cloud of dense black smoke shows where a torpedo boat destroyer is out for practice; it is a busy place, the Vineyard, the highway for the immense commerce passing between Boston and New York.

The recorder has been standing, watch in hand, and now he says to the captain, "Four minutes, sir," meaning that that time has elapsed since the dredge touched bottom. The captain turns to the boys, "Stand by to angle," but they have already taken their sextants and are making their simultaneous observations. "Mark," and the draughtsman plots the ship's position in a point close to the first. The captain leaves his station at the end of the bridge and looks at the chart to satisfy himself as to the direction of the dredging, the rift better of the tide and the amount of bottom covered. Again there is a pause until the end of the haul is reached.

Meanwhile, another officer has been taking further data, which are very necessary if the haul is to have scientific value. It is not sufficient merely to dredge up specimens from the bottom. The scientist must know the time of day, the depth of the water, the exact location (this is very important), and the temperature and density of the water both at the surface and at the bottom. It is over the stern that these latter observations are being made. Fastened to the after-rail is a brass support, shaped like a davit, on which the sounding apparatus is placed. A brass wheel fifteen inches in diameter carries a fine, strong piano-wire, ending in ten feet of stray line and the instruments; the movement of the reel is controlled by an automatic brake which sets when the lead touches bottom, and a pair of handles for reeling up. At the end of the line is a heavy lead, and above it a deep sea thermometer and a Sigsbee cup, for obtaining a sample of the water at the bottom. As soon as the dredge haul begins, the instruments are arranged and the whole lowered away. The thermometer takes the temperature, and after a sufficient time has elapsed the officer in charge sends down the "messenger," a brass cylinder which slides over the wire, trips the thermometer and automatically sets it, so that when drawn up it registers the temperature of the water at the point where it was clamped. The line is now reeled in, and as soon as it begins its upward journey a little propeller on the top of the Sigsbee water cup rotates and closes an opening, holding inside a portion of the bottom water. Meanwhile a sailor has cast a bucket over and drawn up water from the surface, in which a thermometer is placed and the temperature taken. When the sounding apparatus reaches the surface, the contents of the Sigsbee cup are emptied into a copper receptacle, and the density of both surface and bottom water taken with a delicate salinometer, reading to four places. The officer notes down these data, and carries them to the recorder on the bridge.

By this time the end of the haul is approaching, and shortly the recorder gives warning, "Eight minutes, sir." The captain steps to the end of the bridge and calls, "Stand by to heave up. Stand by to angle." The whistle blows, the donkey-engine begins to work, and the instrument men take another set of observations. Then, as a light spot begins to show far down in the water in a line with the dredge-wire, all the men not otherwise occupied step to the starboard rail to see the trawl as it comes up. The spot grows larger and plainer; the outline of the bridle, at the top of the trawl, can be made out; now the white canvas dredge-bag is seen, and in a moment more trawl and dredge are drawn clear of the water and hang swinging in the air. The larger bag has a mass of starfish, shells and sponges, and at the bottom something can be seen kicking. The mud-bag bulges out, water spurting from all the holes; it is here that the most valuable specimens are usually found, and the captain calls down to the leadsman, "How is the mudbag?" "Nearly full, sir," comes the satisfying response. The boatswain and his men are ready, a pair of ropes are cast around the bridle, and the whole apparatus is hauled in close to the ship's side; then the net is lowered and mud-bog and bottom of trawl taken in on the main deck, two "stories" below the bridge.

This haul is over, as far as the men on the bridge are concerned, and the captain orders, "Go ahead the port engine. Give her the jingle." The bell in the engine-room clangs and then "jingles," which means full speed ahead, and the vessel begins to move rapidly through the water. The captain studies the chart for a moment, to decide where

to make the next haul, and calls down to the quartermaster, "Hard a-port. Keep her west by north." And a deep-voiced growl comes back, "Hard a-port, sir. Keep her west by north."

Meanwhile on the main deck, where the contents of the trawl and dredge were taken in, all are busy. One of the scientists of the Fisheries Bureau is there with three assistants, as well as one of the ship's officer and half-a-dozen seamen. Until this time, they have had merely to make preparations. A large flat tank, with a false sieve bottom, stands against a bulkhead; there are nests of sieves at hand; bottles containing alcohol and formalin stand near-by, and everything is ready for the preservation of such specimens as prove to be of value. Then the trawl and dredge swing up into sight through the large square port, as big as a good-sized door, and are drawn in by men on the spar-deck above, until they can be reached by the seamen below. The line is slackened down, the dredge and the lower part of the trawl are carried in on deck and the lashings cast off. The dredge is then emptied into a nest of sieves, dumping out a mass of fine sand and gravel, interspersed with shells and small animals. The rope that tied the lower part of the trawl together is removed, and the contents of the great bag are emptied bodily into the big sieve. Out comes a queer-looking collection, strangely-shaped, evil-smelling crabs, a couple of flounders, a young lobster or two, sponges, starfish, and many shells. The scientists tramp around in their rubber boots, unmindful of the water which sloshes to and fro and slowly finds its way to the scuppers. "A good haul," comments the chief, and quickly, but with great certainty and dexterity, proceeds to pick over the collection, giving the names as he does so. One of the asssitants takes them down, while others bottle up such of the specimens as their chief thinks worth the keeping. A strange shell puzzles him for a moment, and it is put aside to be identified later, perhaps as a new species. The flounders, fine, big fellows, are seized upon by the steward and taken aft to the ward-room mess. A number of little transparent creatures, like tiny jellyfish, are bottled up by themselves. And so the picking and sorting goes on, the catch from the dredge being carefully washed over, lest some tiny rare shellfish, or some creature new to science, escape. Finally, when all is done, a barrel full of superfluous stuff is thrown overboard, the trawl lashed up and the dredge made fast, and word is passed up to the captain that "All is ready on the main deck."

So the work goes on, haul after haul being made, some valuable, either in amount of material or in the discovery of a new species, or of a new record for the locality; some hauls over hard sand where nothing lives bringing up the trawl as empty as when it went down; occasionally the apparatus is capsized and the whole wasted. Sometimes, perhaps, half a dozen times in the course of a season's work, the trawl gets hung in a big rock, and then there is need for quick work.

An automatic brake on the donkey-engine lets the cable run. At a quick order from the captain, the engines are given full speed astern, and the helm put so that the ship swings in a circle on the upper side of the rock until the trawl is freed and hoisted up, with perhaps the dredge gone or the bag torn beyond repair. Then the whole is taken inboard and another set of apparatus bent on.

From six to fifteen hauls are taken at a trip, usually in half a day's work, for the material obtainable in that length of time is sufficient to keep "all hands" at the fisheries laboratories busy for two or three days. There the specimens taken are gone over again, some added to the Bureau's fine collection; some which cannot be identified turn out to be new discoveries and are sent for description to the scientists who specialize in that particular branch. It is fascinating work, for one never knows what strange creatures may be brought up from the depths of the sea, and one comes to realize very strongly that as far as human knowledge is concerned man is but as "a child picking up pebbles on the shore of a boundless ocean."

It may be asked, "What is the good of all this"? The answer is that the value of such work is both scientific and economic. Whoever increases human knowledge performs a service to mankind and the discovery of new creatures and the gathering of information concerning the life-histories of the ocean's fauna is most important to the scientific world. The economic side is of inestimable benefit to the whole country. As stated above, the Fish Commission, now the Bureau of Fisheries, was organized primarily for the purpose of examining into the decrease of the food-fishes of the eastern coast. The sea gives up yearly food of great value, which goes, much of it, to feed the masses in the great cities. It has been said that Massachusetts pays for her breadstuffs with the fish which she takes from the sea. Care must always be taken that such fish as are destroyed are replaced by natural means. If a species is too readily captured there is a temptation to take it to such a degree that it becomes rare or extinct. Witness the lobster, which for years has been of great and growing scarcity. The work of the Bureau is to learn what species are thus in danger of extermination and to advise concerning the preventive laws that should be passed; to discover new species which may be valuable for food, like that interesting creature, the tile-fish; to learn the ranges of the valuable fishes, the parasites that may affect them, and means for the destruction of such parasites.

The Bureau also considers the welfare of the fisherman, who plies one of the most dangerous and uncertain of trades. The schooner "Grampus" was built by the Bureau as a model for the fishermen who go to the Grand Banks for cod or hake.

The life of the fisherman is a hard one at best, fraught with danger and privation. The sea takes its yearly toll of lives, and Uncle Sam does what he can to make safer and easier the work of those who go down to the sea in ships.

The Pirates of Lake Erie

Editor RECREATION:

In your August issue of 1905, under the head of "Editorial," you make some statements about the

"Ohio Laws Ineffective." You can add to it that the Pennsylvania laws are ineffective also. We do not have the strong arm of the law to give *force* to the laws as they are upon the statute books. The laws were framed to protect the fish from February 15 to June 15 in each year, to cover the spawning season, so that the fish could propagate, and that the Department of Fisheries could procure sufficient eggs to hatch in the hatcheries of the State. The fishermen, Lake Erie fishermen from Ohio and Pennsylvania, have a license to catch fish with nets in the open season, but they disregard the law and fish with nets all the year round, and take everything they can and take it to market to get the price of it. In the spring of the year, when the fish are in spawning condition, they take thousands of these fish, both mature and half-grown, that are filled with spawn and ship them to the market.

An effort was made to prevent this by the State of Pennsylvania, but the Superior Court, with its superior knowledge of a thing it knows nothing about, decided that the dealers should be allowed to catch these spawn-filled and immature fish in the spawning season and sell them in the market, notwithstanding that the law says they "shall not have them in possession nor offer them for sale in the season from February 15 to June 15 in any year!" *Thus is the strong arm of the law given to violate the protection for the increase of fish in the waters of Lake Erie.* Is it any wonder that lawful fishermen stand aghast at such a decision? Is it any wonder that the fish are scarce in Lake Erie? Is it any wonder that Ontario keeps armed gunboats to protect her waters from the fish pirates and banditti from Ohio and Pennsylvania? Having destroyed the fishing in the waters of Ohio and Pennsylvania, they next raided the waters of Canada, but the gunboats were on guard and a few well-directed solid shots sent the pirates flying to Erie and to Cleveland for safety, leaving behind them many valuable seines.

What is the results of the Pennsylvain decision? Last year the Pennsylvania Department of Fisheries hatched out and deposited nearly 147,000,000 of fish fry and the waters were getting into pretty fair condition, but this year there were no mature fish, and all the eggs obtained were 47,000,000! With such a falling off this year, how soon will it be until we can get none? What shall become of the hatcheries upon which thouands of dollars have been spent? What shall become of the well-trained and skillful employees and the officers and wardens who have carried on the work of hatching the eggs and the protection of the streams? Shall the fishing in Lake Erie become like the buffaloes of the West?—a thing of the past!

If the falling off of fish in the Ontarian waters has been so noticeable with all the protection on both sides of the lake, how much more noticeable will it be since Erie has become the home of the banditti under the protection of the decision of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania?

Will the national Government take the matter up and enact laws that will give force and effect for the protection of the fishing interests of all the States bordering on the lakes? DRAGNET.

Must Have Patience

Our young friends will, no doubt, be disappointed to find that we have omitted this month our department, "Dan Beard and the Boys." Let us explain why we did so. Mr. Beard has prepared a particularly interesting and instructive description of something that will interest all boys who are fond of woods' life, both big and little, but at the last moment we found, that, owing to the pressure on our columns, it was impossible to print so long a story this month; hence our friends, young and old, will have to wait until the May issue to satisfy their curiosity —but we can assure them they will not be disappointed when they read what The Founder has to say.

More Arctic Owls

Editor RECREATION:

I note what you say in the December issue of RECREATION about the large number of Arctic owls being shot along the border and Atlantic Coast. They made their appearance here early in December, no less than fifteen having been shot in this immediate vicinity. Previous to this they were almost unknown, only five having been seen in the past twenty-five years, as far as I can ascertain.

I shot one recently, measuring 62 in. from tip to tip, with an undigested mouse in his stomach in perfect condition. The mice and rats have been unusually plentiful the present season, the fields and farm buildings being literally overrun with them, and it is quite possible that this may account for the invasion. They seem to stay in the open in the vicinity of the farm outbuildings and all specimens that have been brought in for mounting are very fat. They vary in color from almost pure white to the color of a light Plymouth Rock fowl, the darker ones being the larger. ARTHUR W. WESTOVER.

Another Horned Doe

Editor RECREATION:

I was much interested in the article contributed by J. S. Nash, of Spokane, Washington, which appeared in the January number of RECREATION, which described a one-horned doe which had been killed in Idaho.

In the fall of 1902 I had the good fortune to kill a "spike horned" doe, the right horn being about eight inches long and the other two inches.

I have always regretted that the specimen was not preserved, as up to the time of reading the article above referred to I had never heard of another having been killed. F. P. LEUSHNER.

Parry Sound, Can.

Game Near Manila

Editor RECREATION:

We have certain game in plenty here in the Philippines, but they are being ruthlessly shot down, snipe especially, for I have heard several fellows speak of getting sixty in a forenoon; now, what can one man do with so many snipe? Give them away, of course, and as long as there are no game laws here some fellows will continue shooting

for the pleasure of giving away. I have never had the opportunity to kill so many and do not know but the fever of killing would get the upper hand (for I am but an amateur); but as I feel now, I would take but a reasonable bag.

Deer are very plentiful in these islands, but I am afraid cannot be caught by the ordinary methods of stalking, owing to the thickness of the undergrowth, which, of course, makes shooting with a rifle both difficult and dangerous.

The style in custom here is to hunt with beaters and dogs who skirt the hills and work toward the valleys where are stationed the guns (shotguns). Using a rope or long vine in the form of a V is done greatly by the natives, and as one of your correspondents in October said, the deer will not jump said rope until hard pressed, which makes them easy marks for buckshot.

Quail are not plentiful or large, but are in shape like our American birds exactly, their only difference being in color and size.

Ducks are just as plentiful here as any man could wish to have them, but with the exception of one kind they are difficult to shoot, there being so much water and very little natural blinds, and they do not decoy, as one would expect where they are plentiful. The exception is the whistling duck, which is the silliest wild fowl I ever saw. They do not seem to be afraid, for you can stand in open water and shoot them down while they fly over. I shot a whole flock of ten, one after the other, as they flew up and down the creek, the last one flying just as the others.

There are a few good dogs here, owned by Americans, but are not much use for hunting purposes, there being nothing but snipe that a dog could point and they are always in marshy ground, which makes it difficult for hunting. I have a pointer, but for which I would lose a number of snipe that I had shot on account of their falling in long tangle. Good retrievers are what are needed here. Enclosed are two pictures, one of myself and dog ("Shot") after a snipe shoot amongst the cane brake (bamboo) one Sunday morning. The gun is a LeFever and the bag contains eleven genuine "jack." The other picture was taken on a launch on our return from a snipe hunt on the "Laguna de Bahia." The smaller picture was snapped by a native and developed and printed by myself.

Possibly when I am more proficient I will try for your prizes. S. A. CROSBY,

Master, U. S. A. T. *Sacramento.*

Manila, P. I.

Unfortunately the two photographs were spoilt in transit.—EDITOR.

Western Nova Scotia

Editor RECREATION:

In reply to yours I would beg to say, in regard to sports here, we have the best of trout-fishing, beginning the first of May and lasting until the waters get low and warm about July; but we can always find them by going back to the heads of the streams. We also have fine salmon-fishing, and during the open season we have the best of moose hunting, and we have fairly good partridge and duck shooting, also some woodcock and winter yellow-legs.

I have a complete camp outfit and can take care of any size party.

In regard to your statement about stories I would say that I am no hand at writing, but may later on have a rap at it. I have had plenty of experiences and have known of a good many very exciting scraps, but never thought of trying to write them up. I have hunted and guided in Colorado in the early seventies; in the Middle and North Pack and Bear River countries, also in the mountains of North Carolina, and have cruised this part of Nova Scotia for the past two years.

I was very much pleased with Mr. Clapp's Christmas present—RECREATION—for I think it one of the best sporting magazines printed.

G. C. SMART.

Caledonia, Queens Co., N. S.

British Columbia Beaver

Editor RECREATION:

You may or may not have heard of the fight for the Beaver in British Columbia. In any case, I send you some correspondence regarding the subject, in the belief that you will be glad to assist as far as you can; although your publication is an American one, still it has considerable circulation throughout Canada and British Columbia.

Just as we supposed we had obtained a breathing spell for the beaver comes an Order-in-Council revoking the close season, which affects practically all the beaver ground in the Province.

The Hudson Bay Company's agents here have told the Indians living to the south of the line named in the O. I. C. to kill beaver and take them north to their posts at Fraser Lake and Fort George, so that all the Blackwater ground and tributaries of Chilcoten are affected. Beaver are getting very scarce and to say that Indians are starving on account of the close season is laughable. Many Indians ardently desire the close season and are sorry for the change.

Any information you may require I shall be glad to furnish, if I can. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

Quesnel, B. C.

A Fine Fish

Editor RECREATION:

Miss Elsie Holmes, of Eau Claire, Wis., caught in Long, or Little Bear, Lake a mascalonge weighing 36 pounds, after a hard fight. The fish was beached before it could be landed.

J. P. HALE.

Madge, Wis.

B. O. Furey appeared before the Toronto police court recently and was fined $100 and $5 apiece costs for serving ten brace of partridge to a Toronto millionaire.

Mr. Furey is McConkey's general manager, the most fashionable restaurant and café in the Dominion.

Partridge must not be sold in the Province of Ontario until 1907.

'TWIXT YOU AND ME

AT length the ideal of the sportsman may be realized—warm food without fire, and a steaming plate of soup or an appetizing stew without the necessity of working with damp matches and water-soaked wood. This happy state of affairs is owing to a clever invention controlled by the Ætna Self-heating Food Company, of 74 Broadway, New York City. They are now putting up all kinds of delicacies in canned form, the tins being double and containing a substance between the outer and inner can that merely requires the addition of a little cold water to produce a heat of 250 degrees Fahrenheit. In six minutes whatever is contained in the inner can can be brought almost to the boiling point, when the lid is removed, the food taken out, and the inner can may then then be filled with cold water, which will be hot enough for dishwashing by the time the meat is finished. We understand the factory's products are sold out for three months ahead.

Abercrombie & Fitch have removed from 314 Broadway to 57 Reade Street, New York. This is but one block from City Hall, and handy to "L" roads, surface cars, and the Subway. Messrs. Abercrombie & Fitch have secured the entire building, with its seven large floors, so that visitors may inspect tents, cooking outfits, fishing tackle, guns, ammunition, clothing—in fact, everything that the hunter, prospector, or fisherman is likely to need. "All under one roof" is the new firm motto.

Miller Bros., of 101 Ranch, Bliss, Oklahoma, advertise elsewhere in this issue the advantages of six weeks on a ranch. Six weeks on a ranch is better than many bottles of tonic, but it is not so good as six months on a ranch. We predict that those who visit our friends, the Miller Brothers, will in many cases resist being removed at the end of six weeks, and it will take a span of the Miller buffalo and a rope tackle to get them away. The Miller ranch house contains porcelain bathtubs, electric lights and several other features that add much to the pleasures of ranch life, but they have made arrangements so that, if you wish, you may rough it to your heart's content.

The Lyman Gun Sight Corporation, of Middlefield, Conn., will send their latest catalogue to any reader of RECREATION who will apply for it. The Lyman gun sights are now known in every household in the land. Some member of each family is sure to be found using one. These sights are made upon true optical principles, the main one being that the human eye is capable of instantly determining the centre of a small circle with mathematical accuracy. Practically, in aiming with the Lyman sight, the shooter has nothing to consider but the muzzle of his rifle and the game he is shooting at—the rear sight will take care of itself. We recommend riflemen to secure the latest catalog wherein they will find set forth much that will interest them.

The No. 4 Folding Hawkeye is a wonderfully compact and perfect instrument and one designed for a wide range of work, yet simple withal. The lenses are the symmetrical Bausch & Lomb' working at f. 6; the bellows expand 13¾ inches, thus permitting the use of the back combination of the lens, and giving a picture twice the size of the doublet. It is possible to fit rapid anastigmat lenses to most of these cameras.

The new Mullins catalogue, issued by the W. H. Mullins Company, of Salem, O., is a thing of beauty, and full of interest to the man who is fond of the water. The Mullins factory has been steadily forging to the front, until now it is one of the largest in the world. Their launches range from 16 to 22 feet in length, and vary in power from 3 h. p. to 10 h. p. It will pay any man who is interested in power launches and boats that will not leak or check to write to the Mullins Company for their new catalogue

---

The name of vom Hofe is one to conjure with among fishermen. It has been standard for almost a century, and vom Hofe reels are to be found wherever men who appreciate fine tackle; congregate and, let every angler understand, there is just as much difference in the finish and durability of fine reels and rods as there is in fine watches. The cheap reel may go to pieces the first time it is tested, while the good one will become a family heirloom, to be handed down from father to son.

Edw. vom Hofe's headquarters are at 55–57 Fulton Street, New York, and he will be pleased to send his latest catalogue to any reader of RECREATION who may apply for it.

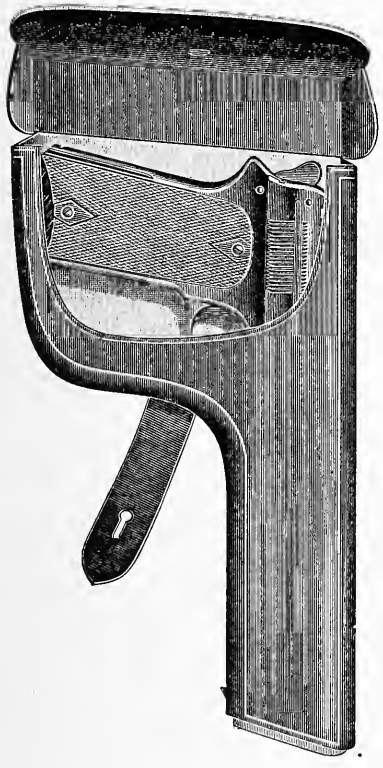
The new Ideal mid-range bullet, No. 308,284, has achieved an enviable reputation for accuracy, shot out of a Krag rifle, and having a metal gas check cup on the base. When propelled by a charge of 23 grains of Laflin & Rand lightning powder, it has a mean velocity of 1,675 feet sec., with a mean variation of 7.7. At 300 yards 12 consecutive bull's-eyes were made, and at 600 yards 49 out of a possible 50. Full information as to this bullet will be furnished by the Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn., if written to.

We are in receipt of the 1906 catalogue of the Hawkeye cameras, made by the Blair Camera Company, of Rochester, N. Y. These cameras are so well known that it seems almost superfluous to say they are now perfect for the work for which

they are intended. The latest models show many improvements. Among the cameras put out by the Blair Camera Company are the No. 2, No. 4, No. 5 and the No. 6, Weno Hawkeyes, and No. 3, No. 3B and No. 4 Folding Hawkeyes.

In addition we find described in the catalogue a No. 1 and a No. 2 Stereo Hawkeyes. All amateur photographers should send for this catalogue.

The Colt automatic pistol of calibre .45, with combination holster and stock, is having a very large sale. Loaded with smokeless powder, the cartridge gives a velocity of 900 feet sec., and has a penetration of seven boards, $\frac{7}{8}$ inches thick,



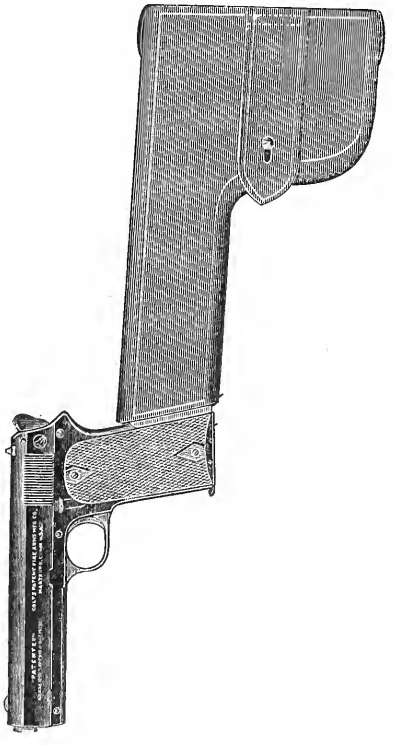
at 225 feet. The weight of the pistol is 32½ ounces; length over all, 8 inches; length of barrel, 5 inches; capacity of magazine, 7 shots. The stock and holster weigh 27 ounces. The fine stock and holster is made of extra quality of black leather, buckskin-lined, and handstitched, stretched over a rigid steel frame.

Mr. Marble, the president of the Marble Safety Axe Company, takes a personal interest in every article that the company puts on the market. He has spent a greater part of the past twenty-five years in the open, mostly in the Northwestern States. Every man who works under him must be a sportsman. It is a work of love with each individual, and, whether he makes a hunting knife, an axe, a sight or a compass, he gives the best work that he is capable of. This is why "Marble" goods are in such demand. Don't forget the address—Gladstone, Mich., U. S. A.

The last hunting season in the Highlands of Ontario was a good one. We are informed by the statistician of the Grand Trunk Railway that 6,425 licenses were issued. It is estimated that 12,000 deer were killed during the fifteen days of the open season, which began November 1. One hundred and fifty moose are known to have been shot. This is a heavy increase over the preceding year, when but 22 heads were secured. It is thought that the opening of the Temiskaming & Northern R. R. was the cause of this greater success, as the best of the Temgami district is now easily reached by way of the Temiskaming & Northern. The deer and moose in the Highlands of Ontario are increasing, owing to better production.

Schoverling, Daly & Gales, of 302 Broadway, New York City, are just issuing a list of gun bargains, quoting 455 guns at prices ranging from $3.50 to $350. These are odd guns which they have in stock, in addition to which they carry not less than 10,000, at all times, and even as many as 20,000 guns at certain seasons. This is a large stock and the most particular sportsman should be able to find in this assortment a gun to his liking.

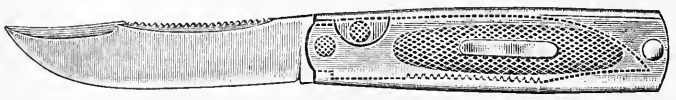
Grand Imperial Sec and Brut champagnes, the principal products of the celebrated Germania Wine Cellars at Hammondsport and Rheims, N. Y., are coming more and more into public



favor. American champagne has won a justly merited position beside that of the imported wines, and for purity, excellence and flavor the Germania Cellar output is all that could be required even by the most exacting of connoisseurs. The pure grape wines and fine brandies produced by the Germania Cellars are also of a high-grade and greatly in demand.

The Cirkut, a new camera that is likely to revolutionize the taking of panoramic and cyclo-

ramic photographs, is now being sold by the Century Camera Company, Rochester, N. Y. It is made to carry the cartridge system of daylight loading film. When in operation the film unwinds past a slot on a roller turned by clockwork. The camera is revolved about an axis by the same mechanism, and in so doing exposes the film in a most perfect manner. Any angle of view desired may be included in the picture—even the complete circle of 360 degrees—a pressure of the bulb being all that is necessary to start and stop the motor.



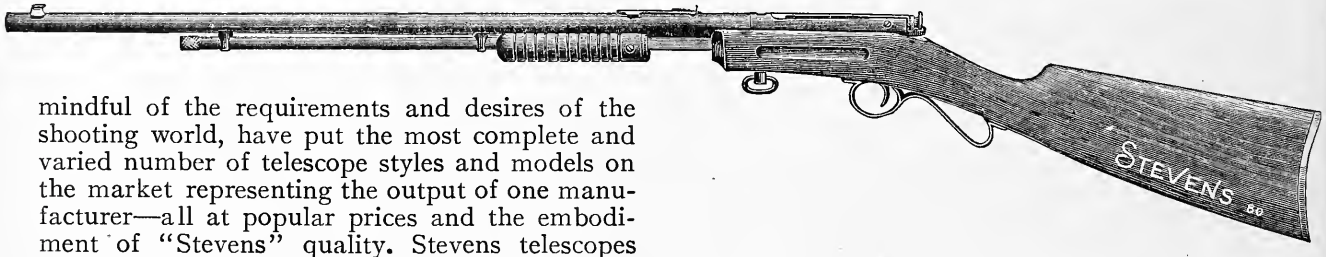
MARBLE'S SAFETY FISH KNIFE

The fishing fever is now coming on, and every fisherman is looking for the latest and best devices which will add to the convenience of his outfit. Marble's safety fish knife supplies a long-felt need.

As shown by the dotted lines, the blade, when folded, is entirely protected by the German silver handle. When open it is as safe and rigid as a one-piece knife. The blade is made sharp at back of point for ripping, and the back is an excellent fish scaler.

Write to the Marble Safety Axe Company, Gladstone, Mich., for their new 64-page, 1906 catalogue, just issued.

The progressive J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., and makers of the famous Stevens rifles, pistols and shotguns, ever mindful of the requirements and desires of the shooting world, have put the most complete and varied number of telescope styles and models on the market representing the output of one manufacturer—all at popular prices and the embodiment of "Stevens" quality. Stevens telescopes can be fitted to any standard make of rifle without extra charge. The Stevens Company's beautifully illustrated telescope catalogue describing the entire line will be mailed free anywhere upon application.



Mr. J. Noah H. Slee, head of the concern that manufactures and markets "3 in One" oil, has just been elected a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce. This is the leading commercial body of Greater Gotham. The sales of "3 in One" are increasing every day.

Mr. Slee is in earnest in his desire to place "3 in One" in the hands of every sportsman in the country, and will send generous samples free of cost to all applicants.

A sportsman should use as much care in the selection of smoking tobacco for his fishing or hunting trips as he would in a rod or gun. First of all good tobacco is necessary, and, above everything else, a convenient package. After exhaustively examining a number of brands with the sportsman's wants in view, nothing seems to appeal quite as much as the Van Bibber sliced plug pipe tobacco. The blend is excellent, and the package perfect. It is flat and oblong.

Sliced plug tobacco has this one great advantage: it will stay in the pipe and will stand a wind, which a granular tobacco will not do. The American Tobacco Company, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York, will send you just the size trial package you want for ten cents.

A true hunter does not mind roughing it more or less, but the most hardy must eat, must sleep, and wants to spend as much time as possible on the hunting ground. Mr. H. H. Powell, a Southern hunter and guide, has hit upon a scheme by which, with exclusive shooting privileges, more game can be bagged with much less discomfort than under the old pot-luck arrangement.

Interesting booklets describing the plan, with photographs of the various Southern camps, will be sent *gratis* by C. B. Ryan, G. P. A., Seaboard Air Line, Portsmouth, Va.

Andrew Carnegie recently said: "Every young man should get his life insured. The young man who neglects to insure his life, even though it entails some hardship to meet the premiums, does himself and those dependent upon him an injustice." The Prudential furnishes an easy method through its varied line of policies.

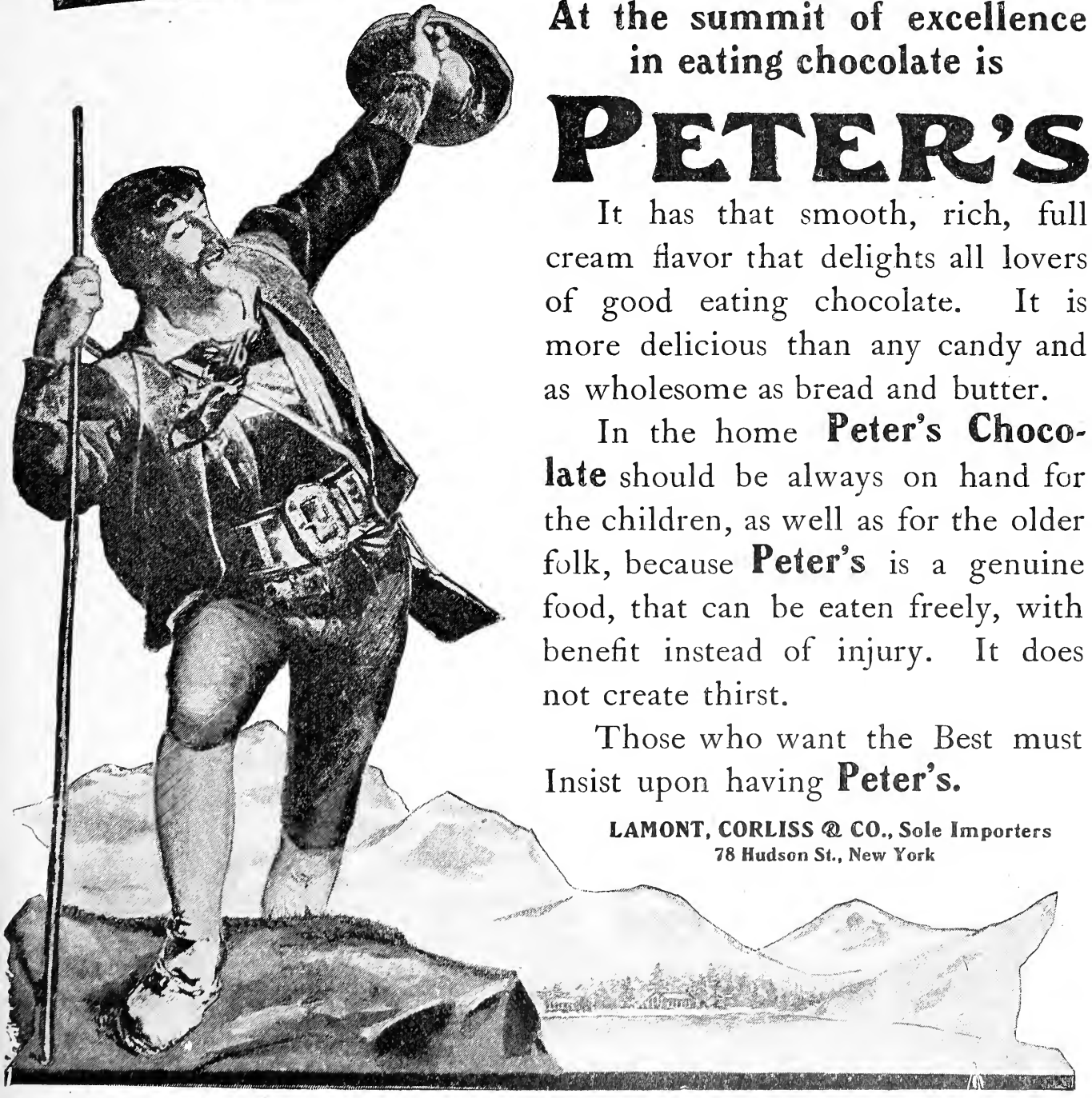
The Prudential will do for you and yours what it is doing for millions of others. Issues a policy at low cost, providing sound protection and liberal dividends with certainty of prompt settlement. Write to the home office of the company at Newark, N. J., for further information.

The championship of Richmond, Va., was contested for on the grounds of the Richmond Gun Club, October 28, and resulted in a victory for Dr. B. L. Hillman with a score of 93 out of 100. Dr. Hillman, in accounting for his success, gives a good share of the credit to the Peters Ideal factory loads which he used.

The Northwestern School of Taxidermy, Omaha, Neb., makes a specialty of teaching taxidermy by mail. By taking this course you can mount and preserve all the beautiful birds and animals which you secure, and at the same time build up a very profitable business as a side line.

Our readers doubtless have considerable spare time during the winter months when they could study and practice this art, and we recommend all who are interested to write to the above school for particulars.

"High as the Alps in Quality"



At the summit of excellence in eating chocolate is

PETER'S

It has that smooth, rich, full cream flavor that delights all lovers of good eating chocolate. It is more delicious than any candy and as wholesome as bread and butter.

In the home **Peter's Chocolate** should be always on hand for the children, as well as for the older folk, because **Peter's** is a genuine food, that can be eaten freely, with benefit instead of injury. It does not create thirst.

Those who want the Best must Insist upon having **Peter's.**

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Importers
78 Hudson St., New York

Asthma

HOW to get relief from attacks.
to obtain natural and refreshing sleep.
to regain vigorous health.
to be permanently Cured.

These are burning questions, but are fully answered by the cures made through our Constitutional Treatment.

The careful examination of every case, medicines prescribed to meet the needs of each individual patient and the close observation through weekly reports of every one under our care constitute the secret of our success.

Our Book R answers all.
It's FREE; a postal will bring it; write to-day

Address P. HAROLD HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Pure as the Lily

—healthful and refreshing; that is why MENNEN'S is always used and recommended by physicians and nurses. Its perfect purity and absolute uniformity have won for it universal esteem. In the nursery it is supreme, unequalled for **chafing, nettle-rash, chapped hands,** etc., it is soothing, sanitary and healing. MENNEN'S face on every box—see that you get the genuine. *For sale everywhere or by mail, 25c. Sample free.* MENNEN'S VIOLET (Borated) TALCUM has the scent of fresh cut violets.

GERHARD MENNEN CO. — NEWARK. N.J.

RUSH—dash—splash—and your bar cocktail is ready. How *can* it be good, except by chance?

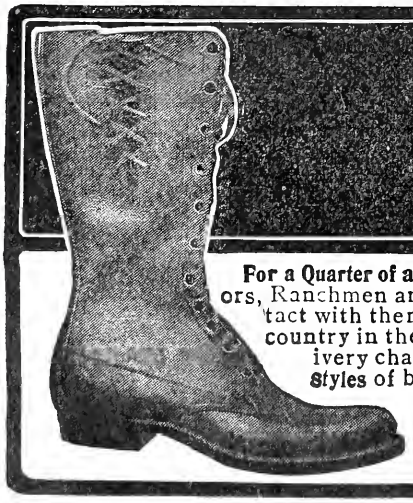
CLUB COCKTAILS are *measured,* with careful recision, from the finest liquors, then *aged.* Every bottle must be perfect. You are as sure of perfection as we are anxious for your continued orders. What does the bartender care?

Insist on CLUB COCKTAILS.

Just strain through cracked ice and serve.

Seven varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York—each one delicious—of all good dealers. : : : :

G. F. HEUBLEIN BROS. Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London



THEY'RE MADE TO MEASURE

Putman Boots.

Go on like a glove *and* fit all over.

For a Quarter of a Century Putman Boots have been the Standard among Western Hunters, Prospectors, Ranchmen and Engineers (who demand the best) and we have learned through our personal contact with them **how** to make a perfect boot. Putman Boots are in use in nearly every civilized country in the World. They are Genuine Hand Sewed, Water Proofed, Made to measure, Delivery charges prepaid, and cost no more than others. Send for catalogue of over **30 different styles** of boots, and self measurement blank. **Also Indian Tanned Moosehide Moccasins.**

Illustration shows **No. 200,** 14 inches high. Bellows Tongue, Uppers are Special Chrome Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on, making the leather **water Proof,** black or brown color. Made to measure and delivered for ...**$8.00**

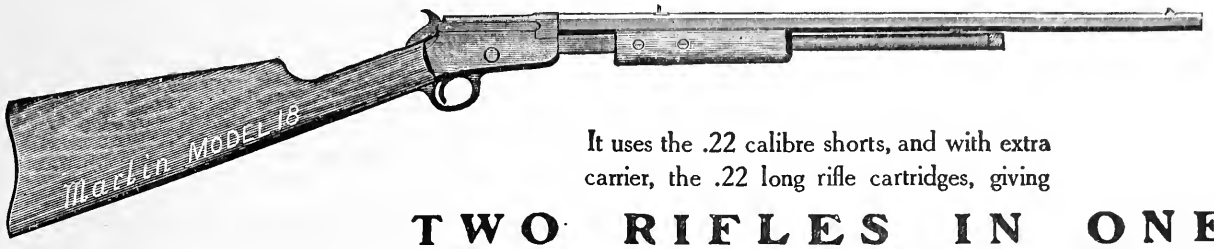
H. J. PUTMAN & CO., 36 Hennepin Ave., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

THE 1906 NOVELTY

The *Marlin* Baby Feather-weight Repeater

3 pounds, 10 oz., only

Here is a real years-ahead advance. A rifle, new from muzzle to butt-plate; refined two to three pounds from old standards, yet complete in every detail and will do its work to your entire satisfaction.

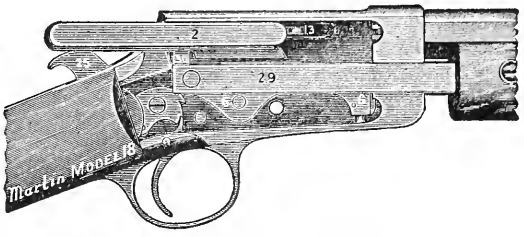


It uses the .22 calibre shorts, and with extra carrier, the .22 long rifle cartridges, giving

TWO RIFLES IN ONE

Everything of the best quality, and

QUALITY COUNTS



in a .22 calibre repeater. **Easiest to clean.**
To see it is to be charmed.
We recommend this rifle to every one who enjoys firearms. No kit is complete without it; no man, woman or child who shoots can make a mistake by buying a *Marlin* Baby Repeater, Model No. 18.
Send 3 stamps for 136-page illustrated catalog of arms, etc., to

30 Willow Street, ***The Marlin Firearms Co.,*** **New Haven, Conn.**

ITHACA GUNS

THIS illustration shows the double thick nitro breech and narrow skeleton rib of an ITHACA No. 7 $300 list gun. ¶ This feature, together with the reinforced frame, reinforced stock and double bolt, makes the ITHACA the strongest and safest gun for Nitro powder. ¶ We build everything from a featherweight $5\frac{3}{4}$ pound 20 gauge gun to a $10\frac{1}{2}$ pound 10 guage duck, fox and goose gun. ¶ Send for Art Catalogue describing 17 grades 10, 12, 16 and 20 gauge guns ranging in price from $17.75 to $300.

ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.

Lock Box 3

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH, 114 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

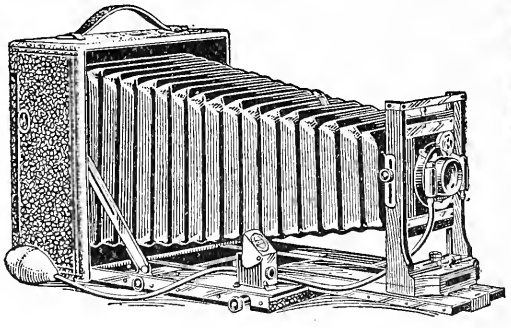
IF YOU HAD TO STAND ON YOUR HEAD TO SHOOT, YOU WOULDN'T BRING HOME MUCH GAME

For the same reason you can hunt photographically to better advantage by having an

Auto Graflex Camera

A Graflex shows the full-size picture at the very instant of exposure, and **RIGHT SIDE UP.** The ideal outfit for high-speed work. Send for Catalogue.

FOLMER & SCHWING CO. Rochester, N.Y.



Century

Camera Reputation is founded upon

Quality

Our line for 1906 is the result of over 22 years' experience in *doing one thing well*—making Cameras.

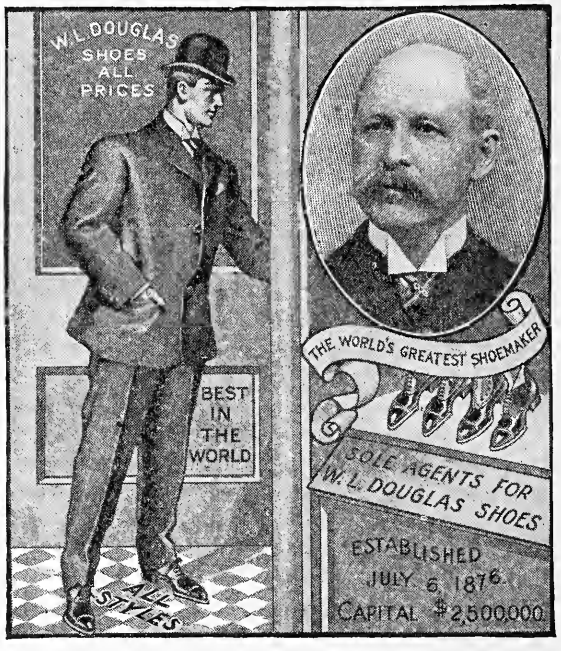
New Catalog, describing all the latest models, varying in price from **$10.50 to $150.00** can be obtained from your dealer free, or by writing

Century Camera Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS

$3.50 & $3.00 SHOES FOR MEN

W. L. Douglas $4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price



W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

$10,000 REWARD to any one who can disprove this statement

If I could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, $2.50, $2.00. Boys' School and Dress Shoes, $2.50, $2, $1.75, $1.50

CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom.

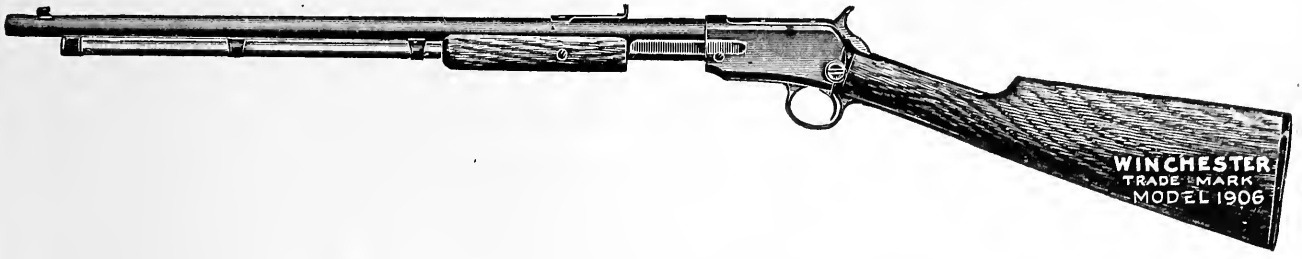
Fast color eyelets used; they will not wear brassy. Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 2, Brockton, Mass.

THE MODEL 1906

WINCHESTER

Extra Light Weight .22 Caliber Repeating Rifle

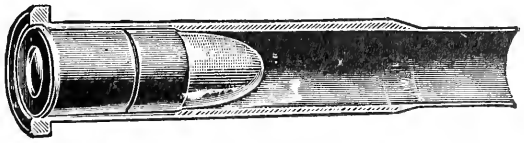


LIST PRICE, $10.50

The Winchester for 1906 is a compact, light weight, take-down rifle, handling .22 Short Rim Cartridges only. It is attractive in appearance and outline, and in accuracy, reliability of operation and finish it is fully up to the established Winchester standard. The repeating and take-down systems used in this rifle are simple, positive and thoroughly tried, having always given entire satisfaction. This rifle is made with a 20-inch round barrel fitted with a sporting front sight and an adjustable open rear sight. It measures 35¾ inches over all and weighs about 5 pounds; has a handsome straight grip stock 12⅞ inches long, with a drop at comb of 1⅝ inches, and at heel 2⅜ inches, finished with a rubber butt plate. The magazine holds 15 cartridges. Model 1906 rifles can be furnished only according to the above specifications. We recommend the use of Winchester .22 Caliber Short Smokeless, Greaseless, or Winchester .22 Short black powder cartridges in this rifle.

The Winchester Supplemental Chamber

FOR THE USE OF PISTON CARTRIDGES
IN HIGH POWER RIFLES



Made for .30 Winchester, .30 Army, .303 Savage, .303 British, .32 Winchester Special, 32-40. .35 Winchester and .405 Winchester caliber Rifles

FREE: SEND FOR CIRCULARS DESCRIBING THESE NEW GOODS

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.

New Haven, Conn.

Iver Johnson
Safety Automatic

Hammer, $5.00

Hammerless, $6.00

Extra length Barrels,
50c. per inch.
Pearl Stocks, $1.25 extra.

No Fear of Accidental Discharge

if it's an

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic Revolver

because the revolver hammer never touches the firing pin. This *safety principle*, found *only* in the Iver Johnson, is due to the fact that the lever which transmits the blow from the hammer to the firing pin is never in position to do so except *when the trigger is pulled all the way back*. All hardware and sporting goods dealers sell Iver Johnson Revolvers and can verify these facts if they will.

Send for our illustrated booklet "Shots," mailed free with our descriptive catalogue and learn the "how and why."

Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works, 144 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

NEW YORK OFFICE : 99 Chambers Street

Pacific Coast Branch: 114 Second St., San Francisco, Cal. European Office: Pickhuben 4, Hamburg, Germany

HONEST GOODS IVER JOHNSON'S REVOLVERS HONEST PRICES

what GUN or POWDER to buy

"SAUER" GUN FACTORY, - - Established 1756
"WALSRODE" POWDER FACTORY, " 1815
"DALY" GUN FACTORY, - - - " 1871

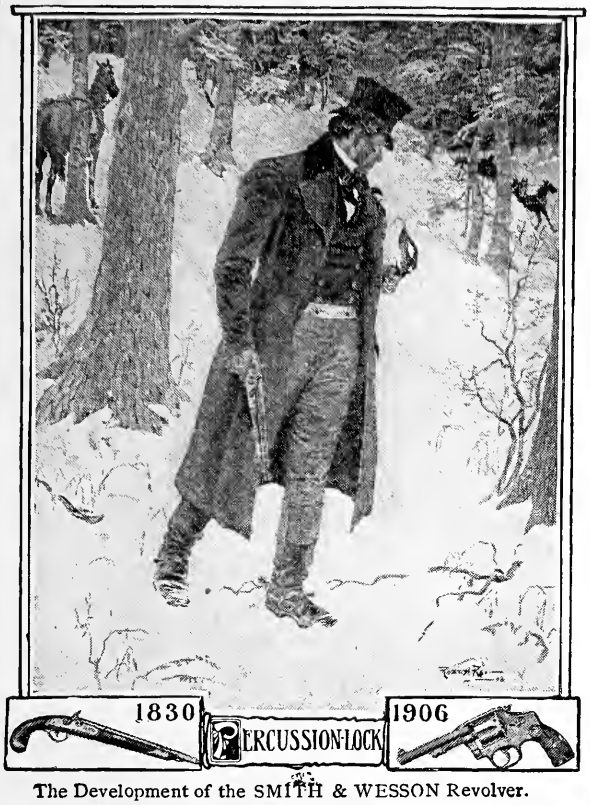
¶ There must be "some" merit in the Goods these factories make, or they wouldn't be doing more business to-day than ever.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES

Sole Agents. Established 1865

302 & 304 Broadway NEW YORK

SMITH & WESSON REVOLVERS



The Development of the SMITH & WESSON Revolver.
Watch for next month's picture "The Man with 'Cap and Ball.'"

The Man with the Percussion Lock

considered his weapon the ideal small arm, although it was practically but a small muzzle loading gun.

The Man with a SMITH & WESSON

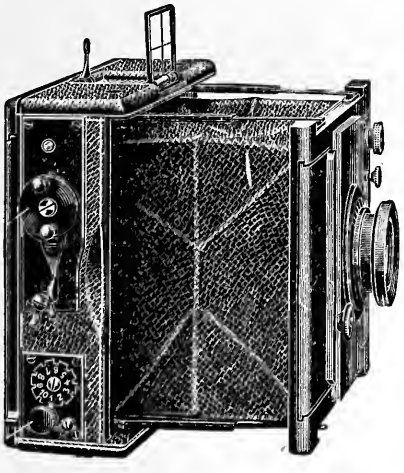
has the advantage over holders of other makes, both in power of projection and in an accuracy that wear doesn't impair. Rigid inspection by the makers is a guarantee of the user's safety.

The New Model .38 (Military), .32 and .22 SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are fitted with the hand ejector, which permits quick ejection of empty shells and reloading, and makes accidental ejection of the load impossible. The new stock inspires the hand with a feeling of confidence. The front cylinder lock in connection with the regular locking pin gives great strength and assures that absolutely perfect alignment of cylinder and barrel which compels all accuracy not approached by any other revolver.

ALL SMITH & WESSON Revolvers have this Monogram trade-mark stamped on the frame. None others are genuine.

Our new booklet, "The Revolver," illustrates and describes each model in detail and gives instructions for Target Shooting by an expert. The most interesting revolver catalogue published. Free on request.

SMITH & WESSON
15 Stockbridge Street, - Springfield, Mass.
Pacific Coast Branch, 114 Second St., San Francisco.



Now that spring has come and winter is on the wane is the right time to plan and prepare for the coming season

The Camera Hit for 1906

is the

Goerz-Anschütz

NEW MODEL

With its improved Focal Plane Shutter, giving time bulb exposures, and automatic slow exposures of 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 1-2, 1-3, 1-4, 1-5, 1-10 second, and fast shutter exposures from 1-10 to 1-1200th of a second.

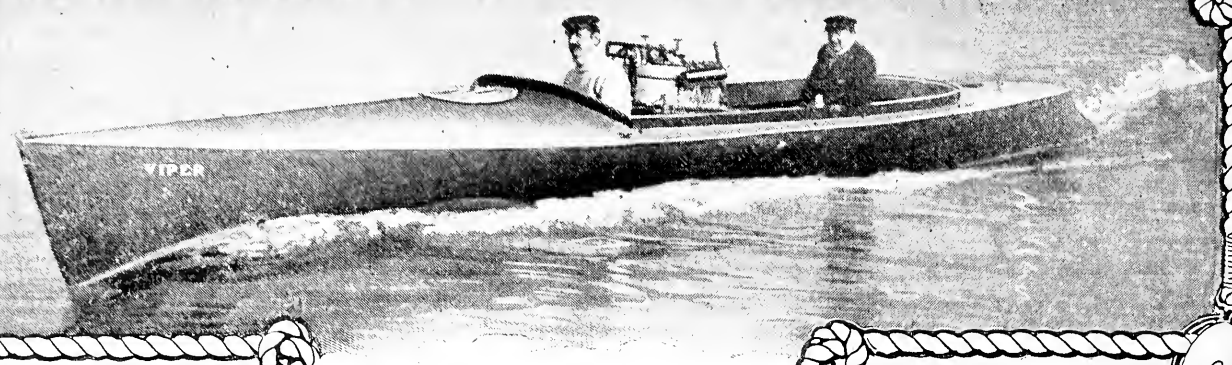
Notice the Rigidity of all Parts — small bulk, light weight and fine workmanship.

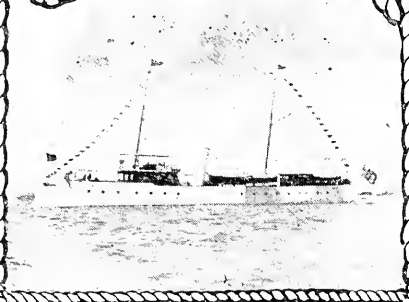
¶ We court inspection. We want you to realize what this outfit actually is, to investigate and ascertain its numerous advantages. We give you a ten days' trial free of charge. Don't be bashful about it. Just send us the name and address of your dealer or write for our complete catalogue. It gives all particulars about the **Goerz-Anschutz** Camera, about our well-known anastigmats, **Celor** and **Dagor,** and our other lenses and apparatus.

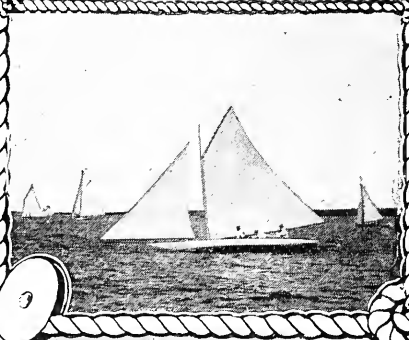
C. P. GOERZ OPTICAL WORKS

36 Union Square, NEW YORK, and Heyworth Building, Chicago

BERLIN PARIS LONDON ST. PETERSBURG







Motor Boat PERFECTION

is the Twentieth Century possibility with our system of One Lever Control. For the health-seeker there is nothing that will produce the desired results quicker than a comfortable and reliable boat. Ask your doctor and let us **show you.** For business, towing, freighting and all other purposes where hard and continuous service is required, Racine Boats will "make good" because they are fitted with heavy, powerful engines that have stood the test of years. Remember we offer you 22 years of successful experience.

A complete line of Racine Motor Boats, Auto Boats, Sail Boats, Row Boats, Hunting Boats, Dingheys, Canoes, Engines and Boat Supplies will be found at our different show rooms for inspection, trial and prompt delivery.

122 W. 34th St., New York
509 Tremont St., Boston
38 Delaware Ave., Camden
1321 Michigan Ave., Chicago
182 Jefferson Ave., Detroit
321 First Ave. S., Seattle

St. Louis	**Nashville, Tenn.**
Minneapolis	**Savannah, Ga.**
New Orleans	**Baltimore**
Memphis	**Providence**
Jacksonville, Fla.	**Indianapolis**
Spokane	**Rochester**
Portland	**Louisville**
San Francisco	**Milwaukee**
Los Angeles	**Sault Ste. Marie**

Mexico City, Mexico

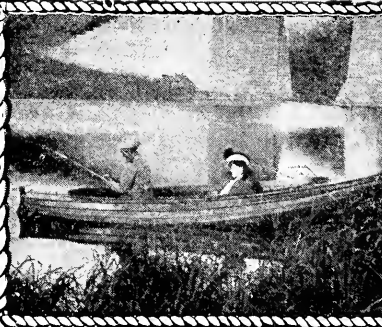
Write for catalog and say what you want. We'll do the rest.

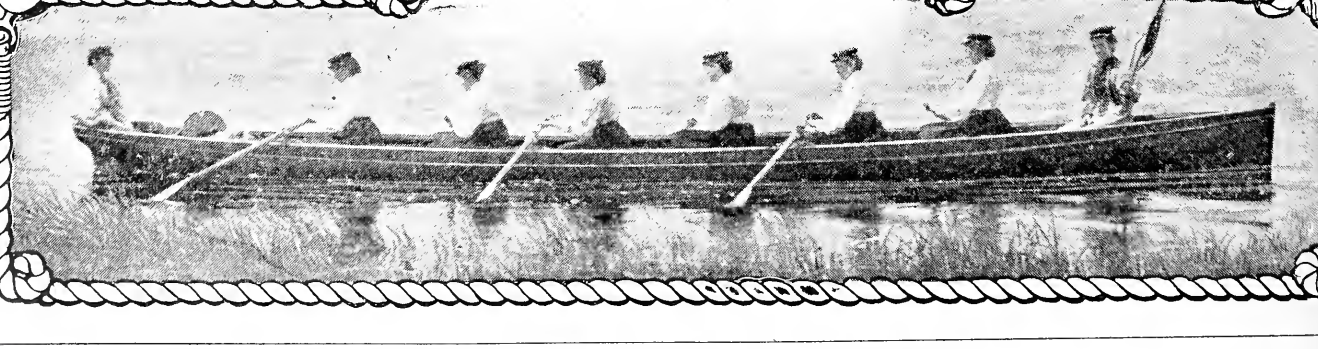
Address

Racine Boat Mfg. Co.

RIVERSIDE

Muskegon, Michigan





COLT'S
Target Revolver
is perfect in accuracy

Colt's Officer's Model

Double Action Target Revolver has the "hang" balance, smooth pull, least kick and the Colt grip.

A perfect target revolver at a medium price. Jointless, solid frame. Simultaneous ejection. For the following cartridges: .38 long Colt, .38 S. & W. Special, full and gallery loads. Guard, Straps and Trigger finely checked. Action: Hand-finished and without equal for smoothness and excellence of pull. Finish: Full blued. Checked walnut stocks. - - - - - *For Sale Everywhere.*

THE COLT GUARANTEE IS NOW AND HAS BEEN FOR HALF A CENTURY THE STANDARD OF THE FIREARMS WORLD

Catalog "Positive" describes this and all models. Mailed free on request.

COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MANUFACTURING COMPANY

HARTFORD, CONN.

LONDON OFFICE, 15A PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

DEAD SHOT SMOKELESS

A NEW BULK POWDER FOR SHOT GUNS.

MANUFACTURED BY

AMERICAN POWDER MILLS

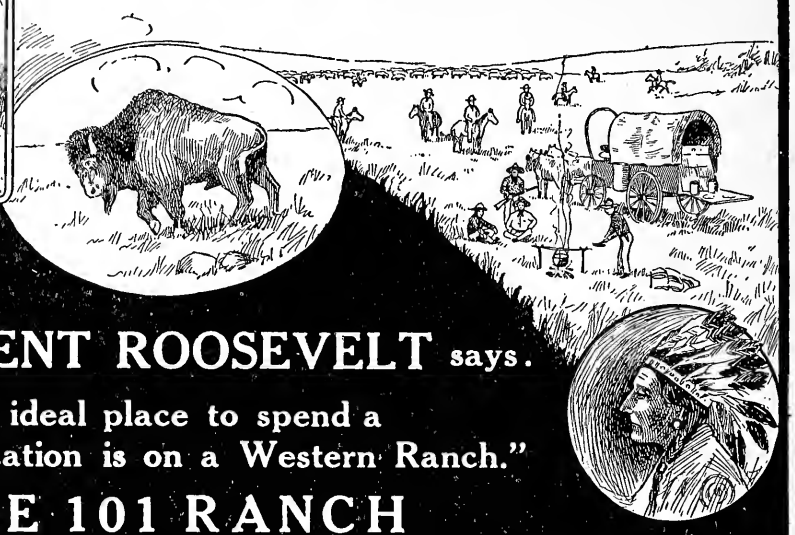
Dead Shot Smokeless, thoroughly meets the requirements of discriminating sportsmen. Branded with the name of a house whose goods are most favorably known, it will always be the powder of a "known quantity," unsurpassed in any particular.

Clean Shooting, makes a perfect pattern, high velocity, safe, is unaffected by climate.

Have your shells loaded with "Dead Shot Smokeless." Your dealer will gladly supply it. If you are in doubt write to us. Write to us any way for booklet.

AMERICAN POWDER MILLS, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

ST. LOUIS, MO. **CHICAGO, ILL.**



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT says.

"the ideal place to spend a Summer Vacation is on a Western Ranch."

On THE 101 RANCH

one can lead the free and easy life of the western cowboy, gain 20 pounds in weight and go home with some color in one's cheeks.

We will furnish you comfortable quarters in a tent camp, a private saddle horse and cowboy equipments, the fat of the land for the camp with experienced and reliable men to guide and entertain you. Riding, roping, fishing, swimming, polo games and all kinds of out door sports and cattle round-ups.

THE 101 RANCH is the largest farm and ranch in the United States, located in the garden spot of Oklahoma. Our herd of Buffalo is the finest in existence. "Six Weeks on the 101 Ranch" is the title of our booklet, telling how we will take care of you. Camp opens May 15. Send 10c in stamps for booklet and further information

MILLER BROTHERS, 101 RANCH,
BLISS, OKLAHOMA.

Le Radium Perpetual Cigar Lighter

A Great Boon to Smokers
Cheaper and Safer than Matches
Surely Less Trouble
Resists Strongest Wind

54,000 SOLD IN MONTREAL, CANADA

This useful French novelty consists of a metal vest pocket tube containing a platinum compound which, when exposed to the air, becomes incandescent and produces a strong flame.

When the cap is replaced the flame is extinguished.

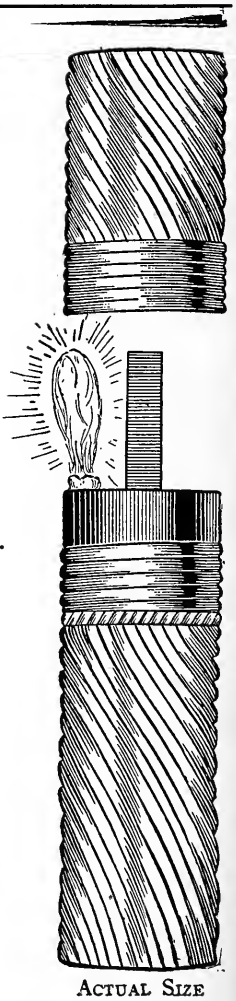
Remove the cap and there instantly appears a steady flame which will light cigars, cigarettes, lamps, gas jets, will kindle fires, or light the way in the dark.

NO MANIPULATION NO ADJUSTING

This self-firing pocket lighter is absolutely safe. Will not ignite unless the cap is removed and the platinum exposed to the air.

With ordinary care is practically indestructible.

A great convenience to autoists, canoeists, yachtsmen, etc. Is watertight and operates faultlessly in rain, snow or strong wind.



ACTUAL SIZE

Price, Complete, postpaid = = Fifty Cents each

(If not as represented, return it, and we will cheerfully refund your money)

Agents and Dealers Wanted Everywhere We make a most liberal proposition to agents and merchants who sell Le Radium Lighter.

Correspondence Solicited

INTERNATIONAL AUTO AND YACHT AGENCY

(Positively no free samples sent under any pretext) **119-121 Nassau St., New York**

THE RESULT OF OVER 100 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
IN POWDER MAKING

Dupont Smokeless

America's Shotgun Smokeless Powder

WINNER OF

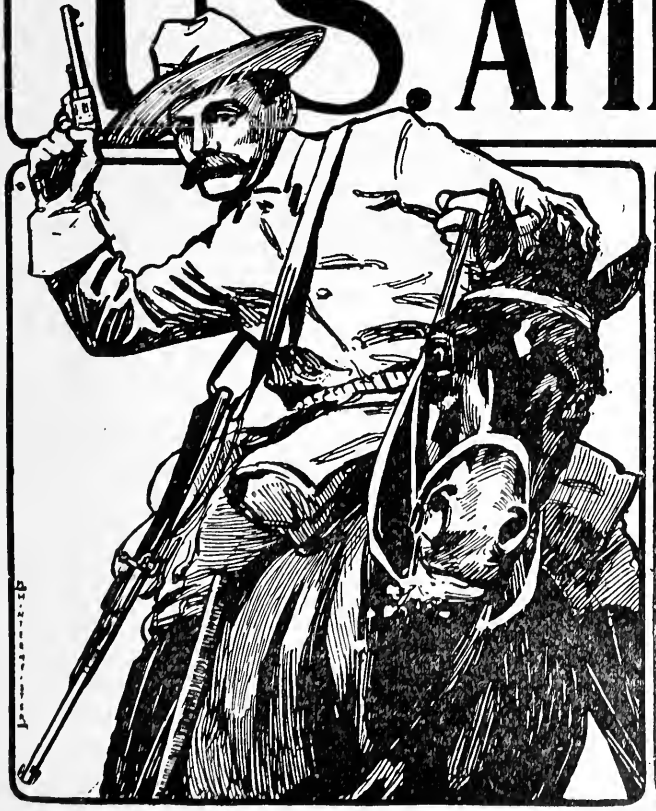
High Professional Average in 1903, 1904 and 1905.

High Amateur Average in 1903 and 1904.

Grand American Handicap, Preliminary Handicap, Consolation Handicap, and State Team Championship at Indianapolis, Ind., June 27-30, 1905.

E. I. DuPONT CO., :: Wilmington, Del.

U.S. AMMUNITION



Where accuracy and sure firing qualities are desirable use none but the U. S.

MADE BY

United States Cartridge Co.

Lowell, Mass.

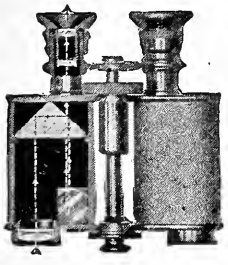
Korona Cameras

are the embodiment of all the best ideas in Camera making, including many valuable features entirely their own.

In design, workmanship and finish Koronas are distinguished for their simplicity, perfect construction and durable qualities.

Mechanically, every working part has been developed to the highest efficiency and all adjustments are capable of great latitude of movement.

Optically, as makers of high-grade lenses of all kinds for over twenty years we have made Koronas famous for their Lenses.



One Look Through a Turner-Reich Prismatic Binocular

will convince you that the ordinary field glass at any price is a waste of money. Every sportsman needs a binocular. With a Turner-Reich Binocular you can examine your game before it is in range of a gun.

IT'S ALL IN THE LENS

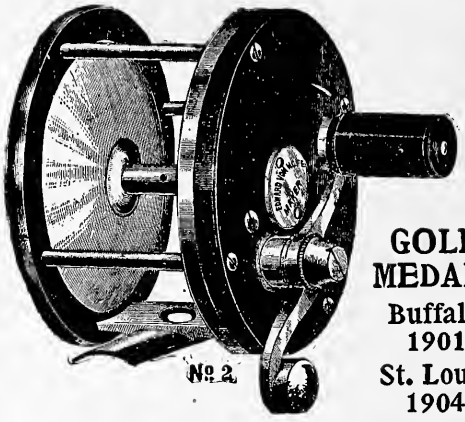
Gundlach-Manhattan Optical Co.
790 Clinton Avenue, So.,
Rochester, N. Y.

Since **1867** the name

E. VOM HOFE

on *Fishing Tackle*

meant Accuracy, Durablity and Perfection



GOLD MEDALS
Buffalo 1901
St. Louis 1904

The only *strictly retail* dealers in Fishing Tackle who are *manufacturers* and *conduct* their own *factory*.

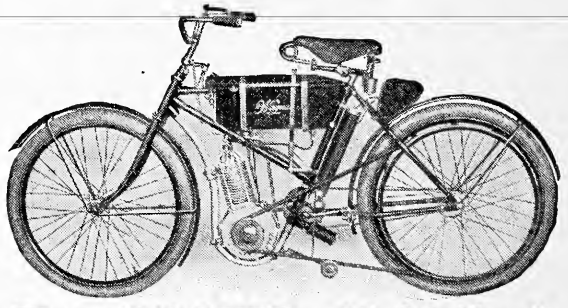
SPECIAL **STEEL FLY ROD,** 9-10 feet, best quality, cork grip, **$2.25 each. BAIT RODS,** 6-6½-7-7½ feet, **same price.**

REPAIRING OF RODS AND REELS A SPECIALTY

The **"Universal,"** finest line dryer ever produced, see cat.

E. VOM HOFE, 85-87 Fulton St., New York

126-page catalog on receipt of 4 cents to cover postage

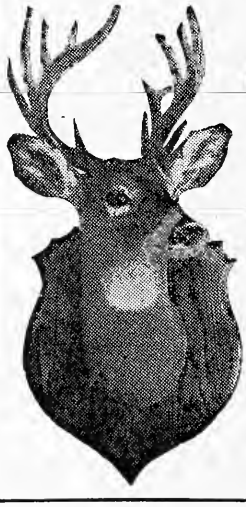


The "WAGNER" Model No. 6

The Standard of Motorcycle Perfection. For Business—For Pleasure. A Practical Machine for Every Practical Purpose. Write for Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue and Special Introductory Offer.

Wagner Motorcycle Co., 326 St. Peter St., St. Paul, Minn.

GEO. V. LYONS, York State Agent, 1900 Broadway, N. Y. City



LEARN How To MOUNT
Game Heads, Birds, Animals, Fishes, Etc.

Be a taxidermist. We can teach you **by Mail** to stuff specimens of birds, animals, fishes and reptiles; also to tan skins, make rugs, etc. (This is a most profitable and fascinating business). Easily and quickly learned in your own home, during your spare time. Adapted to **Men, Women** and **Boys. Standard Methods,** low rates, satisfaction **Guaranteed.** If you are a sportsman, naturalist or nature lover, you should be able to save your fine trophies. Adorn your home, office or den with beautiful mounted specimens. Double your income by mounting for your friends. Are you interested? If so, send for our beautiful catalog, and the Taxidermy Magazine—*both free.* Ask today.

THE NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY
525 M. St., Omaha, Neb.

STEVENS

Find out by "trying out"
THE
STEVENS

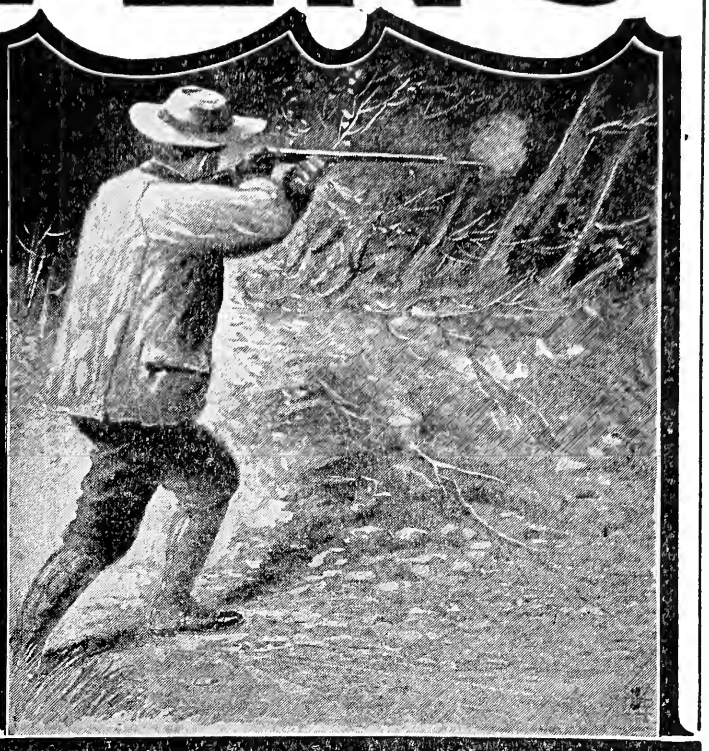
Shoot our famous make. A good "Bag" — Bull's-Eyes-a-plenty — *no misses* — are *Stevens results.*

We manufacture
RIFLES, SHOTGUNS, PISTOLS,
RIFLE TELESCOPES, etc.

Ask your dealer and insist on the STEVENS. If you cannot obtain, we ship direct, express prepaid, on receipt of catalog price.	Send 4c in stamps for 140 page catalog describing the entire STEVENS line. Profusely illustrated, and contains points on Shooting, Ammunition, etc.

Beautiful three-color Aluminum Hanger will be forwarded for 10 cents in stamps.

J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.
P. O. Box 444
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.



A Combination that Can't be Beat—

after the most exhaustive tests of the One Trigger theory, we have adopted the

Hunter One Trigger

On the L. C. SMITH GUNS

¶ It is absolutely perfect.—*Its simplicity of construction; its large and strong parts; the absence of friction, and the fact that it poitively will not balk when pulling the second barrel* are very strong recommendations

¶ **The Hunter One Trigger** and the **L. C. Smith Guns** won the **Gold Medal** at the Lewis & Clark Centennial Exposition over all competitors in the keenest of competitions. Send for Catalogue.

THE HUNTER ARMS CO.

FULTON, N. Y.

GRAND IMPERIAL SEC CHAMPAGNE

A most delicate and finely flavored Champagne, comparing favorably with the best imported wines.

GOLD MEDAL
WHEREVER EXHIBITED

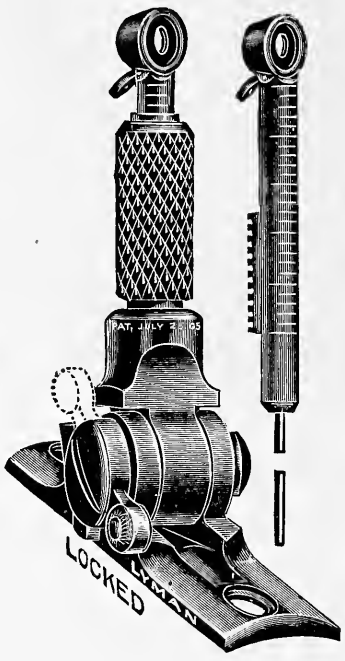
GERMANIA WINE CELLARS
HAMMONDSPORT
NEW YORK

Highest Awards at St. Louis World's Fair. Adopted by governments of United States, Canada and England. We supplied every U. S. Alaskan boundary survey in last 10 years. Hundreds of testimonials from government officials, navy commanders, army officers, prospectors, explorers and others; the best ever published. 15 models to select from. Catalogue free. Write to-day.

ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.

LYMAN IMPROVED

Combination Rear Sight



Patented, July 25, 1905

The first combination folding rear sight ever accomplished which can be locked and reliably, rigidly held in exact position for shooting.

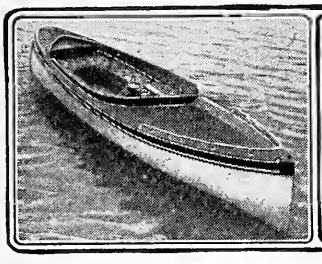
Instantly and easily locked whenever desired, regardless of position of rifle.

Cannot be locked except in correct position.

When locked can be freely carried through the woods, without risk of knocking out of exact position.

No. 1A., Price, $3.00

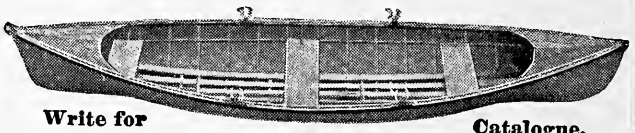
The Lyman Gun Sight Corporation
Middlefield, Conn.



Mullins Steel Boats

Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats

built of steel with air chambers in each end like a life boat. Faster, more buoyant, practically indestructible, don't leak, dry out and are absolutely safe. **They can't sink.** No calking, no bailing, no trouble. Every boat is guaranteed. Highly endorsed by sportsmen. The ideal boat for pleasure, summer resorts, parks, etc.

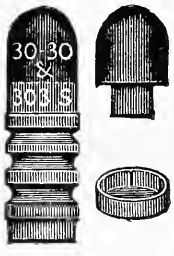


Write for Catalogue.

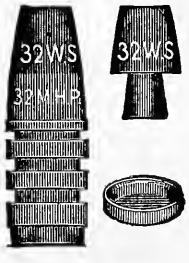
The W. H. Mullins Company, 320 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio

WRITE to-day for Recreation's Premium Catalog. It is free. You can easily obtain a complete fishing outfit and many other articles by securing subscriptions for RECREATION.

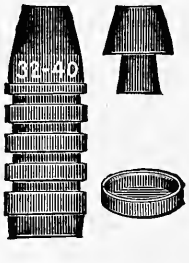
No. 308291



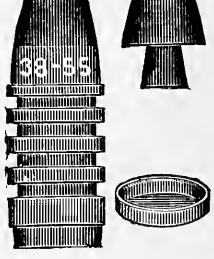
No. 321297



No. 319295



No. 375296



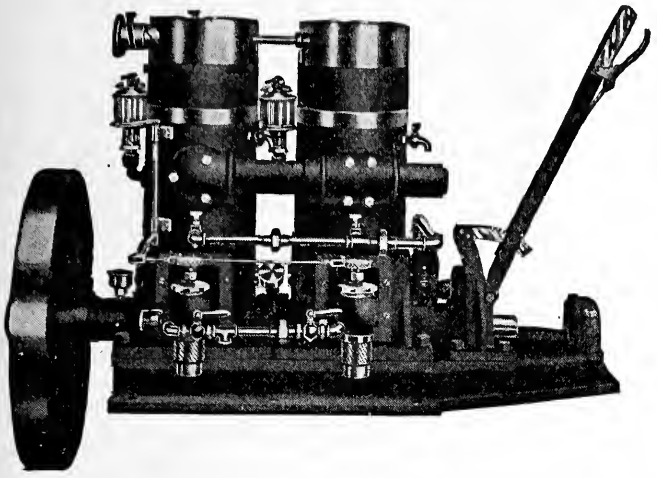
HUNTERS can make their own **High Power** hard or soft point bullets, with two moulds, and keep some **Cash** in their pocketbooks for powder, instead of spending it all for high-priced metal covered bullets that **wear out the barrels.** Send us the calibre of your rifle with three two-cent stamps for sample bullet and descriptive circular.

The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast.
When you write please mention RECREATION.

IDEAL MANUFACTURING CO., 12 U Street, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

A Fay & Bowen Engine

Took One First and One Second Prize in the Palm Beach Races in February



A reliable Two-Cycle Machine started without a crank.

Our unique Make-and-Break Sparker is admitted to be the best.

A FAY & BOWEN ENGINE came in first in the Chicago-Mackinaw Endurance Run last summer, running the 39 hours without a single stop.

Write for free catalogue of Motors and Fine Boats

Fay & Bowen Engine Company

74 LAKE STREET **GENEVA, N. Y.**

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE

KREMENTZ

COLLAR BUTTONS

USED THE WORLD OVER

by those who know where they get the most for their money. Made of one piece of metal. Easy to button and unbutton. Stay buttoned. ¶ They outwear any other button, the rolled plate never wears off like other plated buttons. ¶ Also made in Gold and Sterling. If damaged in any way, exchange it for new one. ¶ At all jewelers' and haberdashers'. ¶ Send for Story of Collar Button.

KREMENTZ & CO.

90 Chestnut Street

Newark, N. J.

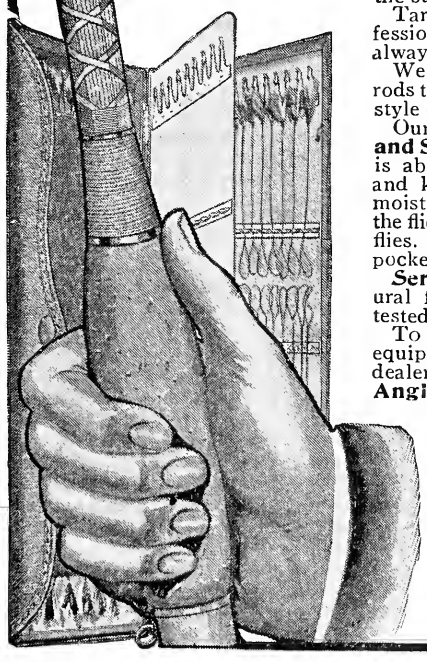
THE ANGLERS CO. INC.

have built up their reputation for the finest fishing tackle which can be made by the extreme care with which they select the raw material, their valuable exclusive **"Diamond" Metal Whipping** patent and their painstaking attention to every detail of construction.

Their **"Diamond" Metal Whipped Rods** receive unstinted praise from experienced anglers everywhere because of their lightness, strength elasticity and *even* flexibility.

Made from especially selected bamboo butts, all segments clear enamel, bound together with a waterproof protective cement, and wrapped with four separate and distinct **"Diamond" Metal Whippings.** Made in all weights.

Special short ferrules, hand-drawn from 18 per cent. German silver, make possible the shortest joints, allowing the rod to bend as uniformly as a piece of whalebone, while the **"Diamond" Metal Whippings.** extending the entire length, equalize the strain.



Tarpon, Tuna and professional bait-casting rods always in stock.

We make a specialty of rods to order in any wood, style or finish desired.

Our **Service Fly Book and Soak Box** combined is absolutely moth-proof and keeps loop and gut moist without dampening the flies. Holds ten dozen flies. Large convenient pocket for extras.

Service Flies of natural feathers dressed on tested hooks and gut.

To be sure of the best equipment insist that your dealer supply you with **Anglers'** make, whether it be rod, reel, flies or any other part of an angler' kit. Or write us direct.

Send for **free** illustrated booklet.

The Anglers Co.
INC.
907 Main Street,
Hartford, Conn.

SPORTSMAN

We carry a full and complete line of sporting goods—Camp Outfits, Canvas, Silk and Khaki Waterproof Tents, Aluminum and Steel Cooking Utensils, Folding Cots, Tables, Chairs, Stoves, etc. Also a select line of Boats, Canoes, Fittings, etc. Call or send for our complete catalog.

JOHN C. HOPKINS & CO., 119 Chambers St., N. Y.

Steel Row Boats $20. and Upwards.

$95.50 BUYS STEEL LAUNCH

READY TO RUN.

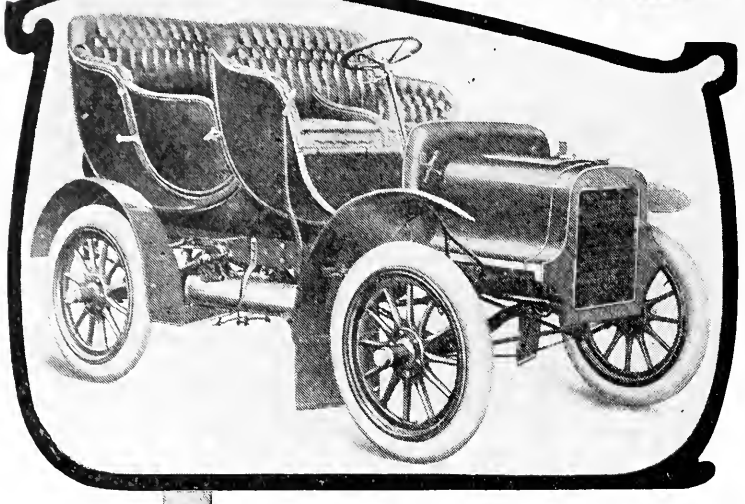
One Mail has Contained 143 Orders

PEOPLE'S LAUNCHES at PEOPLE'S PRICES

DETROIT STEEL BOAT WORKS

DETROIT MICH. U.S.A.

1395 JEFFERSON AVE.



Model M Light Touring Car, $950, f.o.b. Detroit (not including lamps).

Sureness of Service

Of all the reasons why the Cadillac is the car you should own, the greatest is this: *Never-failing serviceableness at a minimum of operating expense.* Whether runabout or touring car, it is an example of careful motor building—a car behind which stand the name and experience of the largest automobile establishment in the world. Every detail of workmanship and material is wrought with that exactness which accompanies superior skill and up-to-date equipment. This is why the

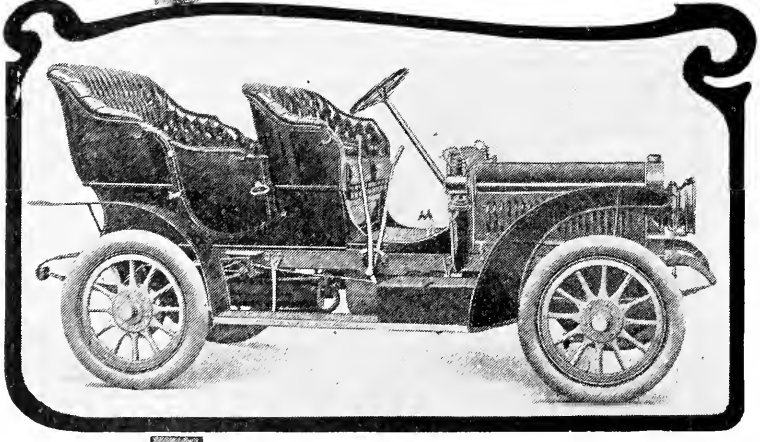
CADILLAC

stands pre-eminent for its dependability and economy of maintenance. Whatever your requirements, there's a Cadillac to meet them perfectly. The single-cylinder types are marvels of power and endurance; their performances are yet to be equaled by any other machines of their class. The four-cylinder cars, built upon the same rugged principles that have made the smaller types famous, combine all that could be desired for touring service.

In design the 1906 Cadillacs are strikingly beautiful; in finish they are truly works of art.

Send for Booklet K, and address of nearest dealer, who by actual demonstration will convince you of the merits of the Cadillac.

Model H 30 h.p. Touring Car $2,500, f.o.b. Detroit (not including lamps).



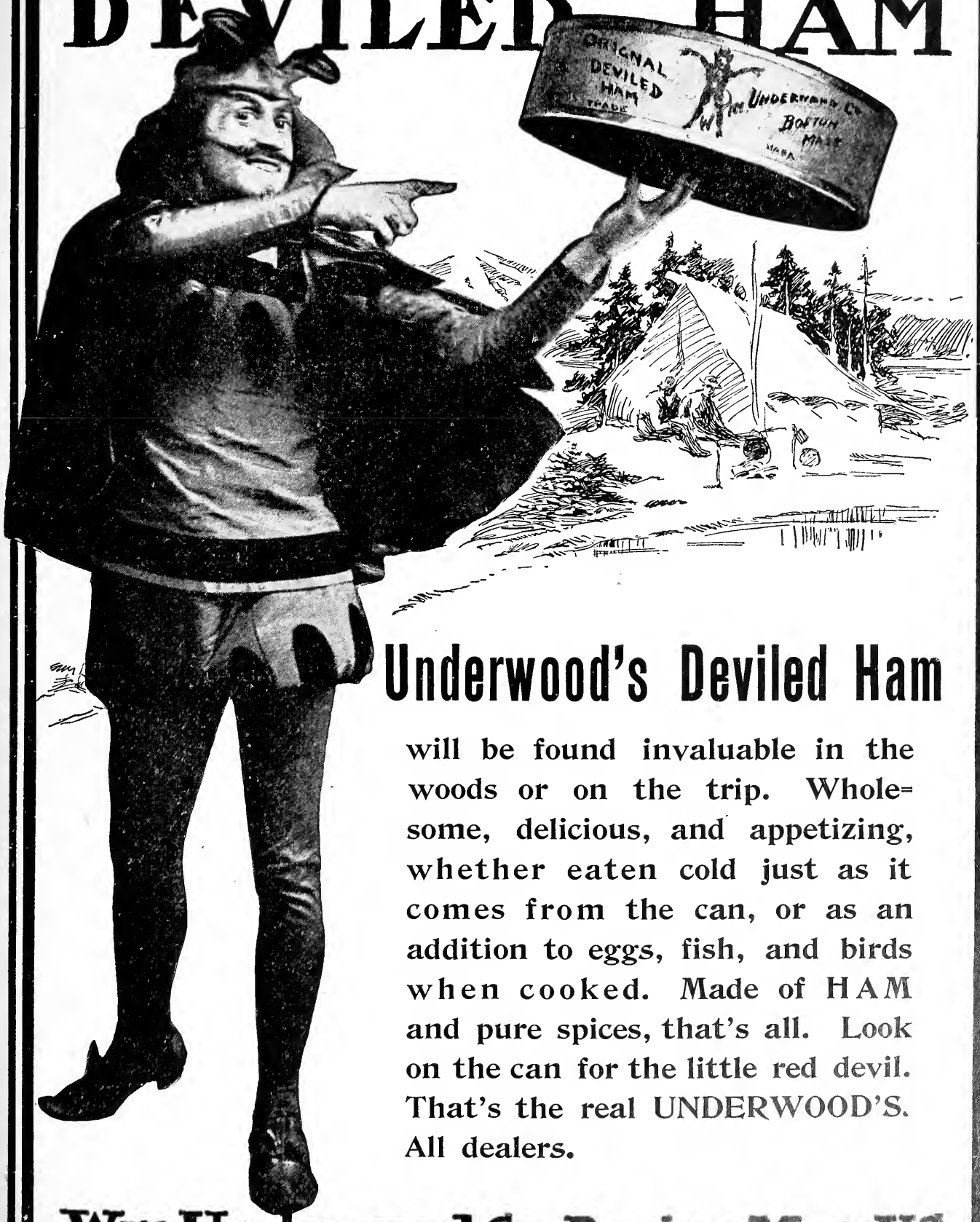
Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout, $750.
Model M, Light Touring Car, $950.
Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car, $2,500.
Model L, 40 h. p. Touring Car, $3,750.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO.,
Detroit, Mich.

Member Assn. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

UNDERWOOD'S ORIGINAL DEVILED HAM

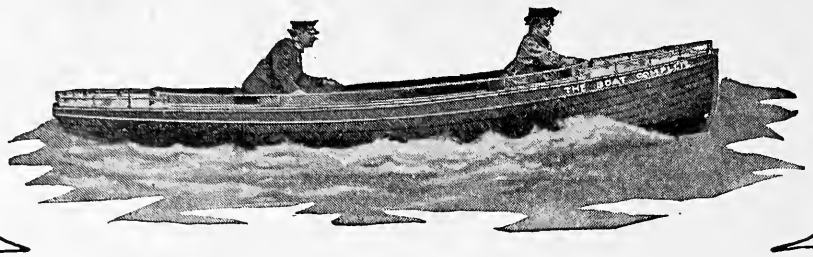


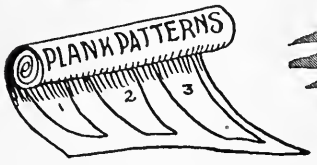
Underwood's Deviled Ham

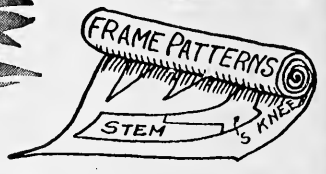
will be found invaluable in the woods or on the trip. Wholesome, delicious, and appetizing, whether eaten cold just as it comes from the can, or as an addition to eggs, fish, and birds when cooked. Made of HAM and pure spices, that's all. Look on the can for the little red devil. That's the real UNDERWOOD'S. All dealers.

Wm Underwood Co Boston Mass US

BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT







By the BROOKS SYSTEM

There is no reason why you cannot own as good a boat as the best boat factories can produce if you will use your leisure time to advantage and build it yourself. The fact that any one using the Brooks System, no matter how inexperienced he is in the use of tools, can build his own boat at the cost of a little lumber and a few nails, has brought boats within the reach of all.

All the boats built 'ast year, by all the boat factories in the United States, combined in one fleet, would not equal the number of boats built during the same time by novices using the Brooks System. Our catalogue gives pages of testimonials with photographs of the boats built by amateurs using the Brooks System.

The Brooks System consists of exact size printed paper patterns of every piece that goes into the boat, a complete set of half-tone illustrations showing an actual picture of each step of the work properly done, detailed instructions to build, covering the entire construction of the boat, and an itemized bill of all material required and how to secure it.

We tell you how to lay the pattern of each particular part on the proper piece of material and exactly how to cut—you cut. We then tell you how to fasten each part in its right place—what kind of a nail to use—how to drive it—you drive it.

You need no mechanical ability, the Brooks System supplies this—how is shown in the catalogue. Many professional men are taking up the Brooks System for mental relaxation—for the pleasure of working with their hands and for exercise.

We have started hundreds in the boatbuilding business. One man built sixteen boats from one set of patterns last season; another built ten; the material costs very little; we furnish the design; they did the work and sold the boats at a big profit.

You need buy nothing from us but the patterns. We have them of all kinds and sizes, from small rowboats and canoes to sea-going yachts. We have over 50 styles and sizes of boats and boat patterns, each one perfect in design for its purpose. Our catalogue illustrates the product of the best staff of designers in the world.

10,686 amateurs throughout the world successfully built boats by the Brooks System in 1905.

KNOCK DOWN BOATS

complete from keel to cushions and fittings. We send you a complete Knock Down Boat, even to the paint, at a cost of very little more than the cost of the raw material.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Illustrated Catalogue of All Our Boats Free

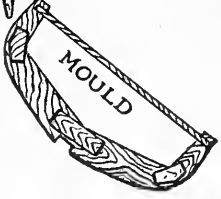
BOOKS WE PUBLISH

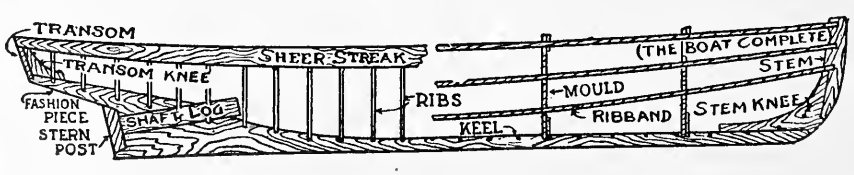
Useful information for the Amateur Yachtsman and Boatbuilder. Price, 25 cents.
The Principle and Operation of Marine Gasolene Motors. Price, 25 cents.

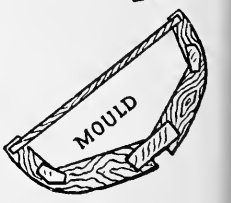
BROOKS BOAT MANUFACTURING CO.

Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building

504 Ship Street **Bay City, Mich., U. S. A.**







RUSHTON

CANOES

Make that Phantom Canoe in Your Mind's Eye a Reality

It's none too soon. We are busier this year than ever. Get your order in now so as to start when the season starts.

RUSHTON CANOES are the favorites among expert canoeists and all those who appreciate the fine points of construction. The steadiness, lightness and strength of these canoes is everywhere acknowledged.

My "INDIAN GIRL" model built of Northern White Cedar and covered with a specially prepared canvas is a light, very staunch and beautiful canoe. It was the talk of all canoeists last season.

Lengths: 15, 16, 17 and 18 feet. Weight: 56 to 80 lbs. Net Price, $32 to $44, f. o. b. cars at Canton, N. Y.

My illustrated catalogue of row-boats, all-cedar and canvas-covered canoes, sailing canoes, paddles, oars, fittings, etc., **sent free** to any address. Write for one to-day.

J. H. RUSHTON, 817 Water Street, Canton, N. Y.

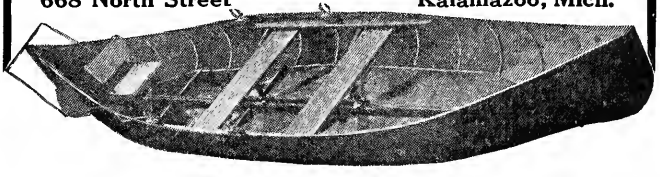
KING
Folding Canvas Boats
FOLD UP INTO A PACKAGE

A revelation in boat construction. Nothing like it ever made. Non-sinkable. Can't tip over. Puncture-proof. Wears longer than a wooden boat. No repairs; no cost for storage. Always ready—you can boat when and where you want to. Carried by hand, on bicycle or in a buggy. A simply wonderful boat. **Used by U. S. Navy.**

We make them in all styles and sizes, for hunting, fishing, family use, etc.

Our catalogue, sent free to adults, will post you—100 engravings—400 testimonials. When you write tell us where you usually go for your outing and receive valuable information.

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO.
668 North Street Kalamazoo, Mich.



Special Waterproof Wall Tent

This tent is made from close woven cotton twill. It is treated with special process which strengthens and renders it *absolutely waterproof and mildew proof.* No Fly is needed and no trouble with a leaky roof. Can be rolled up wet without injury. Will fold up more compactly than ordinary tent and is considerably lighter. Size 7 x 7 ft. Complete with ropes, poles and pegs, ready to set up.

Price, $8.25

Send for our Catalogue H of Camp and Canoe Outfits. It contains much valuable information for the camper.

CHAS. J. GODFREY COMPANY
4 Warren Street, New York, U. S. A.

BE A REAL SPORT

THE only way to be a real true sportsman is to belong to a good sportsmen's association and keep yourself well informed. Our association leads them all as a bureau of information, and Buzzacott's books do the rest. If you want to be a real, live sportsman, place your name and address below, clip this ad. and mail with 10 cts. postage.

AMERICAN AND CANADIAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION,
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

Send me Buzzacott's Sportsmen's Book, "four books in one volume," by mail postpaid. I will take a five-day look at it, and if I decide to keep it, will send you $1.00 for a certificate of membership in the association—you to send me a receipted bill for the book without further payment. If I decide not to join the association, I will return the book in five days.

Name.....

Address.....

N. B. If you prefer, will send you a 12-page booklet giving full details. This booklet will help you to decide to join the Association.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT
FOR EASTER GIFTS

Cupid is our best agent. He finds places for Diamond Rings every day, and we fill his orders, opening a confidential charge account with each of his clients. The goods are delivered at once, we ask

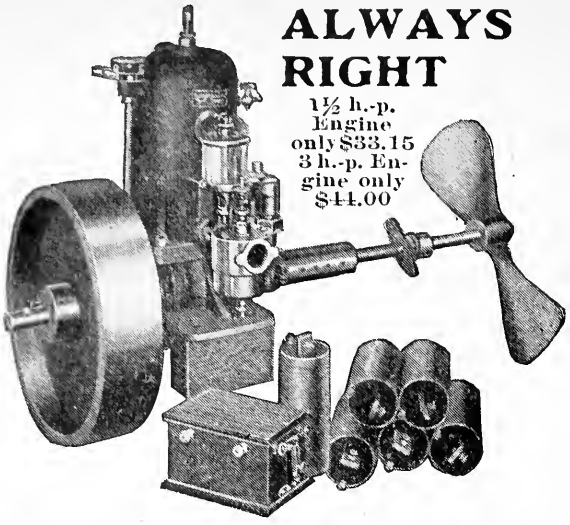
No Security, No Endorsements, No Interest

We open hundreds of confidential charge accounts every business day for **Diamond Rings, Pins, Brooches, Lockets, etc.,** and **High Grade Ladies' and Gents' Watches,** and the larger percentage of these accounts are with persons who had always considered **Genuine Diamonds** a luxury until they read our little booklet: "HOW EASILY YOU CAN WEAR AND OWN A DIAMOND." It answers every question, and tells how every honest person, no matter where they live, can select any article they desire from our **Million Dollar Stock.** Have it sent to them on approval subject to examination paying one fifth the cost on delivery, balance in eight equal monthly payments.

BUYING A DIAMOND IS NOT AN EXTRAVAGANCE

It is a wise investment in the most valuable, stable and quickest cash producing gem in the world. Diamonds have increased in value more than 20 per cent in the past twelve months and the best of European authorities predict an even greater increase during the coming year. **Our Prices Are From 10 to 15 Per Cent Lower** than the ordinary spot cash retail jeweler. This is made possible by the fact that we are direct importers and sell a thousand Diamonds where the retail jeweler sells one. **Our Handsome New Catalog** a copy of which will be mailed you with booklet mentioned above, containing 66 pages and 1000 illustrations of all that is new and up-to-date in artistic jewelry. **Write for a Copy.**

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. ESTD 1858 **DIAMOND CUTTERS**
Watchmakers, Jewelers
Dept. D553 92 State St.
CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.



ALWAYS RIGHT

1½ h.-p. Engine only $33.15
3 h.-p. Engine only $44.00

DETROIT AUTO MARINE MOTOR New Model 1906

The uncertainty of running is all taken out in the building.
The breakdown habit has been overcome by following scientific lines of construction proven by practice to be correct.
We take no chances or allow any guesswork to enter into their make-up.
All materials are tested for soundness and strength on a testing machine and the engines warranted to do all we claim for them. **We are making 10,000 Auto Marine Gasoline Engines this year,** manufacturing the motor complete from foundry to finished engine, not merely assembling parts made in various factories, **and that is why we are able to sell a first-class motor with a guarantee at**

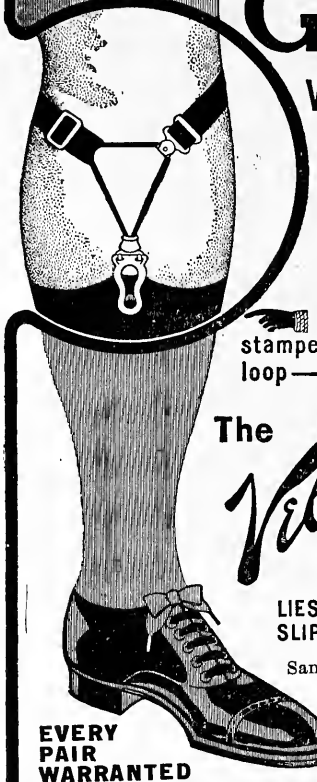
1½ h.-p. $33.15 Engine only
3 h.-p. will de- $44.00 Engine only velop 4 h. p. Catalog with full information 1 to 20 h. p. Motors for the asking.

DETROIT AUTO MARINE CO.
77 E. Congress St., Detroit, Mich.
The only builders of Auto Marine Engines in the world.

New York Agent: 95 Liberty Street

THE IMPROVED

Boston Garter



WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES OFFERED YOU

The Name is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

ALWAYS EASY

Just $94.50 for this complete launch. This is not a small rowboat with an engine, but a full sized modern power boat. We are the largest manufacturers of power boats, canoes and dinghy's in the world. Write to-day for catalog.

Just $94.50

DETROIT BOAT CO. 1300 JEFFERSON AVE. DETROIT, MICH. MEMBERS NAT'L ASSN. BOAT & ENG. MFRS

Before You Invest

a dollar in anything get my book "How to Judge Investments." It tells you all about everything you should know before making any kind of an investment, either for a large or small amount. This book gives the soundest advice and may save you many dollars. Send two-cent stamp for a copy; do it now.

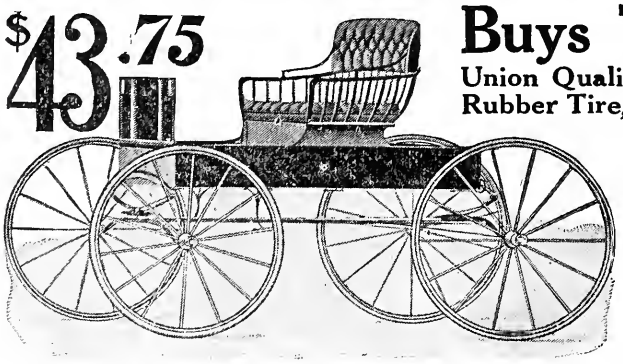
Send your name and address and get the Investors' Review for

3 Months Free.

This will keep you reliably posted on various kinds of investments. Address

Editor INVESTORS' REVIEW, 1604 Gaff Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

$43.75 Buys This Rubber Tire Wagon

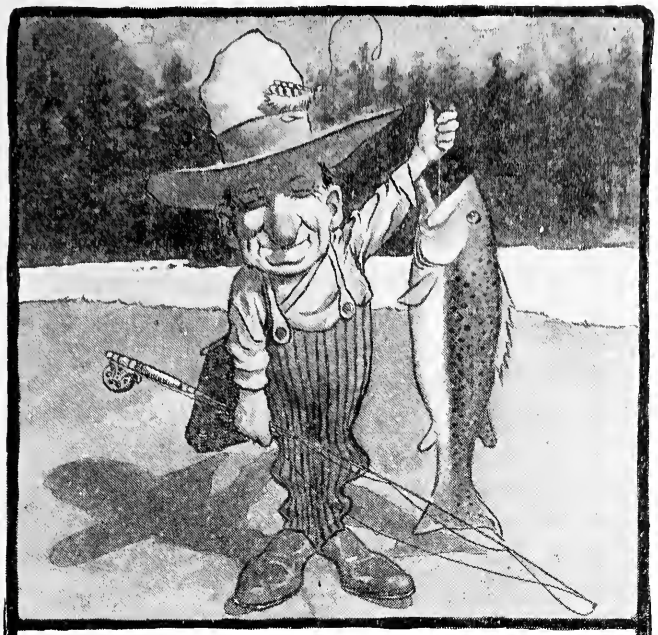


Union Quality. Fully Guaranteed. Best hickory wheels, ¾ in. **Rubber Tire,** long distance, dust proof, high arched axles; oil tempered springs. First quality material and finish. Worth nearly double our **Factory Price.** We ship for your examination, without a cent in advance, if desired, and allow

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Money refunded on all purchases not satisfactory. **You save dealers' profits.** We build 150 styles of Vehicles, from $26.50 to $150.00. 50 styles Harness, $5.00 to $60.00. Write to-day for our 200 page **Illustrated Style Book. Free** for the asking.

UNION BUGGY CO., 19 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.



More or less proverbial is a "fisherman's luck," but the tackle question has a great deal to do with it.

The combined fishing experience of the men at the head of this business has compassed every game fish in North American waters, and this experience is centered in our tackle department, which does not lack in a single small detail of fishing equipment.

Our own Touradif Rod has become famous among prominent fishermen. And we are especially known by our English lines, leaders and novelties.

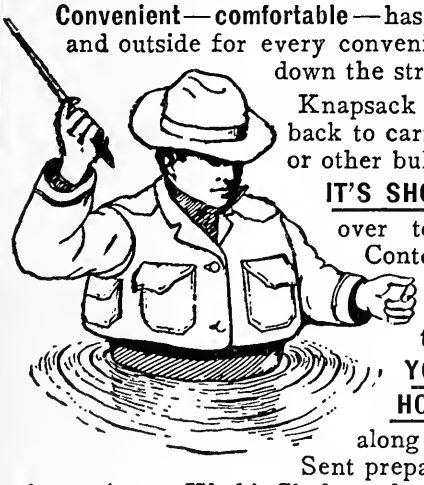
Every item illustrated and described in our catalogue R mailed to any corner of the world on request.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
Complete outfits for Explorers, Campers, Prospectors and Hunters
57 Reade Street (one door from Broadway), **New York**

JARVIS FISHING COAT

For Wear With Waders

Convenient—comfortable—has pockets inside and outside for every convenience for a trip down the stream.



Knapsack pocket on the back to carry lunch, shoes or other bulky articles.

IT'S SHORT—just laps over top of waders.

Contents of pockets can't get wet unless you have to swim.

YOU'LL WONDER HOW you ever got along without one.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Army Khaki Cloth each **$3.50.** Heavy Tan Duck each **$3.00.**

Order One Today.

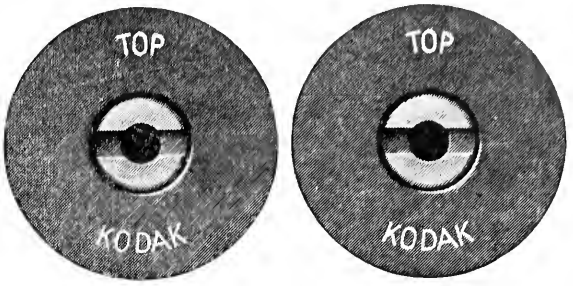
JARVIS BAIT HOOK

for use with live salted or pickeled minnows, for trolling, casting or still fishing. Holds minnow in natural position; it can't double up in a lump as with other hooks. Just naturally tempts the fish; then hooks him. Best catcher ever devised. Per dozen **$1.00.**

Send 10c for sample and complete information or ask your dealer.

W. B. JARVIS CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.
30 Canal Street.

LOOK FOR KODAK ON THE SPOOL END.



The picture depends on the film, far more than on lens or on camera.

"KODAK" FILM

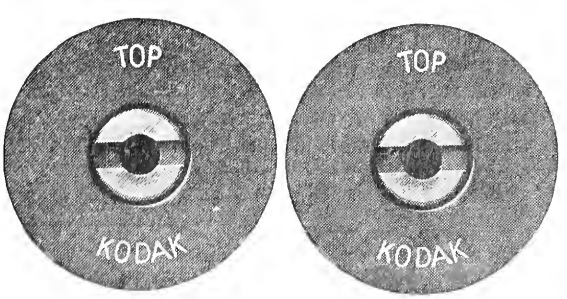
has 20 years of experience behind it—it is *not* in the experimental stage.

Make sure that you get the genuine Kodak Film by examining the spool end.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Ask your dealer or us to put your name on list for spring catalogue of Kodaks and Brownies.

Rochester, N. Y.
The Kodak City.



LOOK FOR KODAK ON THE SPOOL END.

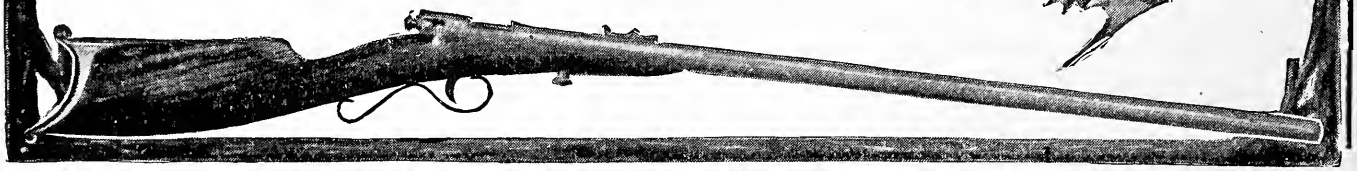
SAVAGE

SAVAGE QUALITY

is rigidly adhered to all along the line. There's no such thing as high quality for a high price and low quality for a low price. A low-priced SAVAGE Rifle such as our "Target" model is just as much a masterpiece of material, workmanship and accuracy as one of our most expensive guns. When it comes to results, the "SAVAGE" Target Rifle produces such as compare favorably with the work of Rifles costing twice to three times as much. The "SAVAGE" Target Rifle shoots short, long and long rifle cartridges. It weighs only 4¾ pounds with heavy barrel and Swiss butt plate. An adjusting screw regulates the pull of trigger to suit your idea. The rear sight is a real SAVAGE micrometer and the front sight an ivory bead. Your Dealer should have the SAVAGE "Target" model. If not, we will send you one prepaid for $6.50.

THE SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY

594 Turner Street **UTICA, New York**



The Spalding Championship Tennis Ball

FOR a number of years the impression prevailed in the United States that no one could manufacture a tennis ball in this country. To-day not five per cent. of the balls used are manufactured outside of the United States. Then came the golf craze, and no club, unless it was manufactured in Scotland or England, was any good. To-day not five per cent. of the clubs used are imported, and we are exporting in large quantities.

¶ On the record made by the Spalding Championship Tennis Ball so far we are willing to base our claims for superiority, and wherever the ball is used, either in a tournament or regular play, we are certain our judgment will be confirmed. Absolutely best in every particular of manufacture and made by people who have been in our employ, many of them for twenty years and over, we place the Spalding Championship Tennis Ball before the most critical clientele in the athletic world with perfect confidence that it will give absolute satisfaction.

PERFECT INFLATION PERFECT COVERING PERFECT SEWING

No. 00. The Spalding Championship Tennis Ball, doz., $4.00

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

126 Nassau Street, New York **147 Wabash Avenue, Chicago**

St. Louis New Orleans Baltimore Denver San Francisco

Used by U. S. Signal Corps.

GENEVA

Superior Binocular

$15.

Our handsome book, *The Near Distance* sent free on request

Its magnifying power, field view and clearness of definition is seldom equalled, even in those binoculars costing twice as much. Ask your dealer for it. If he has none in stock, send us $15 and receive one on approval. If not satisfactory, return it (at our expense). We will cheerfully refund your money.

GENEVA OPTICAL CO., 49 Linden St., Geneva, N. Y.

EXCLUSIVE SALES AGENTS

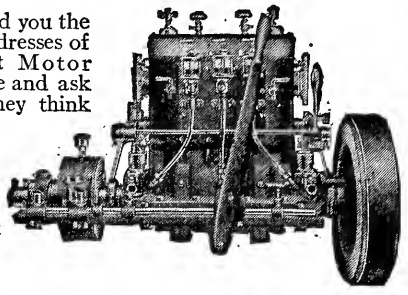
F. G. Wilson, Ithaca, N. Y. H. C. Watts, Syracuse, N. Y.
Buffalo Optical Co., 532 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
C. H. Wood, 1153 Washington St., Oakland, California
E. E. Bausch & Son, East Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

TOQUET

Marine Motor

That's the name of our motor. If you can find a better one buy it, but don't buy any motor until you have investigated the Toquet.

We gladly send you the names and addresses of some Toquet Motor owners. Write and ask them what they think of it.



Catalogue sent on receipt of three 2c stamps.

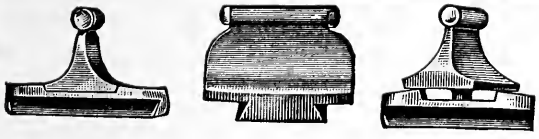
THE TOQUET MOTOR CO.

29 East Twenty-third Street, New York

Metropolitan Building

G. EDUARD SHAW, General Manager

Marble's Reversible "Standard" Front Sight



Combines one Ivory and one Gold Bead. Both beads are the same size and are furnished in either 1-16 or 3-32 inch sizes.

This combination can be relied upon to meet every possible condition of light, background, etc.

The lustrous Pope's Island Gold Bead instantly reflects the faintest rays of light and is clearly discernable in the early dawn or evening twilight—adding valuable moments to both ends of day and at the most favorable time for getting shots at big game.

The sight can be instantly reversed. You simply pull up the bead carrier against the pressure of the spring until it clears the base slot—then turn it around.

A tapering pin near each end of slot engages with holes in the base of bead carrier. These would take up the shock of a blow on either end.

Sold by dealers or direct. Price, $1.50. Mention calibre and model. Send for our 64-page, 1906, free Catalog "A." Just issued.

MARBLE SAFETY AXE COMPANY

GLADSTONE, MICH, U. S. A.

One Thousand Miles

UNDER HER OWN POWER

"Durno"

From Rochester to New York City, via Alexandria Bay; then three days of strenuous racing **without a stop;** during which she was returned a winner of the Inter-State Trophy with a record of 12.12 statute miles per hour over a 19½-mile course. Such is the history of the DURNO, a 25-foot semi-racer fitted with the

Rochester Marine Engine

7 Horse 3 Port 2 Stroke

HERE IS WHY!

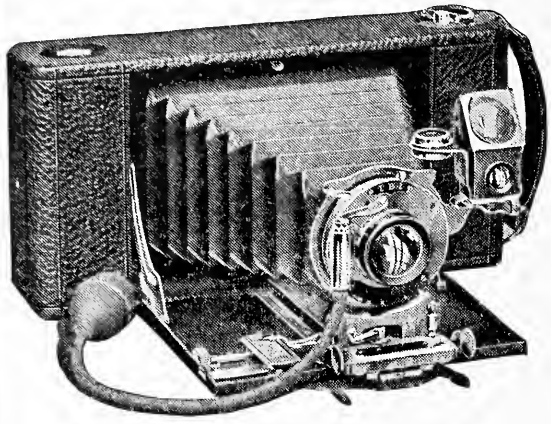
The construction and fitting of the Rochester is given such care as to prevent the slightest leakage of power; cylinders, pistons, eccentric piston rings, beside being of the toughest selected material, are ground time after time and **gradually** fitted that they may be so snug as to waste no compression whatever. No scraping with these perfectly ground parts—hence a minimum of wear. Our process adds many dollars to **our** cost, but **not** to yours.

3½ to 100 horse-power **Catalog on request**

ROCHESTER GAS ENGINE CO.,

711 Driving Park Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Efficiency and convenience mark our new 3¼x5½ camera



3 B Folding HAWK-EYE

Opens horizontally—the way most pictures are made. A superb lens. An accurate shutter. Every desirable adjustment. Loads in daylight with Blair or Eastman N. C. Film Cartridges.

Price, $20.00.

Fitted with B. & L. Automatic Shutter, $27.50.

1906 catalogue now ready.
Free at the dealers or by mail.

BLAIR CAMERA CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

FISHING?

Northern Maine IS THE Home of Record

SALMON
TROUT
TOGUE
PICKEREL
PERCH
BASS

Season Opens About May 10

Upwards of 1,000 Lakes and Streams are reached by the

Bangor & AROOSTOOK Railroad

"In the Maine Woods"

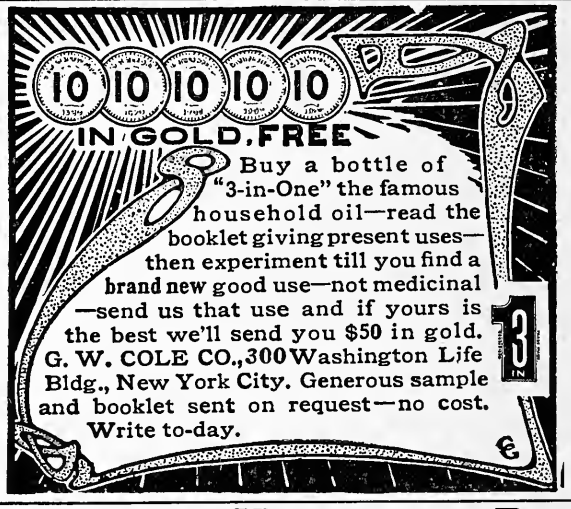
Ninth Annual Edition.

192 pages, 133 beautiful half-tone illustrations from actual photographs. Cover and two inserts in three colors. Suitable for framing.

Copy mailed anywhere for **10 cents in stamps** to cover postage.

Address GUIDE BOOK 14, BANGOR, MAINE

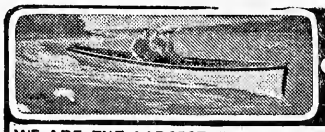
C. C. BROWN, Gen'l Pass'r Agent.


10 10 10 10 10
IN GOLD, FREE
Buy a bottle of "3-in-One" the famous household oil—read the booklet giving present uses—then experiment till you find a brand new good use—not medicinal—send us that use and if yours is the best we'll send you $50 in gold. G. W. COLE CO., 300 Washington Life Bldg., New York City. Generous sample and booklet sent on request—no cost. Write to-day.
3 IN

Have you a Dog?

We will send, if you mention its breed, **Polk Miller's Great Book on Dogs;** How to Take Care of Them; **Sen. Vest's Eloquent Tribute to a Dog,** and **A Yellow Dog's Love for a Nigger** (the famous poem) all for 10c, just to advertise **Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies.** Address,

POLK MILLER DRUG CO.
863 Main St., Richmond, Va.



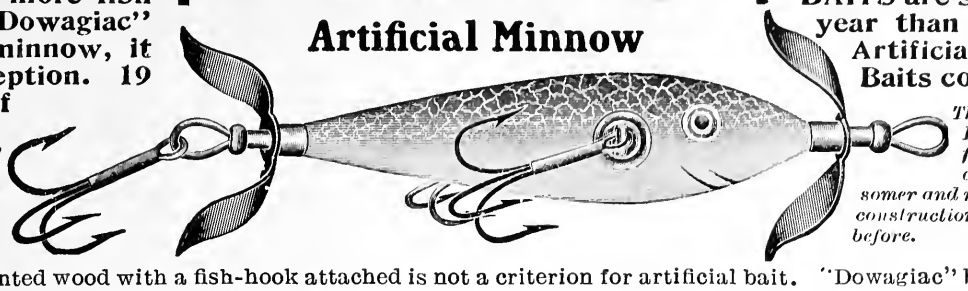
16 FOOT LAUNCH COMPLETE WITH ENGINE $96

WE ARE THE LARGEST BUILDERS OF BOATS & LAUNCHES IN THE WORLD
SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG
ALL BOATS FITTED WITH WATER TIGHT COMPARTMENTS CAN NOT SINK.
WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF BOATS READY TO SHIP.
MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO. 1395 JEFFERSON AVE DETROIT MICH

IF LIVE BAIT will ever catch more fish than a "Dowagiac" artificial minnow, it is the exception. 19 times out of 20, game fish 'strike' only to attack the lure.

"DOWAGIAC"

Artificial Minnow



MORE "DOWAGIAC" BAITS are sold every year than all other Artificial Casting Baits combined.

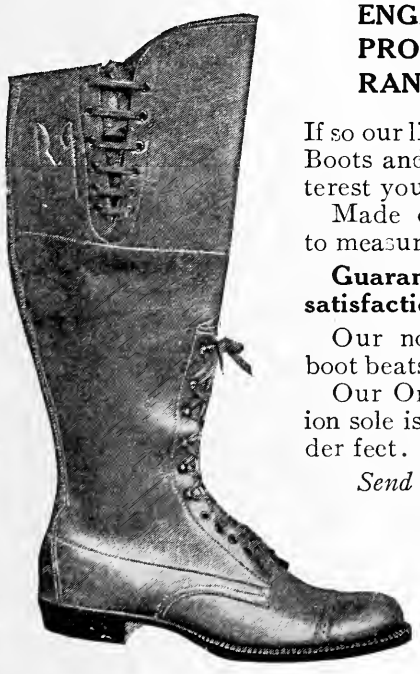
The "Dowagiac" Bait Products for 1906 are just a little handsomer and more perfect in construction than ever before.

A piece of painted wood with a fish-hook attached is not a criterion for artificial bait. "Dowagiac" baits are the result of many years' experience of practical bait casters. Every detail has been carefully worked out and *that is why* the "Dowagiac" minnow will land your fish at a time when he would slip off the other fellow's bait.

"Drop a line" to us and catch one of our booklets showing our minnows printed up in their natural colors,

JAS. HEDDON & SON, Dept. 6. Dowagiac, Mich.

ARE YOU A SPORTSMAN



THE SPORTSMAN'S BOOT

ENGINEER
PROSPECTOR
RANCHMAN

If so our line of waterproof Boots and Shoes will interest you.

Made of Moose Calf, to measure.

Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Our noiseless hunting boot beats anything made.

Our Orthopedic Cushion sole is comfort to tender feet.

Send for Catalog.

Agents wanted in every town

WM. N. GOKEY SHOE CO.

No. 1 West 3d St., Jamestown, N. Y., U. S. A.

This

TRADE COOPER'S TRADE MARK DERBY & RIBBED REGISTERED UNDERWEAR MARK

is on all genuine Cooper's "Spring-Needle" Derby-Ribbed Underwear. Knitted on machines invented and patented by Charles Cooper.

¶You may have difficulty in procuring these goods this year, as we are unable to supply one-half the demand. It is worth your while, however, to search, for once you find and wear Cooper's you will accept no other make.

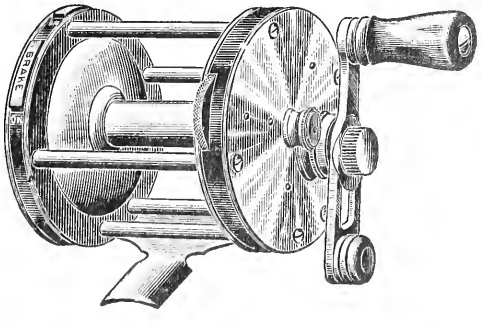
At first-class dealers generally.

Factories at Bennington, Vt.

Professional Bait Casting with a free running spool

A New Reel for 1906

Ask your dealer to explain, or send for description



CARLTON MANUFACTURING CO., Rochester, N. Y.

HAMMERLESS DOUBLE GUNS

All the best makes, Foreign and American
Scott, Westley Richards, Greener, Lang, Parker and all others
On hand at present time.

100 Genuine **Forehand Hammerless Double Guns,** made by the Hopkin & Allen Co. Top lever; strong extension rib; pistol grip; 12 gauge; steel barrels. Former price, $22.00. New guns; latest model. Price - - - - - - - - - - **$15.00**

Also 60 **Smith & Wesson Revolving Pistols.** Army size; 7½-inch barrel; .44 and .45 calibre; metallic cartridges. In blued, refinished condition. Regular price, $15.00. We offer at - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - **9.00**

25 ditto new—never used - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - **10.00**

25 **Colt Double Action Revolvers,** 6-inch barrels; .38 calibre metallic cartridge (present U.S. regulation style and size)—never used. Regular price, $13.20. We offer at - - **10.00**

30 **Hotchkiss 5 Shot Repeating Rifles,** made by the Winchester Arms Co. whose price was $25.00. In nice blue finish—new; finely sighted for long range shooting. .45-70 calibre **7.50**

Send $5.00 with order and we will forward any Gun on inspection, which if not satisfactory on receipt can be returned and money refunded, less cost of expressage.

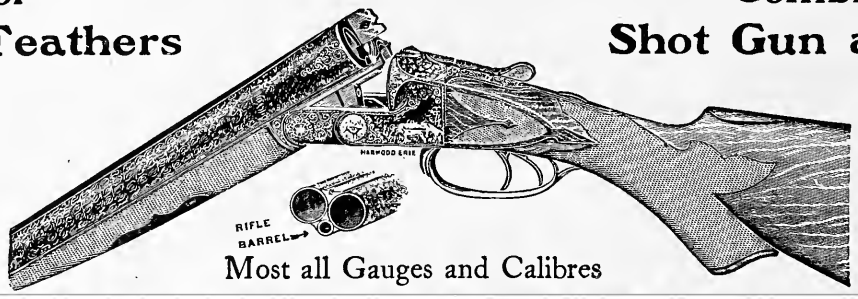
Send Stamp for our Catalogue and list of our *Second Hand* Double Guns.

WM. READ & SONS

107 WASHINGTON STREET **BOSTON, MASS.**

For Fur or Feathers

Combined Shot Gun and Rifle



Light Weight

Perfect Balance

Send for Catalog

Most all Gauges and Calibres

THE THREE BARREL GUN CO., Box 1015, Moundsville, W. Va.

Mullins Steel Boats

Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats
built of steel with air chambers in each end like a life boat. Faster, more buoyant, practically indestructible, don't leak, dry out and are absolutely safe. **They can't sink.** No calking, no bailing, no trouble. Every boat is guaranteed. Highly endorsed by sportsmen. The ideal boats for pleasure or sport. Catalogue describing our complete line of craft sent free on request.
The W. H. Mullins Co., 320 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio.

1½ H. P.—$48.00

Best engine made. Notice the round base which insures higher base compression which means more speed and more power. Only three moving parts. So simple that a child can run one.

Send for Catalogue R. Dealers write for Agency

The Burdick-Putnam Gasoline Engine Co.
565-567 Decatur Street, St. Paul, Minn.

$30

SWIFT SAFE **DETROIT CANOES** STRONG DURABLE

"The kind you always thought would be built some day"
Write to-day for our Free Illust'd Catalog
We are the WORLDS LARGEST BUILDERS of canoes and launches

DETROIT BOAT CO. 1293 JEFFERSON AVE. DETROIT, MICH.

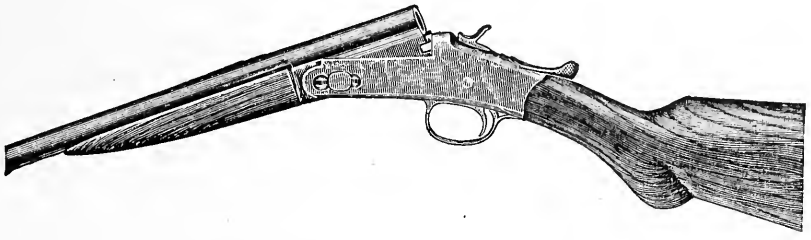
H. & R. SINGLE GUN

Model 1905 ***Non-Ejecting***

28 Gauge
44 Caliber

Small Frame
Light Weight

A new gun throughout, on sporting lines; not a small bore gun on a large frame, nor a rifle bored smooth for shot



Small frame and stock enables us to produce a very attractive and symmetrical light weight, small bore gun. 28 gauge, barrel 28 inches, plain steel, weight about 4 lbs. 44 caliber, barrel 26 inches, plain steel, weight about 4¾ lbs. Adapted to the 44 W.C.F. Shot Cartridge, or the XL 44 Shot Cartridge.

Sold by the leading dealers *Catalog on request*

Harrington & Richardson Arms Company

Dept. R, WORCESTER, MASS.

Also makers of H. & R. Revolvers

Don't Wait Try it.

12 BLADES
24 KEEN EDGES

20 TO 40 SATISFYING SHAVES FROM EACH BLADE

¶ "The Gillette" saves $52.00 each year. ¶ "The Gillette" saves 15 days' time each year. ¶ "The Gillette" keeps the face clean, smooth, wholesome, and free of rash. ¶ "The Gillette" blade can be raised or lowered on the guards to give a close, or smooth shave.

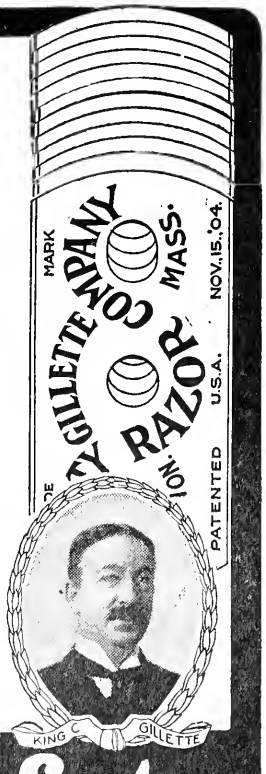
Triple silver plated set with 12 blades.
Quadruple gold plated set with monogram. } In Leather, Velvet-lined Cases.

10 Extra Blades, 20 Sharp Edges, Good for a year, 50 Cents.
At this Low Price No Blades Exchanged.
No Hinges that Rust. No Clasps that Break. No Springs that Weaken.
One Sturdy Frame of Mechanical Perfection.

¶ OUR NEW COMBINATION SET with razor, including soap and brush in silver holders, for traveling men. ¶ A full line of fine toilet cases with razor sets and fittings now offered.

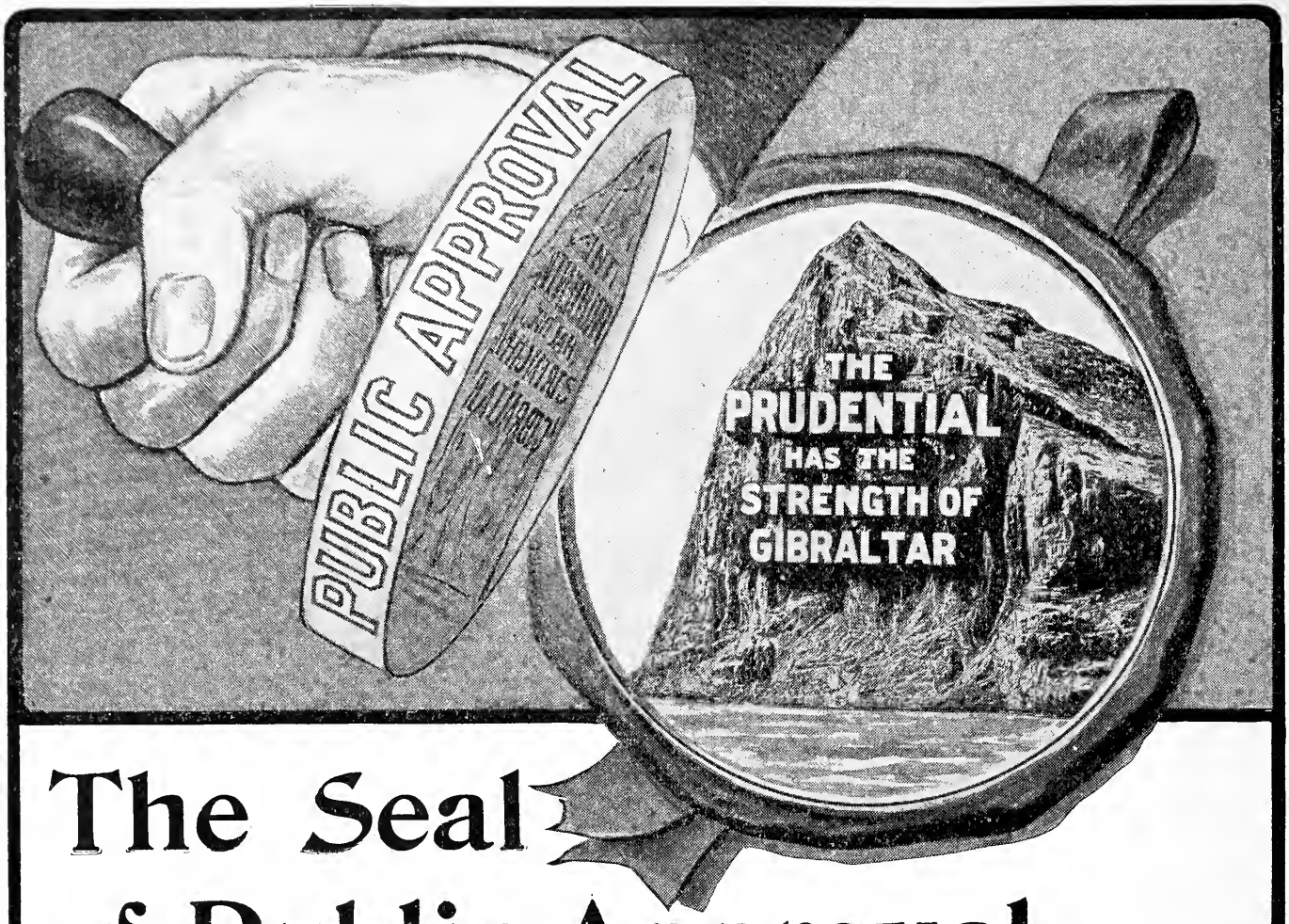
Sold by leading Drug, Cutlery and Hardware Dealers. Ask to see them, and for our booklet, or write for our special trial offer.

Times Building **GILLETTE SALES COMPANY** **New York City**



Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING. NO HONING.



The Seal of Public Approval

The Great American Public has expressed its Confidence in The Prudential again, and in the Practical American Way, not by words, but by deeds.

The Increase in Insurance in Force in 1905 was over One Hundred and Thirteen Million Dollars

Suppose you Inquire for a Policy Suitable to Yourself. You May be Surprised How Little It Will Cost. Write Your Name and Address on the Margin of this Advertisement and Send for a Plan of Home Protection and Saving that will Interest you.

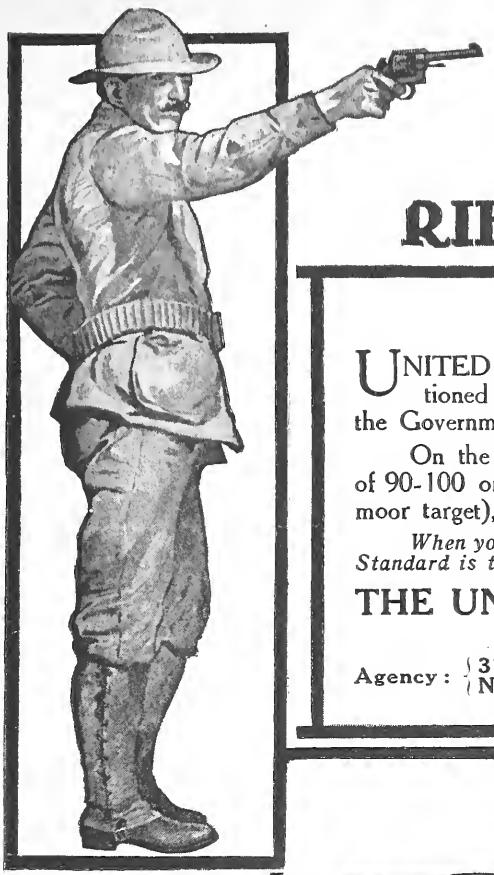
Write Now, While You Think of It. Dept. 92

The Prudential

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, Prest. HOME OFFICE, Newark, N. J.



U.M.C.

RIFLE and PISTOL CARTRIDGES

"GOVERNMENT STANDARD"

UNITED States and Foreign Government Inspectors, almost continuously stationed at our works, apply rigid tests to U. M. C. Ammunition, and affix the Government stamp of approval.

On the Denver range, February 25th, Dr. Hudson made the record score of 90-100 on the standard target, at 200 yards (equivalent to 49-50 on a Creedmoor target), with U. M. C. .30 U. S. A. Cartridges.

When you buy Cartridges, whether small or large calibres, remember the U. M. C. Standard is the Government Standard.

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Agency: 313 Broadway, New York City — **Depot:** 86-88 First Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Remington

Automatic Shotgun

THIS GUN has many advantages over any other gun. The barrel reacts against a stiff spring, reducing the recoil and thus preventing shooter's headache and flinching. There is no hammer to catch and cause accidental discharge. The solid breech and side ejection of the shell insure safety.

List prices, $40, and upward

Apply to your dealer
Send for Catalogue

Remington Arms Company

Agency: 313 Broadway, New York City — ILION, N. Y. — *Depot:* 86-88 First Street, San Francisco, Cal.

PRESS OF REDFIELD BROTHERS, NEW YORK

ASK THE DEALER

or send to us for our 1906 Catalogue.
It describes the latest and best in
CAMERA CONSTRUCTION

ROCHESTER OPTICAL COMPANY, South Street, Rochester, N. Y.

MAY 1906

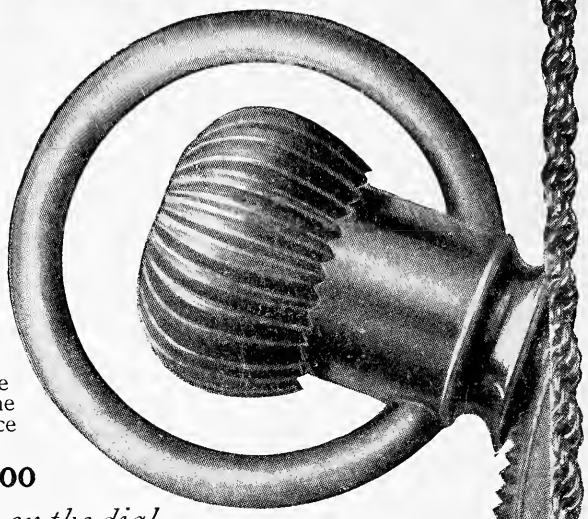
15 CENTS

RECREATION

Ingersoll

The Dollar Watch

Is Now Stem-Wind and Stem-Set



We announce the production of the Dollar Watch in regular stem-wind and stem-set model for 1906. This improvement, applied to the lowest priced watch of worthy quality, is one of *the* achievements in all the annals of watchmaking.

At the expense of watch-quality, "features" are easy, but with Ingersoll standard they mean something.

By 14 years of faithful time-keeping Ingersoll watches have grown to a daily sales of more than 8000--several times the largest in the world. Without the tremendous output, the invaluable patents, the factory equipment and experience a watch like the Ingersoll would not be possible. No other at five times its price approaches it in practical utility.

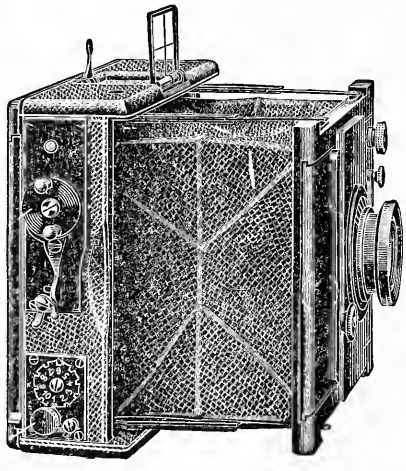
Sold by dealers everywhere or postpaid for $1.00

Demand a watch with the name INGERSOLL on the dial.

Ingersoll Chains have more gold than any $2.00 chain. 12 patterns. Circular free. Sold everywhere or postpaid for $1.00

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 77 Jewelers Court, New York

Now that spring has come and winter is on the wane is the right time to plan and prepare for the coming season



The Camera Hit for 1906

is the

Goerz-Anschütz

NEW MODEL

With its improved Focal Plane Shutter, giving time bulb exposures, and automatic slow exposures of 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 1-2, 1-3, 1-4, 1-5, 1-10 second, and fast shutter exposures from 1-10 to 1-1200th of a second.

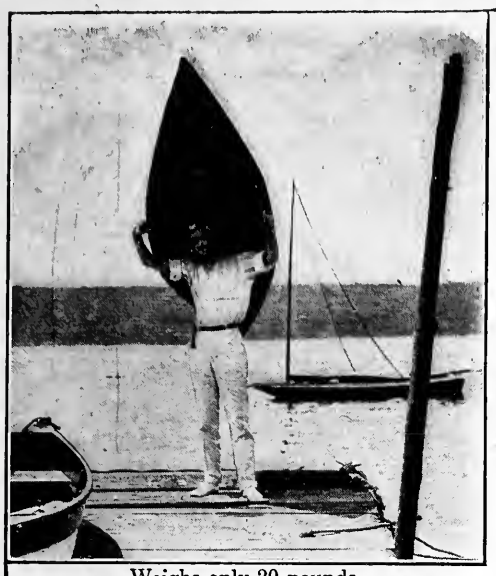
Notice the Rigidity of all Parts — small bulk, light weight and fine workmanship.

¶ We court inspection. We want you to realize what this outfit actually is, to investigate and ascertain its numerous advantages. We give you a ten days' trial free of charge. Don't be bashful about it. Just send us the name and address of your dealer or write for our complete catalogue. It gives all particulars about the **Goerz-Anschutz** Camera, about our well-known anastigmats, **Celor** and **Dagor,** and our other lenses and apparatus.

C. P. GOERZ OPTICAL WORKS

36 Union Square, NEW YORK, and Heyworth Building, Chicago

BERLIN PARIS LONDON ST. PETERSBURG



Weighs only 20 pounds.

The Paine Boat

Portable

Collapsible | **Seaworthy**

Holds two persons.

Weighs 20 pounds.

Takes only 3½ minutes to set up.

Size folded, { length, 42 inches / diameter, 7 inches

A boat for **emergencies.** For **fishing** in waters difficult of access. For **hunting, camping** and **prospecting.** As a **tender** for launch or sailboat.

Can be stowed in small space—under the seat of a wagon or automobile or in the locker of a sailboat—and set up ready to launch in 3½ minutes. Write for Booklet "R."

Abbey & Imbrie

(MAKERS OF FISHING TACKLE SINCE 1820)

19 Vesey Street, New York City

3½ minutes after leaving the water.

TROUT FISHING ON THE ERIE

THE best trout fishing akin to the Metropolitan District is reached by the ERIE lines. These span from Manhattan into the fastnesses of Orange and Sullivan counties, New York; and Pike and Wayne counties, Pennsylvania. ERIE expresses carry you quickly from the city to the half-hidden delights of coursing rivers and mountain brooks. Bulletins of Information for Anglers issued weekly after season opens. Send request to be placed on mailing list. "Fishing on the Picturesque Erie," 96-page booklet ready for distribution after April 10, 1906. Ask any Erie ticket agent in New York or Brooklyn.

R. H. WALLACE, General Passenger Agent, New York

Wants · For Sale · Exchange

Advertisements will be inserted under the proper heading in this department at the rate of 5 cents a word, each initial and figure counting as one word. No advertisement will be inserted at less than fifty cents. Cash must invariably accompany the order. A discount of 10 per cent. may be deducted from a twelve-time order. It is possible through this department to reach nearly 400,000 people twelve times a year for the sum of $6.00. Display type and illustrations at regular rates.

KENNEL

POINTERS AND SETTERS wanted, to train. Game plenty. H. H. SMITH, Marydel, Md.

THE LARGEST Pointer Kennel in the World is BAR HARBOR KENNELS, Bar Harbor, Maine.

FOR SALE—One pair of extra fine Pointers, male and female, ten months old. Unbroken, sure to please any sportsman. BITLER & CLOUSER, Gibraltar, Berks Co., Pa.

FOR SALE—Pointer puppies, combining the blood of Jingo, King of Kent, Hal Pointer and Ch. Croxteth. Address C. P. GIBSON, Jennings, La.

FOR SALE—Beautiful Bluebelton Setter Pups, one of my good brood and partridge bitches. Registered. Cheap. CLARK HESS, Johnsonville, Pa.

BEAGLE HOUNDS—Young and mature stock. None better. All eligible and bred to hunt. "DEBONAIR," South End, Gloversville, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Trained Coon, Fox and Rabbit Hounds. COMRADE KENNELS, Bucyrus, Ohio.

YOUNG FOXHOUNDS of good stock. Males, $10. Females, $5. JOHN A. POPE, East Machias, Maine.

COLLIE PUPS at reasonable prices. Highly pedigreed, handsome, vigorous, farm-raised stock. Please state wants fully. HARVALE KENNELS, 48 Pine Street, New York, N. Y.

EXTRA fine Collie Puppies, $10 each. Champion blood. CLOVERCROFT, Pottstown, Pa. Box 37.

WANTED—Newfoundland pups. Address, HARRY BOGARDUS, Crow Lake, So. Dak.

BOSTON TERRIERS—High-class dogs for breeding. JOHN W. PADDON, Wollaston, Mass.

ENGLISH BULLDOGS—Young, thoroughbred puppies for sale. HORACE HERA, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

KENNEL SUPPLIES

Dog Chains, Brushes, Combs, Shipping Crates, Medicines, Dog and Puppy Cakes, all the latest and best books. *A complete list in our Kennel Supply circular mailed free.*

Excelsior Wire & Poultry Supply Co.
26-28 Vesey St., Dept. R. C. **New York, N. Y.**

BOOK on
Dog Diseases
and How to Feed

Mailed **Free** to any address by the author
H. Clay Glover, D. V. S. - 1278 Broadway, New York

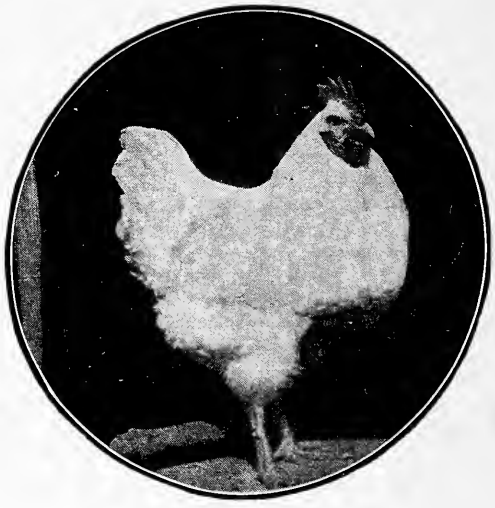
POULTRY

WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Prize Winners at World's Fair Chicago New York Newark and many other places

Fifty cockerels for sale, strong, vigorous birds weighing 7 to 11 pounds each. One hundred hens. Eggs, $3.00, $5.00 and $10.00 per setting or $10, $15 and $20.00 per hundred. Ten scientifically mated breeding yards of pedigreed stock. White Holland Guinea fowl and eggs. Free catalogue of winnings and matings. Also Pheasants, Swan, Peafowl, etc.

Peapack Poultry Yards
Peapack, N. Y.



The Bartlett Strain of
White Plymouth Rocks

is the finest strain of the best and most beautiful chicken on earth. EGGS, $3.00 per 15, express prepaid. *Circular free.*
DR. W. E. BARTLETT, BELLE PLAINE, KANS.

FREE—1906 Catalogue. Forty varieties land and water fowl. S. A. HUMMEL, Box 68, Freeport, Ill.

WE WERE THE PIONEERS IN SQUABS. Our Homers are straight-bred and unexcelled for size. We have supplied equipment for many of the finest estates in America. Our plant is the largest and best in the world. During the past year we sold more Homers than all other pigeon breeders and importers in America combined. There is a reason for this; look around before buying. We publish a full line of printed matter, covering every detail of this rich industry. Send for our Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs." Visitors welcome at our plant and Boston Office, Address

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB COMPANY
402 HOWARD STREET, - - MELROSE, MASS.

TAXIDERMISTS

ROWLAND, TAXIDERMIST. A specialty in mounting moose, elk, caribou and deer heads; also fish. 182 Sixth Ave., New York. Telephone.

MOUNT YOUR TROPHIES and make your *sport* a *source* of *income*. The *more sport*, the *less expense*. For particulars address NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY, Clarence Birdseye, Jr., Principal, 42 Broadway, New York City.

MISCELLANEOUS

HUNTING BOOTS, waterproof; men's, $6; women's, $5; boys', $4. Catalogue on request.
A. J. DIEHL
Manhattan Bldg., Duluth, Minn.

7,000,000 ORIGINAL LETTERS to lease; from mail order buyers, agents, etc. My system is the best for advertisers; adopted by large mail order houses. Write for booklet. Will buy your letters. FRANK B. SWETT,
Downing Building, New York City.

$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS; $4 paid for 1804 dimes; $15 paid for 1858 dollars; big prices paid for hundreds of other dates; keep all money coined before 1879 and send 10 cents at once for a set of two coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you.
Address C. F. CLARKE, Agent,
Le Roy, N. Y., Dept. 3.

APARTMENTS, 3 to 7 rooms each; rooms single and en suite. The Hinman, Apartment and European Hotel. Booklet mailed free.
MARSHALL COOPER, Mgr.,
7th and Figuerda, Los Angeles, Cal.

MANY ANTIQUE ARTICLES for dens. Ancient flintlock arms. Indian relics. List for stamp.
DAVIS BROTHERS,
Kent, O.

FOR SALE—Showy Shells, Indian Relics, Gem Stones, Minerals and Resurrection Plants, etc.
GEORGE J. TILLS, Albion, N. Y.

FOR THE CAMP

Navajo Blankets Indian Curios
Indian Novelties

INDIAN EXHIBITS COMPANY
138 West 42d Street, = New York, N. Y

DO YOU USE RUBBER STAMPS? We make the best rubber stamps and stencils in New York. Protectograph, the best safety check protector made. Rubber Type Alphabets, 5A fonts, $1.10 postpaid. Send postal for circular. ABRAM AARONS,
16½ University Place, N. Y.

BIG GAME. Hunting on the Head Waters of the Stickine River. I am better prepared than ever to furnish outfits, pack horses and guides for the season 1906. Moose, caribou, Stone's sheep, goat, black, brown and grizzly bear are all killed within one hundred miles of Telegraph Creek. Season opens September 1. References: Andrew J. Stone, J. R. Bradley, T. T. Reese. J. FRANK CALLBREATH,
Telegraph Creek, B. C.,
Via Wrangle, Alaska.

MISCELLANEOUS

WE buy, sell and exchange second-hand Cameras and Kodaks. Always have bargains. Send for list. GLOECKNER & NEWBY CO.,
171 Broadway, New York.

BRAIDED METAL TROLLING LINES—For deep trolling without sinkers. Strong, flexible, non-kinking. Reels like silk line—sinks like lead. The most successful trolling line in the world for all game fish. Discount to jobbers and dealers. Send for samples and circulars. METAL LINE MFG. CO.,
1099 Dawson Street, New York City.

AN OPPORTUNITY—Excellent fishing and hunting reserve in Laurentide Mountains, Canada, for sale cheap. Apply for particulars to E. A. KYDD,
172 South Tenth Street, Newark, N. J.

FOR SALE—The only tract of land suitable for cultivation in the heart of Bitter Root forest reserve, Idaho. About fifty acres; can grow grapes, peaches, watermelon, etc. Horses and cattle winter on the range. Elk, deer, sheep, bear, trout and fur animals abundant. House, land, orchard, team, tools, $2,000. Make grand horse or cattle ranch.
CHARLES NORTON, Salmon, Idaho.

SOLIDHED COON PICTURE
(An odd decoration for a den)
and samples of bright colored Solidhed Thumb Tacks sent postpaid for 12 cents. A handy and attractive fastening for Pictures, Posters, Photos, Lace Curtains, Drapery, Decorations, Etc.

HAWKES-JACKSON CO., Makers
82 Duane Street, New York

HEADQUARTERS for
Artistic Signs Enameled Iron
Aluminum Lithographed Metal
Metal Etched
also Souvenirs, Calendars, Novelties
Designs and Estimates Send for Catalogue
***The* NEW JERSEY ALUMINUM CO.**
H. M. WILLIS, Mgr. 140R **150 Nassau Street, New York.**

ENOUGH "PRESERVO" LIQUID postpaid to keep 100 Shiners till needed. Price, 25 cents.
G. A. QUIMBY & Co., Druggists,
Laconia, N. H.

PATENT OF A SAFETY WINDOW for sale; the outer side of the glasses can be conveniently cleaned from inside of room; no accidents possible. For further particulars, address C. CHABAU,
123 Warren Street, New York City.

CLASSICS, "For a Song"
Hundreds of the world's best, at 1c. to 15c. List free.
"Bargains in Worth While Books;" big catalogue free.
Any book supplied—lowest prices anywhere.
Where is it? Unique index to everything, 3c and 10c.
"Library of Universal Literature," all times, all languages. The best, ¼ the cost of others.
Perfect Pamphlet Preserver; 12 mo 10c; 8 vo 15c; magazines 20c. Looks like a book; simple as tying a shoe.
The Ideal Cyclopaedia; one of the largest and latest; best *for use* at any price; ¼ the cost of others.
ALDEN BROTHERS, Publishers, 417 Bible House, N. Y.

EXECUTIVE, Clerical, Technical and Salesman positions, paying $1,000–$5,000, now open for competent men. Write for booklet and state position desired; twelve offices covering the entire country.
HAPGOODS,
Suite 509–10, 309 Broadway, New York.

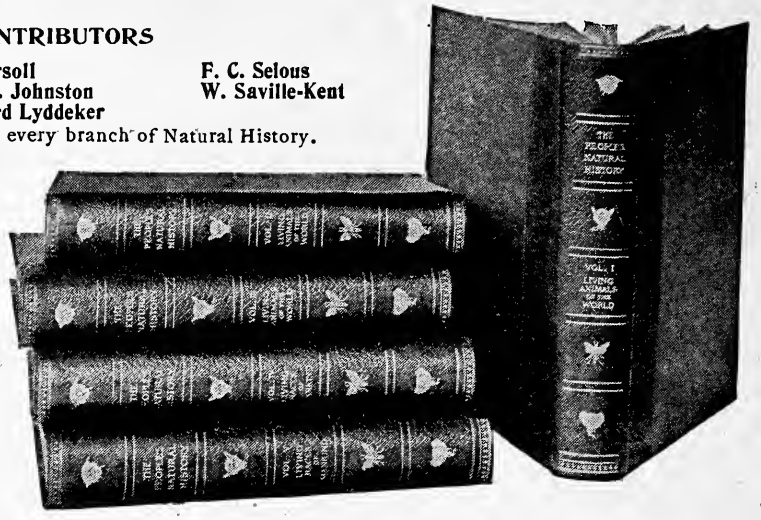
"The Camera is mightier than the Gun"

Library of Natural History

ILLUSTRATED ENTIRELY FROM ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS, MANY OF THEM IN COLORS

EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS

Charles J. Cornish — **Ernest Ingersoll** — **F. C. Selous**
John W. Gregory — **Sir Harry H. Johnston** — **W. Saville-Kent**
H. N. Hutchinson — **Prof. Richard Lyddeker**
and many other experts and authorities on every branch of Natural History.



FIVE DE LUXE VOLUMES — 2,000 ILLUSTRATIONS

THIS is the only Natural History in existence illustrated entirely from actual photographs, many of which were secured at an enormous expense and after years of patient labor. In some instances special expeditions, armed with cameras and dry plates, had to be sent to foreign lands. It is a history of all living creatures on the earth—animals and man—told by travellers, anthropologists and eminent authorities. Although scientific and accurate, it is entertaining and instructive throughout, being designed for the average reader. Descriptions of animals, birds, fishes, reptiles, and insects, as well as true stories of the intelligence of animals in protecting themselves, in tracking their prey, in caring for their young, etc., are given in such a way as to interest and benefit every reader, young and old. It is the first Natural History projected and written along modern lines.

Complete in five large volumes, 8½ x 11 inches, printed on the finest satin finished paper and bound in two styles, cloth buckram and half leather. Contains over 2,000 illustrations, many of which are in colors.

POPULAR PRICE AND PLAN OF SALE

Owing to the great cost of producing the work it has hitherto been held at very high prices; yet 2,000,000 volumes have already been sold in England and Germany. We have secured the American rights, and by publishing a very large edition and taking advantage of modern engraving and printing methods, can supply the work, now for the first time, at a moderate price and on terms suited to those who wish to pay in small monthly instalments.

SPECIAL LIMITED OFFER

This first American edition, limited to 500 sets, we offer at $15.00 in cloth binding or $19.00 in half leather, payable $1.00 a month if desired. Sets now ready for delivery. Prices will positively be increased when the work is given over to agents to be sold by subscription, as they now represent but little more than the actual cost of production.

FREE ON APPROVAL

On receipt of the accompanying coupon, we will send you a complete set on approval, express prepaid. You do not have to pay a cent or obligate yourself in any way until you have examined it thoroughly in your own home. If it is not perfectly satisfactory, simply return it at our expense. This offer may never be repeated; do not let it pass.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, 78 Fifth Avenue, New York

COUPON

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, Inc., 78 Fifth Avenue, New York:
Please send me, prepaid, for examination, the Library of Natural History, five volumes, half leather binding. If satisfactory, I will pay you $1.00 on acceptance and $2.00 a month thereafter, until your special price, $19.00, is paid. If not satisfactory, I will return it at your expense.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

If you wish cloth binding, change $19 to $15. If you prefer to pay only $1 a month, change $2 to $1.

Recrea.
5, '06

RECREATION

Dan Beard, Editor

CONTENTS

Volume XXIV MAY, 1906 *Number 5*

Cover Design	T. O. MARTEN	
Pyx, B. A. (Illustrated)	H. L. S.	379
California Trees and Birds (Illustrated)	ELOISE J. ROORBACH and HARRIET W. MYERS	395
Glimpses of Newfoundland (Illustrated)	L. P. NATACAP	402
Platte, the Wonder-Horn of Angling (Illustrated)	L. F. BROWN	413
Prehistoric Animals of Alaska (Illustrated)	F. H. CHASE	419
The Mystery of the Blue Goose	DAN BEARD	423
The Charm of Chemo	A. HIBERNATOR	427
May—*A Poem*	CAROLYN B. LYMAN	430
Playing Gypsy in Colorado	HALE COOK	431
The Reformation of Gilkins	GEO. A. CLEVELAND	433
The Admirable Ishmaelites (Illustrated)	HARRY H. DUNN	436
Throwing the Squaw Hitch (Illustrated)	DAN BEARD	441

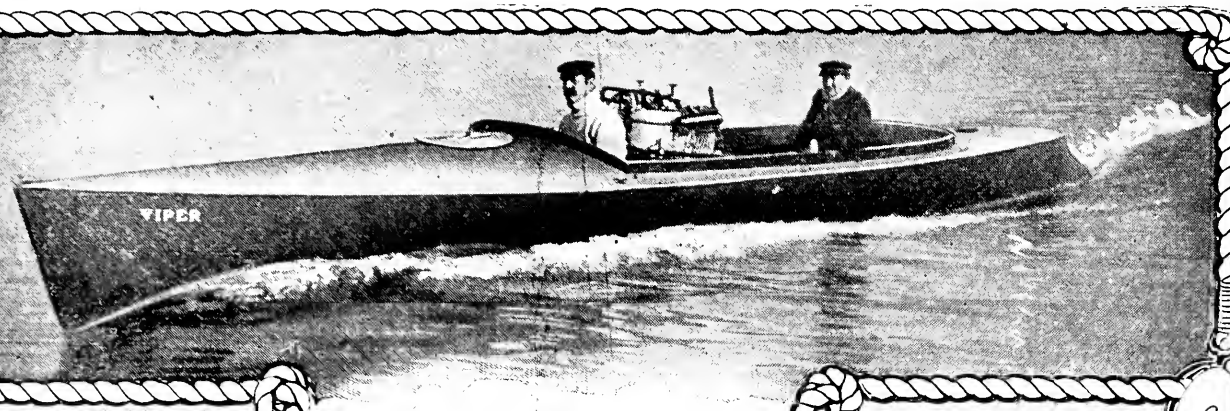
Editorial	449	Motoring	462
The Referendum	452	Photography	464
Guns and Ammunition	456	The Hunting Dog	467
Fishing	469		

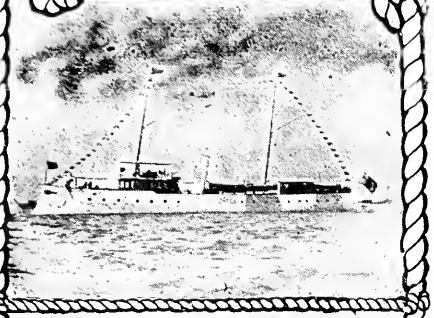
FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY *ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR*

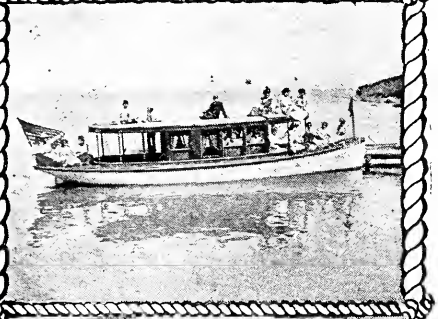
The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission

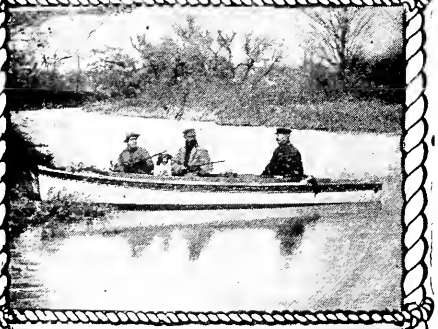
WM. E. ANNIS, PUBLISHER, 23 WEST TWENTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK

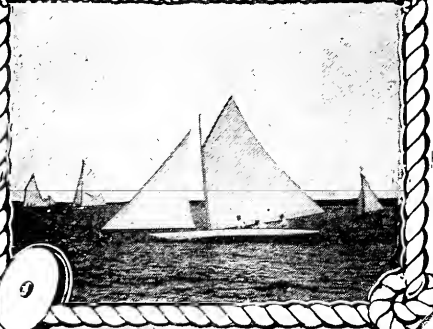
Copyrighted, 1906, by Wm. E. Annis *Published Monthly* *Entered at the New York Post Office as Second Class Matter*











Motor Boat PERFECTION

is the Twentieth Century possibility with our system of One Lever Control. For the health-seeker there is nothing that will produce the desired results quicker than a comfortable and reliable boat. Ask your doctor and let us **show you.** For business, towing, freighting and all other purposes where hard and continuous service is required, Racine Boats will "make good" because they are fitted with heavy, powerful engines that have stood the test of years. Remember we offer you 22 years of successful experience.

A complete line of Racine Motor Boats, Auto Boats, Sail Boats, Row Boats, Hunting Boats, Dingheys, Canoes, Engines and Boat Supplies will be found at our different show rooms for inspection, trial and prompt delivery.

122 W. 34th St., New York
509 Tremont St., Boston
38 Delaware Ave., Camden
1321 Michigan Ave., Chicago
182 Jefferson Ave., Detroit
321 First Ave. S., Seattle

St. Louis	**Nashville, Tenn.**
Minneapolis	**Savannah, Ga.**
New Orleans	**Baltimore**
Memphis	**Providence**
Jacksonville, Fla.	**Indianapolis**
Spokane	**Rochester**
Portland	**Louisville**
San Francisco	**Milwaukee**
Los Angeles	**Sault Ste. Marie**

Mexico City, Mexico

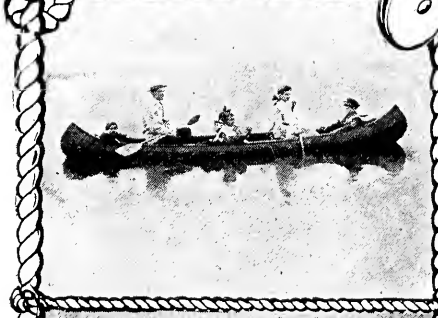
Write for catalog and say what you want. We'll do the rest.

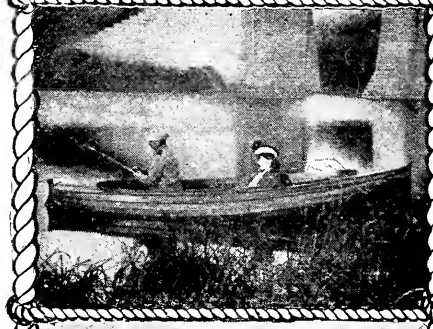
Address

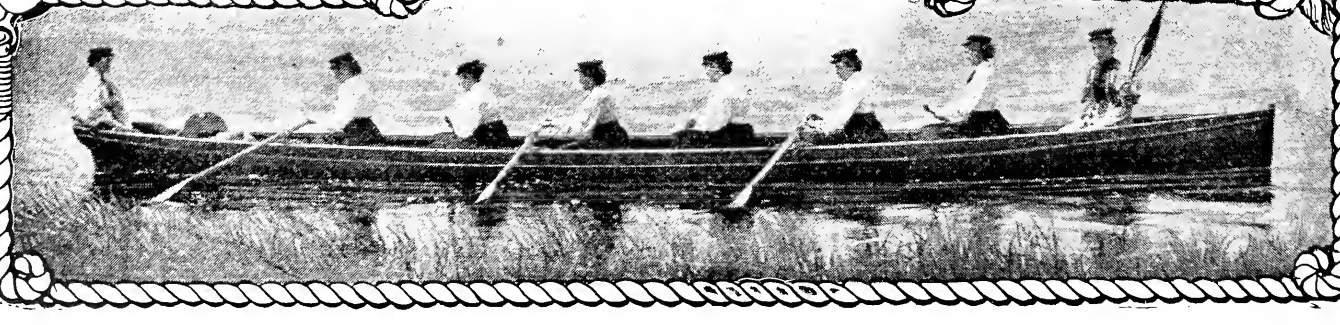
Racine Boat Mfg. Co.

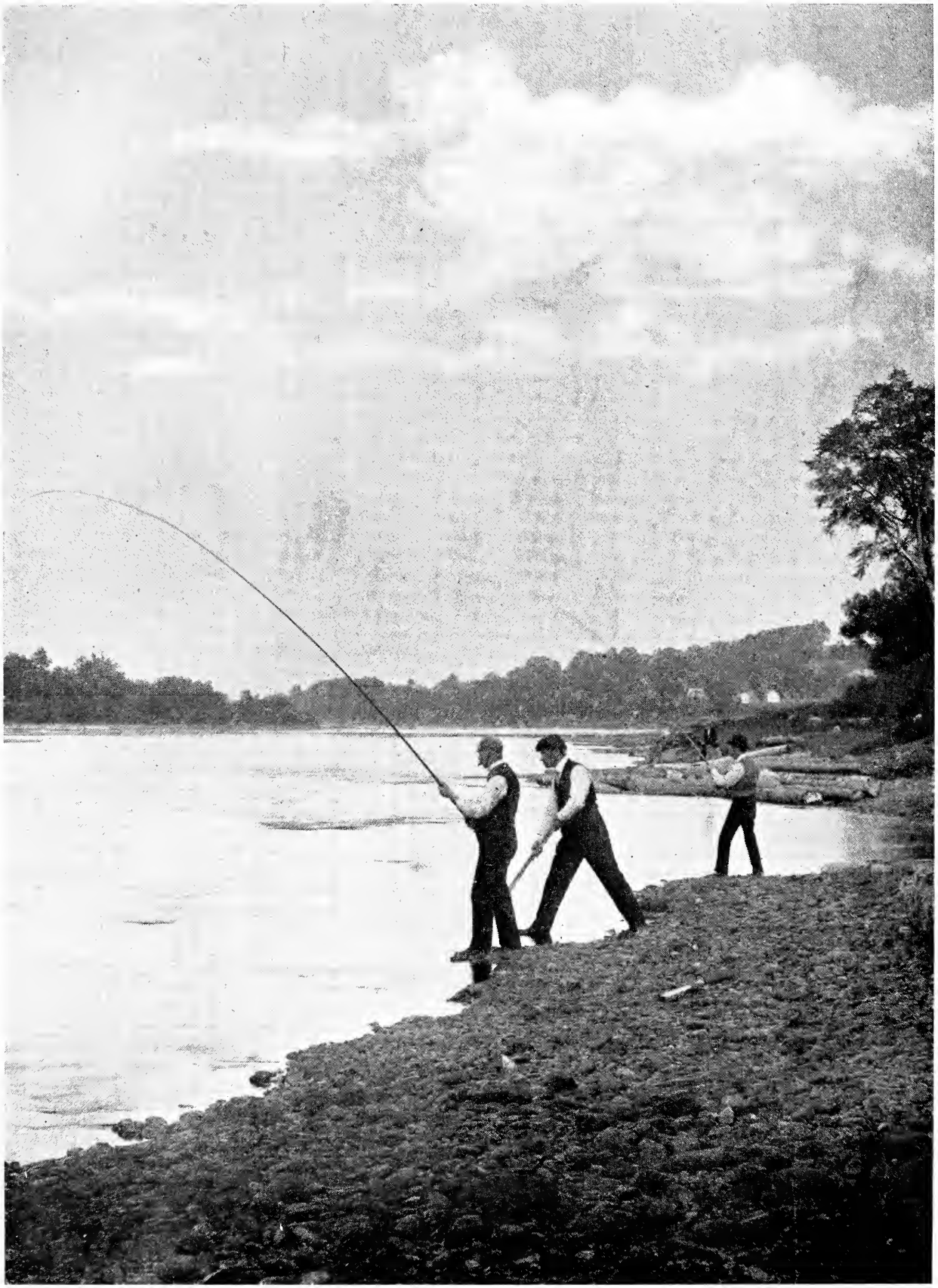
RIVERSIDE

Muskegon, Michigan









WHERE FLY-FISHING IS BIG AND BOLD

Wielders of the Big Two-Handed Salmon-Rod Whipping a Pool on the St. John River, near Fredericton, N. B., where Salmon Were Taken with the Fly Last Season for the First Time, and where the Fishing is Free to All

RECREATION

Vol. XXIV | MAY, 1906 | No. 5

PYX, B. A.

The Tale of a Travelled Dog

BY H. L. S.

CHAPTER I

BOYS VERSUS DOGS

I HAVE often wondered why it is that boys take such pleasure in tormenting dogs. It seems that the dirtier, the poorer, or hungrier looking the dog the worse he is treated. You rarely see a boy show other than the greatest respect for a handsome, well-fed dog, but let some poor, half-starved creature come along, and every boy on that block has a fling at him. I know, for I've been hungry and dirty, have known nothing but kicks and curses, and dined each day from some uncovered garbage can, but now—well, now it is different.

I was born in Seattle in the spring of 1900. Our home was a most beautiful one with fine kennels and stables and every comfort that wealth could give.

I wasn't considered much of a puppy; for I remember hearing some one say one morning, "Well, Ladye (that was my mother), you have a mighty fine family, all but this little runt, and I guess we will get rid of him." Now I didn't know what runt meant, but I soon discovered it was something disagreeable, for I was always pushed aside at meal times, and my more lusty brothers and sisters (there were five of us) did not hesitate to punish me severely whenever I had anything they wanted.

One day when we were about six weeks old some gentlemen came to look at my mother and us and one of them said: "I tell you, Gordon, they are as fine a lot as I ever saw—all but this little runt (poor me); you would be very foolish not to exhibit them;

*This story is founded on fact. Pyx is a real dog, his peculiarities are real, his comrades are real, his friends are real—and many; the *Bear* is a real ship, and I have in my possession the pelt of the red fox.

This little story may fall into the hands of some of the officers of the Revenue Cutter Service who know Pyx, and if it does I think they will be the happier in the knowledge that he is happy and contented. A smarter, brighter, more loving and more lovable little dog never lived. H. L. S.

Copyright, 1906, by Wm. E. Annis.

you'd get the ribbon sure." I had heard the head groom talking to his brother Jack. (Jack washed the carriages and was a real nice man, but I had no use for that head groom, not since he cut off my beautiful little tail.) He was telling him about a bench show, that's what he called it, where all the fine dogs were sent and men came, looked at them and tied ribbons on some of them. I believe it is considered quite an honor to have the blue ribbon. I thought it would be great sport to go, for perhaps there would be a ribbon for "runts," and I might get it; but I was doomed to disappointment, for only my mother and my brothers and sisters were to go. I felt it was too bad that I was to be left behind, for I did so want to see what the world was like outside of the yard where we lived.

You see our place was on the outskirts of the city, and our master owned a great many beautiful horses, and, oh! such a lot of dogs, and each family of dogs had their own little yard in which to exercise.

Well, the next day I was right glad I was not to go to the show, for mother and my brothers and sisters were no longer allowed to roam around the yard at will, and such washing, rubbing and brushing as they had! When I heard my brothers and sisters crying to get out where I was I strutted about and congratulated myself on being born a "runt," but pride goeth before a fall, for that evening I was carried off by that head groom to his house and given to his little boy. Now Billy, that was the boy's name, was ugly, with red hair and a freckled face, not naturally bad, as boys go, but he had never been taught to be kind. I was lonely and homesick, and when I cried he beat me; I had never been struck before, and I think I was more surprised than hurt, but I soon learned that crying did no good, it only brought me a beating. I had no one to play with, and I had to amuse myself in some way, so I carried off whatever I found and buried it in my treasure garden; this was a place away down at the foot of the back yard, and I soon had quite a collection there.

One day, after I had been there quite a while, Billy was all excitement, he was going to a party. I believe that is a place where a lot of children get together and sit around very uncomfortable in their best clothes until the ice cream comes, and then they eat and go home. Billy and his chum had talked it over in the back yard and had concocted a plan by which they were to have three dishes between them; they were full of pleasant anticipations and soon expected to be full of ice cream. Billy had polished his best shoes till he could see himself in them, and set them out on the back porch just as I came trotting around. I caught a whiff of the varnish, it isn't a bad smell at all; I thought I'd just take one of those shoes down to my treasure garden, and perhaps after a while it might be good to gnaw on; bones get awfully good after they are buried a while. So off I went with one of his shoes and soon I had it covered with the nice fresh dirt I had scratched up; then being a little tired I went over, stretched out under a shade tree and was soon fast asleep.

I was awakened by Billy's voice in loud lamentations; he seemed to be deeply distressed and was running around, evidently looking for something; down the yard he came, clear down to my treasure garden. Directly he gave a yell of delight and picked up the end of a shoe string; with the shoestring from out of the soft earth came the missing shoe. It was the shoe he was looking for, for without the shoe Billy could not go to the party (he had lost the mate to his other pair the day before, when he went in swimming), and without the party there would be no ice cream. He grabbed the shoe, and then catching sight of me he picked up a stick and made for me, but I had felt the weight of that small arm before, so I ran as fast as I could out of the yard through the open gate, down the street; nor did I stop until I reached the waterfront where, perfectly exhausted, I crawled under some old lumber and lay for hours trembling with fright.

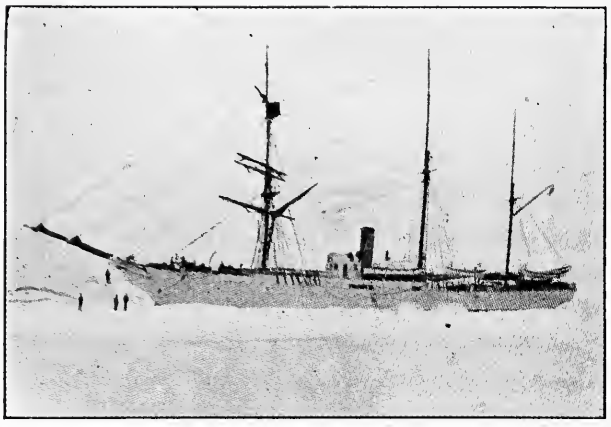
That was the last I ever saw of Billy, but that was the beginning of my life as a street dog, and as a boy in knee pants brought me my first misery I then and there vowed eternal hatred to them all, and woe unto the shins that came my way. I cared not whether they were covered with silk or cotton, or whether they were covered at all, a sight of a pair of knee pants always made me show my teeth.

CHAPTER II

A FRIEND IN NEED

My, what a fight that was! I can feel my hair rising up all along my back even now when I think of it. I was about a year old then; my active life had developed my muscles so that although I was small I was wonderfully strong. The streets had been my home for over four months; I slept most of the time in an old lumber yard, and my diet consisted chiefly of street scraps and canned goods—garbage cans. I had few friends of my own kind: somehow we all seemed so busy trying to get a living, honest or otherwise, that we did not have much time for sociability. But there was one little dog, I heard a lumberman call a thoroughbred mongrel (I had never heard of that breed before) that I was very fond of. She was a pretty little thing, full of fun, and many fine games of hide and seek we had among the piles of lumber. We used to go off on long trips about town together, and often when she did not feel like going I would go off alone and never returned without some choice morsel for her; often I would be so hungry that I was greatly tempted to sit down in some alley and enjoy it myself, but I would remember the secret she told me, and carefully guarded, I would lay the prize at her feet. Sometimes it was only a fish or a dry bone, but one day we had a great treat; I guess it wasn't right, but I've heard it said

TARO, THE HERO FROM YOKOHAMA



U. S. REVENUE CUTTER "BEAR" IN AN ICE PACK

that all is fair in love and war, and surely I was in love. I was trotting along on this particular day, tired, hungry and disappointed, for I had found nothing either for myself or for her, when, suddenly, I heard a cry, followed by a crash, and there, right in front of me, lay a messenger boy, a tray and a lot of broken dishes all mixed up together; but I also saw a big, thick luscious steak which I proceeded to grab, and away I ran, never stopping to ask permission or even to see if the poor boy was hurt. My! but that steak was good, how we did enjoy it, the first real meat either of us had had for many a day.

Dear, dear, how I ramble on. I started out to tell about the fight—but I'm coming to it, the memory of that day brings back so many little things I had almost forgotten—but how well do I remember the day my partner took me with her to a place behind some boards, where she proudly showed me three squirming little puppies, and gave me to understand they were ours! Oh, how proud I was, and what a thrill went through me when I heard their little voices. Why, I felt as though I had the strength of a lion to work for them, and work I did to find food for their mother; for she could not go far to hunt for herself, and many a kick and many a blow I received, for I grew bolder and lost no opportunity to nab a choice bit from a butcher's cart, or even to overhaul the lunch baskets of the workmen in the lumber yard.

One day when I came back I found we had company, not very welcome company, either, so far as I was concerned; he was a mean-looking fellow with a good deal of the bulldog in him, and when I came up he showed his teeth in a very ungentlemanly manner. By my actions I told him plainly that he was not welcome, but he seemed to have come to stay, and stay he did. Then I tried to be polite, for it occurred to me he might be some relative to my little wife, as I believe a mongrel is related to all dogs; but finally, after several days had passed I made up my mind that relation or no relation, he must go. I did not propose having him hang around any longer, and told him so! Then the fight began.

Ye gods, how we did fight! over and over we rolled, the dust blinding my eyes and choking me; several times I felt my strength giving way, for I was but a young dog, but the fighting blood of my race, pure and untainted, was in my veins, and I took hold with a firmer grip. I do believe I might have whipped him had not my partner! my wife! she that I had worked so hard for, had taken blows and curses for, had she not turned against me. At first I thought she had joined the fight to help me, and I had renewed courage, but when I found she was actually fighting me, I lost all heart. I gave up, and down I went with both of them on top.

In a few minutes this story never would have been written, had it not been for a kind-hearted fisherman who, returning from his day's work, was passing through the lumber yard, heard the noise and came up just in time. He kicked and beat them off and picked me up a great deal more dead than alive, bleeding from many wounds, broken in spirit, ready to die; he stroked me tenderly, saying: "Poor little fellow, poor little fellow!" bending over me his great kind face, brown from exposure to the sun and nearly covered with a thick, bushy beard. His blue eyes won my confidence at once and I licked the hand that stroked me.

I knew he wore heavy boots and coarse trousers such as I hated, for, heretofore, they only meant kicks and bruises to me; for those cruel men who worked along the waterfront wore such clothes, and I always associated them with meanness and cruelty. Even yet I have an almost irresistible desire to snap at the leg covered in that way—but here was an exception. I knew this man could be trusted, so I closed my eyes, laid

my head on his arm and went home with him.

He had a tiny little house with a square of yard in front, all laid out in flower beds, outlined with different kinds of shells. In the middle of this square was the frame and masts of a boat, the *Nancy*, as I saw by the name painted on her. He had filled the boat with earth and planted her full of bright colored flowers; morning-glories ran up her masts and geraniums blossomed fore and aft; on each side were beds, anchor-shaped, all full of flowers; along the fence which was covered with honeysuckle he had rows of sunflowers and what he called "hollyhocks."

As we opened the gate a great maltese cat ran to meet us, and a parrot screamed 'Welcome, ma hearty!" from his cage on the little porch in front. My new friend took me into the house, through a room evidently his parlor and bedroom in one.

In the kitchen which adjoined everything was, as in the front room, spotlessly clean. He put me down on a bench, got a pan of water and with a soft rag proceeded to wash my wounds, murmuring all the while words of tenderness and reassurance. When he was through he brought me something to eat, but I could not eat; I only wanted to sleep. So he folded a quilt and laid me on it as tenderly as though I had been a babe, and left me to rest.

CHAPTER III

I JOIN THE UNITED STATES NAVY

My master's name was MacFarland, Captain MacFarland he was called; he was Scotch by birth, a bachelor and a retired sea captain, as any one would judge by his home, with its boat of flowers and his walls covered with charts. I think he must have been everywhere. He would sit for hours and

PYX AND HIS COMPANIONS ON BOARD THE REVENUE CUTTER "BEAR"

tell Laddie, that was the cat, and Petro, that was the parrot, and me about his strange adventures on land and sea. Of course, we could not understand all of it, but he liked nothing better than to get down in that great armchair, his pipe in his mouth, Petro on the back of the chair, Laddie on one side and me on the other. Then we four would sit sometimes through a whole evening, he talking and we listening, and when he would get excited with his tale and raise his voice, or strike out with his fist, Laddie would arch his back, I would growl or bark, and Petro would scream: "Aye, aye, ma hearty!" Oh, it was great! and I ought to have been perfectly contented and behaved myself, but a dog who had had so much excitement as I had always known could hardly be expected to be perfectly satisfied with such an uneventful existence. 'Tis true I had a little change, when the Captain would take me with him in his boat *Nancy No. 2* and we would be out all day fishing. I enjoyed that immensely, but I had gotten into roving ways, and some days I just could not stay at home. Several times, I am ashamed to say, I got into little fights, and when I would come sneaking home my master showed plainly he disapproved of my conduct.

Among the few visitors to our house was a sailor by the name of Howard; he was a gunner on board the United States revenue cutter *Bear* that often came into port here (she did service in Alaskan waters in summer and came South in winter); he was a right nice sort of a man and my master and he were great friends.

One day when he was at our house and my master had been having me do all the cute little tricks he had taught me, the conversation turned on pets and he asked where I came from. Then my master told him about finding me half dead in the lumber yard, and as much about me as he knew, ending with: "I expect nothing else but what he will get killed some day, he is such a little fighter, and lately I can't keep him at home at all." Gunner Howard laughed and said: "He ought to live on shipboard—he would have to stay there; better let me see if they don't want him on our ship; he would help to amuse us with his antics on one of our long cruises."

I presume the Captain gave his consent to this plan, for the next day Gunner Howard came back and with him was a very fine looking gentleman, whom he introduced to my master as Mr. Helmat, an officer of the *Bear*. I liked that man right off, he had a kind face, but I knew by the shape of his jaw that when he said I must do a thing I would have to do it—you know some people affect you that way.

Well, we got to be great friends, and I did my best tricks for him, for which he patted me on my head kindly, but went away. I was a little disappointed, as I had begun to think I'd like to be a sailor first-rate. A day or two later he came again, and this time he asked me if I wanted to go with him and I barked my willingness and cheerfully left the home that had sheltered me in my greatest hour of need.

I don't believe I was ungrateful. I was quite fond of my old master, the Captain, but he was away so much and it was woefully stupid to be shut up all day with that tomcat and a screaming parrot.

My new master took me at once on board the ship, introduced me to the other dogs, gave me to understand I was to behave myself, and then took me down into his room and showed me where I was to sleep, on the foot of his bed, and there I did sleep every night but two (of which I will tell you later) for over two years—two beautiful happy years.

CHAPTER IV

I LEARN THE FIRST DUTY OF A SAILOR

How different that life on shipboard was from any of my former experiences. But the thing which seemed strangest to me was the way they had of telling the time. Instead of clocks that struck the hour they rang bells; for example, at twelve o'clock they rang eight bells. It was very confusing, but I finally got accustomed to it, and knew what the different bells meant.

I lived almost entirely in the officers' quarters, not the Captain's, of course, although I called upon him often, and had many a dainty bit from his table. I think it was he who gave me my first taste of champagne. I don't think much of that stuff, for I noticed folks often act so silly after drinking it.

When the *Bear* was in port during the

winter season we had some fine times; there would be music and singing and the best things to eat! I got so I could always tell when company was expected, for there was such a cleaning up; all the prettiest sofa pillows and hangings were brought out, objectionable things were pushed out of sight and I was always in for an extra wash and rub; for the ladies all liked me, and I would go from one chair to the other for a taste of this or a bit of that, and when desert came I had my dish of ice cream with the rest. But I had one experience I did not like very well, although I had no one to blame for it but myself.

You see, I had always done pretty much as I pleased, and I liked to have my own way. There were a lot of other dogs on the ship; they had been there before me, and I don't think they thought much of me, anyway, for to those old sea dogs I was only a small undersized fox terrier. I had been on the ship several months, and they always treated me rather coldly. I was just dying to do something to attract their attention — and I did it.

There was an old gray cat on board. My master had taken me up and introduced me; her name was Mascot. He told me I was never to disturb her, but to treat her with the utmost respect; he never said a word about any kittens, and how was I to know; now I'm not partial to kittens excepting as a means of amusement. In the lumber yard the cats gave me my only recreation. I'll confess it was a little hard on the cats, but I enjoyed it.

"THE FOLKS ARE VERY KIND TO ME"—ON THE RANCH

Well, one day I saw Mrs. Mascot curled up on a pile of rope and I thought I would just make a friendly call, so up I jumped, and bless my heart, if there didn't jump up five little cats all at once. I had not known there was one on board. They had tails as big around as their bodies, and mighty poor manners, too, for they actually spat in my face. I was so taken aback that for a

minute I could only stand and stare, but just then one little fellow jumped down, and then down they all jumped; I don't know what made me do it—I jumped after them; the other dogs saw it all, forgot their dignity and joined me, and away we all went after the mother and her kittens; it was fun while it lasted, but it didn't last long, for the sailors whipped the other dogs, and my master caught me and said I must be taught to obey. Well, if that is the way it is taught, I don't want many lessons. I would a lot rather have been whipped by a cur bulldog than have the same hand that had petted and stroked me raised in anger against me.

The sailors said it was good luck to have kittens born on board, and besides, they wanted them to catch the rats and mice. Bah! I can beat all the cats at rat catching! What are a few ship rats compared to the army of them I put to flight in the lumber yard.

But I let old Mascot and her family alone after that, excepting when I could get one or more behind something, then I used to stand by the hour and show my teeth, it was such fun, for they were so scared; but I never hurt them, and finally we became great friends.

CHAPTER V

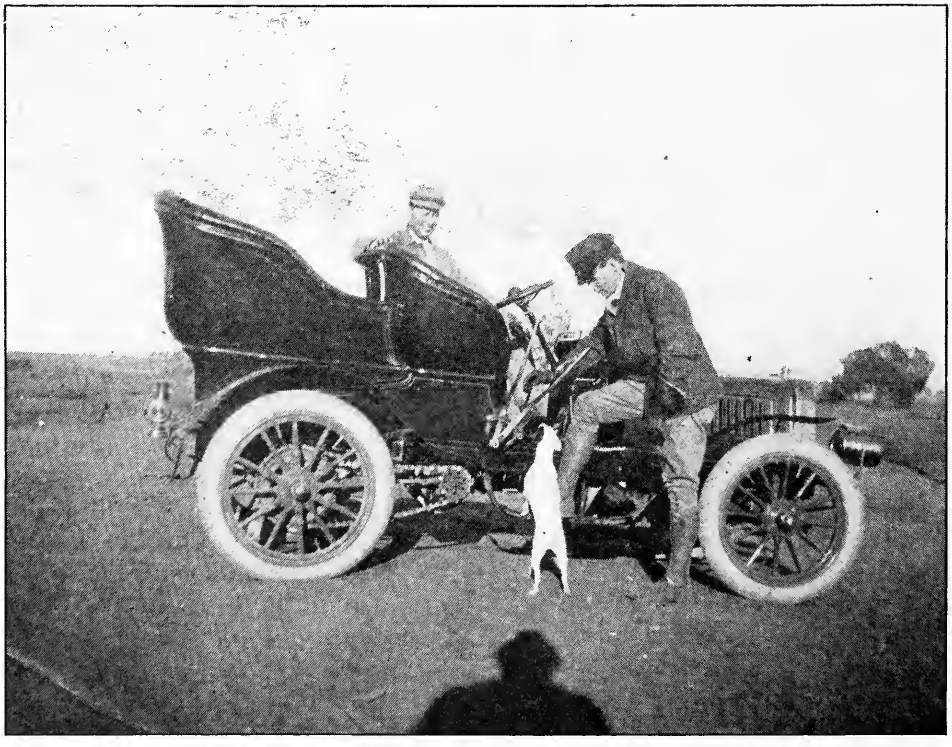
LOST

I HAD been in the Navy over a year when what I am going to tell you happened.

Our ship always went south in winter, sometimes as far down as San Diego Bay, when our officers and men forgot the anxieties and work of the long summer months and became care free amid the enjoyments of a southern winter.

We had wintered at Coronado (the jack rabbits on that island are the finest runners I ever saw) and as there was a lot of extra work to do, we had come north earlier than usual. The trip up, even to me, a dog, seemed very lovely, especially among the islands near Sitka, and I would lie for hours and watch the shores as we passed. I was fast learning to be a gentleman and as every one was so kind to me I almost forgot how to growl.

Our captain had warned us to expect a lot of ice, and he was right; each day it got



PYX'S MASTER INTRODUCES HIM TO THE AUTOMOBILE

colder and more ice was seen. One night when I was sound asleep on my master's bed, wrapped up good and warm, I was awakened by a dreadful crash, followed by great confusion, and then all was still. No one came to tell me what had happened, my bed was very warm and comfortable, and I was so sleepy I soon forgot all about it; but next morning when I went up on deck I saw a wonderful sight; for a few moments I could see nothing—it was dazzling! for our ship was surrounded by great blocks of ice; we could move neither forward or backward, the ice was everywhere. Oh, but it was cold! I often lie now by the grate fire and dream of that ice, and how glad I am when I awake to feel the warmth from the burning coal instead of the icy chill of that morning. I heard the men say we were caught in the ice that had begun to break and melt, but owing to a change in the weather had frozen up again, and that we would have to stay until another thaw came.

At first it was rather interesting to watch for walrus or other sea animals that would come up through the crevices in the ice, but after a day or so of that I got tired and restless. Some of the men had gone to hunt, and I, too, began to long for some adventure. So one of the other dogs and I decided we would just run up and down awhile, not intending to go beyond sight of the ship; but suddenly I espied the head of some little animal peeping out from behind a block of ice and away we both went. We had been on the ship for so long it seemed so good to stretch our legs. We ran, we jumped, we barked. Oh, what a lark! I turned to ask my dog friend how he liked it, and much to my dismay he was nowhere to be seen; in vain I looked, in vain I barked, no answer came. I looked for the ship, but there was no ship in sight.—I was a lost dog and I sat down and howled.

I was hungry, too, and my feet began to burn and hurt. That great white silent world seemed just to contain me, poor little me; how I wished for my nice warm bed and my good hot supper. I have seen times since when I longed for a piece of ice, but just then I would gladly have exchanged the whole world of ice for one nice, warm bone from my master's table. I was wretched. I howled and howled, and away off I heard an answering howl, half invitation, half defiance. Somehow it made my poor little fox-terrier heart go down in my toes, and I wished I was safe back on the *Bear*. I was not a bit interested just then in the "call of the wild,' it was home folks I wanted.

Have you ever seen the Northern Lights? I never had before, because I had always very properly gone to bed; but that night I had no bed to go to, so, instead, I stood and gazed about me. Something of the awful grandeur and mystery of an Arctic night crept into my little dog mind, and again I howled with a sort of terror of I knew not what, and again came that answering howl; it seemed to me it said: "I come, little brother; I come," but I had every reason to believe my brothers were living safe, uneventful lives many miles away, and I didn't want any new relations, so I took to my heels and ran and ran until exhausted I dropped down.

I must have fallen asleep, for when I awoke it was broad daylight and the sun was making the ice seem like pinnacles of diamonds. I got up cold and stiff, stretched myself and looked around; ice, ice everywhere, not a living being in sight; I was very cold, and I had sense enough to know I would not get warm by standing still, so I started off on a slow trot. I had no idea what direction to take, I only knew I wanted to be going, and all directions seemed alike to me. I was fearfully hungry, so I kept a sharp lookout for breakfast; once I caught sight of some little creature scurrying along on the ice and I made after it, but he was too quick for me. Along about noon I came across a dead bird; it was not a very dainty morsel, but I was hungry and I crouched there on the ice and tore that bird apart like some wild beast, nor did I stop until every vestige of flesh was gone. Then, more than ever, I wanted the water I had been longing for all morning; in vain I licked the ice, it only seemed to add to my thirst. I believe thirst is worse to bear than hunger. I know I would rather have had a nice, fresh drink of water than that bird I had devoured.

I stood and gazed in every direction, hoping for a glimpse of my beloved ship, but I could see nothing of it, only the white glare of the icebergs. I knew that night was approaching, and how I dreaded to be

alone out in that cold white wilderness. I am not a coward; I believe in all my short life that awful white solitude was the only thing of which I ever was afraid. All night I wandered about, slowly, cautiously. I heard many strange sounds, but I had learned to lay low and make no response.

Again came the beautiful light in the sky, and again the feeling of awe, and what would be reverence, in a human mind, came over me, and I think had I known how, I would have prayed to that God to whom men pray, to watch over me, too, a poor, homeless, little lost dog. I did not sleep much, but finally, just before morning came I had a nice little nap, only to awake hungrier and more wretched than ever.

As the morning wore on I again started in my aimless trot; suddenly, as I rounded a berg, I came upon a beautiful red fox, my "brother," I guess, of the night before. I think at first he was as much surprised at our meeting as was I, but at second glance he showed his teeth in a very ugly manner. I snarled back, for I was nervous, hungry, out of sorts, and rather wanted to fight something; so by the time he curled his lip at me again and came crouching toward me, I waited no longer, but sprang at him, right for his throat, and then we closed in on each other. I knew it was to be a battle for life, but my blood was up. I was mad and I held on tenaciously; he tried in every way to shake me off. He beat and tore me with his paws, we rolled over and over, but still I held on; I seemed to feel I must. I knew if I let go I was gone, and although my breath came in jerks, my head swam, my eyeballs seemed bursting, I still held on. I was growing numb; I knew I was bleeding from many wounds, yet I seemed to feel nothing. The world had turned red, there was a buzzing in my ears, I thought I was dying—I believe I was dying. I could not have let go then if I wanted, for my jaws were set. Suddenly there was a sharp report, I felt the fox quiver, and then all was still.

I think I was brought back to life by hear- a voice, the voice of my beloved master, saying: "Poor little Pyx, I'm afraid you are done for this time." But I opened my eyes and did my best to tell him I wasn't.

It was a very fortunate thing for me that my master and the other officer decided to take the route they did that morning in their search for me. They had their rifles with them, hoping to get a shot at a bear or a walrus, and it was my master that fired the shot.

They carried me back to the ship, and from the Captain down they showed their joy at seeing me again, and their sorrow at my plight. My master and the ship's doctor attended to my wounds, but I grew very ill; evidently I had taken cold and pneumonia set in. I was ill for weeks, and it surely was a wonderful thing to see those great strong men, who were so ready to kill their fellowmen, if need be, for their country's sake, care so tenderly for a poor, sick dog.

The ice broke up a few days after they found me. Some of the queer sounds I heard that last night on the ice were made by its cracking, so when I was once again able to go about the deck we were sailing along in an open sea.

I did not have any more experiences that summer, I was so weak and miserable. I doubt if I ever will get over all the bad results of that fight, for even now I never hear the report of firearms but the pain and terror of it all comes back to me, and I run and hide. It may be cowardly, but I can't help it.

My master had the fox skinned and his hide dressed, and when I saw it could no longer do me harm I let him cover me with it at night, when he put me to bed—and a nice, warm cover it made.

CHAPTER VI

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT

We divided our time that winter between San Francisco and Seattle; at the latter place I took the opportunity of visiting my old haunts. I was not supposed to leave the ship alone, but I managed several times to slip away; for I just had to see the old place again.

No one knew me and I found many changes.

I went first out to the place where I was born. My, but it is a pretty place. I did not get to speak to my mother, though I saw her through the fence: she was very busy looking after a lot of mischievous little fel-

lows. Evidently she does not believe in race suicide.

I watched her for a long time and it was wonderful how kind and patient she was with these youngsters. I hung around for quite a while in hopes I might have a chance to talk with her. I particularly wanted to know if she got a ribbon that time at the show, but it was no use, for after those little chaps had their romp they were hungry, and when I left they were drinking their fill and she was asleep.

From there I went to the house where Billy lived, for I had a sort of sneaking longing to once again dig in my treasure garden. I guess it was silly for a grown-up dog to have such fancies, but just as you will finger lovingly some book, a doll or toy you had when a child and dream your little dream of the past, so did I long to disinter some of my puppy playthings; but, alas! strangers lived in the house, and another freckled-face boy, not Billy, but just as mean as Billy, swung on the gate and threw a stone at me as I passed.

Another day I visited the lumber yard down on the waterfront. Oh, what memories that place brought me: joy, sorrow, love and hate all came to me there. I wandered around in and out among the old piles of lumber, and finally came to the very place where my treacherous wife came so near being the cause of my undoing, and there she was! gnawing a bone, as in the days long past.

I could hardly believe my eyes; she looked perfectly natural—a little older, but otherwise unchanged. She did not know me. She came up and spoke to me very politely, but the sound of her voice brought back all the horrors of that day and I turned and fled. Then I went around to the little house that had given me shelter when I was ill and broken-hearted.

I found the house with some difficulty, for the surrounding were greatly changed. The fence was broken, the flowers dead, the *Nancy* falling apart; only the one mast still stuck in the dry brown earth, and on the top of it a lusty rooster was perched, crowing loudly to his wives, who were busily scratching below.

The gate hung on one hinge, and as I came up a couple of barefooted, dirty-faced children went through, carrying a basket of freshly-ironed clothing, while from the kitchen—that dear little kitchen—came the cries of a baby and the scolding voice of a woman.

I thought my heart would burst! Where, oh, where, was my kind old master? Where Petro, where Laddie?

I was turning away when I heard a low mew, and looking around I saw a big, raw-boned cat, as unkempt as the house, as dirty as its inmates; but there was something familiar in the arch of his neck. Surely, I thought, I have seen this cat before. He seemed friendly as I went up to him, and our joy was mutual when we recognized each other—for it was my old friend, Laddie.

He told me the master had gone away as usual to fish one day; there was a big storm and he never came back. Laddie said he and Petro were in the house alone for days; finally, Petro died in his cage of hunger; but Laddie managed to find enough to keep alive.

One day some people came and took all the furniture away; the house was empty for quite a while and then these people came. Laddie said he hung around the place still because it was all the home he had ever known, but he wished he had a home as good as I seemed to have, for I looked so fat and sleek.

I told him I was still on the ship, and after making him promise he would behave like a gentleman, I said I would take him there, too, but that he must first clean himself up.

When we reached the *Bear* the dogs and cats all stood around and stared (he was a sight to those well-groomed fellows), but I whispered to them his hard luck story, and they rose to the occasion; for nearly every one of them had been down on his luck at some time, and as sorrow makes the world akin, so in this case we all became brothers, and they gave him a hearty welcome.

CHAPTER VII

I HAVE AN ADVENTURE

When spring came we once more set sail for Alaska and the Siberian coast. We had a delightful trip; the season was early and we had no difficulties with the ice.

Several times our boat anchored by a little

Esquimaux town and I had the opportunity of seeing their mode of life, their people, and, better still, to meet some of the hard-working, intelligent dogs of that far North country.

They were a queer lot, those great raw-boned, furry creatures. I was almost afraid of them; to be sure, I could stand on my head, speak when I wanted anything or dance for a bone, and they could not.

It was a wonderful sight to me to see them harnessed ready to pull their load.

The food they ate, great chunks of raw fat and dried fish, at first seemed repulsive to me, but one day an ugly, fat old woman offered me a piece of the meat when I was out walking with my master and he gave it to me; it had a funny smell, but it tasted pretty good. I guess one has to cultivate the taste for it, like with strong cheese and the little fish eggs my master eats on toast; at any rate, I seemed to be cultivating it, for one day as I lay on the deck, the breeze brought me that queer, funny smell and I wanted a piece of that meat the worst kind. I knew I should not leave the boat, but I did want to see if I could find a bit, so I thought I would go just a little way.

Once started, I forgot all about time, there were so many interesting things to see; you have no idea how unlike ours is an Esquimaux town; they have no electric cars to be afraid of, no horses to dodge. Oh! it was delightful.

I met some of the great dogs; we rubbed noses, for I put on my very best manners and took pains to let them see I greatly admired them. They told me, in a rather condescending way, to be sure, of their wonderful journeys over ice and snow, of the hardships and suffering and the bitter cold winters, often on short rations, until I felt so sorry for them and so glad I was only a little fox terrier and didn't have to live in an Esquimaux village.

I wandered around for quite a while and then started back to the ship. On the way I passed the queer little house where the ugly fat woman lived that gave me the meat that time I was with my master.

There she stood, as ugly as ever; she held in her hand a most delicious smelling morsel and offered it to me coaxingly.

Now, I knew I should not take it. I had been carefully taught never to accept any overtures from a stranger, but I was hungry and it did smell so good I thought I would just nab it and run, but as I reached for the meat the old hag reached for me and in spite of my snarls and growls, before I knew it I was inside that smoky, dirty hut she called home, and she had very dexterously slipped over my head a noose in the end of a rope made of walrus skin; there was no use trying to get away, for the more I struggled and pulled on that rope the tighter it got about my neck, until finally I was glad to lie quiet.

Then, when it was too late, how I repented me of my wilfulness and how I longed for the clean deck of the *Bear*. She put down by me several choice bits of the meat, but my appetite was gone and it no longer tempted me. The smell made me sick. I lay there hour after hour.

I wondered how things were on the ship. I knew it was getting near dinner time. I thought of the savory smells coming up from the kitchen below. I thought of my good, kind master and of all my friends on the boat. I even longed for the old cat, although my nose at that moment bore evidence of the sharpness of her claws—but I loved them all then. I was so miserable I cried.

It was getting late, I knew, by the shadows, and the old hag dropped the hide curtain that served her for a door and fastened it securely with thongs. Then she lit a vile-smelling sort of candle which she set on the table and with a piece of the same meat she had offered me, she lay down on a pallet of skins and munched and munched with evidently great enjoyment. After what seemed to me hours, she commenced to snore, and I knew my time had come, so I began to gnaw at my rope.

Once the old woman came over to see if I was all right. I pretended to be asleep and she gave a satisfied grunt and laid down again. I waited a while and then went to work harder than ever. I was afraid morning would come before I got through, for these summer nights in the Arctic regions are very short, but finally the rope yielded and I knew I was free. The floor of the hut was of dirt and I had no difficulty in scratching a hole under the walrus curtain large

enough to crawl through. I was a little careless, however, and made more noise than I should, I suppose, for the old woman awakened, and when she saw me digging she rushed for the opening. But I was too quick for her; out I wriggled and away I ran, nor did I stop until I was safe aboard the ship and whining at my master's door.

He was as glad to see me as I was to see him. He told me I was a bad dog. I dropped my stump of a tail and agreed with him. He said I needed a whipping. I put on my most abject air. I said as plain as a dog could that I was sorry, and he—bless his dear, kind heart—he patted me and said we would take the whipping—next time.

CHAPTER VIII.

I FIND A NEW HOME

I think my master and I were both glad when we found we were to winter that year at Coronado, way down on the southern coast of California. We had both been there before, and we liked it. So one bright, beautiful day—nearly all the days are bright and beautiful there—we sailed into the harbor of San Diego and anchored on the Coronado side.

I was very anxious to get out and see if I could find any of my old friends, and most particularly did I want to get after the jack rabbits on North Island. I had a few days of absolute freedom, in which I met some old friends, made some new ones and had five beautiful fights. And then, much to my disgust, I found I was expected to be a trim, respectable ship dog again, with a bath every other day, and all the rest of it. I was told I was going on a visit and must behave my best.

That afternoon a young lady took me away in a nice carriage. We drove onto a big boat and through many streets up to her home. I had never been in San Diego before, so the ride on the boat and all the rest of it was interesting, and I enjoyed it greatly.

The people at the young lady's home were very kind to me, but I was not at all interested in them, so I watched my chance and slipped out and started off for the ship. I felt pretty sure of my way, for I had kept my eyes open as we drove up. I found the place where we left the ferry-boat with little trouble, but there was no boat there, only the great stretch of water, and away over on the other side was my home, the *Bear*. I laid down to think what I had better do. I was afraid I could not swim so far, but I was just about to try when I saw a boat coming and recognized the ferry. I went aboard, laid down under a seat until she touched the Coronado side and then trotted off and ran to the ship, expecting, of course, my master would be delighted to see me. But somehow he did not seem very glad and mumbled something about some dogs not knowing a good thing when they saw it. He could not have referred to me, because I knew a good thing. Hadn't I proved it by my return to the *Bear?*

About a week later my master called me over to him and as I jumped up in his lap and he took my face between his hands he said, "Pyx, little fellow, look at me; listen. I have something to tell you."

Then he told me he was going to leave the *Bear*—that he had been given other duty and he could not take me with him. He did not want to leave me on the *Bear*, with any of the other officers, as he feared another cold such as I had had would finish me. He told me of the beautiful home he had found for me, and how he knew I would be happy in this sunny southland. We had a regular heart to heart talk; I tried with my eyes to tell him I understood and would do all he wanted me to do. So he took me over to San Diego to the people I had run away from; he gave me to understand I was to stay there, mind my mistress and be a credit to him.

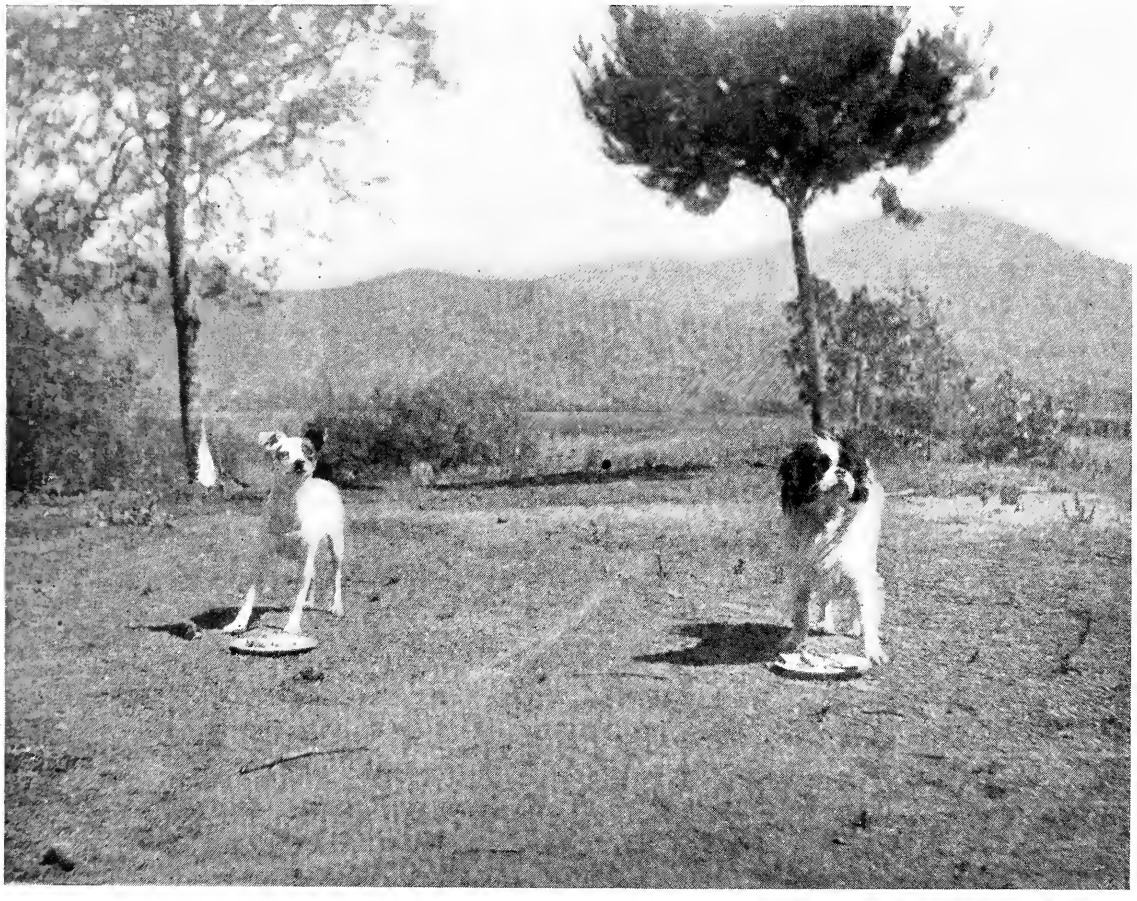
It was awfully hard to have him go, and I think he felt pretty bad to leave me, but I made up my mind I would be good and stay, and I have.

The folks are very kind to me. I have everything a dog can wish for and am very happy. I sometimes miss the life on the ship, my friends there and the moving from place to place, but here I take long rides in the automobile, go out into the country to a place they call the Ranch, where I can chase the rabbits and squirrels all I want, and sometimes we go out in the boat on the bay, and again I smell the salt sea and bark my fill at the gulls and pelicans.

There is a grand old setter here, Guy is his name; he is over fourteen years old, a fine, dignified old gentleman, too old to hunt now, but he likes nothing better than to spin yarns into my willing ears about his retrieving days.

Then there is Taro, the Japanese spaniel, who has only been in this country three months; my mistress brought him home with her. At first he could not understand a word we spoke, his education in the English language being sadly neglected. He was born in Yokohama and was a great pet in the home of an old Japanese merchant and his wife. They had lost their two sons in the war with China, and Taro said when war was declared against Russia the couple mourned because they had no sons to send to the great Mikado, and, alas! the old merchant was too old to go; so they gave the best of all they had. But the cruel war kept on and they could spare no more, for they were old and they could not starve.

One day the old lady, after reading one of the war bulletins, exclaimed: "My poor country, what more can I spare for thee!" Just then, so Taro said, he got up and trotted over to her, trying to show her how he loved her in her distress, and she, catching him up cried: "He has shown me my duty! I'll do it! I'll do it!" Taro couldn't imagine what she meant, but a day or two after a lady came into the shop, there was some conversation, he was called and then the lady gave his mistress some money, and after a final hug from his dear old mistress he was led away.



SNUG HARBOR ON THE RANCH—DINNER TIME

Such is the patriotism of the Japanese. I can hardly blame Taro for being so conceited over his people, as he calls them, and I sincerely hope they won; for if the women love their country so, how strong must be the feelings of her men.

Taro is perfectly reconciled to being away; he says he has a much better time here in America and he loves his new mistress devotedly. Before my mistress took him away from his home in Yokohama she asked

what his name meant and his old mistress said: "Taro means great man, a hero; in your country you call them George Washington."

He is a very handsome little fellow, with beautiful manners; he and I have been great friends from the first moment we met.

But the greatest happiness of my life came to me after I had been in this new home a few months. One day my mistress took me with her to call on a friend. This lady has a very fine fox terrier called Buttons. The lady is an army officer's wife, and named her dog after the brass buttons of the army, at least so she laughingly said, and I guess it is so. He has the cutest little sword that he has been taught to hold up when she tells him to "Present arms." He is larger than I am, but we are marked nearly the same.

That afternoon as our two mistresses were busy talking—my, but can't the ladies talk fast when they get together?—Buttons and I had a fine romp around the palms, and then we laid down in the shade to rest and visit a while. I asked him if he had always lived in California. He said:

"No, indeed. I was born in Seattle."

"Why," I exclaimed, "so was I!" And then I told him when and where I was born, and we found we were brothers! He remembered well when he and the rest of them went to the bench show and I was left behind. I asked him if they got the ribbon, and he said: "Bet your life, there wasn't a thing there could touch us." He said he often wondered what had become of me. He was taken away a few weeks after the show and lived for some time at the Presidio at San Francisco, and then his master was sent south and he, of course, came too. He said he didn't like the army very well, there was too much moving around; by the time he got settled and had begun to feel at home he would have to trot. However, I think he is pretty proud of it all, for you see, he is a lieutenant; yes, Lieutenant Buttons is on his collar and on his sword.

I gave him, as briefly as I could, a history of my life from the time I left our mutual home to date, and I was surprised to see what an interesting tale it made. So I resolved I would write my autobiography; for if Buttons was a lieutenant I was determined to be something, too. I think Pyx, B.A., would look well; most folks would think it meant Bachelor of Arts, but, of course, I know it means Bum Author; but I was determined not to be outdone by my stylish brother.

He seemed real glad to hear of our mother, and we parted that afternoon both much happier for our knowledge of each other. Since then, we are as much together as our respective mistresses will allow, but I live in daily dread of his being ordered away.

Now there is but little more to tell. My life is so quiet, so easy; each day brings me only added comfort and pleasure; my past with its many adventures, furnishes me thought food for many a dreamy hour.

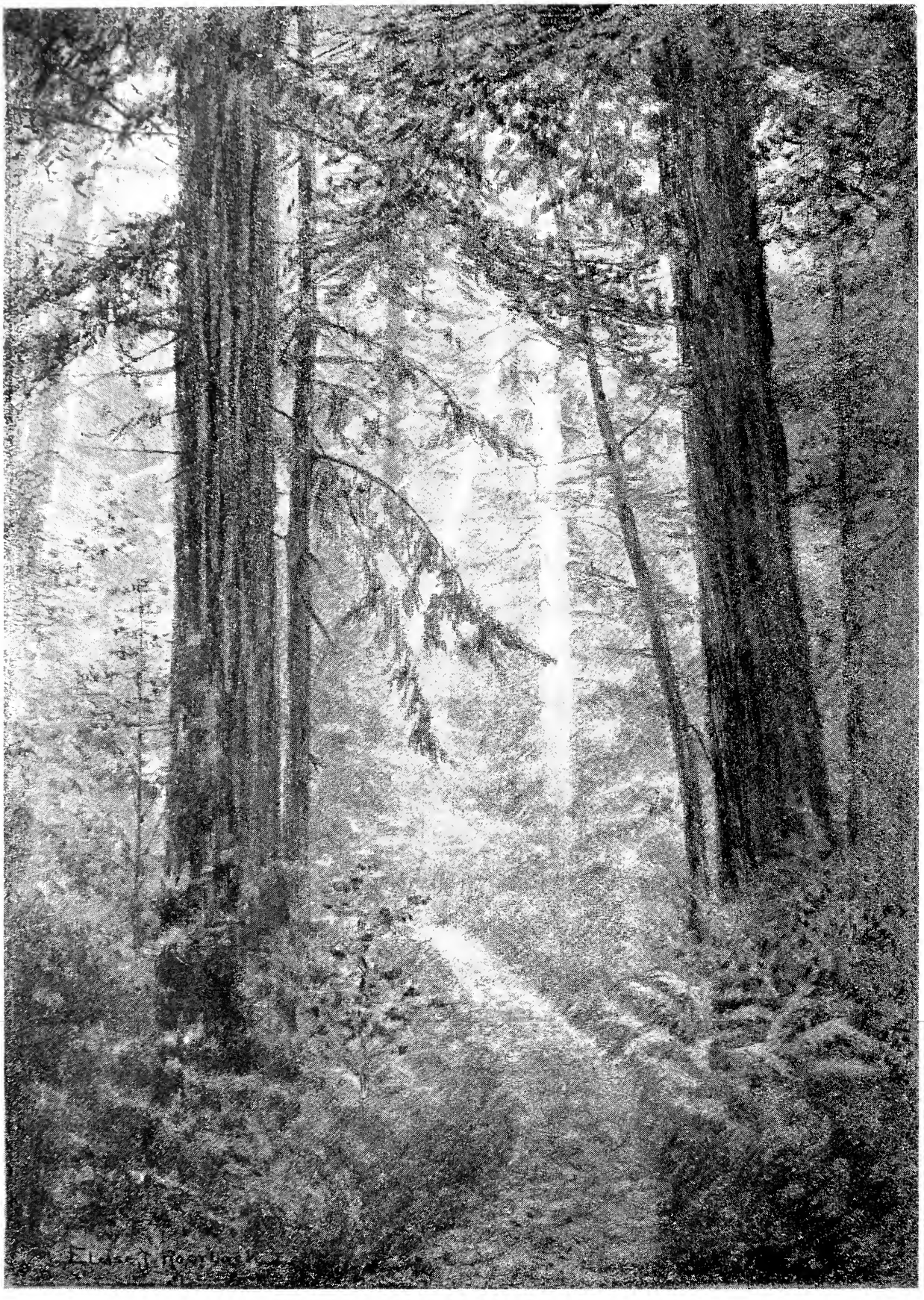
Lately I have not been very well; that old cough has come back, and now I realize how kind was my master when he found me this good home, for I know I am infinitely better off here in sunny California than up on the Arctic seas. But I often think of that beautiful light in the sky—of its grandeur, its mystery, and of the strange feelings that vibrated through me as I gazed, and I wonder if I will ever see the like again.

Perhaps in the great Somewhere the Artist reproduces all the things he has made, making them more beautiful, far better, and surely my little dog mind is just as much His handiwork as are the Northern Lights.

Maybe I, too, will live again, who knows?

PYX, B.A.

"Why not? In Heaven's inheritance
Space must be cheap where worldly light
In boundless, limitless expanse
Rolls grandly far from human sight.
He who has given such patient care,
Such constancy, such tender trust;
Such ardent zeal, such instincts rare,
And made you something more than dust,
May yet release the speechless thrall
At death—there's room enough for all."

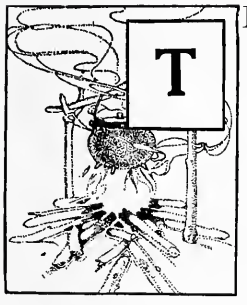


"THESE FORESTS INVITE YOU"

CALIFORNIA TREES AND BIRDS

The Forests

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY ELOISE J. ROORBACH



THE redwood forests of the Coast Range are surely the abodes of beauty—beauty of flower, fern, brook and tree.

These forests invite you, as it were, to walk in them. They fairly coax you away from the noisy highways. There is nothing to frighten or disturb you here—nothing to overawe, but many, many things to soothe, to fill with joy, to quicken interest, to inspire love.

Small ferns, making soft your rocky resting place, delicate maidenhair ferns to weave tapestries for you to love, huge woodwardians for you to admire and wonder at, brooks for you to drink from or to bathe in, flowers for you to rejoice over, noble trees to shield you from the fierce sun, birds to sing to you. Everything seems to welcome you, uniting to make your visit a happy one. What is the spirit here which so charms?

When you walk in the dense parts you feel as if you were in a cathedral, but when you look out into a sunny opening, it seems as if one more step and the heart of fairyland will be reached!

Here is the fern-covered source of a brook. Is it the place where the queen of the fairies renews her youth each morning, or is it the baptismal font of a grand cathedral? Are these flowers dancing fairies or the decoration on Nature's altar? Do these tall trees form the walls of a fairy palace, or the aisles of a temple? Is fairyland flourishing in the midst of a cathedral?

It seems so.

We are told that these redwoods (*Sequoia sempervirens*) reach up so far into the sky that they may the better gather the moisture of the high regions to give it again to the profusion of growing things around them.

There is always a dense growth of moisture-loving plants and shrubs in a sequoia forest. One finds the sorrel, pyrola, woodland flower of Bethlehem, orchids, brilliant clintonias, huckleberry, hazels, thimbleberry, ferns and many other flowers and shrubs, seeking the moisture gathered and conserved by these stately trees.

Delicacy is the chief characteristic of everything in Coast Range forests. How different is the beauty of the Sierra Nevada Range—the snowy range.

These forests do not seem to invite nor coax you to enter and enjoy, but rather do they almost dare you to trespass.

As you leave the lower country and press eastward and upward into the Sierra Range, you leave all familiar things behind. From the time you enter the first hills and see ridge after ridge of pine-covered, mist-weathered peaks, you feel as if you were entering, uninvited, a country where you are not wanted.

You are almost afraid to breathe. You do not so much notice the flowers now, for the most noble of all vegetation—the giant trees—make you forget all else.

Yellow pines, incense cedars, the *Sequoia gigantea* that you pass exceed in grandeur all other trees. Upward still you climb, among the giant spruces, firs and ridge-loving sugar-pines.

You no longer feel as if you were among the fairies, nor in temples where gods are worshiped, but you feel as if you were in the presence of the gods themselves. Such a noble company to be with! You walk reverently, as if among your superiors—yet who would choose to be with inferiors?

Snow-clad mountain-tops, tempestuous torrents, still nights, storms and mighty winds are to be found in this Sierra Range. Everything is rugged, strong, large. Strong shadows, strong lights, huge branches, immense trees—wildness, freedom, freshness, vigor, is the song of these forests.

The few flowers found in these high regions are generally highly-colored. As, for instance, the snow-plant, so often

"... RIDGE AFTER RIDGE OF PINE-COVERED, MIST-WEATHERED PEAKS"

written of. It is the most brilliant red, tipped with even *more* brilliant red, if such a thing can be.

It glows like a living flame in these rather sombre forests. There are, of course, some quiet-colored, nun-like flowers, as the pipsissewa, but they impress one as visitors here and not as natives.

The ground is quite covered with needles and myriads of the small cones of the fir and spruce. The shapely cones of the sugar-pine are the largest of all the cones and are of a beautiful rich brown color.

When you desire Nature in her most sweet, most lovely, most charming self, go to the forests of the Coast Range. But when you desire Nature in her most grand, most noble, most inspiring self, go to the forests of the Sierra Range, and you will not be disappointed.

Eloise J. Roorbach.

Some Birds of the Spring

IT IS not hard for the resident of the cold Eastern States to tell when spring has come. The melting of the snow, the thawing of the ground, the passing of the ice out of the rivers, and the coming of the birds, all proclaim that winter is over and warmer days are at hand. Though some of the birds are courageous enough to brave the wintry blasts, the majority of them go south until the cold weather is past, when they return to their old haunts in the north and are there heralded with delight, for they are forerunners of warmer weather—harbingers of spring.

In Southern California, where the seasons so merge into one another that it is hard to tell where one ends and the other begins, I doubt me if a person blindfolded and set down in Los Angeles could tell whether it was fall, winter or spring. It might even confuse them to tell whether it was winter or summer, so many of our winter days are as warm as our summer ones. Here in California, as in the colder East, the birds proclaim the coming of spring. To the average person, perhaps, they do not mark it so distinctly here as in the East, because there are always birds with us, many species remaining here throughout the year and coming commonly about our homes. The mocking birds, the brown towhees, the black phœbes, the goldfinches, housefinches, butcherbirds and blackbirds are daily winter visitors that do not leave with the coming of spring. The white-crowned sparrows and the beautiful Audubon warblers are two friendly birds that come to the table set for them in the winter, but leave for northern parts in April, and no matter what the weather, we know that it is spring. Though we are loath to lose our winter visitors, their places are taken by many beautiful birds that come to build their nests and raise their young throughout a long summer.

Two of the earliest, as well as the loveliest, of our spring arrivals are the orioles. While throughout the East and Middle West the Baltimore and orchard orioles are the two common varieties, the Arizona hooded and Bullocks are the two common Western species in Los Angeles and vicinity. They are both gorgeous birds, the Bullocks resembling the Baltimore oriole, having much the same notes and characteristics. The hooded oriole is, if possible, handsomer than the Bullocks, having the same gay colors. This bird received its name from the yellow patch which covers the entire head and ends in a black spot under the throat. This handsome fellow looks as if he might have thrown a gay mantilla over his head and fastened it under his chin. Though so different from the orchard oriole in coloring, he is said to resemble his Eastern cousin in habits.

The black-headed grosbeak is another showy bird that appears at about the same time as the orioles. The male has a deep rufous breast, black head, back and wings, the latter marked by conspicuous white bars. Though quite different in coloring from his Eastern cousin, the rose-breasted grosbeak, this Western bird is, in my estimation, equally attractive.

A noisy chattering, a flash of gray and yellow, proclaims the arrival of the Arkansas kingbirds. These birds are known to the small boys as "bee-martins," because it was commonly supposed that they ate the bees. We now know that, if anything, it is the drones, not the working bees, that they take. These birds are quite different in color

from the Eastern kingbirds and are not the fighters that the Eastern species has the reputation of being. They defend their nests, which they delight to build about telephone poles, but otherwise are at peace with all birdkind.

"Skee-e-e! Skee-ee!" trills a bird from the depth of a live oak tree, and you know, before he has been good enough to come out and show his pretty self, that it is a spurred towhee, a bird which is similar to the Eastern chiwink. He is so beautiful and so Oriental, with his black head, back and wings with white markings, rufous sides, white breast and red eyes, that you see no resemblance to his cousin—the California towhee—until he flies, and then you see that he goes with the same bobbing, jerky motion that the commoner bird has. These California towhees are plain brown birds whose friendly way of staying about the dooryard has caused them to sometimes be called "brown robins." Their habit of always saying, "Chip! chip!" has given them the cognomen of "chippies." Though this thin note is about the only one they use throughout the greater part of the year, in the spring and early summer they have a song which, if not beautiful, is better than the monotonous chipping.

A flash of most brilliant blue, relieved by bars of white on wings, dashes by you, and you involuntarily exclaim: "The lazuli bunting—how beautiful!" This brilliant bird replaces the indigo bunting of the East, and as you watch it dart about you are inclined to think it more beautiful than even the orioles.

There is another beautiful bird which is only a tourist in Los Angeles, stopping (as so many human tourists do) only for a short sojourn on his way farther north. This bird is the Louisiana or Western tanager. His yellow body, black wings and tail and red head make him a fit emblem for the California Audubon Societies, whose button he adorns.

Beside all these larger birds who are not chary of showing themselves, there are dozens of small warblers, flycatchers and vireos, many of whom, like the tanagers, are only migrants, paying us a passing visit as they work their way into the mountains or some other locality.

Among these smaller birds the warblers are the handsomest. They are also the most aggravating to study, for they are constantly on the move, and delight in the large oak trees, which have such dense foliage that one cannot look into them.

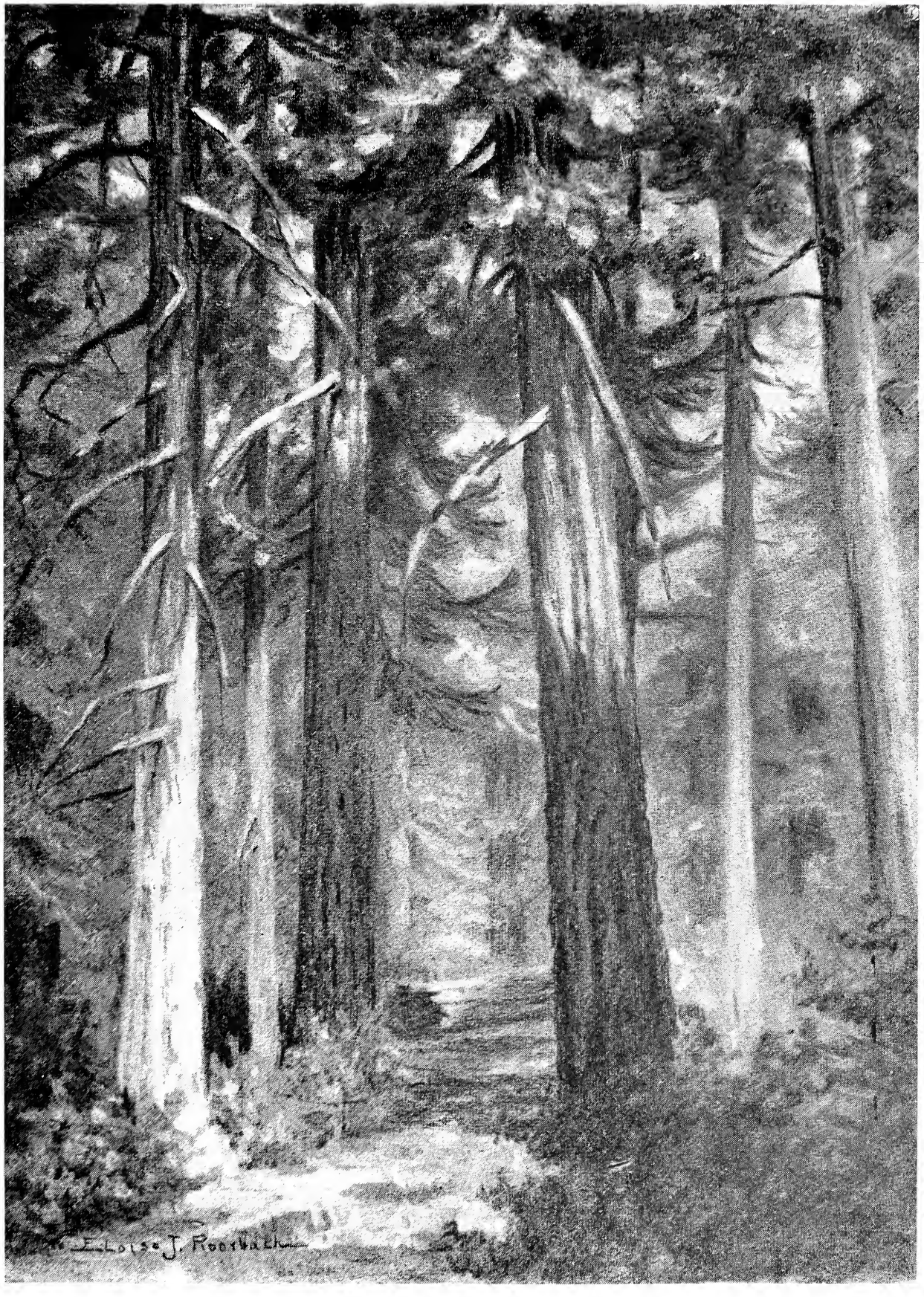
One of the most attractive of these feathered mites is the black-throated grey warbler. He is a quiet little midget and seems to go about in the trees so intent upon finding small green caterpillars that he has no time to waste in song. As you catch a glimpse of him among the green leaves, he seems an animated bundle of black and white stripes, and you hold your breath lest you scare him away.

The pileated warbler is a gay little fellow with his yellow robe and black cap. The warbling vireos, though somber little birds, are so trustful, hunting in the trees beside one and singing so cheerfully, that one falls in love with them at once.

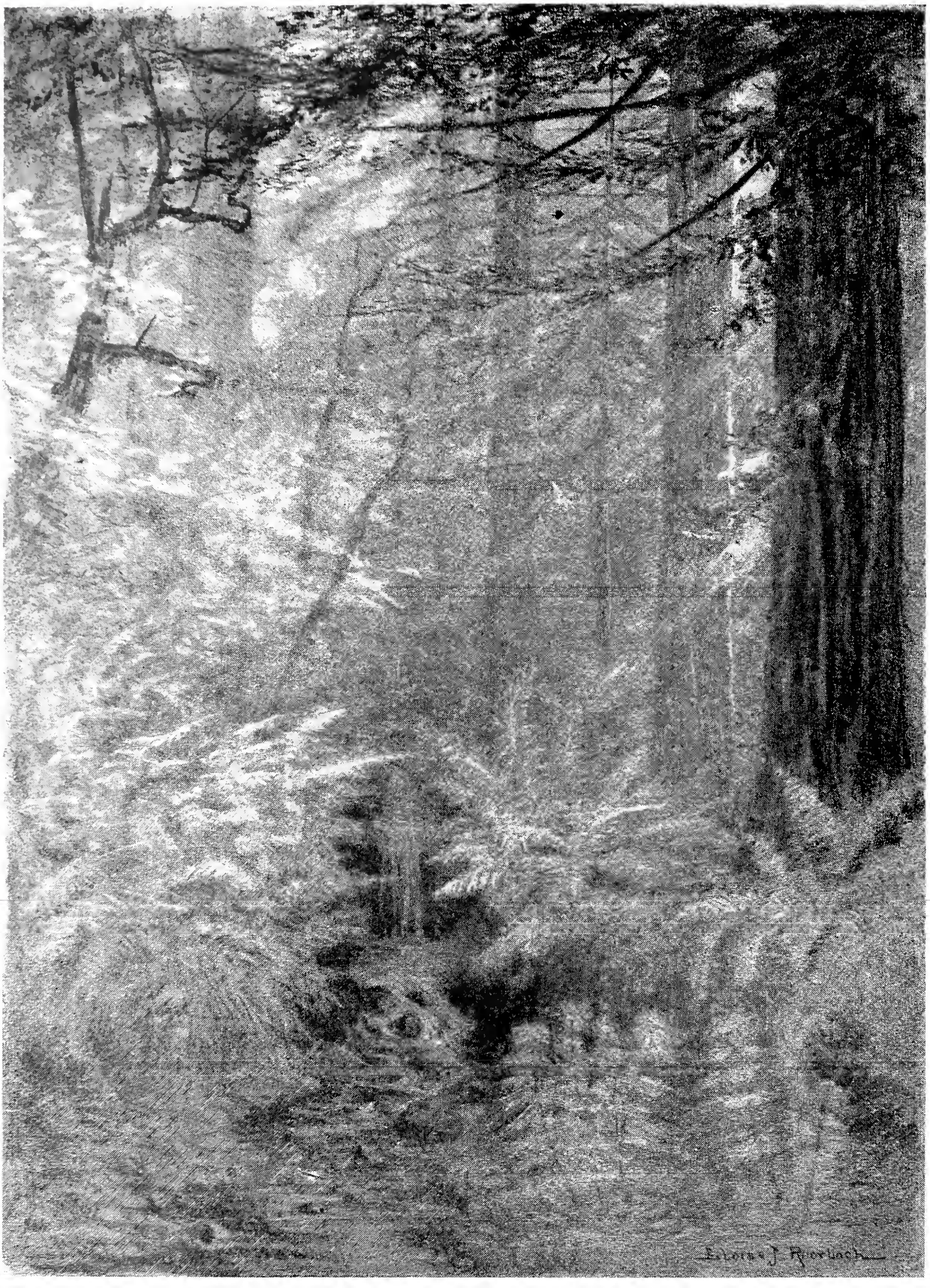
The Western house wren is not the sociable, jolly good fellow that the Eastern house wren is—still he sings and acts enough like his far-away cousin to carry one back to their childhood days, when California was a far-distant paradise to dream about.

The phainopepla is one of California's most princely birds, and no record of our Western birds would be complete without him. He does not return north as early as many of our feathered friends, so when we see him winging his way through the air—a pepper tree his objective point—we are sure that spring is fully established. It matters not though a recent snow has made our mountains white and brought a wintry chill to the atmosphere, if this glorious black bird has made you a visit it is surely spring, no matter what the other indications.

The phainopepla—of the waxwing family—in size and form resembles the mocking bird, and is, indeed, sometimes called the black mocking bird. But in actions he is a decided contrast to the mocker, being a quiet, dignified acting bird, never scolding in the noisy way the mocking bird so often does. The plumage of the male phainopepla is a glossy, iridescent black, the only bit of color being the large patches of white on the wings, which show only when the bird flies. But the thing that gives him his



"YOU DO NOT SO MUCH NOTICE THE FLOWERS NOW"



"IS IT THE BAPTISMAL FONT OF A GRAND CATHEDRAL?"

distinguished appearance is his crest of black feathers which stand up high above his head and sometimes tip far forward, giving him at such times a jaunty, piquant appearance. The female has the crest, but is a dark drab color and does not have the distinct white wing patches. The phainopepla's call note is a rich, liquid one, not unlike one note of the robin. His song is a very sweet one, though so low that one must be near-by and give strict attention to hear it.

While throughout the Eastern States the ruby throat is the only species of humming bird, California is blest with many varieties, six nesting within her borders and two coming as migrants.

The Anna humming bird is the largest and commonest, remaining all the year around, coming tamely about our yards and building near our homes in trustful confidence. One of the delightful surprises about this tiny bird is his song. I have watched one of them for the greater part of an afternoon and the most of the time he sat on one particular twig and sang his squeaky, rasping song—a song resembling some large insect more than that of a bird. Yet the tiny singer enters with such evident joy into the performance that one cannot help but rejoice with him.

All of our other humming birds go south for the winter, so that when we see a tiny black-chinned hummer in our yard we have another proof that spring has come.

One can easily understand why the Eastern birds go south for the winter, but why need they do so in California, where it is warm enough for them, and it would seem as if there might be food enough? Is it a part of their inheritance, I wonder, this being drawn back and forth in a climate where it would seem that they might remain at all times? Whether inheritance or food supply, the fact remains that our birds leave us for the winter months, and when they choose to return to us we know that spring has arrived. *Harriet W. Myers.**

*Chairman Bird Committee, Outdoor Section of the Civic Federation of Los Angeles.

THE WHOLE WORLD IS GLAD

BY CAROLINE B. LYMAN

Who'd frown or sigh
Would you—would I?
Living is joy now the spring days are come!

Who would be sad?
The whole world is glad
Under the kiss of a glorious sun!

Who would not give
A deal more to live
When the buds cast off their tiny brown coats?

Who would not wake
With early daybreak
When first is heard robin's glad, warbled notes?

FIG. 80. FRANK VILLAGE, ST. GEORGE'S BAY

GLIMPSES OF NEWFOUNDLAND

The Story of a Trip Through the Country of the Bluenoses

BY L. P. NATACAP

IT WAS a very sincere compliment to the urgency of the climate in Newfoundland that led the cynical observers to emphasize the color of the noses of its inhabitants. And yet it was a comment prompted more by imitation than by a due regard to existing conditions. Newfoundland is certainly cold, and its coldness in winter reaches to the bottom of the mercury tube, and too frequently sets its irreversible and closing seal upon the doors of life. But so vigorously and triumphantly rebellious against all suppression is the blood of a Newfoundlander that it seems to gather, by the very violence of its own mutiny against extinction, directly in the end of the Newfoundland nose, and to paint it with the blazing carmine of its winter sunsets. No one would be accredited with much truthfulness or much observation if, on a raw day in winter in the streets of St. John's, he described the noses of its inhabitants as blue, and it makes little difference to the unprejudiced chronicler of facts whether the reversal or suppression of that color was due to health or strong drink.

To most of us who know only of Newfoundland in summer, when the fresh winds, the short, cool nights, the days of renewal, the elixir of its winnowing west breezes, the fragrance of its meadows, the wildness, the forlorn and yet fascinating monotony of its moors, the deep shadowy

chill of its ravines, the piercing brine of its coasts and the soft caresses of its infiltrating fogs, have, one and all, raised the pall of years and started again the springs of youth and hope; to such Newfoundland is not the land of blue noses, is not to be thought of under the aspersive reflection of humiliating ridicule. It remains in their memory a panorama of beautiful pictures, and if it has, just carelessly enough, too, stimulated a little vanity by letting us catch its fish, or slay its caribou, shall it be the less remembered with affection?

It was a surprise to find the forward quarters of our steamer (the *Silvia*, Red Cross Line, Erie Basin, Brooklyn) loaded to repletion with barrels of cabbages, and the fact of their destination for St. John's, which the guide books had, with customary leniency of statement, made the centre of a fertile and agricultural community, was at first (Fig. 1) perplexing. Later experiences acquainted us with the fallibility of the guide books and the uncompromising nature of Newfoundland soil and climate. Still it has been a just cause for reproach to their island by ambitious and progressive colonists that its thin unavailabilities in the way of field and garden products have not been more exhaustively developed. Too attentive a confidence to the genial authors of the guide books might nurture the expectation that oranges, guava and pine-apples would some day be listed in the island's exports, but it is reasonable to expect at present a more generous yield of kitchen vegetables.

FIG. 1. CABBAGES FOR NEWFOUNDLAND

We landed at Port-au-Basques (the name summons a picture of the old invasions of the island by the French and Spanish fishermen) in a cold, dripping fog, which slowly rolled up in clouds and left the gleaming rocks and interstitial patches of grass wet and cool. The sun crept along the edges of the retiring mist and, like unfolding visions, the distant mountains came to view, ribboned or dotted with banks of perennial snow. Port-au-Basques is a lane of water between a cold gneissoid ridge and the mainland, and as we looked over the sides of the vessel, somewhat mournfully, the first impressions of this boreal region were certainly novel; the strange, barren, rocky shores, all the more desolate and alien because of the cold mists that clung to their gray outlines, the fresh, vivid patches of grass at the shore, descending in places almost to the water's edge, and the plain, shingled, fishermen's houses with their indispensable cod "flakes," made singular

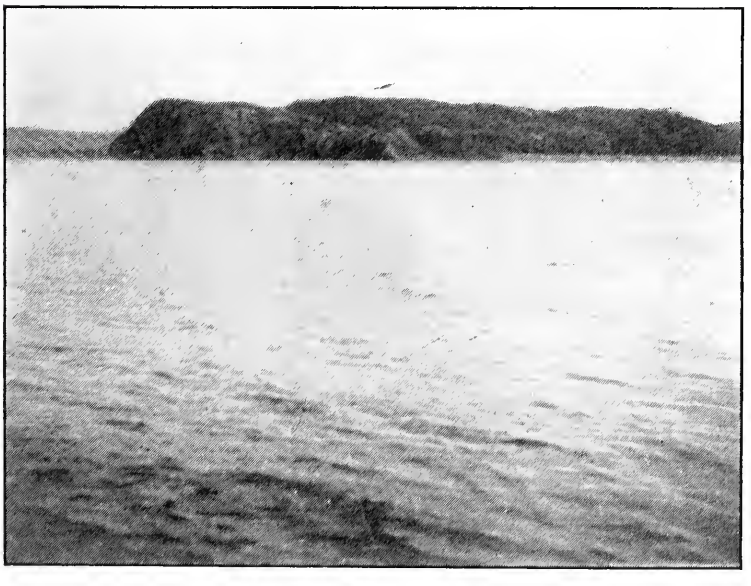


FIG. 2. THE CLIFF OF NOTRE DAME

FIG. 3. THE LONG RANGE MOUNTAINS

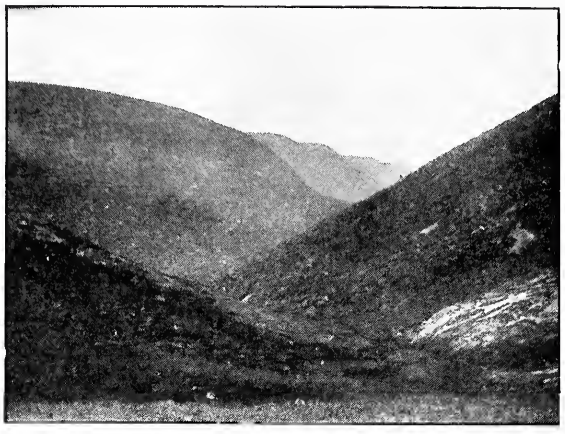


FIG. 4. IN THE LONG RANGE

pictures. There was something homelike and familiar, however, about the custom-house officer, and our temporary discomfiture changed to a reasonable reaction of pleasure at meeting a transplanted American custom. The inspectors were politic, affable and agreeably considerate. There is no desire, discoverable or expressed, to limit the breadth and depth of the tide of tourists. It is quite clearly realized that the tourist is a kind of ambulatory Pactolus, whose approach is welcomed with expectations and his departure marked by an improved bank account.

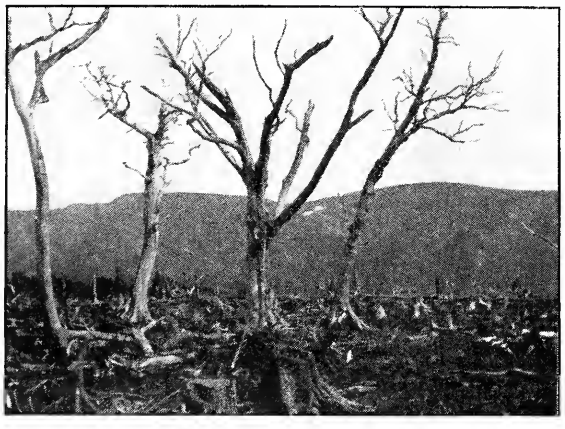


FIG. 5. THE RAVAGES OF FIRE

Port-au-Basques, besides being a port of entry, is the western terminus of the Reid Railroad, which runs northward to Bay of Islands, thence crosses the island to Notre Dame Bay, and then passes southward to St. John's, on the peninsula of Avalon, at the southeastern extremity of the island. Without enlarging on it, it is quite plain what immeasurable benefits have been bestowed upon the widely-separated communities along the coast of Newfoundland by this railroad, and it would poorly become the natural gratitude of the traveler to recall its some-

FIG. 11. SIDING ON REID RAILROAD

FIG. 6. LUXURIANT WATER HEMLOCK

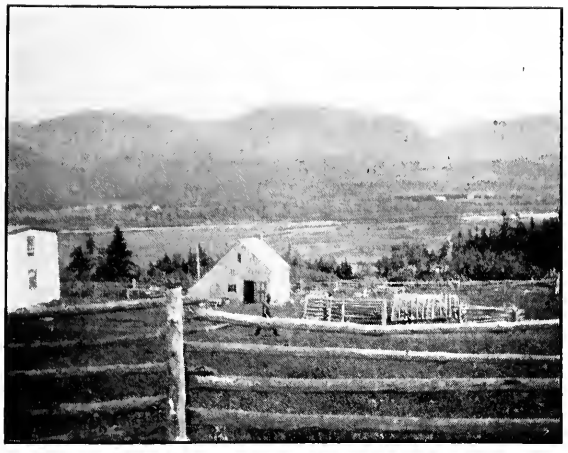


FIG. 12. TOWERING UPWARD BEHIND THE FOREST

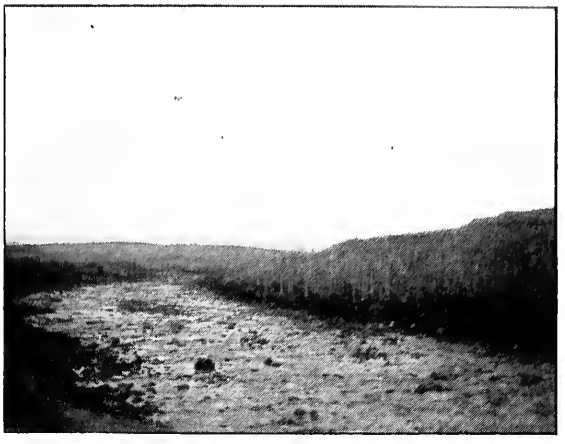


FIG. 13. A VIEW OF KITTY'S BROOK

what struggling and accidental service. It was a bold undertaking creditably completed.

As the train moved out from Port-au-Basques it crossed a wide alluvial plain, with the steep wall of the Long Range Mountains (elevation seldom exceeding 2,000 feet) on the east, and the crescent waves under the whip of a cold wind rolling in over a wide marge of sand on the west. The sea was slowly left behind us, disappearing behind intervening prominences, and soon we were compelled, by the charm and beauty of the rounded, interlocked and sculptured hills to watch the rapidly changing picture on the east, where we saw the developing valley of the Little Codroy River. We saw its cattered settlements (some of them most fragile and extemporized shelters), its intervale of meadows and upland leading our inspection to the crowding woodland of balsam and spruce at the roots of the rampart of hills, where for a little space it struggled up the declivities, and sensibly mingled its discouraged edges with the bare summits of the whale-backed, intersected and notched archæan plateau. (Fig. 2.)

FIG. 15. DRIFT BOULDERS

The best stopping place in this section, if accessibility to the mountains is considered desirable, is at the Tompkins farmhouse and hostelry. There are guides, every convenience for reaching the salmon-pools, and the inestimable advantage of having the Long Range within reach, which for study, collecting and

FIG. 17. STEAMSHIP "CLYDE" AT LEWISPORT

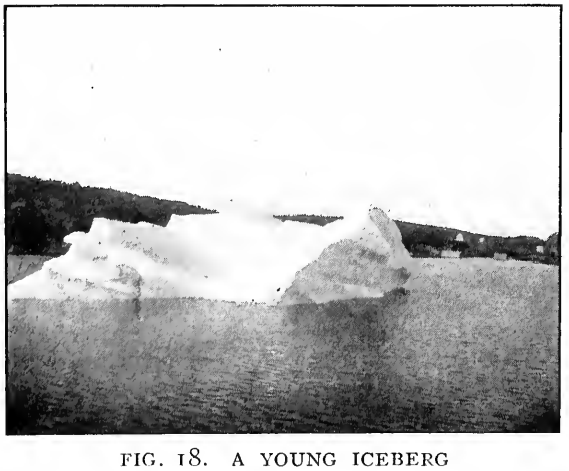


FIG. 18. A YOUNG ICEBERG

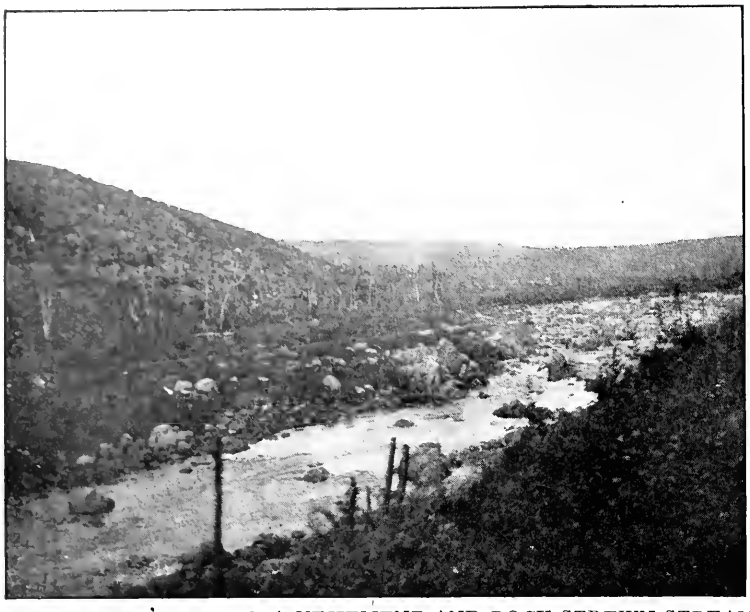


FIG. 14. KITTY'S BROOK, A VEHEMENT AND ROCK-STREWN STREAM

recreation seemed to the writer the most delectable part of Newfoundland. Some of the pleasantest moments, the most exhilarating, inspiring and eye-satisfying walks were spent on these rolling and diversified uplands. (Figs. 3 and 4.) The tops of the mountains are here close at hand, though their actual attainment dissipates first impressions. The Codroy (or Little Codroy, in distinction from Grand River,. flowing through the next valley to the west) is a fresh-water stream winding in graceful curves through a valley of meadow-land, golden with large and most radiant hawkweed and buttercups, with rattlebox in clusters, and thick, high, waving grass, full in places of campanula and habenaira.

Thewoods—balsam, fir and spruce—rise beyond the meadows, and, in a short space, from behind the foothills, the steep mountains ascend to moderate altitudes, their tops almost bare of trees, or else furnishing dense thickets of low balsam; the traveler wanders over broad shoulders, covered with meadows of long grass, holding sub-arctic flowers—here may be gathered *Viola selkirki*—or spongily blanketed with moss (sphagnum), while desolate fields of broken, splintered rock, quite bare, lie in waste expanses, where nothing living can be observed. Marshes, wet, concealed bottoms, lakes and boggy tracts, with ghastly intervals of dead bleached scrub, diversify these uplands or *tundra*, and down the gulches, in the bold profile-eroded and excavated "bays," the streams pour in cascades from the melting snows. There was one beautiful recess, with very precipitous walls clothed at their sharp edges, where they broke upon the upland, with grass and herbs, and more densely and inextricably hidden in birch and alder further down,

FIG. 7. FISHERMEN'S BOATS OFF THE "TREATY" SHORE

where they enclosed a slumbering meadow. Three separate rills poured down the splintered rocky chasm—one the overflow of a distant lake, blue, like a sapphire, in the caribou barrens—their movement in bounds and cascades, betrayed by shimmering reflections of light. A tall pinnacle of rock rose from a narrow ledge on the lip of this romantic recess, and from this viewpoint the whole picture, inexpressibly beautiful, chaste, remote and absorbing, could be reflectively scrutinized.

FIG. 10. WAREHOUSES, ST. GEORGE'S BAY

The Long Range is an old axis of elevation. It belongs to the great archæan complex, which has been so widely emphasized and described as the nucleal mass of the North American continent. It is a crystalline aggregate of schists and gneisses, enclosing granite areas. In Newfoundland the entire western and northwestern extension of the island, from a line crossing from Bonavista Bay on the north to Fortune Bay on the south, is a Laurentian terrace, while the peninsulated southeastern appendage of Avalon—holding St. John's—is Huronian, viz., slates, quartzites and conglomerates. Around the edges of both and, in the former, with deep interior em-

FIG. 9. "ERODED AND SCULPTURED INTO SPHEROIDAL PROMINENCE"

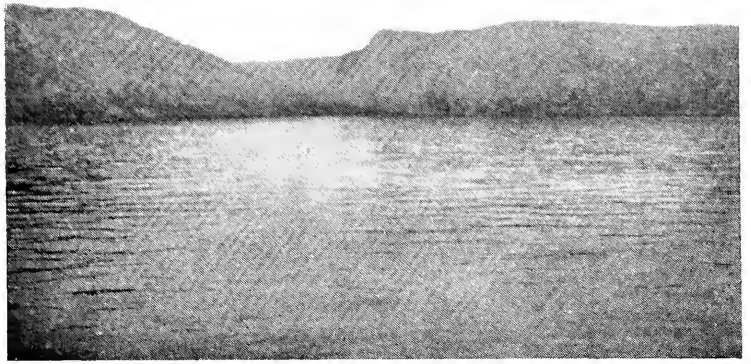


FIG. 20. TILT COVE

FIG. 19. NEAR THE HOTEL

FIG. 16. A BREAK IN THE ALMOST TENANTLESS WILDERNESS

FIG. 21. IN NOTRE DAME BAY

bayments, sedimentary rocks of later formations have been laid down, from the Cambrian, through Ordovician, to Upper Silurian, Devonian, sub-carboniferous, and coal measures.

The topographic lines of Newfoundland are quite significantly northeast and southwest and faults, valleys, river basins, lakes, hill ridges, even the axes of coast dissection, in the bays, indentations and harbors, affect these prevalent directions.

Many pages could be devoted to the geological suggestions and to the natural features of Little River and the Long Range, and more to the insect life, which at this point, so far as the writer could see, exceeded in variety and abundance that of the stations farther north, unless it was at Sandy Point, St. George's Bay, where a handsome catch of *cicindellidae* rewarded a little patience and agility. Caribou range over the uplands as far south as this point, though at a later time in the year, and the ptarmigan here mixes its white plumage with the scurrying snows.

The affliction of fire has dealt sorely with Newfoundland. No more common sight is met, as the tourist wanders over this island, than stretches of white posts—gaunt, leafless, sometimes mutely pathetic with extended arms—the dead trunks of trees. (Fig. 5.) The ravages of fire have been most serious. In the northern sections they have encompassed the little villages, while the swirling smoke has penetrated the houses and barns and killed, by suffocation, the cattle. The fire burns, under some provocations, with a consuming ferocity, burrowing into the ground and licking off the baked rocks their thick coverings of moss. At Lewisport, a year ago, every inhabitant, except the sheriff—Mr. Young—had placed his household goods out of doors, expecting an immediate decampment, so vast and menacing was the encroachment of the fire from the surrounding woods.

Amongst the pleasant recollections of Codroy, the picture of the luxuriant water-hemlock (*Cicuta*) returns with insistent grace. (Fig. 6.) This beautiful umbellifer grew in profusion in places, of amazing proportions, forming miniature forests, crowding its snowy masses of flowers against each other—erect domes over the green terraces of deeply incised leaves beneath them.

After leaving Codroy (Little River), the railroad carried us through a tangled, often rather ragged and desperate wilderness, with many burnt districts, with glimpses of broad, shallow streams, views of the western hills (the northern prolongation of the Cape Anguille Mountains), toward which the train was, all the time, with much deviation, approaching. Gypsum cliffs were seen, gently domed sedementary rocks, heavily capped with till, vanishing vistas toward the sea, the sprawling curvatures of the Barachois River, and finally the wide expanses of St. George's Bay, flooded with light, awaited us, an important fishing station on the west coast, the famous "Treaty" or "French" shore.

We had now transferred our studies from the farming community, with its transitory interest in fish and tourists, to the real fishing industries, to the men and women who live on the output of the "wild and wasteful ocean," whose narrow lines move monotonously between the slender comforts of the shore and the exhausting exactions of the sea. (Fig. 7.)

The region has an historic interest. To quote Samuel Edward Dawson, "The Peace of Utrecht in 1713 settled the dispute between the English and French as to the sovereignty of the island. It was given over in full supremacy to England. But so firmly planted in the English mind was the theory that Newfoundland should be only a fishing station, whereon to dry fish in the summer, and a nursery wherein to train seamen for service at need in the royal navy, that the rankling thorn of the 'French shore' was planted in the side of the colony to trouble and hinder its development down to the present day." The "French" or "Treaty" shore formerly extended on the east side of the island, but later became limited to the west coast. The protection of the French residents and fishermen in their rights along this shore by the English Parliament has been exemplary. Improvements, which might have been beneficial, have been interdicted, because of a real or fancied interference with these immemorial privileges of the French.

The actual purchase of the French ownership, as far as fishing stations are concerned, is now in progress, and this subvention may, it is hoped, put to rest a mischievous and disquieting question. A French fishing settlement with its fish houses, piers, boats and cabins encircles a curving arm of the bay (Fig. 8), and is itself built upon and under an old beach line.

A delightful sail to the "gravels," where a low sea wall divides the waters of Port-au-Port Bay from St. George's Bay, brought us to an interesting exposure of Ordovician (calciferous, Sevis) rocks. The flinty limestones here are full of fossils (machnea, mirchisonia, orthoceras, nautilus (?), but their siliceous embedment most obdurately resists the collector's attacks. At "Lead Cove," further along this picturesque shore, some futile excavations for lead were observed, and a drop of carboniferous limestone encountered, where the "soft rock" fossils of the upper formation have been brought in contact with the lower beds. This shore is carved out into little coves, the limestone beds are in places eroded and sculptured into spheroidal prominences (Fig. 9), and the clear green waters of Port-au-Port lazily advanced and receded over broad rhomboidal blocks of limestone, dipping gently to the north. At the "gravels," east of the sea-wall, an admirable example of a raised beach is seen, one of the few excellent illustrations of the island's former depression, and the bold escarpment northward, along the east shores of Port-au-Port Bay, terminates in the sheer headland of Bluff Mountain, where the chrome iron deposits are conspicuously present.

At St. George's Bay, on the fascinating strip of gravel and sand which enters the waters of the bay near its head, and known locally as Sandy Point, we had reason to admire the resourceful industry of the Newfoundlander. This versatile adaptibility enables him to make his boat, his oars, the square sails that carry him to and fro over these restless waters; his simple house, the barrels in which he packs his salted herring, his warehouses (Fig. 10), the furniture, in part, of his home, and, in the case of any forlorn extremity of bachelorhood (something, however, unique in the social phenomena of Newfoundland), his clothes.

Sandy Point reveals many pictorial aspects, and none more weird and moving than its evicted cemetery. The traveling sands have buried one of the old graveyards, heaping up their yellow drifts about the tombstones, and so effacing the inscriptions on the fallen ones, that the dutiful affection of some resident Old Mortality seems desirable. At Sandy Point the delighted tourist finds one of the profitable and helpful institutions of the island—the ferryman. This invaluable emblem of governmental care is found throughout the island, providing a free passage over arms of the sea, rivers, between separated villages, and generally useful under all circumstances of wind and weather.

Once more entrusted to the precarious mercies of the railroad, we passed northward to the Bay of Islands. Where the returning train from St. John's meets the eastward-bound express, a siding and a contented mind mutually assist in the service of the tourist (Fig. 11).

Bay of Islands is one of the beauty spots of Newfoundland. Adjectives and photographs have attested its surpassing loveliness and, indeed, its scenic charm, under varying influences of light and atmosphere, is inestimably great. The most impressive impressions are certainly made by coming into the long Humber arm—a deep ancient fjord—from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The steamer threads the passages between the many islands and the harmonious and graded phases of the unfolding scenes possess extreme effectiveness.

Here we encountered the mining interests of the island and, at York Harbor, enjoyed the hospitality of the Humber River Mining and Manufacturing Company, amidst scenery of surpassing boldness and beauty. Blomidon reared its massive buttresses near at hand, intrepidly invaded by climbing forests; wooded islands caught, in the middle distance, the transfiguration of the sunset, and far off serpentine mountains glowed delicately rosy, like titanic spinels.

The serpentine of Newfoundland is enormously developed, and the much-dis-

cussed and frequently marketed chrome-iron of Bluff Head (Port-au-Port) is associated with it. Rock deformation, secondary pebble, limestone and ledges (tentatively mined) of red roofing slate furnished some subjects for geological speculation at Bay of Islands. As a collecting ground for insects Bay of Islands was a disappointment, though it rewarded Mr. De Jonge with a catch of *cichrus*.

The next stage northward carried us over a ten hours' run to Norte Dame Junction, connecting with a short line with Lewisport on Notre Dame Bay. This section of our journey was intensely interesting. We then crossed the "barrens," the high dividing naked ridge or crown of the island marked by extraordinary desolation in parts, to be again relieved by tundra of moss, with a lake country made up of shallow scooped-out saucers, forming eyelets of water with long connecting necks of shining streams. Some features of this region were astounding in their hopeless expression of stony infertility and havoc; as if from a pitiless sky an avalanche of rocks had overwhelmed the disheartened earth. Then the road passed out to the highest section, one vast, unbroken rolling plain of rock, covered with moss, low herbs, prostrate plants and sentinelled by three high knobs, Gaff-topsail, Mizzen and Mainsail, themselves splintered and degraded into suggestions only of some previous strength and prominence. This expanse, disappearing along the closing horizon into vague, darkening patches of stunted wood, formed a weird and strangely appealing picture in the wizard lights of the closing day.

After leaving Riverhead, on the Humber arm of the Bay of Islands, the train ascends the beautiful canyonlike chasm of the Humber River itself, and the scenery attains a remarkable exaltation and beauty. The stream, tinted an amber brown with humus, runs swiftly through a primeval zone, with steep pinnacles towering upward behind a bewildered forest, searching every avenue of approach to the bared summits (Fig. 12) that reveal, upon favorable exposures, the definite outlines of synclinal and anticlinal folds.

The broad waste regions beyond Deer and Grand ponds, which culminate in the granitic areas near the Topsails, is irregular and traversed by ridges and depressions. Here Kittys Brook, a vehement and rock-strewn stream (Figs. 13 and 14) is bridged by the railroad which subsequently winds through a morainal district heavily and tumultuously encumbered with boulders (Fig. 15), whose savage dreariness has been further deepened by the removal through fires of the slight apparel of vegetation which once hid their severity and hopeless sterility. An occasional camp (Fig. 16) offers a momentary relief to the sombre aspects of this almost tenantless wilderness.

It seems evident that the whole region has undergone extreme degradation, that an immense amount of material, derived from former considerable elevations, has been distributed by the agencies of ice over the lower levels, and has choked up and barricaded intervening valleys; that there may have been several or many centres or foci of glacial radiation in this north-central part of Newfoundland and that the movement of the ice has been radial toward all the shores.

We looked in vain, over these higher levels, for the occasional groups of caribou that sometimes are seen moving south from the Cap-de-Nord, on their leisurely return from their summer haunts, but we were disappointed. Newfoundland is watching her hunting interests quite closely, and the former ambushes of sportsmen along the railroad tracks have been, we believe, disqualified by law. The caribou head with thirty or more points is zealously desired, and authorities vary in their predictions as to its ultimate extinction. The caribou (*Rangifer terra-novae*) is the significant and conspicuous example in Newfoundland of the influence of isolation. The reindeer which, in its numerous varieties of the woodland and barren country of North America, shows such racial plasticity, evinces even in the narrower range of Newfoundland tendencies to variation. The southern and south central herds appear to be made up of smaller individuals than the northern groups. Throughout the island the wild animals (bear, foxes, beaver, otter, hare) display varietal characters, we believe, while in a primitive manner the insularity of the

place is shown in the absence of snakes, turtles, tortoises, toads and frogs.

The next stage—after reaching Lewisport—in our journey was a remarkable water trip (Fig. 17) through the archipelago of islands and the puzzling maze of lanes and channels in Notre Dame Bay, on the mail steamer *Clyde*, ending with a visit to the famous copper mines of Tilt Cove, worked since 1864 by an English company. On this delightful excursion (Fig. 18) we encountered our first icebergs, and true to our original intentions visited the whaling stations of Snook's Arm. The impressions (Fig. 19) of this delightful episode are too numerous and, in a way, too bewildering to be very correctly summarized in this short sketch. At any rate, the fisherman, his hardships, dangers, toils and rewards, as depicted by Norman Duncan, are well understood after a return from this inspection of his home and occupations.

Tilt Cove (Fig. 20) itself affords a picture unique and curious. It is a sequestered, concentrated, emphatic centre of mining activity on the brink of the sea, with fish odors and fishermen and fishing interests incongruously mingled with its industrial intentions. The place is bare of ornament, bare of trees, bold, rocky, almost menacing with its painted crags, and unprepossessing. The settlement, thickly clustered around a central depression and pond, seems orderly and well-placed, though the houses are poor and crowded.

The shores of Notre Dame Bay have been deeply incised. (Fig. 21.) There is plenty of evidence of submergence also. Picturesque effects of weathering, in caves, profoundly cut gashes and recesses, are universal; but the topographical features may be considered as determined by preglacial agencies.

We came south to St. John's whence, after an interesting trip to Conception Bay, and an inspection of Cambrian slates, and the sea wall and quartz cliff at Topsails, we returned to New York. This is a meagre summary of a much restricted visit to Newfoundland in the summer of 1905. It admits, in many directions, of amplification, amongst which a discussion of the political and commercial relations of the United States and Newfoundland is not the least important.

I am indebted to Mr. Allanson T. Briggs for the illustration of this article.

TWILIGHT THOUGHT

BY MARGUERITE BIGELOW

Wet earth, and mist-clad trees,
The pure, cool, cloudy night;
Gold crowned eastern hills,
The morning of delight.

Strong sun on arid plains,
The burning breath of noon;
Dim, shadowy, twilight hours,
All murmur, "Gone, too soon!"

Dim, shadowy, twilight hours
Bring forth a better day,
When earth and sea, and sky
Are faded, all away!

PLATTE, THE WONDER-HORN OF ANGLING

A Michigan River That, with the Lakes It Connects, Affords the Best of Trout, Bass and Mascalonge Fishing

BY L. F. BROWN

IF, AS Ruskin declares, "no good or lovely thing exists in the world without its correspondent darkness," how dark some other region must be on account of Platte Lake and the rivers and trout-streams winding through that wilderness of woods and summer flowers! Memories of them loose a flood of longings, adding their spell to the lent enchantment of distance. Blue wood-violets in their nodding multitude and unmeasured treasures of fair freedom, and not merely starring, but blanketing, the long point above the junction of two streams—the Wonder-Horn of Flowers! Endless moods of lights and shades, subdued afternoon sunshine, grave tenderness of far-away vistas through leafy tunnels above the floor of clear streams, and pale cloisters of lowland forest guarding an infinity of shadows enveloping shadows, forever brooding along and in lagoons formed by overflows from the Platte! There the twin Sisters of Silence and Twilight keep their noonday watch, and "all the cheated hours sing vespers." Reeds whisper to pools; pools murmur back to reeds where the water-lilies gleam; and tiny forests of mosses and lichens cover "in strange and tender honor" the dun ochres and siennas, browns and silvery grays of decaying logs lying in still and scarred ruins.

* * *

A level country with streams and lakes is more lovely than mountains, because the environment does not recede from and bring a sense of loss to the beholder. Study the illustrations herein and realize this truth. No more marvelous delicacy of perfect bloom lives in the edelweiss of the Alps than in the windflowers and violets of level Platte. Best fantasy and grace of motion do not live in mountain torrents clothed with rainbows; their roar is not music. Platte waters have calm space and quietness through whose translucence golden flashes of light fall like autumn leaves.

Trees with foliage tossing free on hills too often struggle for existence—gnarled, pinched, buffeted, and with scanty food from earth and water. Along Platte they come down to the water to drink and remain. Hill trees are more visible in detail than the mystic redundance of forested plains and valleys; but that mystery has the hypnotism of the unknown. The man in the canoe is a *part* of lowland nature, and revels in it.

Mountain beauty is made secondary by the best Greek poets. A level country with poplars in leaf was their ideal of loveliness in nature. Homer and Virgil constantly verify this. Shakespeare never takes the slightest joy in hills. The murmuring Avon, with level woods that seem set to show the brightness of the stream flowing between, was what he loved. The Arden forest of his "Midsummer Night's Dream," where the fairies quarreled, was the very opposite of mountainous. Enough. Platte is an ideal region for camping and fishing; and to the writer no words are rich enough to tell of its charms.

* * *

After a day's ride, we left the train at Beulah Station, well named, for this is Beulah Land!

Far-reaching, solemn, joyful, exquisite

TROUT-STREAM BETWEEN PLATTE AND ROUND LAKES

Crystal Lake lies before us, ten miles long and three miles wide—a sparkling cathedral floor under ceilings of blue. Fine, gray gravel gleams even ten feet down in the pellucid water. Wide, easily sloping, hard beaches on which a buggy may be driven entirely around it! A sunny evening after rain, the wet woods brilliant in golden green! There is a perfect little angler's rest—a charming hotel not ten rods from the station. In the woods a few rods from the shore are two forest springs. Marvelously clear and deceptive distances, sylvan paths, barefooted urchins vending bunches of trailing arbutus and wood violets to the passengers, and a feeling that everybody is in a continual reverie, combine to make this region something that "must be seen to be appreciated."

Yet even these charms do not stay us. There are too many fishermen, too numerous yellow perch here that often swarm along the line of blue water beyond shallows until the hue of the lake is changed.

Fog horns are bellowing from the shore of the big lake whose mist begins to obscure the woods opposite the points beyond between which lie the deeply submerged rocks that the small-mouth black bass love so well. I have seen a six-pound bass taken from that water; but those fish are educated, seldom hooked, and difficult to land. Woods curve in perfect billows of hills and lines of beauty. There are excellent rowboats, and several famous anglers greet us at the post-office with suggestions of a quiet row with three boats down the lake early to-morrow morning, to be followed by a shore luncheon of fried perch, served on birch bark plates at the foot of the little forty-foot water fall ribboning the bluff covered with pines and cedars on the north shore three miles away. A tiny column of smoke would be enjoyable there after a midday meal, as we smoked the pipes of rest and peace.

PLATTE RIVER, BELOW ROUND LAKE

But no. Far more wild and attractive views await us four miles northward, over miserable roads of sand and boulders. Platte calls. And here is "Uncle Bill" Thompson, of the Lakeside House at Platte, wearing the smile that "does not come off." His kindly Irish brogue is music to us as we hand him the checks for our modest luggage. He yet chews his favorite "spearhead tobacco," wears the same cap and coat, and tells us of "good fishin' all this week."

The old white horse and dreary buckboard wagon take us into the wooded lane northward, and his voice trembles as he mentions his daughter:

"Pearl wanted tew kum; but she's finishin' that outing dress, an' plum crazy t' see ye."

Six years ago we met Pearl—a child of ten, dressed in a single calico garment—bare-footed, wild as her native woods, a vision of black eyes and curling hair, merry dimples and unconscious grace of motion as she raced with her dog, whose barks mingled with her joyous voice as they romped together. And how she loved to hold the trawling-line as a gray-haired angler rowed for her and watched her delight as she hauled in the bass and pickerel. Pearl, who "fell out" of the apple tree where she had perched and hidden to note the stranger from far-off Tennessee, who had come to fish in Platte; and whose face, with its tan and freckles, was always guiltless of the shade of even a sunbonnet! That face was scratched and made bloody by the fall; but she did not even whimper, and faced me and found a friend who was soon interested in her rag doll ("Annie Rooney"); who haunted the wild meadows picking strawberries, and made shortcakes for me and my daughter, six years older than herself. The blood of Irish kings flows in her veins. Even then, she was longing for books, and to know the great outside world, chafing at lack of school privileges and at her own ignorance, and beating the bars of her forest prison. But she knew where the

quail had her nest and the rabbits and foxes hid, and where the remote copse in the swamp held its own secret of lady's-slipper orchid blooms.

Pearl, soon to bear suffering and face ordeals with almost superhuman fortitude, while her spirit shone "through a hundred storms of iron and ice!" Only sixteen now, but scarred with bitterest losses. How she had plead by letter for "just one week" of renewal of the old fishing jaunts and rocking among the tossing whitecaps. And now her face was not the happy one of small Pearl, but pinched and drawn because of many months of illness in hospitals. Sportsmen meet these cottage tragedies in the humblest cabins; the world is full of them and their griefs.

* * *

At five the next morning there is a rap on my door:

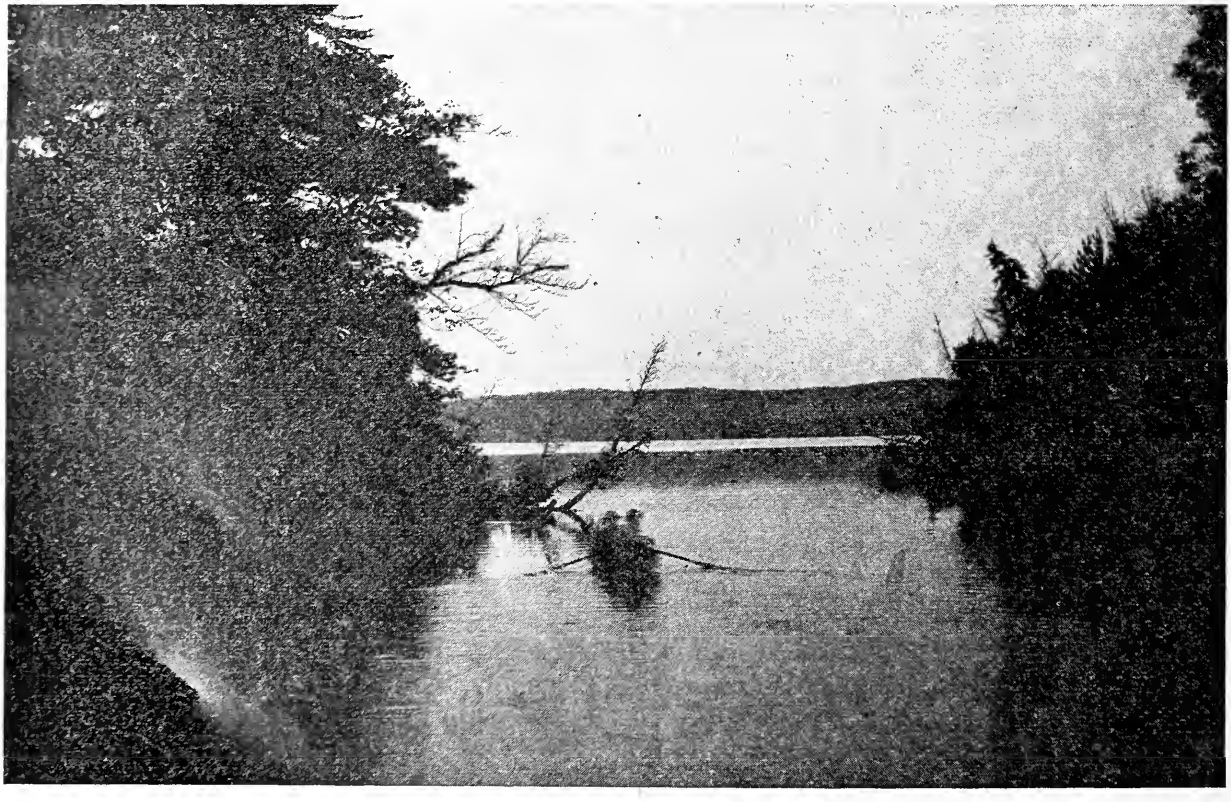
"Git up, lazy. Got sum more wil' strorberries fur ye. An' pap 's ketched sum traout frum ther run back o' ther barn. Hurry, naow! Coffee an' fried fish in ten minnits."

The sportsman may choose between a room in this charming little "hotel" right on the shore of Big Platte Lake (six miles long and two miles wide) and one of several tents pitched a few rods away. He will need a mosquito net, made of cheesecloth.

Mention is not made of the crazy state into which we were plunged at sight of a mascalonge weighing twenty-two pounds at the tent of Jack the Fisher and his Indian chum down the shore, nor of the glorious view of the lake. Nor of that breakfast.

This forest maiden is not so charming as her small self was. She has grown shy and self-conscious, and minces in her walk as she steps into the rowboat. We are off! But whither? An embarrassment of angling possibilities and riches before us; and we must choose!

To the northeast a mile away, with good trolling all the way, Platte River empties into the lake. It is a trout-stream too deep to wade, but affords excellent fishing from a boat. We go a mile up this stream, passing clumps of tenderest watercresses a foot high, rows on rows of wild roses, and miry patches full of logs with mud-turtles and minks on them. Then we turn to the left into the "Dead Stream"—a sluggish watercourse with almost no current, but where one or



THE OUTLET OF BIG PLATTE LAKE

two small, cold rivulets empty. They contain large and finest trout, but are very difficult to wade, owing to mire and brush. Wild? That is another name for the Dead Stream. Great patches of dry reeds and wire-grass and ferns run back for miles from the banks, and generally so thick as to be impenetrable. There one may study and photograph wild life—minks, loons, turtles and myriads of blackbirds. He may hide near the nests of mallards and teals, and count and admire their eggs.

Another mile of slow rowing and the "Stream" widens among low tamaracks into Little Platte Lake, the very home of large-mouth black bass. Being ashamed to take more than thirty minnows in the pail, the writer has never had enough minnows when fishing on this remote and fascinating tarn. It is shallow, dotted with lily pads over much of its water, and its patches and lines of bulrushes sway in the little gusts and billows.

It certainly is dangerous to cast a minnow alongside one of the lily pads or a bunch of "rushes." I recall the Irish expletives, more forcible than polite, of "Uncle" Thompson, who had, with proud forethought to which he confidently directed attention, "fixed" up a heavy line and big hook with special reference to having his "fishin' rig" strong, and able to "make it interesting" for a real fish, and how, at the second cast, his line was carried straight away from the bow of the boat by an unseen fish that started to tow us and broke the line—leaving a dismayed and swearing Irishman. That fish never stopped!

Large-mouth bass were there by dozens—not the lazy "trout" that we snared in Florida waters last Christmas, but burly northern fellows, full of steel springs and ginger. I took eight of those beauties before the minnows were all used. And giant mascalonge are there, in water three-fourths of a mile across and not more than fifteen deep anywhere. If a camper would take a tent and mosquito net from the "hotel," pitch the tent on the point across and to the right from the start of the Dead Stream, the early morning fishing would make him happy for a month.

Back and down the streams into Big Platte, going across the bar where we have to get out of the boat and wade. Splendid trolling for bass and pickerel now! Here Dr. Baker, from Findlay, Ohio, landed a thirty-seven pound mascalonge after thirty minutes of heart-breaking fight and excitement. Following the right shore, far out, we pass for two miles over a deep reef—good trolling ground all the way—and then across the lake to Birch Point, a perfect lunching place in the woods. We do not take fish home with us, so they are not saved to be put on ice at the hotel. We dress, cook and eat fish, and hand the balance to a pair of boys that are here "berrying." Just south of that lunching place a forest spring emerges from woods to form a rivulet that purls across a long, low, white beach of hard sand and gravel.

South of the Point the fishing is *too* good. A dozen times I have seen small boys get into trouble and have a fright as the grass-pike refused to let their hooks alone. There are frequent growls as the rock bass take our minnows—we want small-mouth bass and pike. Here I landed an eight-pound pickerel on a "star" spoon, grabbed in early starlight, when the owls and whippoorwills had begun to call and just before that fury of a thunder-storm came trooping over the woods beyond Round Lake, and the wind raged, and flashes of lightning revealed the pure white of the foam-caps on the mad little billows.

Out near the blue water a lone cluster of very tall bulrushes is called Pratchett's Island, probably because no island is there, but only several acres of white sand and rock twenty feet below the surface. The small-mouth bass there are becoming wary. For twenty minutes I watched a three-pound bass play around my minnow—not biting, but striking the minnow with his tail, and finally hooking himself in the side, putting up a tremendous fight and getting away because the work was rather too heavy for the five-ounce lancewood rod.

West from Birch Point down the lake along more good trolling "ground," and past the abandoned lumber mill and hamlet of Edgewater, and we enter the finest, most picturesque stream on which I ever rowed a boat—the continuation at the foot of the lake of Platte River. We drift with the four-mile current for a mile and admire

and wonder. About twenty rods above the lake, called Round Pond, we stop the boat, let a minnow down into that "sure" pool and eddy, and watch the bass and pickerel hustle for it.

At the very edge of Round Pond is a wide bar of white sand under three feet of water. Two feet beyond it drops sheer, and the water is sixty feet deep. There I saw a mascalonge longer than I care to vouch for here. So near, yet so far, as he faded away into those clear depths!

Round Pond is a half-mile long and about sixty rods across, fine fishing water, deep close to shore entirely around it. Its outlet is the third "stretch" of the Platte River, with excellent fishing down all its mile-long run into Lake Michigan.

Big Platte has been unkind to me. The giant mascalonge that live in all those waters are called "brutes" by Uncle Bill. One never knows what moment he may get a strike that will not only make him "sit up," but tumble over with a broken rod or line, with the hook gone. Two experiences of that kind set me to trolling with a triple hook so big that it seemed like an insult to a fish to even imagine him guilty of being daft enough to strike at it. I used my long salmon line tested to a thirty-two-pound pull in my presence by Abbie and Imbrie, and which had landed a twenty-three-pound salmon in Newfoundland the previous summer. Work? Three days of fruitless rowing, trailing that outrageously big hook! Then Uncle Bill took pity on me and rowed himself. And luck settled on us, and two enormous fish had been lost and others were following and striking (I could tell by the jerks). I pulled in the hook to cut away some of the frayed line, and in my excitement I *threw the hook into the lake*, and tried to *tie my knife* on the end of the line. That Irishman's face was a study! He tells about it yet. "Sure we had divil another hook in the boat, and had to kum hoam!"

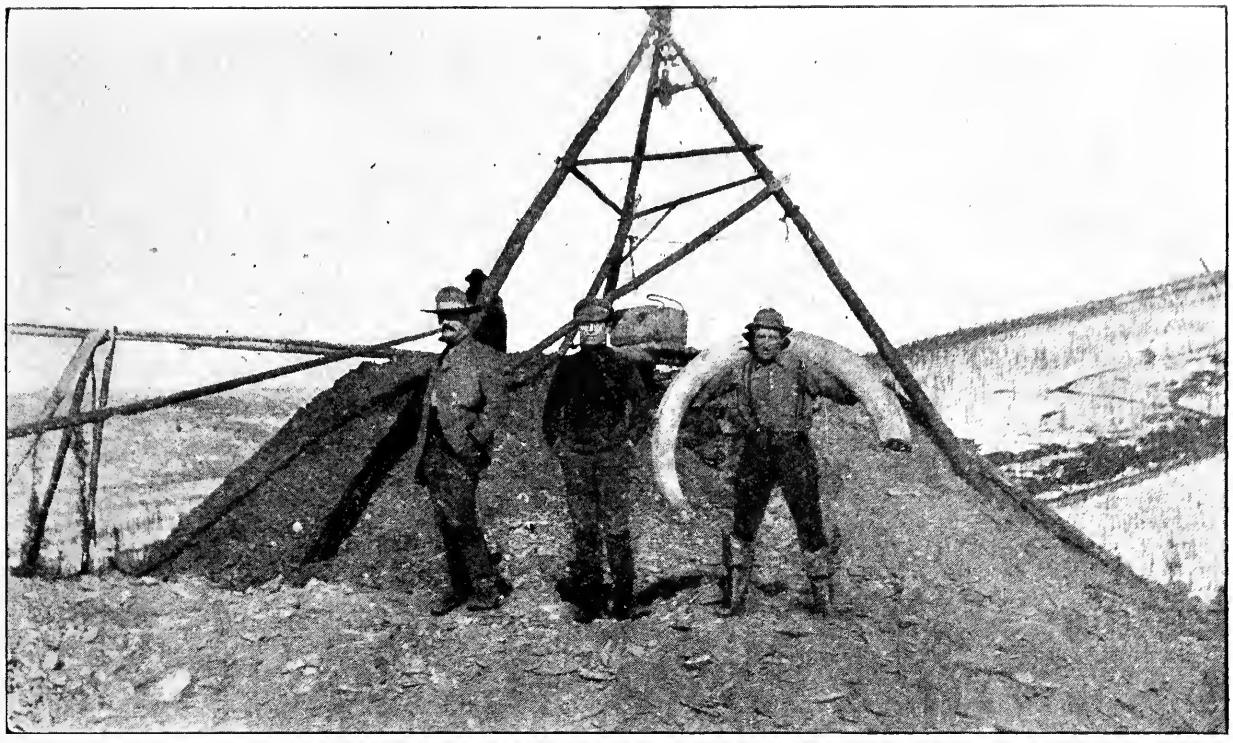
My second visit to Platte was with tackle fit to lure and hold Mr. Mascalonge. In twenty hours of grind at the oars (we call that awful work "fun"), I hooked and lost a fish that jumped clear from the water twice, shaking himself until everything seemed to jingle. *He got away.* And not twenty minutes afterward I hooked the grandfather of them all—off Birch Point. Then I knew how Jack's Indian chum felt as he laid down on his back in the dugout to keep a mascalonge from upsetting his slight craft.

My fish must have been a mascalonge—I did not see him. But he towed the boat five or six minutes that seemed two hours. The line cut my left hand at the first knuckle—I shall carry the scar to my grave. It was a question whether I had him or he had me, for he nearly pulled me out of the boat. A surge and rush into the depths, and the line parted!

I rowed right back to the hotel, packed up, and left for New York. There are some things that are unbearable. Not even the loss of that fifty-pound salmon on Pinch Gut Brook in western Newfoundland was such a grief. The instant change from the delight of the struggle and impending success to the dismay and despair of loss is *too* much. The line certainly does come in easy!

To the angler who wants rest, finest Irish hospitality, reasonable charges, perfect boats and tackle, an excellent table and service, and a good catch among earth's fairest scenes, I cordially recommend Big Platte, and I vouch for the excellence of the fishing for trout, small and large-mouth black bass, rock bass so numerous as to be a nuisance, swarms of yellow perch, grass pike, pickerel, and—yes—mascalonge—if you can hook and land them. They are there, "whoppers!" All this fishing is not in one spot, but can be reached within an hour from that tavern not two rods from the water, boats and happiness. It waits and beckons to that shore until one is bewildered with the wealth of fishing possibilities.

Of course this is not the very last touch and poetry of angling, wading over white and gold gravel and casting dainty flies for trout. That exists on the Slagle River, reached from Yuma Siding, which you pass on the way from Toledo to Platte. In a forest five miles from the railroad lies the loveliest trout-stream I have seen in forty years of angling. But to me it has been ruined because a trout hatchery has been placed on its upper waters, and the stream is kept *stocked* with trout. That means man's dominion. I am not entirely happy except when with the entirely wild.



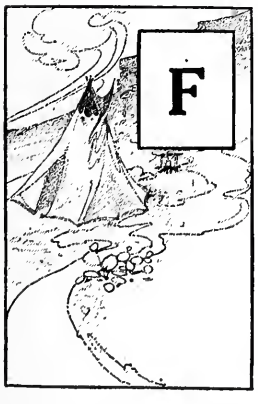
A WELL-PRESERVED MAMMOTH TUSK TAKEN FROM THE BOTTOM OF A FORTY-FOOT SHAFT

PREHISTORIC ANIMALS OF ALASKA

How the Search for Gold Sometimes Reveals Huge Ivory Tusks and Bones of Mammals Long Extinct

BY F. H. CHASE

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



AR away in the frozen wilds of Alaska, thousands of ambitious, sturdy miners are delving underground, some reaping rich harvests of virgin gold, others being disheartened by the paucity of their findings, but both from time to time unwittingly contributing to science additional knowledge of colossal animals that ages ago roamed over the earth, exceeding in size the largest known elephants of to-day.

The accompanying illustrations were produced from photographs of a single tusk and of a skull with the horns attached, both of which were found about forty feet below the surface in frozen gravel on Cleary Creek, Fairbanks Mining District, Alaska.

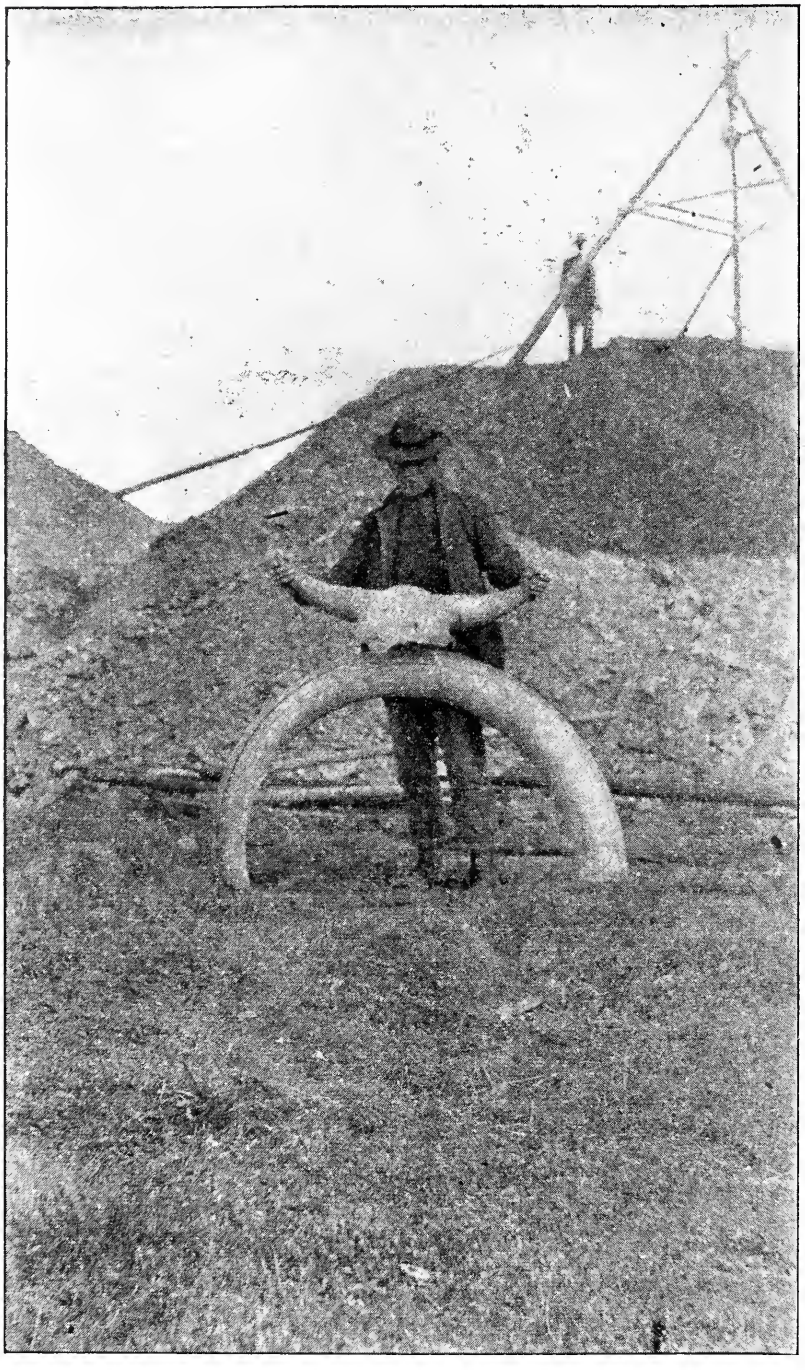
Fairbanks is named for our Vice-President, and is destined to become the great mining metropolis of the American side, as Dawson City, in the Klondike, has become in Canadian territory.

This tusk belonged to a mammoth, an animal which scientists claim became extinct about or shortly after the time man made his appearance on earth, which fact is substantiated by the finding in Western Kansas of bones in which were imbedded stone arrow heads.

The weight of the tusk was estimated at

over one hundred and fifty pounds. The ivory was a good white color, and exceedingly well preserved, having been kept in cold storage for thousands of years. In fact, the tusks that have been unearthed in Alaska have generally been so well preserved that curio dealers manufacture very beautiful souvenirs from the ivory, giving the tourist an opportunity of possessing hair brushes, cribbage boards, paper weights, etc., made from this rare substance.

The skull in the illustration has been pronounced to be that of a bison and was found not far from the tusk. The horns, in shape and size, resembled those of the buffalo of to-day.

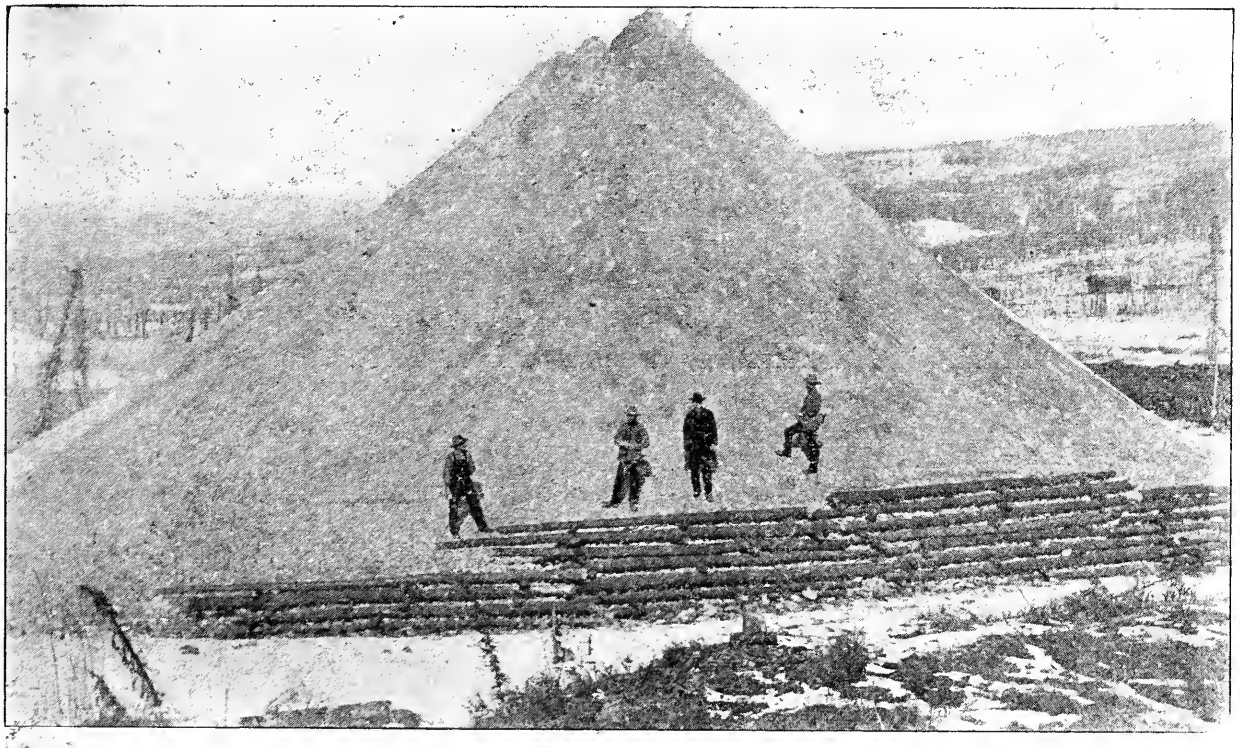


MAMMOTH TUSK AND "BISON" SKULL FOUND FORTY FEET BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE GROUND

Several years ago, at the mouth of the Lena, one of the larger Siberian rivers, a

mammoth carcass was discovered imbedded in the ice, with portions of the hair, hide and flesh intact, and it is even related that dogs were feeding on the remains when the discovery was made. About two years ago a still more perfect specimen was brought to light in the same locality, which is now mounted and on exhibition in the National Musuem at St. Petersburg, Russia.

It does not require a very wild flight of imagination to conceive of similar discoveries being made in Alaska while its secrets

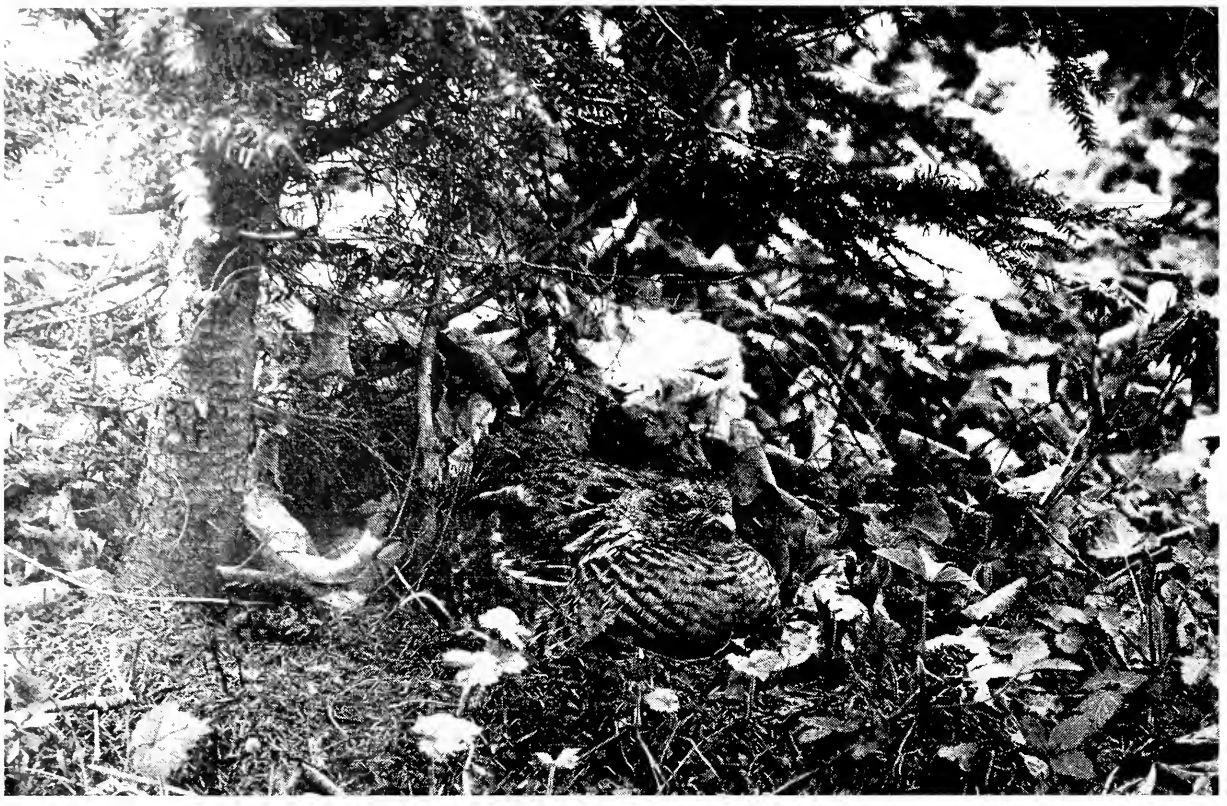


PAY DIRT—IT IS IN THIS GRAVEL, WHICH IS TAKEN FROM NEXT THE BED ROCK, THAT THE MAMMOTH TUSKS ARE FOUND

are being pried into by explorers and miners, as the following facts will go to show. In the great interior portion of Alaska, with few exceptions, the ground is perpetually frozen to bed rock. In some localities it is very shallow, while in others it may reach a depth of two hundred feet. During the summer months the ground thaws for a few feet below the surface, and this thawed ground supports a luxuriant vegetation. In sinking a hole to bed rock but a stone's throw from where the tusk and skull were discovered, the first fifteen feet went through vegetable muck frozen solid, except two feet on the surface. We next encountered about ten feet of frozen gravel, and then chopped down through fifteen feet of ice as clear and pure as the finest manufactured article, to again encounter frozen gravel for a depth of fifteen feet before reaching bed rock. Many large tree trunks, well preserved, were found imbedded in the frozen gravel, and some day we may have the further good fortune to also find a perfect specimen of one of these noble animals, as all conditions for preserving them exist in "Seward's Folly."

If the story of an old trapper from the Porcupine River can be credited, a rich field awaits the explorer along these lines. A few years ago the writer was on a Yukon River steamer, and at the mouth of the Porcupine River, which is approximately on the Arctic Circle, this old trapper was picked up. He brought aboard a number of specimens, including a fine mammoth tusk and several large teeth.

The Porcupine River can be ascended by small boats and light-draft steamers for several months of the year, and it would appear that the story is worth investigating, inasmuch as this river and its tributaries are practically unknown, even to the prospector.



Photos by James H. Miller

A RUFFED GROUSE INCUBATING HER SEVEN PRETTY SPECKLED EGGS, AND THE NEST AFTER THE YOUNG HATCHED AND SKEDADDLED

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE GOOSE

BY DAN BEARD

(*Continued*)

CHAPTER X

A LION AND A LIONESS

ONE cannot live in the mountains for any length of time without paying more or less attention to geology; the mountaineer soon learns that stratified rock, resting in a horizontal position on its natural bed, makes travel over its top comparatively easy, but when by the subsidence or upheaval of the earth's crust huge masses of stone have been tilted up edgewise, it is an entirely different proposition.

In this latter case the erosion, caused by trickling water, frost and snow, sharpens the edge of the rock, as a grindstone does the edge of an ax, and traveling along one of these ridges presents almost the same difficulties that travel along the edge of an upturned ax would do to a microscopic man.

But when a sportsman, for the first time in his life, has succeeded in creeping within range of a grand bighorn ram, and his bullet, speeding true, has badly wounded the game, hardships are forgotten, and if, on account of the miraculous vitality of the mountain sheep, there is danger of losing the quarry, all the inborn instinct of the predaceous beast in man's nature is aroused, and danger is a consideration not to be taken in account.

A hawk in pursuit of a barnyard fowl will follow it into the open door of the farmhouse; the hound in pursuit of the fox cares not for the approaching locomotive—being possessed by the instinct to kill—nothing is of importance to them but the capture of the game in sight. A man following a wounded buck is governed by a like consideration of mind and a singleness of purpose.

For this reason I was scrambling along the knife-like edge of the ridge, with death in the steep treacherous slide rock on one side, death in the steep green glacier ice on the other side, and torture and wounds under my feet.

But the fever of the chase had possession of me. I had tasted blood and felt the fierce joy of the puma and the wild intoxication of a hunting wolf!

The cruel wounds inflicted by the sharp stones under my feet were unnoticed. Away ahead of me was a moving object; it could use but three legs, but that was one leg more than I had, and the ram had distanced me. After an age of time I reached the rugged, broader footing of the mountain side, and creeping up behind some sheltering rocks again fired at the fleeing ram. With the impact of the bullet the sheep fell headlong down a cliff to a projecting rock thirty feet below, where it lay apparently dead. A moment later it again arose, seemingly as able as ever, and ran along the face of the beetling rock where my eyes, aided by powerful field glasses, could perceive no foothold; then it gave a magnificent leap to a ledge on the opposite side of the narrow canyon and fell dead, out of my reach.

Spent with my long, rough run, I naturally selected the most comfortable seat in which to rest; this chanced to be a cushion of heather-like plants along the side of a fragment of rock which effectually concealed my body from view from the other

side of the chasm. Here, on the verge of that impassable canyon, I sat panting and looking at the poor dead creature upon the opposite side; its right front leg was shattered at the shoulder, a bullet had pierced its lungs. Yet, with two fatal wounds and a useless leg, the plucky creature had scaled the face of a cliff which one would think a squirrel would find impossible to traverse and made leaps which might well be considered improbable for a perfectly sound animal. The ram was dead and food for the ravens, and a reaction had taken place in my mind; I felt like a bloody murderer, and hung my head with a sense of guilt.

Suddenly becoming conscious of that peculiar guttural noise, used by Big Pete when desiring caution, and looking up I was amazed to see a beautiful young girl climb down the face of the opposite cliff, throw her arms around the dead ram's neck and burst into deep but subdued lamentation. For the first time I now saw that what I had mistaken for a blood stain on the bighorn's neck was a red collar.

Cautiously producing my field glasses I examined the collar and discovered it to be made of stained porcupine quills cleverly worked on a buckskin band. The field glasses also told me that the girl's dress was trimmed with the same material, while a duplicate of the sheep's collar formed a band which encircled her queenly head, confining the tumbling curls and preventing them from falling over her face, but leaving them free to hang down her back to a point below the waist line.

So absorbed was I in this unique spectacle that I carelessly allowed my elbow to dislodge a loose fragment of stone which went clattering down the face of the precipice. This proved to be almost fatal carelessness, for, with a movement as quick as the stroke of a rattlesnake, the girl placed an arrow to the string of a bow and sent the barbed shaft with such force, promptitude and precision that it went through my fur cap, the arrow entangling a bunch of my hair, taking it along with it.

"Squat lower, Le-Loo; gals has been the death of many a man afore you," whispered Big Pete in my ear, but even as he spoke another and another arrow sang over our crouching bodies, shaving the protecting rock so closely that their plumed tips brushed the dust on our backs.

"Waugh! Good shootin', by gum! I never seed it beat; if she onct sots them purty eyes on our hulking carcasses she'll get us yit," muttered my guide, enthusiastically. She's mighty slender, quick and purty—but so also be a wasp!" he exclaimed, as another arrow slit the sleeve of his wamus as cleanly as if it were cut with a knife.

"For God's sake, stop!" I shouted, in real alarm. The girl paused, but with an arrow still drawn to its head. Her cheeks were blazing with color, eyes flashing, head erect, one dainty foot on the ram's body, the other braced against the cliff; her short fawn-colored skin skirt clung to her lithe limbs, and the fringed edges hung over the dreadful black chasm in front of her. It was a picture to take away one's breath. "Put down your weapon, Miss, and we will stand with our hands up," I cried. Slowly the bow was lowered and as slowly Big Pete and I arose, holding our empty hands aloft. "Now, Miss, tell us your pleasure."

I have already stated that I was a bachelor, but I trust the reader will believe me when I say that I was not devoid of sentiment, and a beautiful woman had all the claims to my admiration and reverence that she has to any properly constructed man. This being the case, I feel no shame in admitting that though a single man, my poor battered heart showed the scars of many a meeting in which it came off the field badly worsted. Still, it may be truthfully said that no girl I ever met made such a lasting impression upon me and no other member of her sex ever made my heart stand still as did this wild Alpine amazon of the Rocky Mountains. Talk about Cupid's darts! I know their smart and the pain from their poisoned tips; but, if I must confess it, I would rather be a target for Cupid all my life than to have that beautiful tigress shoot at me for another five minutes. There are a few gray hairs showing at my temples which first made their appearance while I was crouching behind that stone on the edge of the chasm.

To our polite inquiry asking her pleasure, the wild girl made no reply, but glancing at us with the utmost contempt, she mutely pointed to the dead sheep, the sight of which

seemed to enrage here again, for insensibly her fingers tightened on the bow and the wood began to curve after a manner which sent me ducking behind the sheltering stone again. Big Pete only folded his arms across his broad chest and looked the girl straight in the eyes.

Never will I forget that picture, the cold, bleak, snow-covered mountains towering above them, the black abyss of sheol between them; neither would hesitate to take life, neither possessed a fear of death; but with every muscle alert and every nerve alive these two wild things stood facing each other, mutually observing a truce because of a difference in sex. A lion and a lioness.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LEDGE ON THE PRECIPICE

The black chasm which separated us from the trail of the beautiful wild girl was not as formidable a barrier as the unfathomable abyss which separates the reader from what he thinks he would have done had he been in my place, and what really would have been his plan of action.

Rarer than just taxes, rarer than honest faces in the rogues' gallery, rarer than rich men in heaven, are the people who can truthfully say that they have not met a single unexpected dilemma, crisis or adventure in just the manner that they would have planned to meet it.

There were a lot of burning questions which I had privately made up in my mind to propound to the Wild Hunter, or the even wilder maiden, upon the occasion of our next meeting. But when the beautiful Diana was standing before me, with bended bow and flashing eyes, the burning importance of those questions did not appeal to me as forcibly as did the urgent necessity of sheltering my body behind the friendly stone. To be truthful, it must be admitted that the proposed inquiries were, for the time, entirely forgotten, and I even breathed a sigh of relief when the girl suddenly clambered up the face of the cliff.

She scaled that precipitous rock with the rapidity and self-confidence of a gray squirrel running up the trunk of a hickory tree, squirrel-like, taking advantage of every crack, cranny and projection that could be grasped by fingers or moccasin-covered toes.

Not until the maiden had disappeared down a dry coulee did I venture from the shelter of the protecting rock, or realize that my carefully planned interview must be indefinitely postponed.

With his arms folded across his chest, his blond hair sweeping his shoulders, his blue eyes fixed upon a rocky rib of the mountain behind which the girl had disappeared, Big Pete still stood like a statue. But gradually the statuesque pose resolved itself into a more commonplace posture, and the muscles of the face relaxed until the familiar twinkle hovered around the corners of his eyes. Bringing forth his pipe, he filled it from the beaded tobacco pouch which hung on his breast, and by means of a horn of punk, a flint and steel, he soon had the pipe aglow and was puffing away as calmly as if nothing unusual had occurred. Presently he exclaimed, "Gol durn her purty deguerotype, what good did it do her to throw that sheep down the gulch? Reckon Le-Loo and me could find a better grave for mutton chops than that canyon bottom. The mountains didn't need the sheep an' we did." Turning his great blue eyes full upon me, he suddenly shot this inquiry, "Be she bar, witch or gal?"

"She is the finest adjusted, easiest running, most exquisitely balanced, highest geared bit of human machinery I ever saw," I answered enthusiastically.

Wall, maybe ye are right, Le-Loo, an' maybe ye hain't; which is catamount to saying, maybe it is she and maybe it tain't."

"Steady, Pete, old fellow, let us go slow; now tell me at what you're driving?" I pleaded.

"It looks to me this hea'-a-way," he explained. "I've seed her trail onct or twice, an' I've seed her onct, but I never yet seed her trail and the Wild Hunter's trail at the same time and place. 'Pears to me that a man who, when it's convenient, kin make a wolf of hisself, might likewise make a gurl of hisself whenever he felt that way. Never heared tell on enny real gurl who cud climb like a squatton and shoot a bow better nor a Robin Hood or Injun, and that's howsomever!"

"Well, it does look 'howsomever,' and

no mistake," I admitted, "and what makes it worse, our dinner is at the bottom of this infernal gulch. Come, let us be moving; the breeze from the snowfields chills me. Let us hit her trail now while it is fresh."

This was a simple proposition to make, but a difficult one to carry into execution; for to all appearances that trail began upon the other side of the chasm, and there was no bridge in sight by which we could cross. Big Pete carefully put a cork-stopper in his pipe, extinguishing the fire without wasting the unconsumed contents; he then carefully put his briarwood away and began to uncoil a lariat from around his middle. As he loosened the braided rawhide from his waist his gaze was roaming over the opposite rocks. Presently he fixed his attention upon a pinnacle which reared its cube-like form above the top of the opposite side of the chasm; the latter was of itself much higher than the brink upon which we stood. Swinging the loop around his head he sent it whistling across the chasm, where it settled and encircled the projecting stone, the honda striking the face of the cliff with a sullen thud. The rope tightened, but when we both threw our weight on our end of the lariat to try it, the cube-like pinnacle moved on its base.

"I oughter knowed better than to try to lasso a piece of slide rock," said Pete, in disgusted tones, as he cast the end of the braided rawhide loose and watched it for a moment dangling down the opposite side of the canyon.

"Now, Le-Loo, we must get over this hole or lose the best lariat in the Rocky Mountains. We kin look for that gal's trail on this side, for even if she be an *Ecutock*, I'll bet my crooker bone 'gainst a lock of her hair that she can't jump th' hole, an' I'll wager my left ear that she's got a trail an' a bridge somewhar—'nless she turns bird and flops over things like this," he added, with a troubled look.

"Pete," said I, "never mind the bird business. I'll admit that there is a lot of explanation due us before we can rightly judge on the events of the past few weeks; still I think it may all be explained in a rational manner; but what if it cannot? We have but one trip to make through this world, and the more we see the more we will know at the end of the journey. I am as curious as a prong-horned antelope when there is a mystery, so put your nose to the ground, my good friend, and find the spot where this Mr. Wehrwolf, witch, bear or girl flies the canyon, and maybe, like the husband of the Witch of Fife, we may find the 'black crook shell,' and with its aid fly out of this 'lum.'"

"I believe your judication is sound, Le-Loo; stay where you be an' if she hain't a witch I'll bet my front tooth agin the string of her little moccasin that I'll find the bridge, and I'll swear by my grandmother's hind leg that that little wasp will pay fur our sheep yit."

As Pete finished these remarks there was a sudden and astonishing change in his appearance. His head fell forward, his shoulders drooped, his back bowed and his knee bent. It was no longer the upright statuesque Pete the Mountaineer, but Peter the Trailer, all of whose faculties were concentrated upon the ground. With a swinging gait the human bloodhound traveled swiftly and silently along the edge of the crevasse, noting every bunch of moss, fragment of stone, drift of snow or bit of moist earth, reading the shorthand notes of Nature with an ease and facility which far excelled the ability of our court stenographers to read their own notes when the latter are a few hours old. But a short time had elapsed before I heard a shout, and, hurrying to the place where my big friend was seated, I inquired, "Any luck?"

"Tha's as you may call it. Here is wha's tha' gal jumped," he replied, pointing to some marks on the stone which were imperceptible to me, "an' tha's wha' she landed," he continued, pointing to a slight ledge upon the face of the opposite cliff at least twenty feet distant. "She's a jumper, an' no mistake—guess I might as well have my front tooth pulled, fur I've lost my bet," soliloquized the trailer, as he sat on the edge of the cliff, with his legs hanging over the frightful chasm.

The ledge indicated by Big Pete as the landing place of the phenomenal jumper might possibly have offered a foothold for a bighorn or goat, but I could not believe that any human being could jump twenty feet to a crumbling trifle of a ledge on the

face of a precipice, and not only retain a foothold there, but run up the face of the rock like a fly on a window-pane. Yet I could see that something had worn the ledge at the point indicated, and when I stood a little distance away from the trail I could plainly note a difference in color marking the course of the trail where it led over the flinty rocks to the jumping place.

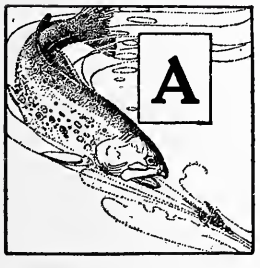
"Wull, Le-Loo! What's your opinion of the *Ecutock* now? Do she use wings or ride a barleycorn broom?" asked Pete, with a triumphant smile.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHARM OF CHEMO

Just a Little Vacation Spent Way Down East, and Some of the Benefits It Brought

BY A. HIBERNATOR



AS A READER and admirer of RECREATION and its principles, I have noticed that the far-away corner of our nation, generally termed "Way Down East," viz: Maine, receives not more than its due portion of space in these columns.

Being a "native" of this beautiful State, a State which can hardly be surpassed for its excellence of scenery and climate, its hunting and fishing, its abundance of all the good things so dear to the lover of out-of-door life, allow me to give a little description of a two weeks' camping which it was my privilege to enjoy last August, in company with my brother and his wife and my own better-half.

It happened that my brother and his wife were camping on the shore of Penobscot Bay, near Belfast, at the time I usually take my vacation trip to my old home in Bangor, and at his urgent request we stopped off a few days with them. Three days only, but three days filled with pleasure and rest.

Upon our arrival at Bangor I purchased a small camping outfit, which I will describe for the benefit of those who have the idea that such luxuries are too expensive for them.

The tent, which was made of a medium weight drilling, size 10 by 12 feet, and provided with a fly of the same material, cost me $12.50. Although the material was light, it was as perfect in resisting rain and moisture as one could wish. As we each had our own outfit, there were but two in a tent and it was very comfortable quarters.

Our bed, 4 by 6 feet, was made out of the drilling, with three wide hems, one on each side and one through the centre, to receive three poles to keep it from sagging. There was also a very wide hem across the end at the head, which could be stuffed with dried grass, leaves, pine or fir needles, to form the pillow. The side poles or rails had their ends flattened on two sides to form a square corner which fitted up against a shoulder cut on the ends of the cross rails and fastened with a nail or cord. This notch in the ends of the cross rails prevented the side rails from slipping in. Then there was a pole through the middle hem hung by a cord beneath the cross poles. This allowed for a little sag to the bed, just enough to hold the hay, dried leaves or pine needles, which were put in to form the mattress. The cross rails rested on crotched stakes driven into the ground. The bed cost two dollars and had the advantage that the roughness of the ground did not prevent it from setting

level, as is the case with the cross-legged kind. This kind of a bed, while being very compact for transportation (the poles being cut wherever one pitches his tent), affords good protection from the dampness of the ground and from any of those elongated sneakers which send the cold chills up the back when seen anywhere except in a museum.

The rest of our outfit consisted of a small oil stove (which could be dispensed with except when there are ladies along who are not used to camping), two or three tin pails, tin plates, tin cups, a frying pan and a few cheap knives, forks and spoons, the whole costing a little over a dollar. As we were careful in selecting our cooking utensils, we were able by proper nesting of the tinware to put the whole cooking outfit, including the oil stove, inside of a ten-quart pail.

The entire camping outfit cost about $16.50, and was packed in one shoe box, about 18 by 18 by 36 inches, including tent, fly, bed, blankets, cooking utensils and two folding camp chairs. It could as well be packed in a bag, which perhaps would be easier to carry in a boat or canoe.

At Bangor we hired a man to drive us out to Chemo Lake, seventeen miles away, the scene of our health and pleasure resort for ten days, and a more enjoyable ten days was never spent by any party of civilized-worn people.

To pitch one's tent on the shores of a beautiful lake like Chemo, four miles from the main road and a mile from the nearest farmhouse; to get one's lungs filled with Nature's ozone and the nostrils satisfied with the sweet scents of the wilds; to be lulled to sleep at night by the gentle rustle of the leaves as they are fanned by the breeze; to be awakened in the morning by the chatter of the blue jays and squirrels, and to lie for a time charmed with the cheery voices of the chicadees and the thrush, all after a most refreshing night's sleep—these and many others are the joys and life-giving comforts to be found in the Garden of the Wilds, so close to Nature's heart.

The grounds where we pitched our tents were not ideal for camping, but as there is but one spring of water at that end of the lake, we decided that it would be better to put up with a little more inconvenience, due to rough ground, than to have to go a long distance for water. Our tables were made of the two covers of our camping boxes and rested on rough stakes driven into the ground, in the shelter of some small oak trees, which afforded ample shade during the noon hour. The cool side of a big boulder near-by formed our refrigerator, and was all right except that the "porkers" had the key to it, and occasionally left us to provide something different than we had planned for breakfast.

Although last year seems to have been an off-year for fishing at Chemo, nevertheless we managed to keep the larder supplied with enough white perch, pickerel and black bass to keep us in good condition, and the farm house not far away provided us with the necessary milk, butter, bread and vegetables. These fresh supplies, supplemented by a few condiments, a little bacon, beans, etc., which we took with us, gave us a table fit for a king.

Under the shade of some near-by trees our hammock was swung, where one could lie and read or think over the delights of the place, or of the miseries that civilized people were undergoing in hot cities amid the rush and bustle of things. I could hardly help thinking of a little story I once heard told that contrasted the restfulness of the country with the rush of the city. A man who had traveled much was spending the night with some relative in a quiet country spot, and upon awaking in the morning he lay for a time thinking of the restfulness of the place, and listened to the old-fashioned clock in the hall, which seemed to say by its measured beats, "tick—tack, tick—tack, take—rest, take—rest." But how different when the next night was spent in the busy metropolis and the first sound that greeted him in the morning was the rapid click of the little seventy-five cent nickle clock on the mantle, which seemed to vibrate all over with the words so rapidly repeated, "tick-tack, tick-tack, get-there, get-there."

One cannot fully realize the delights of a camping trip until seated on the ground late in the evening around a rousing, crackling camp fire, each with a long greenwood stick firmly stuck into the butt end of a large juicy ear of sweet corn, which sizzles and

pops over the hot coals, while the mouth waters in anticipation of the well-buttered, savory morsel to come, amid the stories and jokes of bygone days. What if the mouth and teeth do get a little black, the toothsomeness is enough to compensate, and then, too, there are no electric lights and shining shirt fronts to illuminate, and besides you have the satisfaction of knowing that you all look alike.

One of the recent laws of Maine prohibits people from going into the woods and hunting without a license (which costs $15) and the employment of a guide. But this law does not apply to natives or residents of the State, and thereby hangs a tale, an amusing incident.

My brother had become very much prejudiced against the State that would pass such a law, before he knew that it did not apply to natives of the State, and called "old K—" (the man at Augusta who was responsible for the law) and all his followers by very unbecoming names. The guides had formed into a union and demanded three dollars a day for their services, and would do no cooking at that; these were dubbed by A— as "yeller dogs," and he would not have one "tagging around after his heels," and the game wardens were no better and ought to be shot, etc.

One bright morning a canoe drew up to the little stone wharf in front of our tents and a very pleasant-appearing fellow with a slouch hat and a shooting iron in his holster came up and inquired the way to the spring. A— came on the scene, showed him the spring and kindly loaned him a cup, and upon returning with the cup of water the stranger sat down to eat his lunch and have a pleasant little chat with A—. After awhile the conversation naturally drifted around to the game laws, and as this was A—'s sore spot he was not backward in expressing his views and bestowing his "yeller dog" epithets promiscuously. This was all taken good-naturedly by our pleasant visitor and, no doubt, good weight given to it. His lunch completed, he returned to the canoe and then came back and handed A— his card. "John Doe, Game Protector, Great Works, Maine," was what A— read, and I am not sure but that he would be standing there now in that same spot, in that same attitude of one who had been indiscreet, had not the footsteps and the "thanks" and "good-day" of the stranger not awakened him. During all the performance, D—, my wife and I had been the audience, and an interested one it was, I assure you. We now had our inning and a joyous one it was, too. I dare say that A— knows more about the game laws of Maine now than he did before, and perhaps has a little more respect for the game wardens, for that one, the only one that it has ever been my privilege to meet, proved himself a gentleman in every respect.

Our outing came to an end only too soon, and as I sit in the school room of one of our colleges and, at times, think over those three days on the shores of the beautiful Penobscot Bay, digging clams, fishing off that jutting point of rocks for the cunners and tom cods, or strolling along the beach gazing at the distant blue of the White Islands in the distance; or, again, of those ten days at Chemo, in the rough wilderness, with God's blue canopy overhead and the songs of the birds ringing in my ears, my heart leaps for joy with the expectation of a similar trip next year.

And may I say in closing to those of the eternal busy kind, who know not of the fountain of youth to be found in the country, in the woods, near the waters of our peaceful lakes nestled among the mountains and forests: Get thee out of the rush of business for a few days, find your way into the forest and seat yourself on some moss-covered log and listen to the merrymaking of the birds and squirrels as they light on the twigs, almost within arm's reach, and wonder what you are, or scramble over your very toes in their hilarity; or listen to the low, musical hum of the insect life all around you, when the caw-caw of the distant crow seems almost sacrilege. Again I say, get thee out and forget the place where the dollars come from and think of how happy those birds, those squirrels and those insects are, which do not know what a dollar is, and you will be loath to return to the humdrum of life, but wish that you could, like Rip Van Winkle, go to sleep there only to awake in the great hereafter where all is rest and peace.

MAY

By Carolyn B. Lyman

LO! she comes in the sunshine!
How smiling! how fair!
From the throat of the warblers
Her song fills the air.

With a green, soft and trailing
O'er hill and o'er dale;
With a gown trimmed in blossoms —
A white flowing veil.

On her cheek is the tinting,
The blush of peach-blow;
From her crown falls the petals —
The apple-bloom snow!

All the world pays her homage —
This beautiful queen!
In her robe of bright blossoms
And soft trailing green!

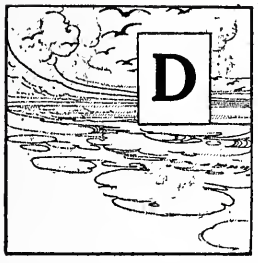
In the bright wings now flitting
The sunbeams unfold —
There's a wave of her tresses,
A gleaming of gold.

Sweet; ah sweet, her caresses —
The warm southern breeze,
With her low, gentle murmur
Of love through the trees.

On her breath is a fragrance,
Found hidden and deep
In the heart of the wood-flowers
She wakens from sleep!

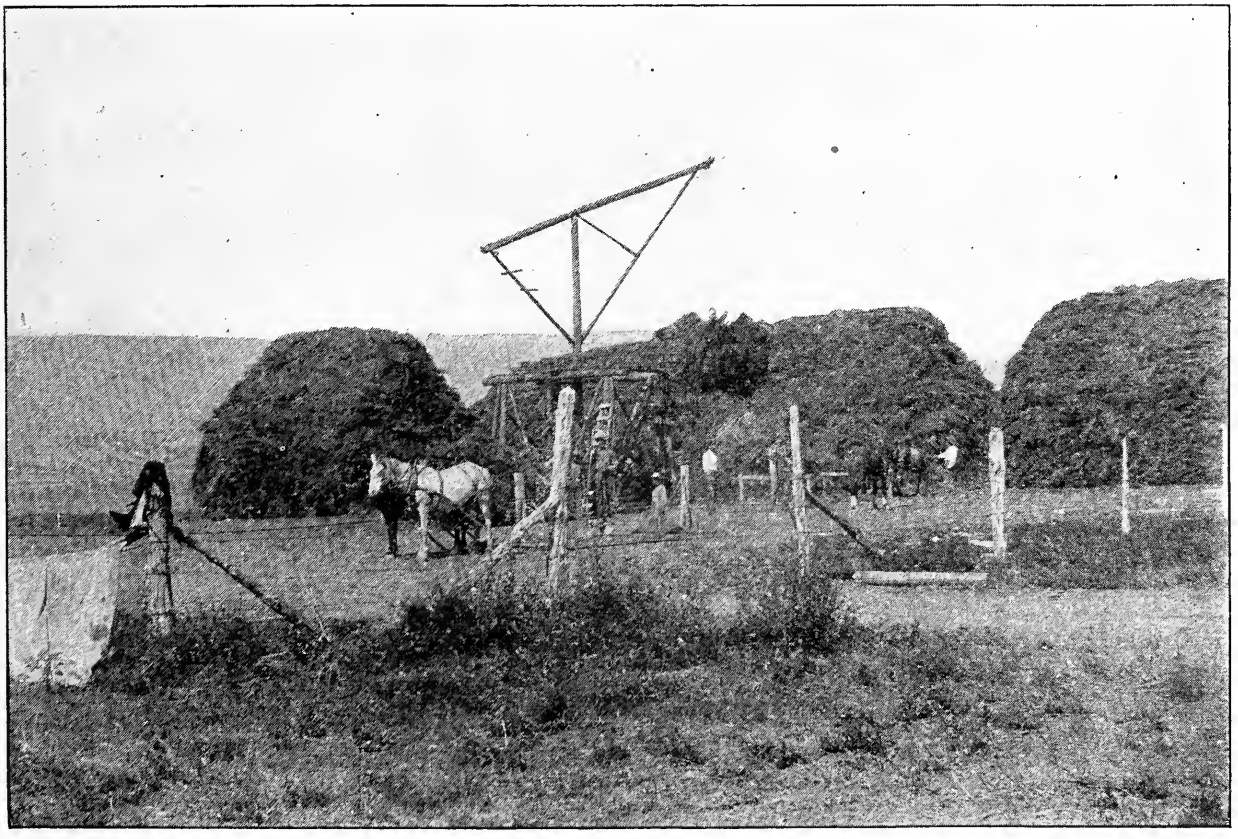
PLAYING GIPSY IN COLORADO

BY HALE COOK



URING the summer months Colorado is alive with tourists, hundreds of them having their teams, outing wagons, tents and all of the usual trappings for camping out. In this way they can go where they please, stay as long as they like without being beholden to any one excepting the mountaineer who has his sign up, "No Trespassing on These Premises," or "No Shooting Allowed." As a rule, however, these signs mean very little if you want to buy your provisions of the owner. This mode of travel is so common that at many of the isolated ranches they have a building (usually built of logs) with a sign on it in a conspicuous place, "Free Camp House," where if one has to stop over night, or a few days to rest the horses, they can go in and take possession without putting up their tents—but, of course, they are expected to buy their feed, milk, butter and eggs at the ranch house.

We were out one summer in the southwestern part of Colorado, and were having "the time of our life" in real earnest, had gone over the great Uncompahgre plateau down into the valley of the same name, on our way to Grand Junction, and found that our horses were needing a rest, so when we came to one of these "free camp houses" we drove in the enclosure, after finding what the accommodations were, and pitched our tents.



"THE RANCHERS WERE CUTTING AND STACKING THEIR ALFALFA"

We were not quite prepared to go into a

"free-for-all" building, although we found the people very nice, and the rooms comparatively clean, the latter fact inducing us to do our cooking over the stove in the kitchen, eating, however, our meals on our camp table in the shade outside.

It was cherry time, and berries were ripe, so while the teams were getting their much-needed rest we women folks put up several quarts of fruit to carry with us, for we had planned to stay out in the wilds until the cold drove us to shelter. There were many attractions here besides the wonderful climate. Near the camp was a cool stream running merrily over the rocks, beneath overhanging trees, that gave us shelter from the hot sun, where we spent many a peaceful hour reading or working. Here we first saw the crested California quail, that seemed to know that they were protected by law from man's slaying hand, for they strutted about as fearlessly as if no possible harm could come to them. Here we found the yellow "paper flower," which looked somewhat like a daisy, but when gathered it never wilted, making it a very appropriate flower for camp decoration. Here we looked up to the Grand Mesa with its many acres of forest inaccessible to man excepting by trail, which, of course, gave them a greater charm, and us a stronger desire to scale the almost perpendicular sides—a desire that was not to be satisfied, for we were not brave enough to trust ourselves to the tender mercy of a pack mule up such a steep and rocky trail. Here were the wonderful Palisades made by the Master Builder long before man had his being. The ranchers here were just cutting and stacking their alfalfa, which to our Eastern eyes was a queer kind of hay, so bright and green when dry enough to store away. Two of the young men of our party worked several days in one of the hayfields (which was a new experience to them) while the horses rested, to have more spending money for the rest of the trip.

Our photographer made a souvenir picture of them as they were stacking, which, with that of the camp, bring back to us happy memories of our stop by the wayside in Mesa County, Colorado.

TOURISTS' CAMP AT A FREE CAMP HOUSE

THE REFORMATION OF GILKINS

BY GEO. A. CLEVELAND

STEPHEN GILKINS was jauntily trudging along the "tote road," bound for his favorite fishing stream. Farm, wife, children, resolutions, promises, all forgotten, in the intoxication of the merry life of the spring woods, and the joy he would feel in the thrill of the rod, when the big trout would soon be tugging at his hook. He was just entering a narrow glen with a small clearing in which stood an old "hovel," formerly used for the stabling of horses during lumbering operations. It was a lonesome place, and within the hovel it was dark and musty as a tomb. Stephen had no liking for the place, and always hurried by. Just as he was about to step into the clearing this day there was a sudden rustling in the cedars on either side, and to his horror, out waddled two huge black bears, walking upright on their hind feet. They hemmed him in before he could move a step, encircling him with their great paws.

He was too terrified at the extraordinary action of the beasts to cry out, and he knew it would do no good if he did. He certainly believed his last moment had come, and that he would shortly be torn to pieces. What was his astonishment, then, when they proceeded to push him, quaking and stumbling, toward the dismal old hovel. Through the door they marched him, across the black interior, and he felt himself thrust into some kind of an enclosure onto a seat. For a moment he saw nothing, then a strange and fearful sight began to reveal itself. The interior of the place was arranged as he had once seen a temporary courtroom, where he had been called as a witness. But what a judge, corps of officials and array of spectators were here. In the judge's seat sat a huge black bear; directly in front of him was another bear, sitting at a rude desk, and standing guard at the door was the third of these great beasts. On either side of the judge was a barrier of low cedar trees, and looking out over these he saw the massive head of a moose, the smaller heads of deer, and perched in various positions of vantage the forms of bob-cats, foxes, raccoons, porcupines and other of the lesser animals of the wood, all staring at him with fierce, terrible eyes, and all as silent as the dead.

Faint, utterly benumbed and bewildered at the unheard of supernatural spectacle, Stephen sat in his pen, staring with dilated eyes. Up to this time no sound other than the movement of the animals had been heard, but now Stephen was more horror-stricken and mystified than ever to hear the great beast in the judge's seat growl out, "Officer, whom have we here?"

"Stephen Gilkins, your Honor," said the bear at the door.

"What is the charge against him?"

"Slaughter and never-ceasing persecution of the peaceful inhabitants of the land and water, and total neglect of his farm and family, your Honor."

"Grave charges these," growled the judge. "What do you know as to the truth of them?"

"I know that he caught my own brother in a steel trap. The poor fellow dragged the terrible trap and a heavy billet of wood all night. His suffering was awful, until this man came and shot him in the morning. He spends his whole time now in the woods killing, killing either animals or fishes. He had the best farm in town, ten years ago when his father died. Now it is run out and growing up to brush, his buildings are tumbling down, his fences gone, his tools and farm machinery rusting and abandoned. Out of a fine lot of live stock he has nothing left but an old cow, a runty hog and half a dozen hens."

There was a terrible commotion in the hall when the bear had concluded this crushing testimony. The moose rattled his

great horns and snorted fiercely. The deer stamped and blew, the bob-cats snarled savagely and the other animals voiced their feelings in their own way.

Poor Stephen was cringing in his pen, these terrible words pounding in his ears, from such an accuser, and all of which he knew was the truth. But what did it all mean? Where and how did these beasts become possessed of such a power? He tried to reason it out, to think that it all must be a wild dream, but no, there it all was, sure enough, before him, in a fearful reality.

"Does any one else know aught of this man?" continued the judge, when order was restored.

"Your Honor," bellowed the moose, "he has killed one, at least, of my kind, and has wounded and persecuted many others. I know that he is every day in the woods, when he ought to be at work on his farm. His property is going to ruin, his wife working to support herself and child, and his neighbors are helping her. He is as able and skilled in farming as any one, but he does nothing but hunt and fish, and no one has been able to turn him from his destructive course."

There was another wild outbreak in the room, and terrible were the eyes turned on Stephen, wincing, grovelling in his pen, at these shameful additions to the charges against him.

"Deer," resumed the court, "what do you know about this man?"

"Your Honor," timidly bleated the deer, "he has killed dozens of us. We seem to be his special mark. Our lives are those of terror, because of him. He is always in the woods, pursuing—"

"Enough," roared the judge. "This is infamous! Now, who is there here to testify in his behalf that can say any good of him?"

All was silent as the tomb. Not one voice responded to this appeal.

Stephen was almost fainting with terror, at the awful situation. All eyes were turned upon him.

"Stephen Gilkins," began the Court, "you have heard these serious charges. What have you to say for yourself? Are they true or false?"

It was an extreme moment. Stephen's knees refused to support him. When he finally dragged himself to his feet he reeled and clutched the side of his pen. He struggled to force his tongue to articulate, "Oh, Mr. Bear, Mr. Judge," he wailed, "I—I don't know what it all means—who—eh—what you are. I—oh, yes, of course, I have hunted and fished, put I didn't know that—"

"No," thundered the judge. "You didn't know, I suppose, that we animals have feelings, that we love our wives, brothers and sisters, the same as human beings. Yes, better than you seem to, for we do not leave our wives and children for our neighbors to support."

"But I am not the only one, Mr. Judge. Others besides me go fish—"

"Yes, it is true they do," growled the stern inquisitor, "but do they spend their whole time at it, and neglect everything belonging to them, as you do?"

"No, oh no," wailed Stephen, "but if you'll only let me go now, I'll—oh, I'll—"

"Well, what will you do?" said the judge.

"Oh, I'll do anything, anything!"

"Yes, but why should we let you go now, when we've got you? Why should we not eat you, as you do us, those of us that eat flesh?"

Pandemonium now broke loose among the animals. "Order!" roared the bear at the door, and the judge pounded on the desk.

Stephen's agony was intense, but he thought he saw a ray of hope, that this great beast might yet somehow be more merciful to him than he had been to his kind. He fell to his knees and poured forth his repentance, and promised to do better, begging piteously for another trial, and he would never again molest any living thing of the wood and water.

There was a moment's silence. Then the awful judge rose in giant black stature.

"Well, Stephen Gilkins," he said, "I have a mind to try you. If I do, will you promise this court to go to work at once, to plant your crops, redeem your buildings, fences and tools, clothe your family and work until everything belonging to you looks as well as any man's in town?"

"Yes; yes; oh, yes," gasped Stephen.

"Do you promise never to think of going

fishing or hunting again, until permission has been conveyed to you by one of the officers of this court?"

"Yes; yes, Mr. Judge, I do, I do!"

"Do you further promise not to ever breathe to any living person of your arrest by us animals, and your trial by this court?"

"Yes; I promise everything, everything."

"Very well; you shall go this time," said the bear, "but remember, every animal in the wood, every bird in the air will be watching you and will report any breaking of your promise, and we can take you again as easily as we did to-day, and the next time —well, don't let us have to take you, that's all. You are discharged on these conditions. Officer, permit the prisoner to go free."

Scarce believing his senses, Stephen began to totter toward the door. The animals did not seem to relish the judge's decision, and for the moment it seemed doubtful if the officers would be able to restrain the maddened beasts from dashing upon him, but at last he crawled past the bear at the door, and stood again in the fresh air, which never seemed so sweet. He was too weak and doubtful at first to move very fast, but when no one of them appeared from the hovel, he gained courage and began to run. He did not look for his rod, but ran faster and faster, until he was fairly flying over the road, and never stopped until he was well clear of the neighborhood of the wood.

A few minutes after Stephen's dismissal, the interior of the hovel was ringing with shouts of laughter, as three young men, Stephen's near neighbors, stepped out of their bear suits. Their little private entertainment of ventriloquism, and exhibition of taxidermy, secured for the experiment, had thus far served a good purpose.

The townspeople, some of them, were very much surprised at the sudden and very remarkable change that developed in Stephen. He began to clear up, plant and rebuild. Night and day he continued to toil like a beaver; his thankful wife began to appear in better raiment, the two children well dressed and the happy look of a good home and plenty to eat. Right faithfully he kept his promise to the bears, who now, all unbeknown to him, rendered every assistance possible. Their means in his reformation may have been a little severe, but they justified the end. The trout waxed fat in the streams and the real animals in the wood, that he gave all the credit, wondered what had become of him.

It was astonishing how soon Stephen's place resumed its old-time thrifty condition, and looked as well as any in the town. In the end he really thanked the bears, but how they became possessed of such a power he never knew. It was as far beyond his simple scope of understanding as are many things that happen every day, just as easy of solution, to even the wisest savants of the land.

WATER LILIES

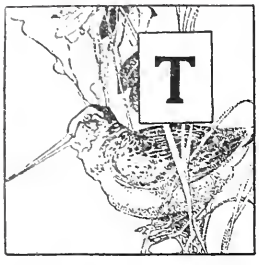
BY MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW

Ye thoughts of God, in fairest white incarnate,
The brooding of His spirit o'er the deep
Called forth your milky petals from the waters,
And broke the bondage of unconscious sleep.

THE ADMIRABLE ISHMAELITES

A Day with a Californian and His Dog, Hunting Shore Birds with a Twenty-Gauge Gun

BY HARRY H. DUNN



THE coast line of the southwestern portion of the United States, from Monterey on the north to the lower California line on the south, is for the main part a smooth stretch of sandy beach. There are few bays, few river mouths, practically no inshore islands, such as dot the South Atlantic coast, and only here and there a black mud flat, turning its tide-stripped inkiness to the sun or to the moon of such nights as round out only Southern California days.

For this reason, if for no other, one might well consider this the poorest of ranges for shore-birds and ducks. On the contrary, especially with the coming of many wealthy sportsmen to spend their winters here, far from the rigorous East, many artificial ponds have been made by the numerous clubs that have sprung up in a single season, as it were. To these the constant shooting of the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic Coast clubs has driven an unprecedented flight of water-fowl both during the winter and spring migrations.

But it is not of the ducks and the geese and the occasional swan that I would write, but rather of that horde of long-legged, slender-billed birds that, drifting down on the wings of the north wind, make of all our barren stretches of sea beach scenes of life and beauty to the sportsmen from October first to March and April. All pictures of golden sandbars sloping slowly to the sea, all mist-embowered, spray-bound rocks, 'gainst whose changeless sides the surf forever roars, are to me incomplete unless over their flat floor wanders some members of the stilt or the curlew or the sandpiper tribe; incomplete unless on the scarred crowns of the rocks a sleeping gannet or a cormorant or a surf duck rests.

But to me and to my dog, who knows a great deal more about shore-bird vagaries than I can ever hope to know, there is no sport like some that we have had with the little twenty-gauge along the shore at old Ballona and Alamitos and on the "island" at Newport. Those of you who have shot over Southern California will know all these places; to some of you they will be very dear; to me and to my dog they are more than dear, for they spell the word *home.* No low-lying meadow was ever too damp for me, if over it sounded the shrill "scaip, scaip" of the jacksnipe; no wind-swept stretch of sandhills too cold if over it blew on the wings of the winter's breath flock after flock of long-legs and curlew and sandpipers. And as for my aforesaid dog, he would far rather shiver and whine from very cold up and down the beach than lie at ease on the hearthrug—provided he can pick up an occasional sandpiper. On such winter days, when the little twenty speaks and no bird falls, he looks reproachfully at me as much as to say, "What did you bring me out here for?"

One afternoon we slipped out of the city on the electric and left the car a couple of miles above the King's Beach—Playa del Rey. Most of the beach lines object to carrying dogs, but this fellow sits on my lap so quietly and looks so well at the conductor that he usually goes through without comment. The place where we got off was a bit of narrow roadbed, close bordered on either side of the right of way with the wire fences of two duck clubs. Now, my dog and I do not belong to any duck club, nor to any other hunting organizations; we have always considered ourselves Ishmaelites, both because we don't have the price and because

our hearts are of the gypsy kind, and so we hunt where we may—and we sometimes come back with a heap better bags than our neighbors who sit in their thousand-dollar blinds all day long to kill ducks and snipe that have been coaxed within range by abundance of feed and countless kindnesses by the keeper of the club land.

Well, as I have said, we let ourselves off the car; it whizzed on toward the little beach town, and we wandered slowly along the track in its wake. On either side of the roadbed, where dirt has been scooped out to raise the rails to their necessary elevation, little wet-weather pools have formed. Here, ere we had gone very far, appeared a snipe of some sort. He was very wary, out of range and seemingly ready at any moment to spread his wings in flight. Down the other side of the embankment we went, slipping along until we thought we were opposite the place where we had last seen the bird. Then it was uphill right quick for us and a snap shot as he rose with the "scaip, scaip, scaip" of a jacksnipe. The gun cracked, the bird crumpled up in mid-air and fell exactly on the top wire of one of the fences, and there he hung. The dog looked at me; I looked at the dog. We both said "W'at t' ell." Where on earth did that jacksnipe come from and what was he doing out here, feeding on the edge of an open pool, just like an ordinary long-legs or a tattler? He is no plebeian—this wind-borne wanderer of wet upland meadows, and he does not as a rule associate with beach birds nor adhere to any of their feeding grounds, but here he was, or rather only one of him. Verily there is no accounting for jacksnipe tastes.

And then I sent my dog after the bird, where it hung, head downward, caught by one feathered leg. I knew he could not reach the top wire of the fence; knew his first move after he had tried all his own methods would be to send for me, and yet, instead of going after him myself, I sent my dog. Scarcely had he slipped through the fence when, from the grasses at his very feet, up rose two more snipe. There I had missed the opportunity of a lifetime, that of walking right into the midst of a whole covey of these pretty snipe. As it was, my dog went flat on his belly and I sent a charge of number nines whizzing after the nearer bird. But it was too far, even for the hard-shooting little twenty, and I did not even see a feather drop. As I expected, he could not get the bird and I had eventually to go and retrieve it myself. This involved the wading of the pool as well as a rod or so of thick black mud, all of which did not add to the appearance of my knee-high boots—I had not thought it worth while to wear waders; but the game was worth the trouble, for of all shore-birds give me the plump Wilson's snipe when in the fall plumage. Smooth-feathered, round-bodied, graceful, whether alive or dead, he compares well with that other beauty of the marsh, the mallard drake.

So we idled along down the roadbed, stopping here to throw a stone at a mud-turtle, there to watch the curving flight of some great band of widgeon as it settled down on one of the duck club's pools for the night. Of all outdoors, the life of the marsh,

THIS IS THE SMALLER ISHMAELITE—HE KNOWS MORE THAN HIS MASTER

be it east or west, north or south, to me is most interesting. From the larval dragon flies that crawl along the bottoms of reed-strewn watercourses to the soaring swan, snow-white against the sunset's afterglow, all are beautiful to me, all well-placed in the infinite plan—doubtless all useful, even down to the black rattlesnake that I kill without mercy.

At one place, where a country road crossed the track, there was a large band of little pewits feeding—fearless little rascals, smallest of all the sandpipers. We walked down among them almost, my dog and I, and even then they would not fly. So we left them at their meal, and turned into the road where the fences were farther apart, and the meadow more open. Here I had hopes, even, of curlew, but saw none until we had traveled fully a mile, picking up a solitary willet at one little pond and two black-bellied sandpipers out of a band of perhaps twenty. What these last were doing so far from the beach, I have not yet been able to figure out; evidently they had stumbled by chance upon these feeding grounds, and, finding them richer than the tidewater flats they knew, had settled down here for the night. These are, as a rule, hard birds to stalk, and harder yet to kill with a small load of fine shot. Their feathers extend considerably beyond the line of their bodies when in flight and one must shoot close and hard to get them at any range. Those I got—with the aid of my dog, to whom be much glory—were killed cleanly at at least twenty yards, not a bad range when one considers the size of gun I was shooting and the number of the shot—chilled nines.

There is something so very satisfactory in the work of this little gun, when the man behind it is feeling good, that I have never been able to quite give it up, though I know of my own experience that with either a sixteen or a twelve I could get much more game for the same amount of stalking and a trifling increase in the powder and shot. These things were somewhat in the nature of day-dreams. Indeed, I was standing there, commenting to my dog on the beauties of the plover, when, far brought from out the reaches of the southern sky, there came a long, faltering call—the voice of a curlew band on its way into the great meadows after a day on the sandy beach. The curlews' call is like their flight, wavering and uncertain, but it carries a great way through the still air above the marshes; it will even make itself known above the roar of the breakers pounding on the unconquerable sand. To me it is sweet music, sweet as the call of the quail over the sage-brush flats, sweet as the whirring sound of the wings of myriad doves that I have heard in the good old days as I stood beneath some thick-leaved oak, just on the rim of a fresh-mown barley field. Ah, the dove is a wonder in the air, a tester of all the skill any wing-shot ever had, and yet the curlew will give you just as hard a game if you try to stalk him, if you give him a chance for his life—and, in this day of shooters and guns, there is only one way to hunt all game, furred, feathered, hoofed or finned, and that is the still-hunter's method. It is high time that decoys and other deceits be abandoned; high time that the man pit himself and his skill against the bird and its cunning. And, if we did that, how many of us who hunt solely as a means of passing away the time that lies so heavily on our hands would come home with even one quail, one rabbit. Not many. Would you? Possibly. Would I? Yes, for I have been at the game of the Indian and the trapper, the game of stalking all things wild, both with camera and gun, for lo, these several years.

But, to return to our curlew, there they were, far away to the south and well up in the sky, settled down into as steady a form of flight as they know how to maintain. Down went I, down went my dog, into a tussock of rank grass at one side of the road, and there we crouched, he with his nose on his forepaws—how many times when hidden in a cramped blind have I wished that I could put my nose down on a pair of silken paws as he can—and I kneeling as best I might. Would they come near? Yes, they would and they did, dropping down until we could hear the rush of their wings as they beat through the clear, cool air. On and on, low over the meadow, scarce twenty yards away, directly across the road.

Two yards ahead of the leader might catch the second or third bird. I was new at curlew shooting then and I thought the

brown-coated birds were moving with the speed of teal. Two yards ahead of the leader; and they were just a trifle beyond me when the nitro cracked with a report like a Colt's forty-four. On and on the curlew went, their speed increasing with every wing beat. One hundred yards, two hundred, then the leader paused, half turned round and fell end over end to the earth. My two yards ahead had caught him lightly but enough to cripple. And they came to look for their wounded one; circled in midair so many times that it seemed the brown eyes of the dog must grow dizzy from watching them, and then dropped down, almost in a body, round the grass plat whence came the cries of the wounded one. For an instant one, larger of body and apparently a bit more suspicious, hung in the air a few feet from the ground. Those on the ground were safe, but this one was doomed to end his days. Cautiously

A CALIFORNIA RIVER—IT SUGGESTS POSSIBILITIES FOR THE ISHMAELITE IN DUCK SEASON—AND IT'S PRETTY

so it was I learned something about curlew shooting, learned that when one of these long-billed birds is doing his best he isn't going half as fast as you think he is, and at no time in his career can his speed compare with that of a well-roused teal, possessed of the idea that safety for him lies on the other side of the world from you.

The curlew drove on for perhaps another two hundred yards; the dog and I ran forward as fast as we could, dropping into a heavy clump of "buffalo" grass some fifty feet from the wounded bird. Here we waited, and to us presently came again the wavering cry of the curlew band. Back up came the little gun. Once more it cracked spitefully and the bird dropped, quite dead, into the grass, to lie alongside its companion, by this time as dead as he. Now hurriedly uprose the rest of them, beating their way out through the air at their best speed. At them and after them the twenty spoke, but the range was too great or the aim poor, or some other thing interfered, for all went on and on off into the marshes that lie around old Ballona Bay.

We, my dog and I, gathered up our two curlew carefully, I smoothing each feather so carefully over the gray-brown bodies ere

I laid them away in the game bag. As for the dog, the meadow was his joy, indeed it has always been so; he chases the little marsh sparrows and the field mice; sometimes he puts up a small snipe, but when he plays in the marsh he does no hunting, and, by the same token, when he hunts on the marsh he does no playing. The strict path of duty for him when he knows I am in earnest, but when I say play he says play, and there's an end of danger to the birds. Sometimes he catches a mouse and then I am not quite sure which is the more surprised, he or the mouse. But of a certainty the mouse has short time for enjoyment.

By this time we weren't so very far from the beach itself, and so, slipping through the fence and across a corner of the duck club's grounds, we were soon among the sandhills. We didn't poach any on the way through, though twice we heard the call of the little brown snipe and more than twice saw whirling bands of teal as they wandered lazily from pool to pool in search of a night's resting place. Arrived at the rim of the beach, where the sandhills came down almost to the water's edge, we crept up behind the lowest hillock near at hand and peeped over. No trailing at heel for this dog of mine; he is head and shoulders with his master when we creep on our bellies after anything from birds and rabbits to butterflies. So it happened that we came to the tip of the miniature peak side by side. And there, on the very brink of the shallow, white surf of the full tide, stood three willets, industriously engaged in the prime business of their lives—the filling of their stomachs.

I looked at the dog; the dog looked at me; a word passed from me to him, and he slipped down and out and around until he came upon the three quite suddenly. Up they rose, in three directions, as is the manner of all willets with which I have ever had any dealings, but one of them did not get very far. The chilled nines had their way and they overtook him before he had fairly gotten his wings into action and he dropped like a tailless kite, just into the edge of the surf. With the rise of the birds the dog—my dog—laid himself flat on the sand; with the fall of one of them he was in the water and in a moment more the slender wanderer lay in my hand.

There may be other birds of the seashore prettier than a well-clothed willet, but I have not seen them—at least they do not clothe themselves in gray. What the Wilson's snipe is to the higher meadows and the fresh-water swamps, that this bird is to the very borders of the sea. I should like to see them on their breeding ground, should like to see them where they come by thousands to rear their young, rather than in scattered twos and threes to find their food. So far as I know, they never have been found breeding in this State, at least not in the southern end of it, though I am told that they nest frequently on the Atlantic seaboard. Here they mingle with the gulls on the beach, but never in great numbers. The largest band I have ever seen contained only seven of the graceful birds and as many of some smaller snipe which I was unable, owing to distance, to identify.

The black-necked stilt is also frequently seen here in company with the willet and with the American avocet, though neither of them are of much value as game birds. The stilt flies slowly and poorly, somewhat after the manner of the bitterns and the rails, while the avocet is of such poor flesh that he is not worth the powder and shot to kill him. I have eaten both these birds, under forced draft, as they say of steamers that are short on their coal supply, but I have eschewed them ever since, though on many occasions I could have killed a large bag of each or both. On inland alkali flats, within one or two or three miles of the beach, they are both found in company with curlew, which last are great game for the still-hunter. On these level plains, one has no cover whatever, and it requires the highest skill to get in range of the large plover with anything less than a rifle. They are great game for a good twenty-two.

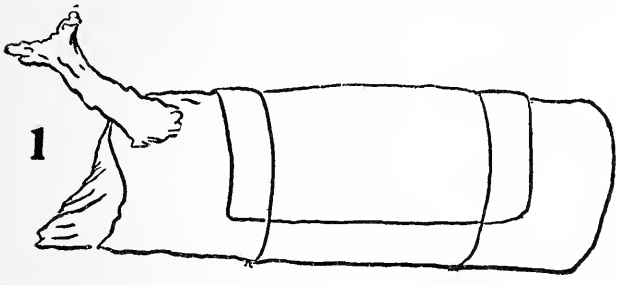
By this time my dog and I agreed that it were best for us to hike the home trail. So we walked up the hard beach into the little town of Playa del Rey, where he had a bowl of cow's milk from Los Angeles and I a drop of goat's milk from St. Louis. I don't know what he thought about the Los Angeles cows, but I am possessed of the opinion that they do have some scandalous fine goats in St. Louis.

THROWING THE SQUAW HITCH

How to Make a Pack That Will Stay on a Horse

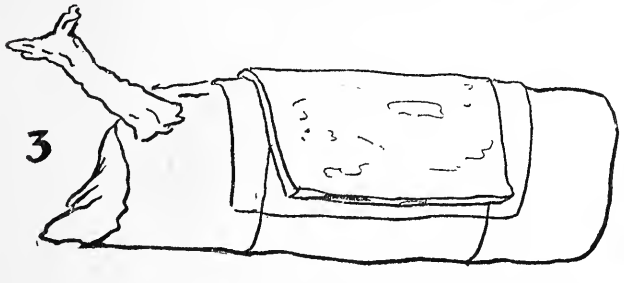
BY DAN BEARD

EVERY follower of Daniel Boone should know how to pack an animal with his camp dunnage in such a manner that it will not slip or fall off on the trail, and this he may

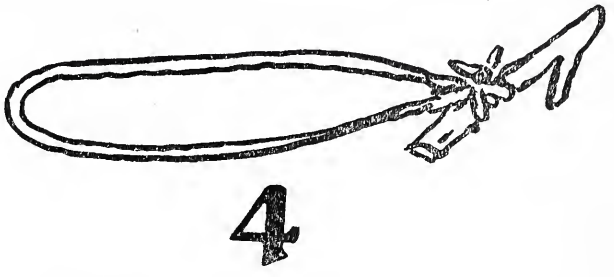


learn at home without even having a real animal to pack; for instance, if he takes a stick of wood with a branch left upon it to represent the head of the horse, as in Fig. 1, then put a piece of cloth or a folded pocket handkerchief,

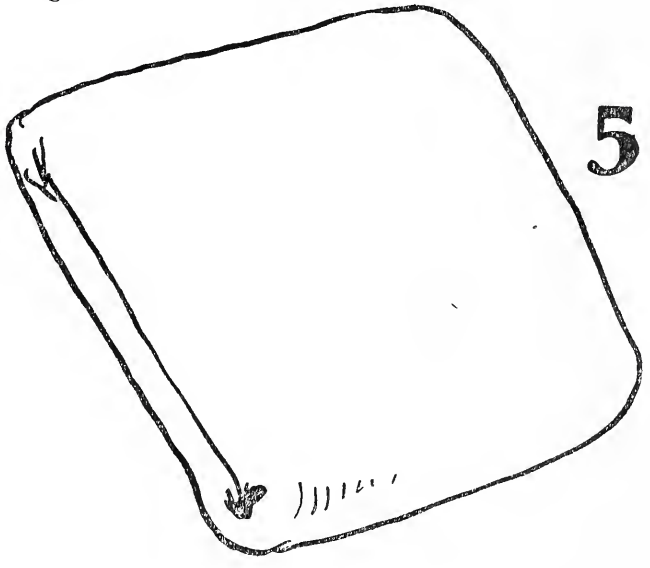
to represent the horse's blanket, and tie it on with two strings, as in Fig. 1, he will have a good substitute for the real animal upon which to practice, but it is necessary to have a substitute also for an aparejo (as pronounced it would be spelled ah-pahr-ai-ho in English).



Capt. Mayne Reid calls it Alpereja. It is really a sort of sawbuck saddle with a pair of sort of stiff saddle bags, alforjas. This can be made out of pieces of green bark, as in Fig. 2, which is placed over the blanket as in Fig. 3, then you must have a cinch; on the real horse there is a ring at one end of the cinch and a hook at the other end of it. Make a loop of string and tie it on a small forked sitck, as in Fig. 4, and allow the loop to answer for the ring and the



fork for the hook. Now then, tie another piece of string, which answers for the 33-foot pack rope of the packer, to the loop end of the string and put the cinch underneath the horse, as in Fig. 6.



Take a cloth or any other object and fold it up in a handkerchief, as in Fig. 5, and place that upon the back of the wooden horse, as in

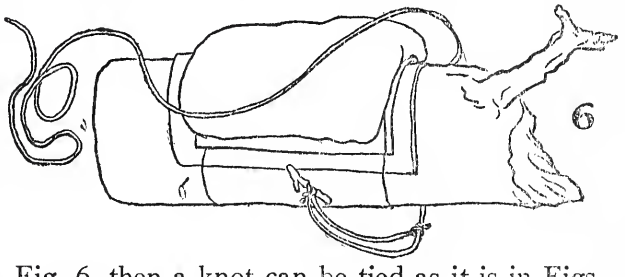
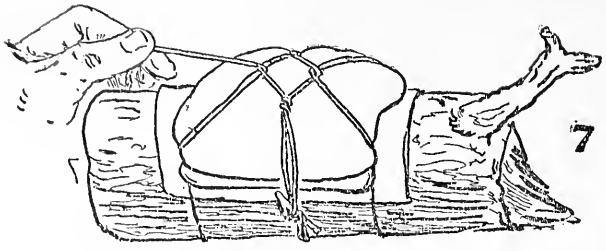
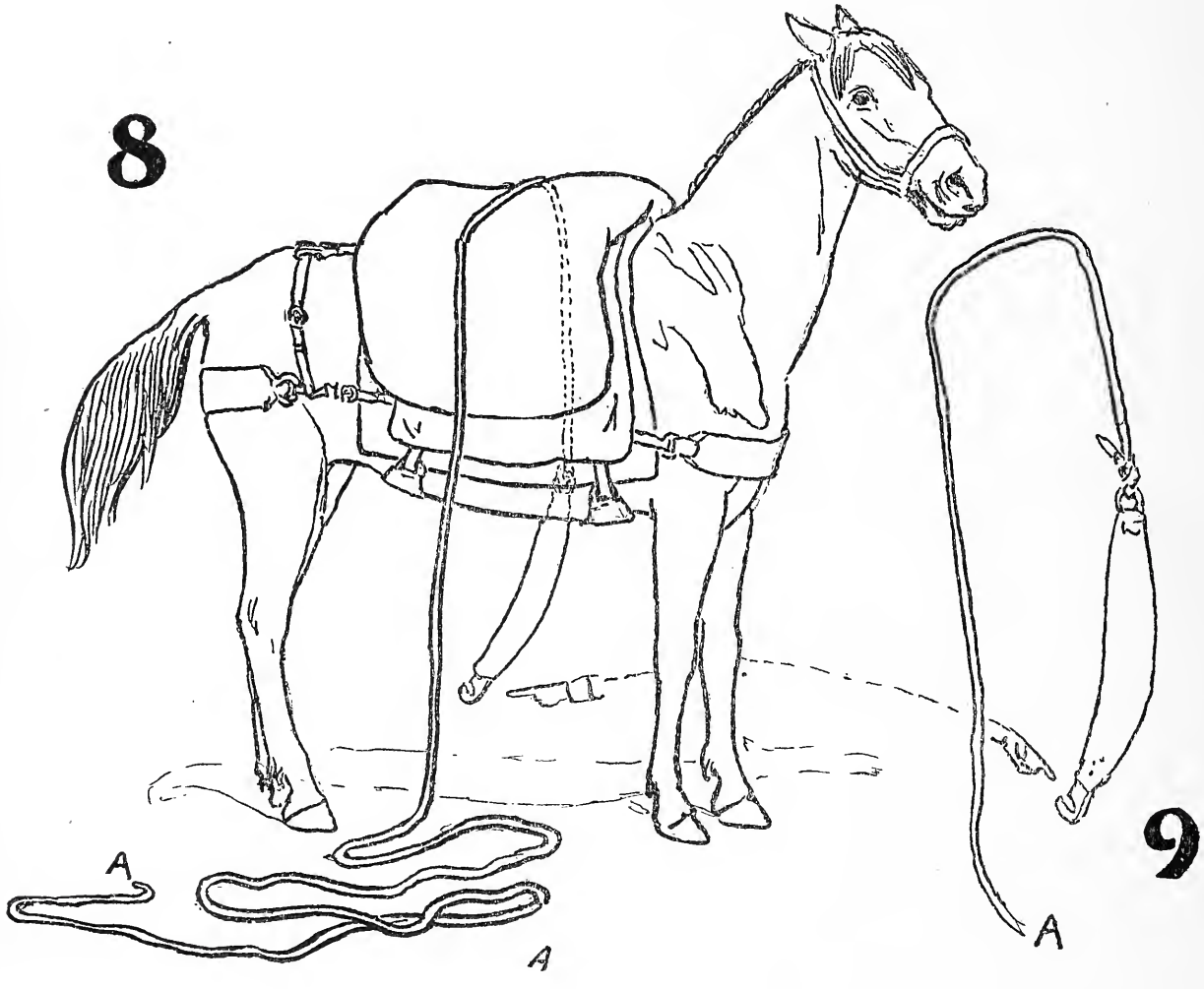


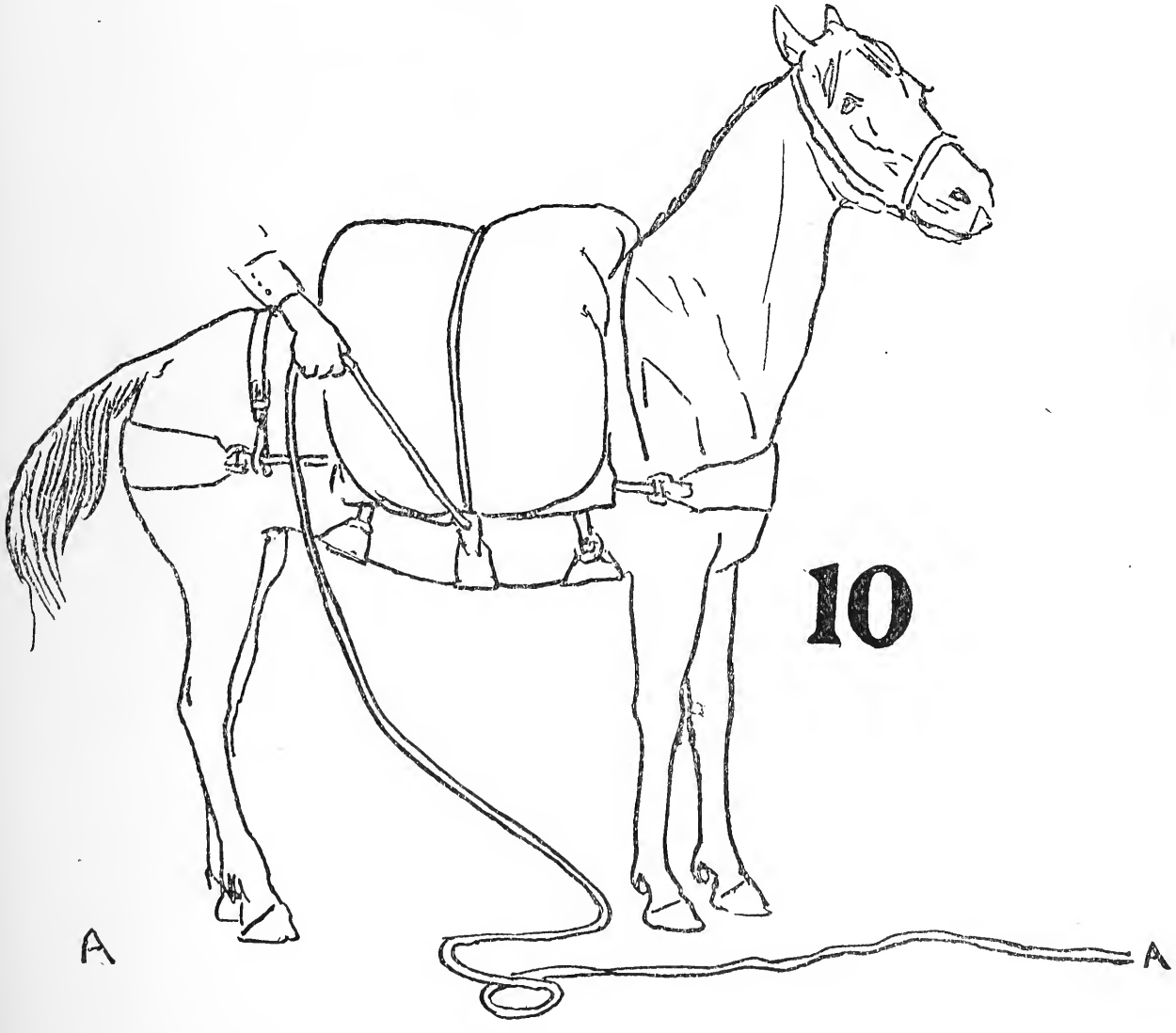
Fig. 6, then a knot can be tied as it is in Figs. 9 to 16.

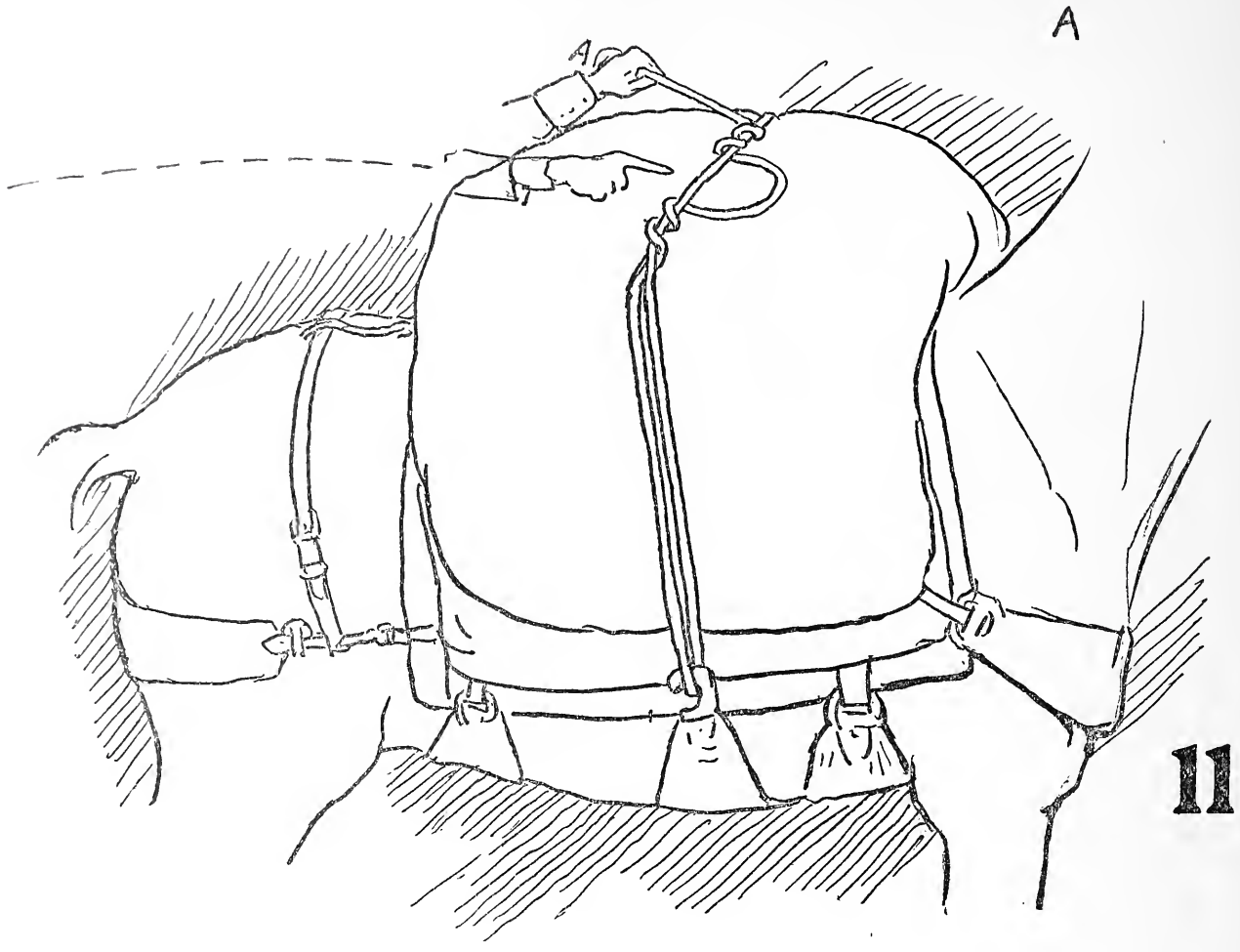

7


8
9
A
A
A

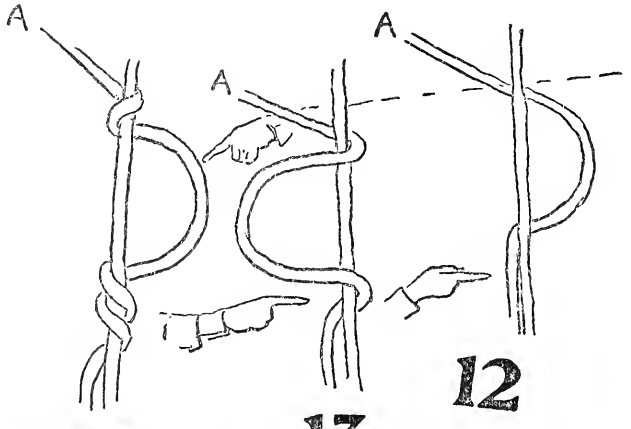
We will now refer to diagrams of a real horse with the real cinch trappings: Fig. 8 shows a horse with real cinch trappings hanging loosely under it, and Fig. 9 shows the cinch. When the line is thrown over the horse, as in Fig. 8, you run it through the hook as in Fig. 10, cinch up, then bring it up alongside of the pack as in Fig. 11; slip the loop of the string that is in your hand under the one that crosses the pack, as it is shown in Fig. 12; bring the loop back as in Fig. 13, then under again as in 14. "A" in all of the figures represents the loose end of the line. Fig. 15 shows the opposite side of the horse and you may see that the loose end of the line there is brought down over the pack under the aparejo. In Fig. 16 the line is brought forward and under the aparejo, then up through the loop as shown in the diagram. In Fig. 17 it again shows the other side of the horse and also how the line of Fig. 16 is brought forward again and under the corner of the aparejo; then back and again under the rear corner of the alforjas and then up to the loop, or diamond, on the pack, pulled tight and made fast. Fig. 18 shows a diagram of the squaw hitch. Fig. 19 shows a diagram of the diamond hitch. The hitch first described is not the regular diamond hitch, but one known as the squaw hitch and much used by packers and travelers.

Study this out so that you may be able to throw this hitch, and if you have a horse you can practice putting a pack on its back in this manner and see if you can fasten it tightly so it will not fall off. Then if the occasion requires that you at any time have to pack a horse, even if you cannot throw the celebrated diamond hitch with the celerity of the United States scout packer, you can, at least, make the squaw hitch which will hold your dunnage on the animal's back.



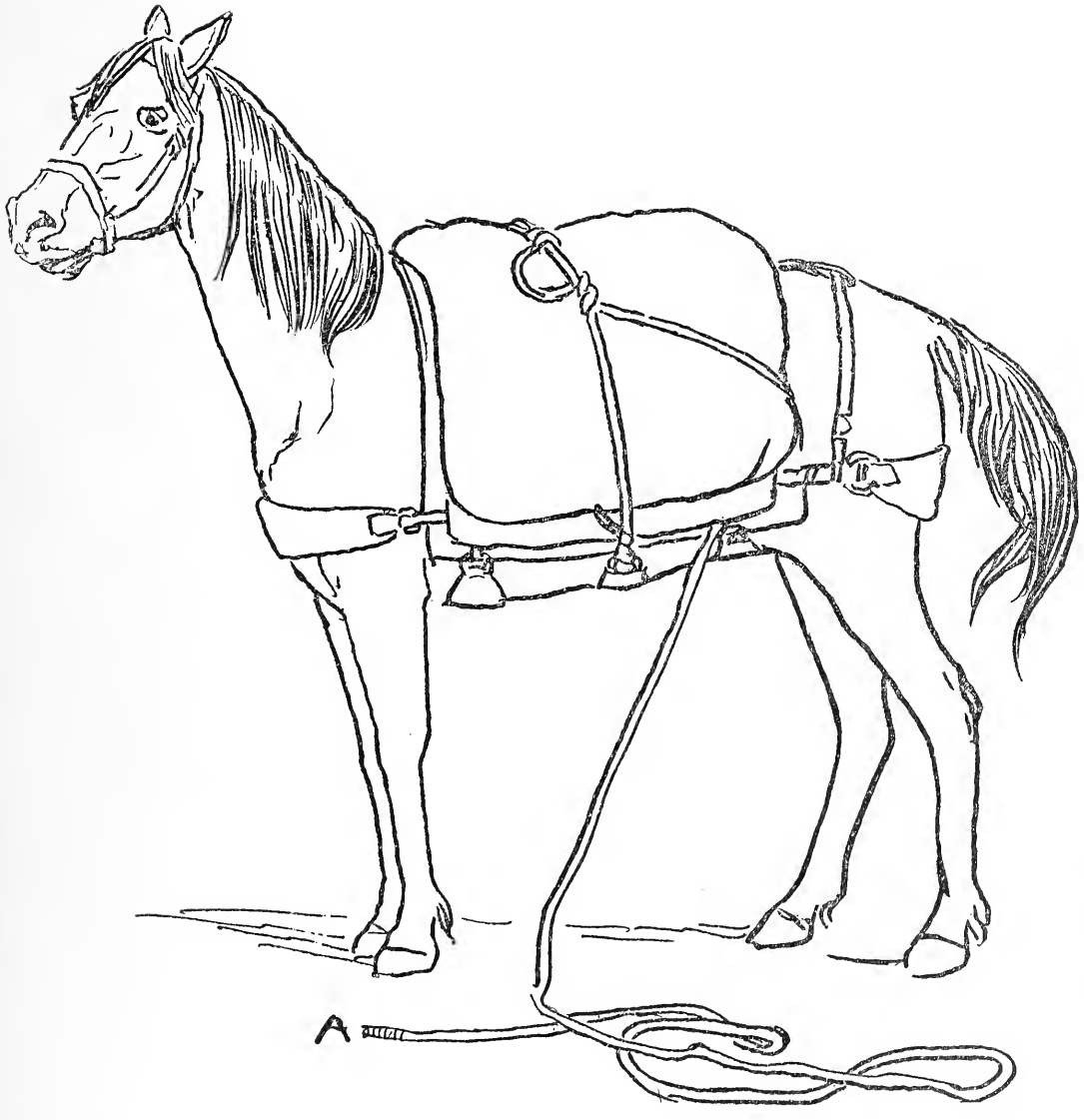


11

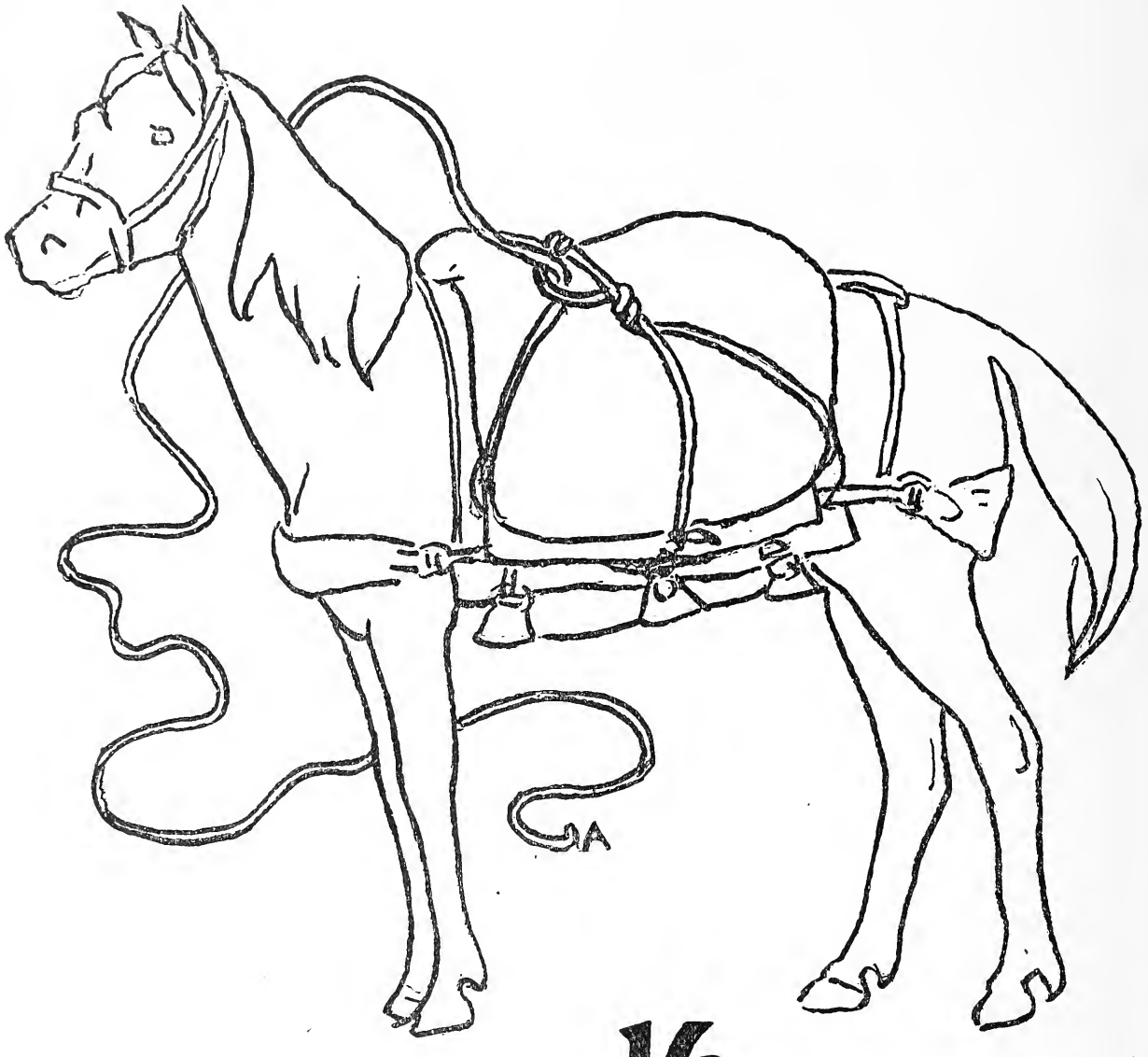


12

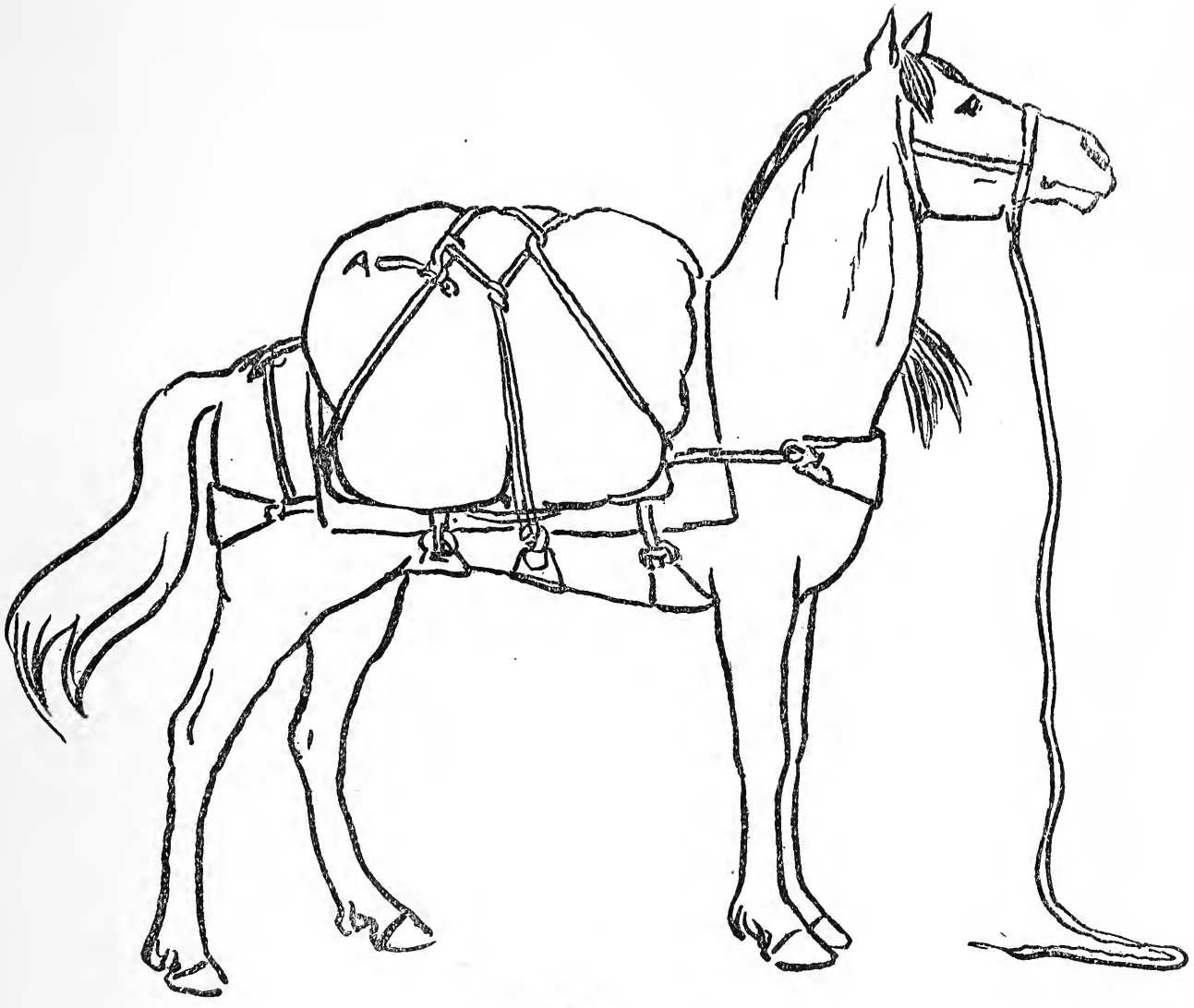
14 13



15

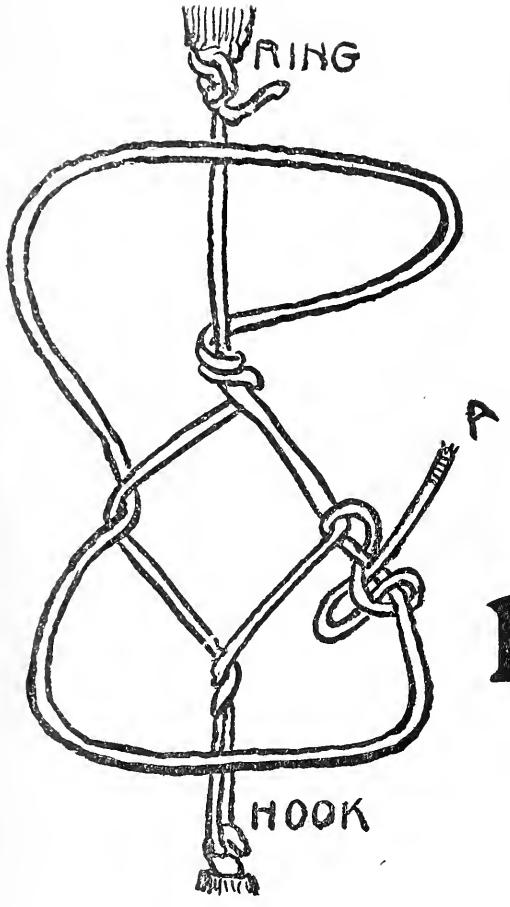


16

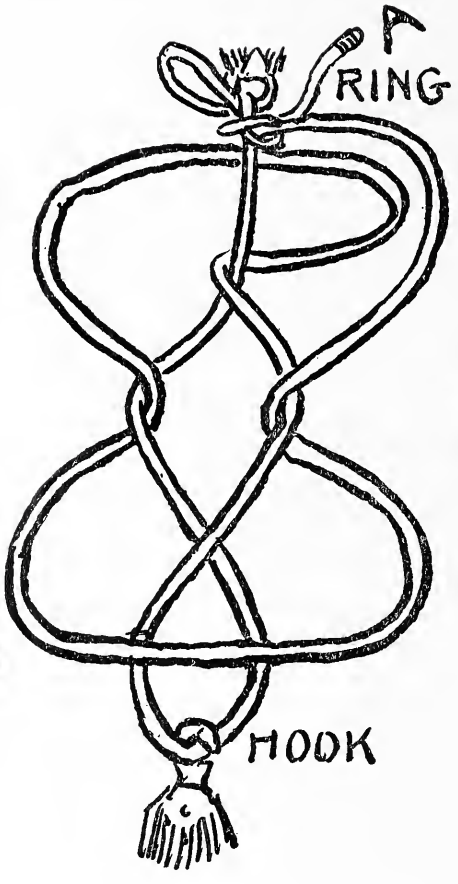


17

DAN BEARD



18



19

Help Save the Buffalo

When we took charge of RECREATION we appointed a committee of influential men to inaugurate a plan for the preservation of the buffalo. On this committee we have eminent men of many professions from all parts of the United States: John Burroughs, the delightful writer on nature subjects and a celebrated naturalist; Caspar Whitney, editor of *Outing*, explorer, hunter and traveler; George Bird Grinnell, editor of *Forest and Stream*, author and friend of the red man; Frank Doubleday, publisher of *Country Life in America;* Charles D. Lanier, of the *Review of Reviews* Company; John Muir, after whom the Muir glacier of Alaska was named, and who has fought a good fight for the preservation of the forests; Howard Eaton, the well-known Western ranchman; Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton College, the celebrated author of many poetic and delightful books; Hamlin Garland, the famous Western novelist; Prof. Martin J. Elrod, of Montana University; Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews;* Robert Underwood Johnson, associate editor of *Century Magazine;* Robert C. Morris, the eminent lawyer, scholar and traveler; Melville Stone, W. E. Palmer, D. H. Hall, Homer Davenport and other well-known men.

As we have stated before, of all buffalo herds, we are particularly interested in the Flathead Reservation animals, and think the Pablo-Allard herd by far the most important to preserve. We have recently received word from Howard Eaton that sixty calves were born in the herd this year, which brings the number of the animals on the Flathead Reservation to a total of 350. This is grand! These bison know how to take care of themselves in rain and sunshine, winter and summer. They are not the degenerates to be found in the Eastern preserves. We have no personal acquaintance with the halfbreed owners of the herd, and no selfish interests of any kind in this movement, but having personally visited the Flathead buffalo herd we're deeply impressed with its appearance, its sturdy, vigorous character.

We want all of our readers to take an interest in this affair, and to turn the tide of popular feeling in favor of the purchase of this particular herd of practically wild animals. We know the sight of them would appeal to the personal enthusiasm of any real sportsman, naturalist or outdoor man. They are now loose and in practical freedom, roaming over their native heath; but the owners contemplate breaking up the herd and moving the most of it to Canada. Now, while we have a great interest in affairs Canadian and a warm affection for our brothers over the line, it would be a disgrace to the people of the United States to allow these splendid animals to be moved out of their native country. Money is needed, and we appeal to all good Americans that have the means and the inclination to help save this grand herd of buffalo to make known to the committee, through a letter to RECREATION, their willingness to help. Write at once. The Flathead Reservation is to be thrown open to settlement in June.

Your Opinions Asked

Below the readers will find a series of questions from the American Bison Society, and we would appreciate it if our subscribers who are interested in the preservation of these beasts would send in to RECREATION their answers to these questions:

1. Is it safe to assume that the bison can be preserved for the next 500 years through the efforts of private individuals, or private corporations?

2. In view of the uncertainty of human life, of the changes in fortune and in policy toward existing herds of bison, is it possible to secure permanency in the maintenance of buffalo herds not owned by States or the National Government?

3. In order to provide against local failures and possible ourbreaks of contagious disease, it seems desirable that several bison herds should be established, in widely-separated localities. How many herds do you think should be so established?

4. What would you recommend as the most suitable locations for the herds which you think should be established, due regard being paid to the fact that Congress can not now be induced to buy or lease any lands for bison ranges?

5. Do you believe that any State in the great plains region of the West could be induced to establish and maintain, on State lands, a herd of bison? (Montana has suitable ranges, if the State Government would be willing to devote a few thousand acres to such a purpose.)

Hoping that you can spare time to consider the above questions, I remain, Yours very truly,

W. T. HORNADAY, President.

A Suggestion for Millionaires

Man has been going on for countless ages and contentedly waged a war of wanton waste and

prodigality upon all wild creatures, some of them of inestimable economic value.

It is now time that some nation should wake up to the vast importance that many of these wild animals are to the welfare of man. Without going out of our own country or pointing to the waste and crime of exterminating the splendid big antelope of Africa and the useful zebras of the same country, which can live in a land infested by flies which kill ordinary horses, we can start a movement now to save for our descendants the big animals of this country, and, as "Buffalo" Jones has demonstrated, can produce cattle that will live on pastures where our old-time domestic animals would starve to death; pass through blizzards unharmed which now slay thousands of the ranchmen's cattle, often to the financial ruin of their owners; live in a land where water is so scarce that no man would now think of locating a cattle ranch, and under these circumstances grow fat and produce good robes and delicious meat.

We have a superabundance of worthless, dangerous and pernicious millionaires in this country who seem to have nothing to do but practice progressive polygamy, but many of these men have the material in them for the making of decent men. Why cannot some of these men lend their financial backing to some such scheme as that which "Buffalo" Jones has inaugurated, that of hybridizing the vanishing buffalo with cattle, and make themselves useful? There can be no life more exciting, healthful, invigorating and manly than running an experimental ranch for the breeding of the so-called catalo. We can produce sufficient evidence to satisfy anyone that there is as much excitement in being chased by a bull buffalo as there is in driving an automobile at a lawbreaking speed, and a bull buffalo will give one some real exercise of the body, exercise which will develop the muscles and heighten one's respect for horned beasts.

The foregoing is written to appeal to those people who are devoid of sentiment for the American animals as historic creatures, but who at the suggestion of the movement for the preservation of the American bison will meet you with the question, "What's the use?"

We reiterate: If you have more money than you know what to do with, and must ride a hobby, why not ride a *good* hobby? Buy a ranch, a big one and a good, and go to breeding catalo. Do not be inutile. *Produce* something!

The Shame of Virginia

To return to the normal reader, the man who has a healthy sentiment founded on a common sense, liberal, unselfish view of the world, it will shock and grieve this man to know that while this is being written strings of slaughtered robins decorate the markets of Norfolk, Va., and are offered for sale at seventy-five cents a dozen. Shame on you, Virginians! Where are the F. F. V.s, the chivalry of this country? What are they doing while this disgrace to their great State is publicly displayed in Norfolk?

Ditto Maryland

Mr. Charles Lever, a local sportsman in the Borough of Queens, Greater New York, has just returned from Maryland, in the neighborhood of Annapolis, and he reports that the waters of the river there have permanent blinds at regular distances, only a few hundred yards apart, for miles in every direction; also that these are owned by the sportsmen (?) of Annapolis, and that they shoot there on certain days in the week all through the spring; also that the blinds are baited with corn during the other days of the week to induce the ducks to feed there. From other reliable sources we learn that one gentleman (save the mark) killed 160 ducks in one morning's shooting.

The old-time Marylanders used to go out with a small cannon for ducks. In those days the waters were so covered with water-fowl that when they arose the noise of their wings sounded like thunder and they shut out the light of the sun. When a Marylander went out with his cannon and fired into such a flock he had his negroes come with a cart to bring in the result of his wholesale slaughter. There was nothing sportsmanlike in this, and these old fellows did not claim that it was sport; they simply went for the meat. It is due to the memory of these ancestors of the present people of Maryland to say that they were true sportsmen of their time. They were hard riders and intrepid followers of the chase. It is also due them to say that the supply of water-fowl seemed to be, and was thought to be, inexhaustible, and hence the use of a cannon to secure a cartload of ducks. But the modern Marylander knows better; he knows that the supply of water-fowl is constantly diminishing; he knows that it is far from sportsmanlike to kill them in the spring and he knows that a bag of 160 ducks for one man is absolutely disgraceful. Why, then, will otherwise respectable people bait these poor fowl with corn and then slaughter them in the name of sport? Such things are discouraging to the rest of us who are working for the preservation and perpetuation of our native game animals. Wake up, Marylanders, do away with this spring shooting and act like enlightened men! Even in the Western States where wild-

fowl are still numerous, laws have been passed limiting one day's bag to twenty-five.

As to Thinking

Speaking of the preservation of game, it is interesting to observe how the wild horses are still holding their own in some parts of the West in spite of the fact that the settlers have fenced in the water holes so that the animals might perish of thirst.

Why is it that you can hunt day after day without catching sight of a deer in a country where they are clamoring for an open season the year round because the deer are destroying the farmers' crops?

Why is it that we blame Providence for the floods and famine which our own childish blundering have produced?

There is no use in trying to preserve game unless you *think*. There is no use attempting to preserve the forests unless you *think*.

To-day the far Northwestern country is strewn with the bones of men who tried to travel with their legs, but those who traveled with their heads lived to return again and again.

It is claimed that man is a reasoning animal. This is misleading. Most of our minds are full of the things of which we have heard, read or seen. In other words, memory is used as a substitute for thought or reason.

A mere handful of men do the thinking for the world. Were it otherwise, this world might be a veritable paradise.

Labor follows the line of the least resistance and it is easier to act as a poll parrot and repeat the things other people have said than it is to hurt the unused muscles of our brain evolving ideas of our own.

Our literature, art and religion as well as what we eat, what we do, what we wear and what we suppose we think is dictated by fashion.

No wonder that one is often seized with a wild desire to break away from the irritating conventionalities of life altogether, and become what is known as a crank.

A man often feels like throwing out his chest, drawing in a long breath and bucking the load from his shoulders which is bending his back, a load composed not of the necessities of life but what might be aptly termed the un-necessities.

Even our economics are devised by fashion and when men's noses are held on the grindstone year after year by a silly condition produced by an ignorance of political economy, when their every move is governed by the dictates of fashion, is it any wonder men become restless?

Just think of it! Fashion is made by a lot of effete, sissy men and brainless women. What wonder is it, then, that Lee Wilson Dodd gives a despairing cry for MORE LIFE! MORE! and appealing to the God of Action shouts:

"God of Wanderers! Send me the seas!
Blustering blue-throats shagged at the nape;
Shoulder me forth from my prison of ease,
Spurn me from Cape to Cape!
Lash me onward from Land to Land,
Star-bronzed, stained with brine;
With the roofless reach of the Iris-spanned
Soul's lust—that is Life—be mine!"

This cry from a caged, rebellious soul appeals to something responsive in every real man's breast, until we all feel like joining his wild prayer:

"Or ever the sordid clutch of the years
Tear the leaping heart from my side,
Grant me a gust of laughter and tears
And the breathing Earth for bride!"

Ah! The breathing earth! That's the talk! What do we care for the cities, for the paved, ill-smelling streets, for the civilization that produces a Tenderloin district in New York, a Bucktown in Cincinnati, a Chinatown in San Francisco, and a degraded, debauched police force in every city! Give us the green earth for our mother, our bride and our grave!

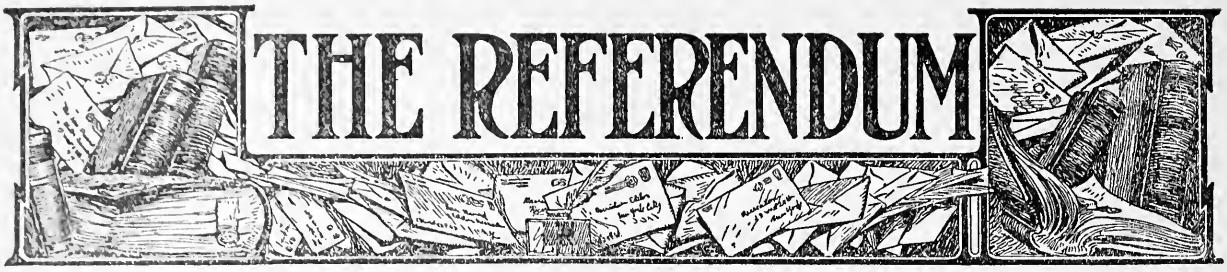
As to Recreation

Breathes there a man with soul so ossified he has no interest in recreation—the refreshment of his strength and spirit after toil? Well, not exactly in our block. There once was an old fellow——

It's an old story, and who could have the effrontery to beard the money-grubber in his den, and attempt to revindicate recreation? And, anyway, may not he have a fairly good form of amusement in counting and recounting his horde, a crony with whom he plays penochle? Not legitimate, you say; but so long as the old fellow's happy, why take him away from his life? It is enough that he is sick in the world's regard, wretched and low. "Come away, come away."

Every one is interested in recreation and RECREATION is interested in every one. It is a delightful mission, to make people happier and better, knowing that no one is denied, no one overlooked. Did we appeal only to any particular class or classes, make any distinction, we should feel very differently. But RECREATION is everybody's magazine, its one purpose that of bringing humanity to take refreshment of strength and spirit. Hence our radiated happiness.

Here's to the toil-weary and sad in heart! May they join us, all, at the shrine of Recreation.



A Feathered Wanderer

BY JOHN T. WILLITS

If there is a bird that is a cosmopolite it is the gull. On every coast of nearly every ocean on the globe, in polar seas or under equatorial skies, this winged traveler is at home, seeking its food in placid summer waters, shrieking in the face of the storm, or circling to and fro when the wild northwester sweeps the coast and the bays are locked fast in winter ice.

There are several genera of gulls, but the genus Larus contains the best-known species. The herring, or silvery gull (*Larus argentatus*), of the Atlantic coast is by far the most numerous. They have a yellow bill, gray back and the head, neck, tail and under part of the body are perfectly white. They are found not only about salt water, but even on our fresh-water rivers, fifty or sixty miles from the sea. Their favorite habitat, however, is in the salt-water bays, sounds and inlets, and at sea, not far from the coast. They cover a wide range, being found all the way from Newfoundland to the Gulf. Every one will recognize this species, its symmetrical shape and plumage of pearl gray and white making it one of the most handsome of our aquatic birds.

An indefatigable fisherman is this bird; from its station in the air its remarkable keenness of vision and celerity of movement when its prey is discerned enables it to make its capture almost to a certainty. It is in the bluefish season, however, that the gulls are enabled to feast to repletion. These fish, at intervals during the summer, enter the inlets in schools in pursuit of the silver fish, which is their principal food. When a person is fishing for "snapping mackerel," which is done by trolling or sailing with a line and unbaited hook astern, it is the gulls that are his pilots, for they, too, are seeking the little silver fish that are driven to the surface of the water by their rapacious enemies. By watching the movements of the gulls, therefore, when the shoal has broken up and dispersed, he can again locate the fish. The birds, which have been darting swiftly about to every point of the compass, suddenly concentrate their forces, and with shrill screams again begin diving for the unfortunate silver fish, which, with a relentless foe both above and beneath, are indeed between Scylla and Charybdis. So tame are the gulls at these times, or, rather, so intent upon their occupation are they, that they scarcely notice the presence of man, and often fly within an oar's length of the boat.

The great black-backed gull (*Larus marinus*) is also a summer resident of our coast. It is the largest of the species, being about the size of a raven. Its back, head and upper parts of the body are of a deep brown color, the under parts are pale, ashy gray, the legs are black, and the talons are very strong and hooked. These gulls are not so numerous as the smaller kind, and seem to be less gregarious in their habits, seldom flying in large flocks.

Soon after the first ice appears the winter gull takes up his abode along our coasts. This bird is said to be an inhabitant of the Arctic seas, and is known to ornithologists as the glaucous, or burgomaster gull. Whether or not they are denizens of the far North, many of the species hibernate on the New Jersey coast, and even farther south. The winter gulls are nearly as large as their congeners, the great black-backed gulls, and their plumage is a pure white. As they fly back and forth, with discordant cries, over the drifting ice in the channels, dive into the freezing water for their food, or sometimes drift with the current on cakes of ice, these birds present an appropriate setting to the wintry landscape.

Among the different species of the Laridæ is the codfish gull. These birds frequent the waters of the Atlantic coast during the codfish season, which off the coast of New Jersey lasts from November to April. While similar in color of plumage and also in size to the herring gull, they differ in general shape and habits enough to place them in a class by themselves. It has never been satisfactorily explained what the attraction is for these birds on the codfish grounds, for those fish, unlike the bluefish, do not drive their prey to the surface of the water. Whatever the cause, however, to old fishermen the presence of this kind of gull is a strong indication that codfish are somewhere in the vicinity. They are never seen in the bays, but are distinctively sea birds.

Closely resembling the other smaller species is the fish tailed gull (*Xema sallni*), and

besides these are other aquatic birds closely allied to the gulls, although not of the same genus. Among these may be mentioned the tern (genus *Sterna*), the gannet (genus *Sula*), the shearwater (genus *Puffinus*), so-called from its habit of flying with its lower mandible in the water, and the petrel, or Mother Carey's Chicken (genus *Procellaria*), the bird sacred to mariners from the ancient superstition that the spirits of dead shipmates entered into its body.

Unlike most salt water birds, none of these, except the codfish gull and the winter gull, migrate for the purpose of breeding, but lay their eggs on the sand of the beach or in dry seaweed on the marshes, where incubation is effected to a great extent by the heat of the sun, as the parent bird seems to be on the wing a greater part of the time. It may be said in this connection that while the flesh of the gull is not often eaten, owing to the slight flavor of fish with which it is impregnated, the eggs are very palatable, being but little inferior to those of the domestic duck.

Whether or not the sea gulls have diminished in numbers, as have some other wild fowl, is an open question; appearances would indicate that they have not, for they still appear in myriads in some localities along the coast. Their diet of fish is a protection to them, for the sportsman well knows that their flesh possesses a certain fishy flavor that does not recommend them as a choice food bird. On some parts of the coast, however, it is asserted that these birds are less numerous than in former years. It is maintained that this is owing to the fact that they are killed for their plumage, the head and wings and sometimes the skin of the whole bird being used in the world of fashion for decorative purposes.

A full-grown gull, even if one is fortunate enough to capture it, would test the patience of its captor in reducing it to submission. The bird could not forget the wild freedom of its former life, when, poised on tireless pinions, it breasted the gale, shrieked an accompaniment to the howling of the storm, or circled above the school of bluefish, ready to dart down upon its prey.

With "Nep," however, it was different. He could not help himself, because he was partially disabled. I found him on the beach, unable to fly, the second joint of his wing having been broken by a shot from a gun. He could not run fast enough to escape, so I carried him home, and after securing him for two or three days with a string to his leg, I released him. I christened him Neptune.

While Nep never became intimate enough to come at my call, yet he stayed about the premises, and would eat pieces of fish or clams that were thrown to him. He would allow one to pick him up, but never appreciated familiarity. In the morning he would leave the house which stood on the meadow near the bay, swim up the creek, and spend the day fishing for minnows in some salt ponds. He would return toward evening, evidently with the expectation of being fed with some choice bits.

One day a succession of piercing screams from Nep warned us that he was in some kind of trouble. Investigation showed that while consorting with the chickens a couple of sitting hens, evidently resenting his presence among them, had attacked him, and but for our timely aid would have soon killed or disabled him.

The gull remained with us for some weeks, apparently contented with his half-wild, half-domestic existence, when he suddenly disappeared, but not mysteriously. A severe northeast storm came up during the night, and the meadows around the house were submerged with three or four feet of water. As Nep could not fly, the force of the gale carried him to leeward, and the nearest land being two miles away, no doubt he perished in the storm and darkness of the night.

Would Amend the Constitution

Editor RECREATION:

Last year I endeavored to call the attention of sportsmen and naturalists to the necessity of having the National Government at Washington take charge of the preservation of certain species of game, especially the migratory birds, wild ducks, plover, snipe and curlew which do not belong to a particular State, like the quail, but are, so to speak, interstate birds. Some would like to have the National Government take charge of all kinds of game. But let us confine ourselves, for the present, to the wild fowl.

We all know that the attempts thus far to preserve or prevent final extermination of the wild ducks are complete failures. The laws are not enforced except that clause of them which requires the payment of a ten-dollar license by non-residents. If the money were used to protect the birds I, for one, would not begrudge it; but it is not. Night shooting, market shooting and shipping to market go on without let or hindrance. A game warden on the coast of Virginia, who is most diligent in collecting the ten-dollar non-resident license, frankly admitted this winter that he could not stop night shooting and that there was no use in trying. We heard the heavy guns booming every night. He and his colleagues make not the slightest attempt to stop shipping to market; and, of course, those of us who are familiar with such places know the feeling. They do not want to interfere with

neighbors and old friends who have long made a profit in this sort of thing.

In North Carolina there is no law forbidding shooting for market and shipping to market; and it is well-known that the market shooting influence is so strong that the Audubon Society of that State cannot secure the passage of any laws to stop this sort of extermination. The people are determined to get what money they can out of the birds during the few years they will last and let posterity take care of itself. In fact, the laws of Currituck Sound favor the market duck shooter and restrict the sportsmen.

I said last year that nothing short of an amendment to the Constitution, giving Congress the power to pass legislation for the protection of game, will save the game of this country, especially migratory birds, like the ducks. Maine, no doubt, has succeeded in increasing the number of its deer and reaping a rich harvest in money return. But although it has been proved over and over again by figures that game preservation is far more profitable than game extermination, the large majority of States in the Union will never look at it in that light in our time, and after that it will be too late. Most of them are unable to preserve their quail; and a dozen or fifteen would have to pass uniform laws and have, what is impossible, uniform enforcement of them in order to have any substantial effect on the rapidly lessening supply of wild fowl.

But the Government at Washington, if given authority by the Constitution, could pass a law which would apply to the whole Union and be enforced uniformly, as the internal revenue laws are enforced, by marshals and detectives, who know no fear or favor in county or State politics, or in neighborhoods. Under such a system, the Government could stop all duck shooting in the United States for a period of two or three years, which would vastly increase the wild fowl. After that, with market shooting and night shooting stopped, a closed year once in every three would keep the game increasing until in time they would be as numerous as they were sixty years ago, and then market shooting might be allowed again, under certain restrictions.

There was an attempt made to pass an act of Congress putting migratory birds under the care of the Department of Agriculture, but the department in that case could merely have given good advice to the States or to individuals. It would have had no power to enforce a law and fine and imprison people for breaking the law. Every lawyer and judge knows that an act of Congress forbidding night shooting, declaring a close year or making any other regulation about game in Chesapeake Bay, say, or Currituck Sound or anywhere except in the District of Columbia, or some national park, would be unconstitutional and void and the first man and every man arrested under it would be discharged by the courts.

There is no use in fooling away time with half-way measures. Nothing but an amendment to the Constitution can give Congress the power to save the birds. Nothing but the full governmental power of fine and imprisonment without fear or favor, nothing but rigid enforcement, as the revenue and tariff acts are enforced, by the methodical and systematic action of numerous officials, backed by the wealth and power of the National Government, can accomplish any satisfactory result. Anything short of that is a mere waste of words and energy.

To amend the Constitution is a serious undertaking. But fifteen amendments have been added to it; and a sixteenth which will save for our people the charms and delights of health-giving nature will be worth all it costs. The sportsmen, the naturalists, the nature lovers, the health seekers and the good citizens must be organized in one great association or in a number of associations to be federalized for united effort.

SYDNEY G. FISHER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

San Jacinto Deer

Editor RECREATION:

The article in March RECREATION, "The Game of California," by Charles W. Hardman, is very good with one exception. Mr. Hardman says there are no mule deer in California. If not, will he kindly tell us what those deer are on the Colorado Desert just east of the San Jacinto Mountains? They have exactly the same appearance of the mule deer of Montana, Wyoming and Colorado and are very much different than the blacktail of the Coast Range. I have hunted in nearly half of the counties of California and have yet to find a better place for all-around hunting than in San Diego County. If any reader of RECREATION wants to find an abundance of quail, rabbits, deer, bear, cougar, wild cats and trout, let him write to Eric Hindorff, Fallbrook, San Diego County, California. Last fall he and I went about twenty miles northwest of there to San Mateo Creek and killed our four bucks and then devoted our time to bear and cougar. In ten days we killed one bear and four cougar without going over five miles from camp. We saw altogether seventeen deer. This region is only a few miles from the coast, so it is not nearly so hot as in some regions in California, and there is also much less poison oak, which is a terror to many hunters. It is well-watered, springs

being found in nearly every canyon even before the winter rains.

This is one of the overlooked corners of the State and is very seldom penetrated by city sportsmen.

Speaking of rifles, my favorite for big game in California is the .32-40 Marlin. This, with high-power ammunition, is powerful enough for the toughest bear and as accurate for all practical purposes at 400 or 500 yards as the .30-40, and more easily cleaned and lighter.

Let us hear more from California sportsmen about deer, bear and cougar shooting.

M. S. Brown.

Pacific Grove, Cal.

International Tournament

Editor Recreation:

An international fly and bait-casting tournament will be held in Kalamazoo, Mich., Friday and Saturday, August 3 and 4, 1906, under the auspices of the Kalamazoo Bait and Fly-Casting Club, of Kalamazoo, Mich. Fly and bait-casters are earnestly invited to attend this tournament and compete, as it is intended to make it of as wide a scope as possible, covering all such forms of casting as may be deemed advisable and feasible.

Contestants from foreign countries will find every effort made to arrange contests in conformity with those forms of casting with which they are familiar.

Among the events scheduled will be long distance fly, delicacy fly, and distance and accuracy fly, together with long distance bait (one-half ounce weight), distance and accuracy bait (one-half ounce weight), and delicacy and accuracy bait (one-quarter ounce weight). Team contests and other interesting features are contemplated and will be carried out if there are entries enough to make it of special interest.

Beautiful trophies will be provided for all leading events, and a large number of attractive, valuable and appropriate prizes will be awarded.

Naturally, the rules of the Kalamazoo Bait and Fly Casting Club will prevail, but exceptions will be made, where deemed advisable, in behalf of visiting anglers, the desire being to make this tournament as nearly representative as possible of all forms of expert angling at large, and suggestions from anglers contemplating attendance at the tournament are earnestly requested and will receive careful consideration if received in time.

The tournament is open to either representatives of clubs or unattached individuals. A nominal entrance fee will be charged in each event. Handsome souvenir and illustrated programmes will be provided, and no labor nor expense will be spared to make this one of the most successful tournaments in angling annals.

All anglers contemplating entering the tournament and all clubs proposing to send representatives are urged to communicate at the earliest moment with the secretary, Mr. T. L. Fenker, Kalamazoo, Mich., who will also furnish anyone with further information, programmes, etc.

The following are the tournament committee: B. L. Shutts, president; Dr. N. B. Hall, vice-president; Mr. T. L. Fenker, recording secretary; Mr. E. R. Owens, captain; Mr. Wm. E. Kidder.

Ben O. Bush.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

The Charm of Archery

Editor Recreation:

With the return of the robin and the greening of the lawns and fields, one's thoughts turn naturally to outdoor doings, and if one has ever practiced that fascinating sport, that enticing science, that exhilarating pastime called "archery," he finds himself eye-measuring distances along the paths that twine countryward, and his eye sparkles, his muscles tense, and a firmer, truer step is taken when he thinks of lawns studded with the picturesque target—when he thinks of that chest-developing, nerve-steadying exercise of drawing the bow and launching into space the whizzing feathered shaft. Beyond a doubt archery is in the ascendancy once again and I imagine those skilled knights of the bow of some few decades of yesterdays, look forward with joy and animation to the time when archery is *all the rage* again.

Volumes could be penned in favor of archery, but as the space and time is limited nowadays I will, for the sake of the younger folk interested in the making of parabolic curves with the arrow, say that:

As to cost—the first cost is about the only cost worth considering, as the repair expense is practically nil, and arrows very seldom are lost.

One does not have to change clothing in order to enjoy the sport, as the exercise is deliberate, studied. For nerve-steadying properties, for chest, shoulder and back there is no sport any better calculated to give excellent results in a short time than archery.

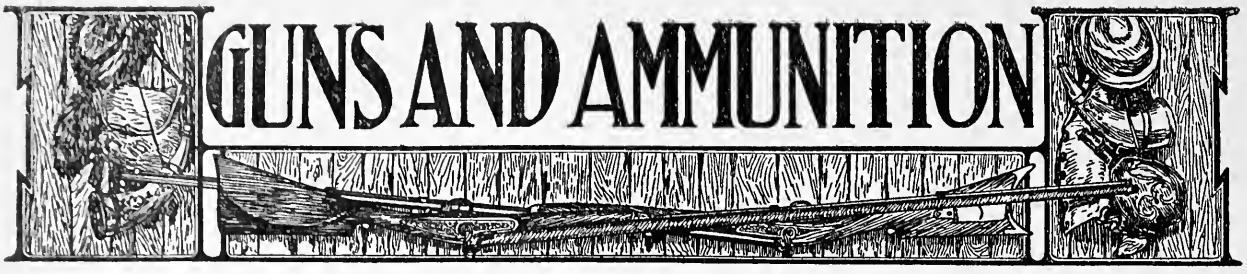
From a social standpoint it is par excellent, as dozens can participate at the same time.

Trips into the country with bow and arrow tend to relieve that nervous strain so noticeable in those who do things worth the while.

It is to be hoped that the coming summer will call out hundreds and thousands who will be bettered in mind and body by the use of the bow and arrow.

W. E. Milner, M.D.

Cincinnati, O.



Regarding Questions

Once upon a time a diminutive hunchback counsel was endeavoring to hector and browbeat a strapping sergeant of the guard who was unfortunate enough to be in the witness box.

"Now, sir," thundered the lawyer, "since you know so much, please tell this court what is an interrogation point."

"A little crooked thing that asks questions."

Now this little crooked thing that asks questions is a very easy thing to send forth through the mails, but any person with sufficient leisure may ask more questions in an hour than an admirable Creighton could answer in a year.

This reflection is prompted by an examination of sundry letters that have been sent into this department by persons who "want to know." A few samples will possibly amuse the brethren and are, therefore, set forth:

Q. I wish to ask you regarding an old Revolutionary War flint-lock Ferguson rifle: (*a*) Was the bullet used round or conical? (*b*) Was it lubricated? (*c*) If so, in what manner?

A. The flint-lock Ferguson rifle shot a round bullet, which was unlubricated. (Although this correspondent does not ask for further particulars, we have much pleasure in supplying them, thus anticipating other requests.) The barrel was 44 inches long and weighed about nine pounds. The bore was $\frac{5}{8}$ inch, and the barrel had six grooves. The front sight was of brass and the rear sight a standing notch. This rifle was invented by Major Ferguson, an officer in a Highland regiment, and used by a small number of riflemen on the British during the Revolutionary War.

Q. Can a conical bullet be shot in a smooth-bore rifle without leading the barrel?

A. What is a smooth-bored rifle? We know of an oval-bored rifle, invented by Lancaster, and which is still in favor in Great Britain, but a smooth bored rifle—no, frankly, this beats us!

Q. How far is a round bullet accurate?

A. This depends upon our conception of accuracy. Modern riflemen find that 75 feet is about far enough if you want the round bullet to go just where it is aimed, yet the late lamented Pathfinder could shoot birds on the wing at an incredible distance, using round bullets, assumably cast in his own bullet-mold.

Q. Does a hollow-based bullet check gas more than a flat-based one?

A. Not necessarily. A bullet in order to check gas must either be mechanically a perfect fit, or else it must be expanded by the blow of the explosion until it seals the grooves and makes a gas-check. If a flat-based bullet is not too hard it will upset upon receiving the blow, and fill the grooves just as well as would a hollow-based one, but with a light charge of powder it might be necessary to use a hollow-based bullet, as this would, of course, expand more easily.

Q. How far is a smooth-bored rifle accurate?

A. We pass.

Q. Which of two bullets, round or conical, of same weight and with the same charge of powder, is the deadliest?

A. (We can see our finish; the end cannot be far distant.) If our correspondent will inform us at what distance the victim is to stand, we will tell him which bullet is the more deadly. The round bullet will make the biggest hole, and if the muzzle were placed against the victim's vest (supposing the victim to be a man) it would be very effective. But, if the aforesaid victim was distant, say, two hundred yards or so from the firing point, we should expect the more deadly results from the conical projectile. First N. B. —This is about as near as we can get it to-day as we are not feeling very strong.

Q. What size round bullet and what charge of powder would be necessary to kill a moose or a bear in a muzzle-loading rifle?

A. If the moose or the bear would consent to stand perfectly still, so that the hunter could approach sufficiently near with his trusty muzzle loader, taking a deadly squint along the faithful tube, we think that a buck shot might be sufficiently large. The Hudson Bay Company found that a 28-gauge smooth bore was the best for their trade, and for something like a hundred years every Hudson Bay post carried a supply of 28-gauge, flint lock, smooth bore guns, and we think it is safe to say that these guns, in the hands of Indian hunters, have killed more bear and moose than have any other weapons whatsoever. The powder charge was usually two drachms of coarse black powder.

The New U. S. A. Revolver

It has been decided to adopt a .45 calibre, the .38 calibre having proven a disappointment upon active service. The bullet that will be experimented with has a weight of 230 grains, with a lead core and a full cupro-nickel envelope; the point is round. The type of cartridge in which this bullet is to be used varies according to the weapon for which it is designed. That for revolvers is to have a rim; that for automatic pistols a groove. It is estimated that in order to give the requisite stopping power, the bullet must have a velocity of 800 feet per second. This will give 325 foot-pounds, which is about equal to that of the .44-40-200 fired from a $5\frac{1}{2}$-inch barrel. This velocity is obtainable with the before described bullet in a revolver when 7.2 grains of Laflin & Rand Bull's-Eye powder is used, and in an automatic weapon, where there is no escape of gas between the cylinder and the barrel, an equal velocity is given by 5.2 grains of the same powder.

Several of the leading revolver manufacturers have been asked to send in experimental revolvers and automatic pistols to use this cartridge, and they will be ready by next autumn, when, it is expected, prolonged and exhaustive tests will be held by the United States Government in order to decide the official model for the army.

Side Ejector Less Handy

Editor RECREATION:

In reading over the different discussions about belt revolvers it strikes me as funny that no one mentions anything about the difficulty of getting cylinder off on a side ejecting revolver. I think the old Frontier Colt's models are about the most simple and best all-around guns I ever saw, and the only fault I have to find is the unnecessary weight in the .32-20 size, and also the fact that the gun is not made to use the .38 short and long Colt's cartridges. It has always struck me that for the work a revolver is called on to perform, a straight-bored cylinder is preferable on account of the ease with which same is cleaned. On the other hand, when the cylinder is chambered, it is much harder to clean and keep clean. If the Frontier model was made in a .38 calibre, and made lighter, it would fill the bill so far as I am concerned most excellently.

There is also another little point, I believe, where the Colt's people could improve on, and that is the trigger. It is very narrow and insignificant. Any cheap $2.00 pistol on the market has a larger and more comfortable-shaped rigger.

I would also like to have some one tell me what is the most convenient way of getting the side ejecting cylinder off for cleaning, as I have a gun of this type, and no one here, locally, seems to understand how to get it off unless the whole arm is dismantled.

JESSE FRENCH, JR.

Peoria, Ill.

A 10-Bore for Duck

Editor RECREATION:

I have been a reader of your magazine for some time, and think it very interesting, especially the gun and ammunition department.

I noticed in your January number "Black Duck's" inquiry as to the best gun for duck shooting, and also the various replies in the March issue. Some of these were so different from my own experience that I should like to give my ideas on the subject.

I agree with W. T. S. when he says: "Pick out your birds and get them," but I think he would be much surer to get them with a 10-gauge Remington or Ithaca, than with any 16-gauge gun. A 16-gauge may kill mallards at 30 and 35 yards, but I think a good 10-gauge will kill them 10 to 15 yards farther than that. In many places it is hard to get within 35 yards of the game, and I don't think a 16-gauge will throw the shot far enough.

Of course much depends upon the quality of the gun. A cheap 10-gauge is nothing but a bill of expense for ammunition. But take a high-grade American-made gun and I think a 10-gauge, 32-inch barrel will be found the best for mallards.

I have never used a shotgun with 30-inch barrels, but several of my friends say they have found them very unsatisfactory. As to a load for duck I would advise the use of the Winchester Leader shell and Nos. 4, 5 or 6 chilled shot. As far as my experience goes I like a gun with the left barrel choked and the right cylinder bored, but could not advise any one on this. Would like to hear from others about it.

ERNEST R. STEGNER.

Beardsley, Minn.

Would Like a Box Model .25-20

Editor RECREATION:

I own a .303 calibre Savage rifle, fitted with a sporting leaf rear and Sheard's gold bead front sight, which I think form an excellent combination.

I also have a .25-20 calibre Winchester '92 model, which does excellent work with both the low and high velocity ammunition. I think that many of us would like to see the Savage or

Winchester people, make a .25-20 in some kind of a box magazine, as the tubular magazine is a nuisance in some ways, and the .25-20 is a very popular cartridge for all game under deer.

Upon examining a Mauser rifle, the other day, I noticed that it only had four deep round-edged riflings, while the American-made rifle has six much shallower square-edged riflings. Which form of rifling gives the most accuracy? How does the Krupp steel barrel compare with the American make of rifle barrels in shooting qualities? Which gives the most accuracy—the pointed nose bullet or a flat nose bullet of the same length? OTTO KOSITZKY.

Yankton, South Dakota.

Shoots a .32-40 Marlin

Editor RECREATION:

I take a great deal of interest in the "Gun Talk" in RECREATION, and think it is the most interesting page. I read a great deal of experiences told by fellow sportsmen, with different makes of rifles and calibres, but see very little about the .32-40 rifle; in my estimation it is the best all-around gun on the market.

I use a model '93 Marlin, and think it is one of the very best made. The .32-40 h. p. s. is a very accurate and also a very powerful cartridge, giving a velocity of 2,000 feet per second, and also a flat trajectory. For deer, moose, caribou, elk and similar game it is the very best of rifles. Now, brother sportsmen, take my advice and use a .32-40 next season and you will not regret it, but use h. p. s. cartridges, and above all, let it be a modern. Wishing the very best of success to the new RECREATION.

E. L. HUGHEY.

Aberdeen, Ohio.

Loyal to the Savage

Editor RECREATION:

I notice a correspondent in March RECREATION is anxious to hear from users of the Savage rifle. While I am the owner of two rifles made by the Savage people—a .303, and one of their 1903 model .22's, and swear by them both, yet it is rather amusing to note how loyal the average hunter is to his rifle. Last November, when on my annual hunting trip, I met a great many hunters, of course using a considerable variety of firearms, and saw but one man who was dissatisfied with his weapon—a .32-20—and he had killed one of the largest bucks I have ever seen with it. This hunter was much chagrined because others could shoot through four-foot trees, while he could not. While each may have a decided preference for some particular make, yet, as now made, there is every reason to believe that any standard arm will give the owner perfectly satisfactory service.

Personally I should like to own one more arm, and that a Savage, built on the same general lines of the 1899 model, but shooting the h. p. .25-20, and weighing not to exceed 6½ pounds.

I should like to hear reports from brother sportsmen who are using the 8 mm. and 9 mm. Manlicher rifles. How do they compare on big game with the various .30-30's and the .303?

I have bought a lot of the new Ideal bullets, No. 308,291, and am having very good results, using 23 grains L. & R. Lightning powder. They have a little lower velocity than the regular factory cartridges, and the trajectory is some higher, but they have given very accurate results. I have not tried them on game.

Hinchman, Mich. E. A. BOAL.

Up-to-date and Wise

Editor RECREATION:

I am particularly interested in the Gun Department, for I have handled and used a gun nearly all my life, in fact, ever since I was a small boy, back in the old muzzle-loader days. I see that some of our brothers have a hankering to stick to black powder and lead; but I, for one, am satisfied with the metal-patch and smokeless powder. I don't think I would use black powder again if it was made free, *gratis;* no, I have no use for black powder, unless they stop making smokeless powder.

I see by some of the letters that they have lots of trouble keeping their guns from rusting. Well, mine will rust, too, if I don't keep it well cleaned and wiped out. For gun grease I use vaseline and beeswax, or white wax, either one works well. A gun is considerably like a fine horse; must be well taken care of and well groomed to look nice. About the only difference is that your gun doesn't need grooming quite as often as the horse.

I have used all kinds of guns, from the .50 to the .25-35, and am using a .25-35 at the present time, and am well satisfied with it, for it certainly tears things where it has a chance. It will take all the head off a jack-rabbit, and clip a grouse's head as neatly as though it was done with an axe.

I am getting rather old to talk about shooting a grouse's head off, but I do get them quite often. Yet, I never hunt with anything but a rifle, so you can see I should have to get the heads or spoil the bird, and I would much rather have a bird get away than to shoot it in the body, for it is surely spoiled then.

Well, I don't want to take too much of your valuable time, so will close by saying I am a

close observer of the game laws, and would like to see them enforced oftener than they are, but Washington laws do go after them some.

Monroe, Wash. G. W. BARBER.

No Pea-Shooters for Mexico

Editor RECREATION:

We take pleasure in reading the articles on arms and ammunition in your magazine, though we hardly agree with the arguments set forth in most of the letters published.

We heartily agree with Mr. E. M. Crafton, Chicago, in the February issue, with the exception that we prefer the Bisley model and would add the .38-40 to the .44 and .45 cals.

We condole with, rather than blame, the class of men whose occupation condemns them to office confinement and so saps their strength that they cannot stand up against the recoil of anything larger than a .32 calibre pea-shooter. A double action gun is a good gun for apprentices, but the single action for "the man who packs his gun at his hip."

We believe that smashing power, rather than penetration, is valuable in arms for defense and hunting and for this reason consider it necessary to use a flat-nose bullet of large calibre.

Yours truly,

Parral, Mexico. THREE "GRINGOS."

Prefers a 16-Gauge

Editor RECREATION:

I am an interested reader of RECREATION, and enjoy everything in it. The letters from sportsmen in regard to the guns they use and charges recommended are interesting, and ought to be very useful to those of little experience.

A letter you published in the March number from W. T. S., Rock Island, Ill., is to the point, and from my observation and experience for more than fifty years is the correct idea of gun and charge for small game.

A man must know his gun and how to load it, and he must "pick his birds" and not "shoot at the flock" if he expects to be a crack shot.

The gun I have used for thirty years is a Scott, No. 12, 29-inch barrels, weight 7¾ pounds, made to order. For quail my charge is 3 drams powder, 1 ounce of No. 10 shot; for duck, same charge, with No. 7 shot. If I had to change my gun I should buy a 16-gauge by some good maker, for I hold with W. T. S. that there is neither sport nor skill in killing game with a "cannon."

My observation is that most sportsmen use too large shot. I have shot quail from Virginia to Florida, and in all open months, and use No. 10 shot, and with my present gun (full choked) have killed quail in January and February stone dead 60 to 70 measured yards. I seldom wound a bird with this charge. When covered the bird is invariably dead when it falls. With this charge I once killed a large wild turkey, flying from me, at 30 yards, as dead as I ever killed a quail, but, of course, do not recommend this charge for turkey. No. 7 chilled shot is as large as I ever use for turkey, duck or squirrels.

Your correspondent gives excellent instructions for testing a gun and finding what charge it shoots best. I have used a number of 12-gauge guns and never used the same charge in any of them, but changed the proportions.

I once used a Remington 12-bore that required 3¾ drams powder and 1⅛ shot. With this charge it would kill and kick, but nothing less would satisfy it. Dupont's F.F.F. rifle, or smokeless, is the powder I now use.

I am too old to stand long tramps after game, but I enjoy reading of the sportsmen's experiences with rod and gun, and wish that I could spend the rest of my days in camp and field with those who enjoy the sports and pleasures of outdoor life, and shall continue to read of them and enjoy them in RECREATION.

Rome, Ga. WM. G.

.405 vs. the .30 Winchester

Editor RECREATION:

In your November issue "W. N. A." requests information relative to the comparative merits of the .30, .35 and .405 Winchester. I have never used the .35 calibre cartridge, but have done a little shooting with the .30 and .405 calibre rifles. The .30 is without doubt a very powerful arm for so small a calibre and loaded with the 220 grain soft-nose bullet it can be truthfully said to have sufficient power to drop the largest of our game. I have used the 220 bullet more for hunting than any other, excepting the .45-90, and had no difficulty in bringing down a deer and a Maine moose last fall, although upon this occasion the moose started to run away with three 220 bullets, but dropped at the fourth. Two years ago, while hunting in the Tenapah Mountains of Oregon, I ran across an exceptionally lively mountain lion or cougar. Unlike other mountain lions I have met, this one showed a decided liking for a scrap, but one 220 grain bullet well-placed forever quieted his quarrelsome disposition. Three years ago the .30 gun bagged two caribou, one deer and a moose for me in Nova Scotia. One caribou was hit in the shoulder and another shot brought him down without a kick. The other caribou and the deer were each shot through the heart, both dropping within thirty

yards. The moose was shot twice, once in the shoulder and again through the heart, after running a hundred yards or so. Upon the whole, my experience with the .30 calibre has been very satisfactory, but in comparison with the .405 cartridge its shocking power is noticeably weak. It may be generally said that the .30 calibre is an ideal one for deer, but for the moose and bear the greater power of the .405, is in my opinion to be preferred.

There are, of course, many men who use the 30 Winchester for the largest of our game and while I am a fair enough shot the .405 is none too heavy when you happen to stand upon a ledge of rock and old "Eph" with the devil in his eye and those four-inch razor claws of his—already sharpened for carving up Mr. Man—disputes the passageway. Let the .30 calibre man go ahead if he likes, but I always leave my .30 at home when on the trail of the grizzly; for I do not always feel confident of my ability to pump the magazine dry. The first shot often counts all or nothing, depending upon whether you hit or miss a vital portion of the bear's anatomy, and this is the only reason I have for using my .405. The different ballistic data of the two calibres in question may throw additional light upon the subject and help "W. N. A." to intelligently compare and choose the gun which is best adapted for his hunting field.

The regular factory load for the .405 Winchester—the actual bullet diameter is .412 inches—is 45 grains smokeless powder and a 300 grain soft-nose bullet. Velocity at 50 feet is 2,150 foot-seconds. Energy 3,077 foot-pounds. Penetration is $13\frac{7}{8}$ inch boards with soft-nose, and 48 boards with jacketed bullet. Trajectory at 100 yards, 1.05; 200 yards, 4.86, and at 300 yards, 12.82 inches. Free recoil is 28.24 foot pounds.

The .30 calibre '95 Winchester is loaded with 32 grains smokeless powder, carrying a 220 grain soft nose bullet. Velocity at 50 feet, 1,960 foot-seconds. Energy 1,880 foot-pounds. Penetration $13\frac{7}{8}$ inch boards with soft-nose, and 58 boards with full jacketed bullet. Trajectory 100 yards, 1.23; 200 yards, 5.47, and at 300 yards, 13.55 inches. Free recoil is 11.59 foot-pounds. The .30 calibre has less than half the actual recoil, and my experience with both arms upon all kinds of game leads me to believe that the .405 with 300 grain soft-nose bullet has one-half as much more extra power.

There has been quite a little talk about the great drawback of the .405, and that its great recoil makes it extremely difficult to shoot accurately, by reason of the shooter flinching. However true this may be with many shooters—and I have no reason to doubt the above assertion—it has never bothered me; in fact, the recoil has hardly been given a thought. There is no denying that the recoil is considerable. In fact, the recoil of the .405 Winchester exceeds that of any cartridge manufactured by the Winchester Company, and the only cartridge approaching it being the .50-110 high velocity cartridge. This cartridge (.50-110) as tested at the factory shows a free recoil of 25.62 foot-pounds, but the actual shoulder recoil seems to me very much less. But even with its greater recoil there is no reason why a great many men cannot shoot a .405 quite as accurately as a .30-220, as the recoil is not nearly so great as that of a shotgun. A load of $3\frac{1}{4}$ drams of black powder and $1\frac{1}{4}$ ounces No. 6 shot (in a 12-gauge gun) has a free recoil of 31.5 foot-pounds, or as much recoil as the .405 and .25-35 calibre Winchester put together. To the sportsman who has handled a shotgun—and the $3\frac{1}{4}$ dram black powder charge is by no means even an average load for the 12-gauge among wild-fowlers—the recoil of the .405 Winchester, or any other rifle for that matter, will hardly be so great that it will interfere with the accuracy of his shooting at game.

To my way of thinking, the 1895 model Winchester is not what one would call a well-balanced rifle, and thinking I might possibly get a better "hanging" gun in another first-class make, I looked them over while in New York and picked out a .405 that answers my ideas much better. It is a Remington-Lee rifle, sporting model, 26-inch half-octagon barrel, weighing $7\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. Having the bolt system—adopted by the Navy in the 6 mm. or .236 calibre—the breech is as strong as it is possible to make it. Its accuracy in my hands may perhaps be accounted for by its rifling, which has been calipered by a gunsmith and found to be truer to the bullet diameter than either my Marlin, Winchester or Savage rifles. In fact, it is the best and most convenient rifle I ever owned, and shooting the .405 high-power Winchester cartridge, it has proven in practice the most powerful rifle I have ever handled, more so, in fact, than the .50 calibre high velocity Winchester, one of which I still own.

Deep River, Conn. RANCHER.

Savage and Winchester

EDITOR RECREATION:

I notice in March number that Mr. Henry Thomas, Ava, N. Y., has adopted what I consider the very best small and big game guns now on the market, viz.: Winchester repeating shotgun and Savage rifle. I find the Winchester repeater a most perfect gun for turkey, duck and quail, and a Savage rifle cannot be excelled for larger game. We have plenty of deer, turkey, duck and quail, also some tiger (jaguar),

Mexican lions and black bear in this country, all of which I have been fortunate enough to kill, especially deer and turkey, which are very plentiful. I use the Winchester repeating shotgun, 12-gauge, 30-inch barrel, and my loads are as follows: For turkey, 26 grains L. and R. Infallible powder, 1¼ ounces No. 3 chilled shot. Duck, 26 grains L. & R. Infallible powder, 1¼ ounces No. 6 chilled shot. Quail and other small game, 22 grains L. & R. Infallible powder, 1⅛ ounces No. 7½ or 8 "trap" shot, and in all loads, wads as follows: One Winchester field, one ⅜-inch black edge and one ¼-inch black edge, both 11½-gauge, over powder, and one "C" thickness card over shot. These loads I consider hard to beat. I speak from twenty-five years' experience with all classes of guns, from the cheapest muzzle loader to the finest double and three-barrel guns now made. As to rifles, I prefer the Savage .303, with Lyman ivory bead front, ivory centre, leaf rear, sight and combination rear tang sight, with cup disk.

Mexico. N. M. STUKES, Jr.

His Repeater Gives Satisfaction

Editor RECREATION:

I am an interested reader of your magazine, and also take great interest in the space under "Guns and Ammunition." I like to read the different opinions of shooters, and think that, perhaps, there might be others that would like to hear from me as to my ideas in the gun line.

Now, as to the best gun I ever used, it was a Winchester repeating shotgun. I have since then owned four of their latest take-down guns and for me there isn't a gun made better. I have broken blue rocks and just as many as shooters who used $100 guns, and I never felt ashamed of my little Winchester in any company. I knew it never failed to smash were I on my object.

I used Du Pont's smokeless powder generally, but the last shooting I did was with Ballistite. I did well with it, and like it as it is very quick and strong and gives good penetration.

On quail I used 3 drams Du Pont smokeless, and 1⅛ ounces No. 7 chilled shot. On ducks 3¼ to 3½ ounces of the same powder and 1⅛ ounces 4 to 6 shot. I have made just as good kills with No. 6 shot as larger. I notice where Mr. F. Allen Kinsey, of Essex, Ia., says the Winchester has its faults. Now if he would be kind enough I'd like to know what he calls "a fault" in a Winchester. I've heard some say they have faults, but I can't believe it. I can't say enough for my little gun, which, by the way, I have forgotten to mention the bore of: it is a 12-guage, 30-inch barrel, full choke. I use it in the field and at the trap and get my share every time. Well, perhaps I have written enough for the first time.

Sawtelle, Cal. JESSE C. BROWN.

Fit Your Gun to Your Game

EDITOR RECREATION:

I note with great interest the comments of different writers in RECREATION on the revolver subject, and an ideal gun that would fulfil all purposes. The question is, what do they want a revolver for? It is impossible to select any arm that will suit all purposes. It appears that the only gun lacking is a hunting model or belt revolver. I will ask the readers of RECREATION these questions: If you were in the woods and were attacked by a wounded bear, elk or moose, and you had in your reach every make of revolver, which one would you select to defend yourself with. You would probably select the largest calibre in the bunch, wouldn't you? The 45. Colts or the Luger or Colts automatic. Now, this point settled, you have got the revolver you want for hunting purposes, haven't you? If you wish a revolver for a pocket arm you would undoubtedly select one of the small models and small calibres (nothing better than the 32. calibre). This gun would be light and would answer all purposes in that direction. These facts agreed to, there is no gun that will answer for an all-round service revolver.

The same argument holds good in rifles as well as revolvers. For sheriffs' uses and other officers whose duty it is to deal with desperate characters, I would strongly recommend one of the large calibre automatic pistols. Policemen would be satisfied with the 38. Colts special My arsenal consists of one Lee Straight-Pull rifle, one Winchester 405, one Browning Automatic 12-gauge shotgun, one double-barrel Parker 12-gauge, one belt revolver .45 calibre, 7½-inch barrel, Colt's Frontier model, and one Colt's .32 automatic. I go out each season and get the limit of game, and return without a scratch. I am always willing to meet anything that walks the woods, with my selection of guns. I use the big calibres for big game and the small calibres for small game, and I have never yet been disappointed with my guns. Get this one gun, used for all purposes, out of your head. It won't work. There can be great improvements made on the belt (or hunting model). The Old Frontier style, .45, Colt's swing-out cylinder would be the gun for me. With this improvement I think that the American types of guns would be all that any one could ask for.

CHAS. MCKENZIE

Butte, Mont.

MOTOR CARS AND GOOD ROADS

BY JOHN B. FOSTER.

While the ultimate purpose of the automobile is far from being merely a speed producer, it is an interesting fact in connection with its development, that those who are fond of the motor car because of its convenience and its utilities are never averse to studying the speed of machines in conjunction with other details connected with them.

In this is to be noted one of those sympathetic relationships between the motor car and the bicycle. Of themselves having no resemblance to one another, both in their way have served the purpose of permitting humans to travel long distances with less fatigue than walking, thereby combining a utilitarian principle with one of pleasure.

When the bicycle had rendered a whole continent half-crazy on the subject of "ball-bearing locomotion," there were hundreds of riders who accepted the wheel merely for the pleasure which they derived from its use. In no sense of the word could they be called "scorchers." Yet they were mightily interested in discussing the speed of the various makes, and pursued bicycle race meetings with an enthusiasm second only to the actual participants in the sport.

So with the motor car now. The "speed mania," as it relates to the few who wantonly disregard laws and statutes that they may enjoy the fascinating sensation of flying through space, can with no justice be ascribed to the thousands who use the motor car merely for the convenience and the pleasure which they derive from it, and yet it is difficult to find a single enthusiastic motorist who is not interested in the question of speed, and who will not discuss it by the hour with others who are conversant with the same topic.

Hence the great attention which is paid to national and international contests of the magnitude of the Gordon Bennett and Vanderbilt Cup affairs, and the necessity which exists of so conducting these competitions that they shall bring forth the best possible results.

The Vanderbilt Cup race is assured again for this year in the United States, and it will almost without question be run over most of the course which was used in 1905. Two bad sections of road may be eliminated and the route altered to go further north. Rather than a drawback, this will add to the pleasure of more sightseers, who will be present early to witness the speed cars, and a contest is assured thus early which is likely to be of more interest than either of those which have taken place on Long Island.

While on the subject of the Vanderbilt Cup race, it may not be out of place to say that the residents along the route are actually petitioning the Automobile Club of America to hold it over their roads this year, in contradistinction to the policy which was in vogue in the early part of of 1904, when some local opposition fought its taking place. It has been proved that the race may be conducted without harm to the residents of the island, if they will exercise caution for a matter of a few hours one morning in the year, while the sums left behind by visitors and competitors amply reward everybody ten times over for the trifling inconvenience of closing a few highways from dawn until about noon. Possibly there would have been no opposition in the first place, but for the fact that some of the pennydreadfuls ran out of ammunition for a sensation in the heated term, and declared war on the automobile race, trusting for abundant sympathy because the motor cars "were owned by the rich."

The Vanderbilt Cup race of 1906 will be in charge of J. DeM. Thompson, of New York, who has been elected chairman of the racing board of the American Automobile Association to succeed Robert Lee Morrell. The retiring chairman gave abundant satisfaction last year, but declared that he had enough of serving, and would prefer to retire and view the contest as one disinterested.

Mr. Thompson has driven a motor car since 1898 and has witnessed every Gordon Bennett race which has taken place abroad, and most of the important races which have been conducted in the United States. He owns six cars personally and is a wealthy lawyer with a bent toward mechanics, who finds in motoring a medium to please his fancy.

There is no question but the entries for another Vanderbilt Cup race will be numerous. There is too much at stake on the part of Ameri-

can manufacturers not to pursue their intention to wrest from European makers the prestige they have enjoyed as the builders of the fastest and most secure cars.

In connection with this contest it may be added that the motorists of Chicago are agitating the holding of a road race on some section of highway near that city. Western visitors have been many at the two races for the Vanderbilt Cup, which have been run in the East, and with their usual impulsiveness are eager to give the citizens of Chicago an opportunity to see what a wonderful destroyer of time and distance a completely rigged racing car can prove itself to be.

On the whole, it appears as if a cup race somewhere near Chicago, managed on the lines of that which has taken place annually on Long Island, would be a large factor for good. No matter how much ultraconservatism may rail at the automobile and deny its use to the highways on the same terms and with the same privileges as other vehicles, there is not the slightest question but it will be the vehicle of the future, and in no place will it be more popular than in the magnificent West, with its grand expanses of outlying country, which need other than the poor cart-horse to keep communities in touch with each other.

John Farson is the new president of the American Automobile Association. He is an interesting conversationalist and he is not a "speed-mad" motorist. The Vanderbilt Cup race appeals to him because it is a contest properly guarded, but he is not over-mad on the subject of holding contests to establish records between cities, or to show off the merits of some car to some particular section at the risk of injury to somebody, followed by natural animosity to the automobile.

He had something to remark about motoring the other day, which followed the line recently taken in RECREATION regarding the spread of the motor car in popularity. He said: "Every automobilist should realize the wonderful improvements that have been made by American manufacturers within the last two or three years. Hundreds of Eastern automobilists probably have no idea to how great an extent the moderate-priced and serviceable small car has resulted in a friendlier feeling through the country districts of the West toward automobiles. In many sections of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, where a short time ago there was hostile feeling in the so-called farming districts, totally different conditions now prevail. The well-to-do farmer and the man of moderate means are buying the small cars which sell from $750 to $1,500 in large numbers, and they are discovering that there are elements of usefulness in the motor car apart from the mere pleasure of driving about the country."

The greatest market for the automobile trade in the United States lies in the Western States. It is said that it is impossible to build a car cheaper than at the present time. It is doubtful if such is the case. Motor cars will gradually lessen in price as every commodity does after the first demand.

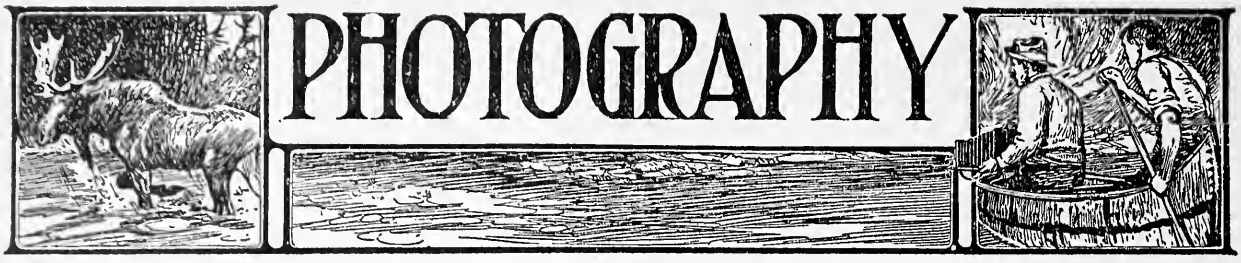
Any discussion of motor car topics must eventually lead to the subject of good roads. They go hand in hand. Motor cars need good roads to make them most enjoyable, and motor cars are a better preservative of good roads than any vehicle which we use in America.

This year the American Automobile Association will make an earnest effort to have roads properly sign-posted throughout all sections of the United States. It is bad enough to travel over some roads, which are most improperly fitted for motoring, to say nothing of adding the possibility of losing one's way and wandering for hours through mud and over ruts which are enough to jar the mechanism of a locomotive out of plumb.

The League of American Wheelmen were pioneers in the matter of sign posts and succeeded admirably in some sections of the country in having them established. What was the result? Indifferent farmer boys, who knew the surrounding country to their own satisfaction, used many of the sign posts for targets. Their elders, instead of rebuking them, passed over the destruction of property in a nonchalant fashion, as if it were something of which to be proud.

The French farmer and the Italian farmer, though they be poor as Job's turkeys, and the English farmers, too, for that matter, are most assiduous in protecting guide posts on their roads. They tell the traveler that it is a matter of business. If Mr. So-and-So is journeying through the country, with an eye to purchasing here and there, he wants to know the proper direction, therefore it would be foolish not to preserve the sign boards at road intersections.

Would that some of our American farmers felt of the same mind, so that the belated traveler in a dark night should not be compelled to alight from his car, and retrace his steps half a mile or so to a farmhouse, there to try to ascertain which road to take at a forks which once had a guide post, but presented nothing except the shivered stump filled with buckshot that had destroyed both sign and most of the upright.



Hints for Forming a Club

Many camera clubs exist in an embryonic state without knowing it; *i.e.*, they consist of two or three friends who make pretty free of one another's houses and dark-rooms. The pivot round which a small camera club revolves must necessarily be the dark-room. Expert photographers, each blessed with a dark-room of his own, may meet in solemn conclave and debate knotty points of procedure; but your novice thinks less of talk than of action; he wants a place to "mess" in, as unphotographic friends term it.

From a purely strategic point of view I think that a common dark-room should be on neutral ground. One beginner and his friends hired a room over a barn at 50 cents a week, and fitted it up for themselves; the plumber being called in only to connect it with the water-supply and presumably to install a sink. If the dark-room be in a private house, it is quite possible that objections may be raised to the periodic invasion of the premises by a horde of enthusiastic but possibly muddy-booted photographers.

Every member should, of course, subscribe regularly. The amount must depend largely on the ambitions of the club. It would be only fair, by the bye, that any member who puts apparatus at the disposal of his fellows should write off part of his original subscription. Perhaps the best way to start would, therefore, be this: As soon as the list of members is fairly large, a meeting should be held, and apparatus, such as bottles, dishes, lamps, etc., be offered for the common use (with the proviso that, in the event of the club being dissolved, each item shall be returned to its original owner). If further apparatus be required, a levy should be made all round, those who have given most in "kind" escaping most easily.

No club is complete without its officials, which can be reduced to two, president and treasurer. These should hold office for a sufficiently brief period to give every member a chance of serving in one or other capacity. Of course, you must start off with those evidently best suited for the office, who may set things in good running order. A few reasonable rules should be made and enforced. Among them I would include: The regular tidying-up of the dark-room at least once a week; the keeping of dishes and bottles in their proper places (jump on the untidy member); that everybody shall take his turn at the developing tray and not expect more than his due share of anything.

Every member should supply his own plates and paper. That is obvious enough. But the question of chemicals is not so easily settled. If the members only play fair, there are decided advantages in the use of developers, toners, etc., in common. Waste is reduced to a minimum; and if it be decided to work with one or two standard formulæ I think that better results will be gained thus than from the practise of everybody being "on his own." The members should certainly learn to make up their own solutions. If anybody shows a particular bent towards chemistry, he might be deputed the "chemist."

Field days are of importance to keep a club alive. At intervals, say, once a month, a day should be appointed for a club outing with cameras.

Developing Platinotype Prints

One of the most economical ways of doing this is to collect several prints in an empty tray and develop them in a batch, since this will result in a saving of developer and fewer failures, for the rapid transit from the fixing bath to the printing frame, which occurs when each photograph is developed when it is printed, is risky, and often leads to the prints getting finger-marked or splashed. My own plan is to collect some six or eight prints, then to fill a white porcelain dish with the oxalate solution, and develop each print by laying it face downwards in the bath for a moment, and turning it face upwards for the completion of development, and so having time to remove any air bubbles that may have collected. A towel lies on the table on which to dry one's hands before taking up the next print. When the developer in the dish is used up it is then thrown away and not poured back into the bottle; consequently, one always has fresh, clean developer to draw upon. Further than this, the oxalate will develop more prints this way, since the stock solution is not contaminated. Another method is to use two bottles, one full of the potassium

oxalate solution, the other empty, each dishful of developer being poured into bottle number two after use instead of back into the fresh stock. Then, when the second bottle is full, the reverse action takes place, until the developer is exhausted. Both these methods will result in cleaner and more brilliant prints, while if the oxalate is further kept in the dark its keeping qualities will be still further augmented.

Improving Bromide Prints

While it is generally agreed that a pale, weak bromide print or enlargement is not suitable for toning by the sepia redevelopers, it is not so widely known or appreciated that a good strong print of a bad color may be toned almost, if not quite, as satisfactorily as if the original color were a good one, and that prints on stale paper which has deteriorated so much as to be useless for black tones may be made, and then being toned with sulphide give quite agreeable prints. It has been pointed out in our columns not only the great improvement that can be effected by toning, but that a poor black print may be converted into a good black print by a parallel method. The print, after thorough fixing and washing, its silver image converted into silver ferrocyanide by the ferricyanide bromide bleaching solution, is then thoroughly washed and redeveloped with a developer composed of:

Metol	45 grains.
Sodium sulphite (cryst.)	130 "
Sodium carbonate (cryst.)	270 "
Water to	10 ounces.

No bromide must be used in this developer, whose constitution is important if good black tones are to be obtained. The print, after development, does not require fixing; it is just washed and dried. Such a process is poor economy in the case of little prints, but with enlargements it may mean turning a rusty and altogether unsatisfactory photograph into a good one.

Record-Making Under Difficulties

I have just finished developing a big batch of underexposed plates. I admit they oughtn't to have been underexposed—but what is one to do when the light persistently remains bad, and the subject equally persistently remains moving? There are times when a poorish result is better than none at all, and this was one of those times. The photographs are, in fact, records of an incident which had to be recorded. Under few circumstances indeed (I am inclined to write, under no circumstances at all) is underexposure defensible in pictorial work pure and simple. But in record work, such as this was, one has to make the best of a bad job often enough. I want to tell you how I went to work to make the best of this particular bad job.

As a rule I develop that genus of photographs known popularly as the "snap-shot" (a word which, alas, generally embraces underexposure in its meaning!) by means of dilute Pyro Metol. Note, please, that I would like the accent laid on the "dilute." Pyro soda is good, too—but the main point is the diluteness. That is to say, the developer must be restrained, not with bromide, but with water; restrained in the speed of its action all over the plate, not in the degree of its action on any special parts of the plate. For if there is one bugbear to be dreaded in the typical "snap-shot," it is hardness (*i.e.*, extreme contrast, causing the high lights to be very, very white and the shadows to be very, very black.) Well, the only remedy for hardness is to use a developer which tends to give softness. A truism? Yes. But it is a truism on which plenty of habitual snap-shotters would do well to ponder. "I use any developer which comes handy," one of the tribe once boasted to me. I invited him to snap two plates, and then develop one with full-strength Hydrokinone and the other with dilute Pyro Metol, and see whether he still thought that, as he had said, "you can subsequently get any sort of contrast you like by using the right grade of gaslight paper in printing. Development doesn't matter . . . " and so forth. Whether he tried my recommended experiment I don't know. If he did, I doubt if he profited by it; for he was one of those people who are always in a hurry. And that is *the* unpardonable fault in developing snap-shots. An underexposed plate simply won't be hurried. Softness and detail are two qualities which never go hand in hand with haste, and the sooner the snap-shotter grasps this great truth, the better for his work.

A good many of my set of underexposures I developed with dilute Pyro Metol, as I say. But certain of them, which I knew to be, on the whole, even more underexposed than the others, I treated with Glycin. Glycin, as you probably know, is a favorite for stand development. I needn't here enter into the reasons why this is so; nor need I give you a formula, as plenty have appeared in these pages. Anyhow, those extra underexposed plates I developed with stand development, and next time you have any difficulty in getting detail and softness in snap-shots, I'd like you to try that too. If there is any detail to be had, you may be sure Glycin, acting slowly, will coax it out. I have carefully compared the negatives I developed with Glycin and those I developed with Pyro Metol, and the Glycin ones are unmistakably superior. There is a coarseness about the Pyro Metol negatives, a sort of forced look, which is absent in the

Glycin ones. (This sounds vague, but I could show you in a minute what I mean if you were with me in my workroom.) Moreover, the delicacy of the detail, if not the actual quantity of the detail, is greater in the Glycin negatives. Even when the detail in the two types of negatives is about equal, that of the Glycin negative prints more softly and pleasantly—at any rate on printing out paper—than the grimy detail of the Pyro Metol negatives.

"But I haven't a tank suitable for stand development," some one says. Never mind. Although I have a tank, and use it often, I developed these particular negatives in a dish. I made up the Glycin solution of the same strength at which I use it for tank development, only much less of it in all. (My concentrated Glycin needs dilution with eighty times its bulk of water; but the formula varies, and yours may need less water.) Then I put a plate in an ordinary dish, flooded it with the excessively dilute Glycin, set it on one side with a cover over it to keep the light out—and went on with my other work. There you have one of the chief advantages of Glycin. The dish needs no rocking, no attention. Once I had put one of the plates into it, I could leave it and start developing some others with the Pyro Metol in the usual way. My Pyro Metol negatives each took about a quarter of an hour to develop. By the time I had finished four, the Glycin negative was just about done.

You have to take a peep at your Glycin negative from time to time, of course—say every quarter of an hour or so—to see how it's progressing. But if you overdevelop it, no harm's done; you can easily reduce it. The danger rather is underdevelopment. Glycin behaves somewhat differently to the old-fashioned developers. Detail comes up all over simultaneously, and only slowly gains density. Moreover, a stand-developed negative has a trick of looking denser than it really is, before fixation. But you soon get accustomed to that. Another point: A little sediment is apt to settle on the plate when immersed for very long in its dish of Glycin. Be sure and give a thorough rinse before washing, to clear this off.

To Wash Bromide Enlargements

J. P. G. asks: Would you please give me a good way for washing enlargements up to 8 by 10? I have plenty of water.

The best way for washing enlargements is to place them in a large tray of clean water and turn them over therein three or four times; then transfer them (one by one) to a similar tray, containing a fresh supply of water. Again turn them several times in the new tray of water, and then again stransfer them singly to the other tray, which, in the meantime, has been refilled with fresh water. About eight changes of five or six minutes each should be sufficient to thoroughly wash them.

To Remove a Print from Its Mount

N .F. B. sends in the following question: The mount of the enclosed old-fashioned print has been broken across, but you will notice that the print itself is not broken, although there is a distinct mark of the fracture. It is a rather valued portrait, and I wish to remove it and remount it. Can this be done by soaking it in water?

The print is on albumenized paper and will therefore stand any amount of immersion in hot or cold water. You will note, however, that the eyes of the standing figure have been put in with Indian ink, as has also part of the hair. This will, of course, be washed away in treatment, and you will have to put them in again after remounting the print. The only way to proceed is to tear away the mount as carefully as possible from the back; that is, break the mount with a knife at the edge and tear it away by pulling towards the back, placing the photograph face downwards meanwhile on a perfectly flat surface, such as a piece of plate glass. Do not on any account attempt to pull the print from the mount, but always remove the mount from the print. As soon as you have removed as much as you can (it will come off in thinnish layers of board), put the print face downwards in a porcelain tray and pour hot water upon the mount. It will be advisable, of course, to heat the tray gradually before attempting to use very hot water, otherwise it may break. If you have an enameled tray, it will be preferable to use that, as you could then have the water actually boiling. Allow the print to stay in this until the water is quite cold, and then hold the print to the bottom of the dish with the fingers of the left hand, while you take the edge of the mount between the thumb and fingers of the right hand and gradually pull it towards you, keeping the fingers of the left hand as near as possible to the raised part held in the right. If there is any inclination to stick, or if the mount does not come away easily, you must pour off the cold water and again treat it with boiling water, and allow it to become cool. When the print is removed, wipe it over with cotton wool to remove all traces of mountant, and remount in the ordinary way.

THE QUAIL DOG

BY W. B. TALLMAN

Quail shooting in the Northern States is practically a thing of the past. I can remember when, in starting out for a day's shooting in New England, the prospects of finding quail were about equal to those of finding partridge, but from what I can learn now of the quail shooting north of Virginia, it does not amount to much; surely not enough to warrant the sportsman in going to the expense and trouble of procuring and keeping dogs especially for work on quail, unless he can go South for his shooting.

The limited area of open grounds where the birds feed, and the fact that all, or nearly all, of the shooting would be done in almost the same character of cover as that in which partridge are found, will warrant me in saying that a good partridge dog is all that is necessary for one who shoots only in Northeastern coverts.

A good partridge dog is almost sure to be a *fairly* good quail and woodcock dog, for use in the small fields and thick rough coverts. But that same dog, owing to his experience in handling the ruffed grouse in New England, would be greatly handicapped when put down in the large areas of stubble fields and ragweed of the South. While I claim that a real good partridge dog would make a good quail dog, I acknowledge that it would take some time for him to find out the difference between the birds, and to learn to get out and range the wide open fields as he should. So when speaking of a partridge dog I mean a dog for Northern or New England shooting, and when speaking of a quail dog I have in mind one for the South or the West.

Generally speaking, the dog to be used for quail shooting need not go through as thorough a course of "yard breaking" as the one to be worked on partridge. Though I do not think that he can be taught too much of those things that really apply in his work afield, if it is taught in the house or yard, I *do* object to his being practiced in these accomplishments when out for a run in the field, especially if running where there is a possibility of his finding birds. I would suggest that he be broken to come promptly when called, made to drop to order, and to follow at heel. This latter should not be too strongly impressed upon him unless he is on a lead. In fact, it is well to do all the yard breaking in the yard, and only use it when absolutely *necessary* outside of the yard. As nearly as possible make him understand that when he is out his whole purpose and aim is to find birds as quickly as possible and to handle them properly when he does find them. Make him understand, as nearly as you can, that that is what you expect of him. Don't attempt to make him think that he must find them within a given area, but simply that he must find them if they are in that township. Do not be too elated if the youngster begins to point everything that wears feathers. That is not the sort that is apt to make a real good one. I remember a remark made by one of the most successful field trial handlers and breeders of field trial dogs some years ago, to the effect that none of his good ones ever pointed until he made them do it, and that he would not have one that pointed naturally. I think that this idea was carried to extremes by him, and doubt if it was absolutely true. My idea is, that he had lots of young stock "farmed out," and that he selected for his field trial candidates those that went the fastest and widest after they had run wild until they were about a year old. Then by judicious handling he made them point and hold their birds. By running wild they had learned to find birds, and knew just where to look for them. Being uncontrolled they went with all the vim and speed possible, and when taught to point and hold their birds, they were fit for the hottest field trial company.

This, of course, was an extreme case, but I mention it, in order to impress on the minds of those who desire to possess a truly high-class field dog the necessity of selecting one that gets out and searches wide and fast for his birds, rather than one that points sparrows and butterflies or creeps and crawls on the trail of a mouse or turtle. If, when looking to purchase a likely young dog, you are shown one that shows a disposition to go fast and well, don't be discouraged if he chases a lark or sparrow, but watch him closely, and see if when running fast he turns out of his course, gets the wind, and goes directly to birds, be they sparrows or game. Notice how he carries himself. If he goes high-headed and in a way that looks as if he meant

business and could be made to point, that is all that is necessary—he has the right stuff in him, and it is up to you to see that it is properly developed. If, on the other hand, he simply races and shows no nose or disposition to find birds by means of his scenting powers, chases when he happens by luck to run onto birds, or when he scents them creeps and crawls and noses the ground for foot scent, it is not worth while to invest much in him.

Having made a good selection, and, to sum up, this means one with plenty of courage, speed and nose, and showing evidence of bird sense, judgment must be used in steadying him and forcing him to point and hold his birds. In some cases there may be but little trouble in getting the desired result, but in others, especially where the young dog has been given his head too long, great care should be taken not to discourage him from doing *fast*, snappy work on his game. Too much insistence on his doing an old dog's work at the start may result in his becoming overcautious, and in some cases lead to bird-shyness. Give him his head as much as possible, only checking or punishing him when he has committed an intentional misdemeanor. Do not restrict him in his range, nor try to make him work out every corner. He will soon, if he has not already done so, learn to look in the likely places, and will do it better and quicker than if he depends on your judgment, and is continually looking to you for instructions.

A Gun-Shy Dog

EDITOR RECREATION:

I have an Irish setter dog about a year old that is gun-shy. If I shoot a gun or revolver of any kind off within his hearing, he will try to get into the barn out of sight, or in fact he will sneak and lie down any place he can find where he thinks he has protection from the noise. I have tied a light rope to his collar ring and fired off a gun alongside of him and of all the attempts you ever saw he made to get away. I would leave him go to the end of the rope and then call him by name, at the same time giving him a vigorous yank, then pet him and shoot off the gun again. I am at a loss to know what to do, as he is an excellent dog, well-bred, etc. His full sister could not be bought for $200, and is at present owned by Dr. Gratiot, in Dubuque, Ia. His dam and sire are good dogs broken to hunt and do hunt, but poor Tramp is gun-shy. Please let me know through the columns of RECREATION what I can do to rid him of his fears. L. F. BARRETT.

Cascade, Ia.

The course you have adopted with your dog is about the worst you could have chosen. It is no good tying a string to him and yanking him around with the idea of curing him from being gun-shy. The dog is probably, by this time, incurable, but you can try the following and may possibly succeed with him:

Allow the dog to become very hungry, keeping him in a barn or cellar, and fire a very light charge of powder some distance away from the dog; then run in and make a lot of him and feed him. Keep this up until the dog associates the sound of firing with food; gradually increase the charge and use good judgment in trying to decrease his fear. Cavalry horses are trained to associate a pistol shot with their feeding time, and by this means in a few months the horses become accustomed to the discharge and ever afterward are indifferent to the report of a firearm.—EDITOR.

About Wolves

We now have absolute proof of the damage the wolf does to game. A few weeks ago it was found that big game was being killed on Grand Island, Lake Superior, a preserve of the Cleveland Cliff Iron Company. A great battue was organized and as a result a large female wolf was shot, there was none other on the island. This wolf in thirty days had killed thirteen deer and one caribou. At this rate she would have killed ninety-six deer and twelve caribou in one year. As many deer ranges are better stocked with wolves than with deer, it is easy to see how important it is that high rewards be offered for the destruction of wolves.

The first to receive a Minnesota wolf bounty fee for 1906 was Silas Puller, of Solon Springs, who took in five wolves, three of which he killed in the town of Nebagamon and two in the town of Gordon.

The killing of wolves in Minnesota this year is a lucrative business; for each wolf killed the successful hunter is rewarded to the extent of $20. Of that amount half is paid by the county and half by the State. In a great many cases the settlers during the winter take out pulp wood or cedar ties and at the same time set traps and poison for the wolves.

Why don't they make the wolves wear muzzles in Texas? A dispatch from Austin says that Samuel Thomas, a rancher of Erie County arrived there on January 21 to be treated fo rabies at the State Hydrophobia Institute. He was working on his ranch a few days ago when he was attacked by a mad wolf. He had a desperate fight with the animal before he killed it and was bitten several times.

How Bass Hibernate

Editor RECREATION:

Dear Sir: Is it a very common occurrence to witness a bass in the act of hibernating? Having never read of any one witnessing such a thing I would conclude that it is not often that such a thing is witnessed. Such an occurrence was witnessed here last Saturday. John Peplinski was fishing for perch through the ice in a coop; he was using minnows for bait and there were a great number of small perch around his hook, all of them too small to take the minnow, when suddenly they all disappeared, diving and hiding in the weeds on the bottom. Mr. Peplinski was sure that this was the signal for the appearance of a large fish of some kind, when a large bass, estimated to weigh about five pounds, appeared, and without paying the slightest attention to the minnow buried himself in the soft mud directly under the hole through which Peplinski was fishing. Peplinski says his attention was attracted by the peculiar appearance of the bottom where this occurred, immediately after he had his coop placed. The bottom was covered with weeds about a foot in height, except a small round spot about 30 inches in diameter straight down from the hole through the ice. This spot was entirely devoid of weeds and had the appearance of a spot usually made by a boiling spring, but in this case without the boiling. The water here was about 11 feet deep.

It would appear from this that bass do not stay in the mud during the whole winter, for this bass had evidently been out for some purpose. The appearance of the spot would indicate that this bass and perhaps others had frequently been coming and going. I have no doubt that more than one bass use this spot to hibernate.

As I have said before, this is a new one on me, and it offers me the occasion for considerable thought and meditation. I should be pleased to hear from you in regard to your opinion of this.

WALTER E. GUILICK.

Traverse City, Mich.

From Casco Bay

Editor RECREATION:

Commencing with the month of April very fine deep sea fishing may be had within an hour's sail of this place. Cod are the most common fish caught this month, and sometimes very large ones are hooked. About the middle of June the haddock come in and they are quite plentiful through the summer. Hake and pollock are caught in great number. The last-named fish is not considered very desirable eating, but it is a fish that averages about two feet to two and a half feet in length, and being fairly gamy, it is great sport catching them.

Casco Castle is a very fine summer hotel that accommodates 100 guests, and there is a nice launch fishing parties can hire within a stone's throw of the hotel. The launch and man can be hired for $12 per day, which includes bait, lines, etc. Rowboats, of which there are some fine ones at the same place, can be hired for $1 per day, or $3.50 a week. The charges at the hotel are $2 per day up. The fresh water fishing does not amount to anything, although there are one or two rivers near here where small trout can be caught.

There has recently beeen a fishing club formed here called "The Casco Bay Fish Culture and Angling Association." This club has leased for a term of years the necessary land and water privileges situated in South Freeport, and, having now completed thereon a hatchery capable of hatching one million eggs, intends to carry on the breeding and exhibiting of fresh water fish in a modern manner.

It is intended to breed game fish only, such as salmon, land-locked salmon, brook trout, one or two foreign species, and two or three of this family from the Pacific Coast. A few of the coarser fishes native to Maine, that are spawners, will be bred for the purpose of showing the process of raising fish from the egg at different stages during the entire year.

L. A. DIXON.

South Freeport, Me.

Salmon Upset a Stage

C. T. Thomas, of Astoria, Oregon, once caught a salmon in which he found a mallard duck, but he failed to state what the duck contained.

Speaking of salmon, in 1885 a stage was upset at Applegate Creek in Southern Oregon by a rush of these fish. The drivers cut the horses loose and escaped on the animals' backs; but the moral barometer always stands low in the neighborhood of a salmon stream.

Fish in Colorado and Utah Waters

For a number of years now fish in the mountain streams contiguous to the line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad in Colorado and Utah have been increasing in great numbers. The United States Government and State hatcheries are each year planting a hundred times more fish (trout) than are taken out of the streams by hook and line. Prior to 1904 the annual planting was between

2,000,000 and 3,000,000. In 1904 the number reached 6,326,000 and in 1905, 7,669,000. It is expected that even this astonishing record will be exceeded in 1906. This continuous fish propagation insures the angler first-class sport for years to come. The 1905 distribution in detail is shown on the accompanying sheet.

To Preserve Minnows

Editor RECREATION:

I would like to ask for a receipt for a preparation to keep small minnows (for trout bait) from getting soft in hot weather. It has been my experience that you put minnows an inch and a half long in bait box for four hours on a hot day and they get bloated and so soft you cannot keep them on a hook. Have used dry salt, but do not like it although it makes them tough. They seem to get hard and dry crooked and do not look natural in the water, so do not seem to soak up when you get them wet. Enclosed find stamp for reply. E. A. KERSTING.

Alcohol or formaldehyde might suit.—EDITOR.

On Photographing Fish

The photograph published in the April number of RECREATION of a cusk is a most remarkable photograph, inasmuch as it was taken of the fish while the latter was free in the waters of Lake Chelan. All of those who have attempted to photograph fish in the water will appreciate the difficulties which our correspondent, Mr. James W. Nichol, had to overcome to secure this picture. It is one thing to photograph a fish in the aquarium where you can arrange your light to suit yourself and take a side view, but it is entirely a different proposition to photograph a fish from above when it is down in the natural waters.

Good Fishing at Manistee

Editor RECREATION:

The fishermen are having great sport here on Portage Lake catching perch, ciscoes and herring through the ice. Ciscoes and herring are caught near the surface with hook and line; hook with white bead being used. Some fishermen have caught as high as three hundred per day. Some good strings of large perch are being taken, and occasionally a grass pike. C. R. HARRIS.

Manistee, Mich.

The Salmon of Knowledge

We have at last discovered how Ernest Thompson Seton learned the language of animals. It is said he is descended from Fion, of the Magic Thumb. Fion got his peculiar thumb from a creature called the Salmon of Knowledge. This fish gives prophetic and poetic genius to him who eats it. Fion was ordered by his master to prepare such a fish for the table, but, being an awkward cook, he burnt his thumb and thrust it into his mouth to cool it. Immediately the servant received the gift intended for his master. He at once knew all that was past and all that was to happen in the future and understood the speech of animals. So don't bite your thumb at Seton's stories.

Commissioner Whipple Recommends

Commissioner Whipple, of the New York State Forest, Fish and Game Department, suggests in his annual report submitted to the Legislature that the leasing by the State of camp and cottage sites within the State forest preserve would accomplish two things without injury to the park lands.

Under the constitutional provision no one is permitted to erect a permanent structure on these lands. Commissioner Whipple suggests the leasing will bring an annual revenue into the State treasury of nearly $300,000; would make every camp owner a protector of the forests from fire, and would make the Adirondack Park accessible to the masses.

He also suggests that the law prohibiting the pollution of streams be strengthened; that the right of the State to close inland waters be more clearly defined.

During the year the State propagated at its fisheries 171,000,000 fish, as compared with 111,000,000 in 1904. The large proportion of the increase was in game fish, particularly in trout. The fines collected during the year aggregated $58,548, an increase of $34,911 over 1904.

Difference in Pounds

Jessie Mondie, of Quincy, caught a catfish which weighed, when dressed, 100 pounds. We know some girls that cost more than £100 when dressed.

This Reminds Us

Of the tradition that if a cat gets on a person's breast while that person is asleep he will breathe in the sleeper's face and the victim will die. But a little kitten in a New York police station got on the breast of the sleeping captain of the precinct —and the kitten died!

Fisherman's Luck

BY IRENE POMEROY SHIELDS.

The very best fish of the season's catch
Is "the one that got away";
The biggest bass and the gamiest trout
Are cooling their sides to-day,
And telling the tales of their narrow escapes
To the crony across the way.

The very best "catch" of the season's beaux
Is the one that escaped the lure;
The witching wile and the tempting bait,
And now, with a heart secure,
Sits placidly smiling at Cupid and Fate,
And dreaming of maidens demure.

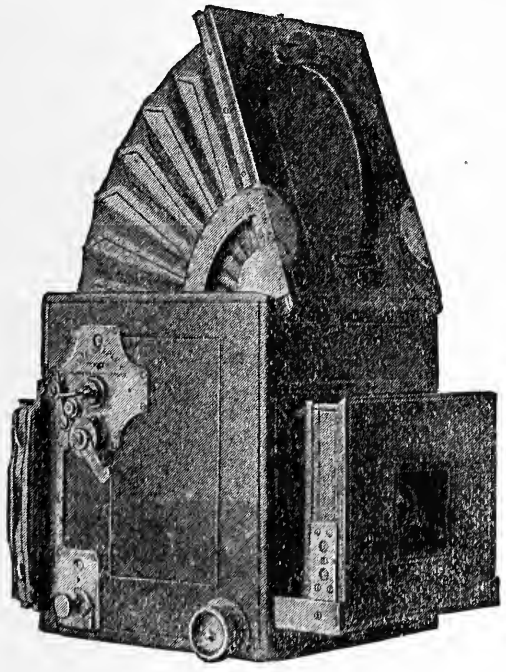
But courage is high and hearts are strong
While life lasts hopes remain;
Miss Simon-Peter and gentle Old Ike
Next season will try again;
And given a year for devising fresh lure,
Their efforts may not prove in vain.

'TWIXT YOU AND ME

JUST about the sweetest little shotgun you can get for Her, without having to pay a fabulous price, is the new 28-gauge single-barrel H. & R., made by the Harrington & Richardson Arms Company, Worcester, Mass. Address Dept. R, and ask for catalogue. This is not a small bore gun on a large frame—it is a dainty little sporting arm for dainty shooters; weighs only four pounds.

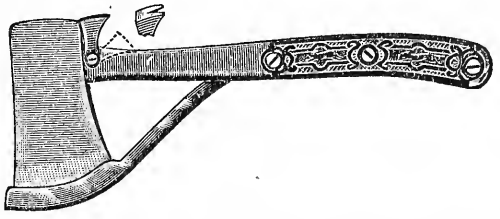
Tennis season's about due. How about that warped racket? Spaldings will straighten it up and refill it for you. And remember, the Spalding Championship 1906 tennis balls are declared absolutely the best in every particular of manufacture. Get a catalogue from A. G. Spalding & Bros., 126 Nassau Street, New York City.

The accompanying cut shows the new Auto Graflex camera, a camera which, we may add, is just about the best sort of box the "camera hunter" can get. Its special advantages over other cameras is that the user, right up to the very instant of making the exposure, can see the image



full size and right side up. This is accomplished by means of an optical mirror placed within the camera at an angle of 45 degrees, reflecting the image from the lens upon a ground glass placed at the top of the camera. And this advantage is supplemented by an additional mirror placed in the top of the focusing hood, enabling the user to hold the camera on a level with the eyes, a distinct advantage when it is necessary to keep an eye on your bear, lest he come too close for comfort. Get a catalogue and post up on this new camera for sportsmen. "You can aim it like a gun." A card to the Folmer & Schwing Company, Rochester, N. Y., will do the trick.

The safety pocket axe has been called perfection by the thousands who have used it; but Mr. Marble has recently invented and attached to it a folding nail claw which has doubled its value and adds only 25 cents to the cost. A ten-penny



nail can be drawn with ease from a seasoned hemlock plank with it. You can get at and pull a nail with the axe and claw that you could not remove with a hammer alone.

Until 1907 the claw will be furnished only on the No. 2, 20-ounce, 11-inch, steel and hard rubber handle pocket axe. Send to the Marble Safety Axe Company, Gladstone, Michigan, for their new 56-page, 1906, catalogue "A," in which twelve new inventions by Mr. Marble are described.

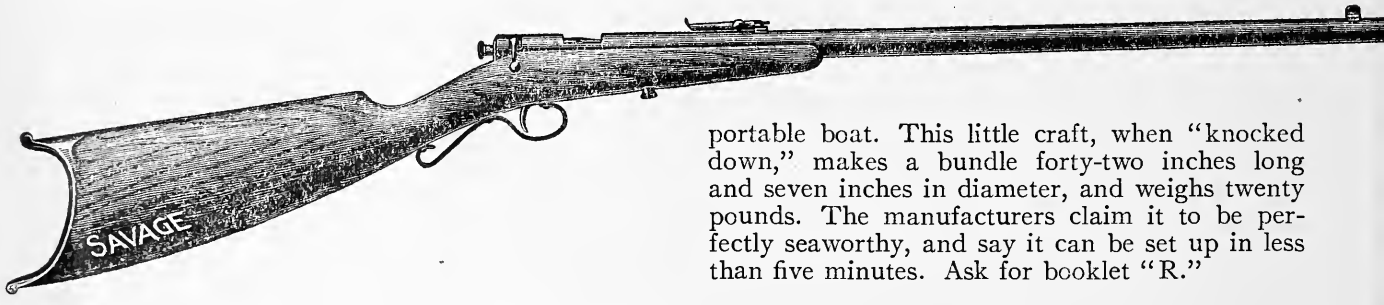
The Toquet Motor Company, 1 Madison Avenue, is turning out marine engines of much the general appearance of last year's product although the weight is somewhat less. They are very carefully tested and each one is connected to a dynamo and made to keep a bank of incandescent lamps lit for a number of hours. The water jacket is put under 200 pounds water pressure, which very quickly indicates any flaws. The two cylinders are cast in one piece, but only the ends of the water jacket are cast with the cylinders. The sides of the water jacket are formed by large cast iron plates bolted on each side of the cylinder casting. This arrangement makes it very convenient to get at the inside of the water jacket to free it from mud and remove any scale that may collect on the outside of the cylinders. A very complete and interesting catalog giving full dimensions of these motors has been recently gotten out and will be gladly mailed free of charge if mention is made of this magazine.

Sportsmen have been a little slow in appreciating the advantages of the modern prismatic binocular which, in comparison with the ordinary field glass, is something like the rifle of to-day and the muzzle loader of the past, as regards efficiency and power. The hunter carrying a prismatic binocular can examine the game before it comes within shooting distance. There

is no better glass made than the Turner-Reich prismatic binocular produced by the Gundlach Manhattan Optical Company, of Rochester, N. Y. They cost more than the old style of field glass but they are worth all the difference. Write for descriptive circular, and mention RECREATION.

The illustration herewith represents the Savage Model 1905 Target Rifle, which, the manufacturers claim, met with the most phenomenal sale of any low-priced single-shot that was offered to the trade last year. In fact, the factory was far behind its orders during the entire season. It has exceedingly attractive and symmetrical lines and is fitted with the Savage Micrometer rear sight and ivory bead front sight. Its equipment and accuracy equal rifles that cost twice as much as the price of this rifle.

Investigation is in the air. Like lightning, it is liable to strike anywhere. It shatters some things, like lightning. Others are impregnable;



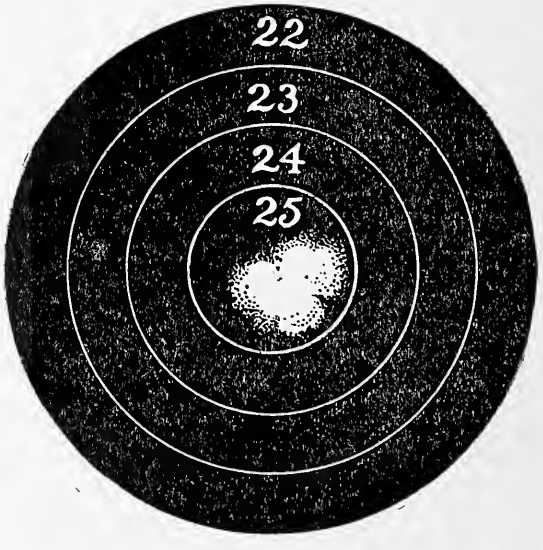
the more they are investigated, the more highly they are esteemed. Meisselbach's fishing reels are in the latter class. Investigate them and you are sure to buy one or all of them. Their reels are claimed by them to be the most famous now on the market. Among them are the "Takapart," the "Expert," and the "Featherlight." And not less appreciated by the fishermen is the "Harrimac" landing net. Write Meisselbach & Bro., 17 Prospect Street, Newark, N. J., for their catalogue and mention this magazine.

Several months ago, at the suggestion of Eastern capitalists, the Miller Brothers, proprietors of the famous 101 Ranch near Bliss, Okla., opened up a summer camp on their ranch. It was announced that they would take care of a few young men from the East who wished to spend a few weeks and enjoy the open freedom of their large ranch. Accordingly the Millers ordered outfits for fifty campers, but the number now promises to exceed that by four or five times. An ideal camp has been established on Salt Fork River, adjacent to the Osage Indian Nation, where hunting is plentiful and where fishing is good. Zack Miller, known as one of the most expert cowboys on the Southwest plains, has charge of the camp. Later in the season a number of guides will escort the party across the plains in true Wild West fashion—the trip being made in covered wagons, or prairie schooners, with grub wagons, outriders, guides, etc.

The W. H. Mullins Co., of Salem, Ohio, has just received an order for two of its famous pressed steel boats, to be used on Walter Wellman's proposed trip to the North Pole by airship. It is Mr. Wellman's idea to suspend these boats from his airship. In placing this order with the W. H. Mullins Company, Mr. Wellman paid the company a very high compliment, as he states he had investigated the construction employed by different firms both abroad and in this country, and after visiting the plant of the W. H. Mullins Company, he expressed himself as being satisfied that the Mullins boats were the lightest and at the same time the strongest in the world. The boats being built for Mr. Wellman are 16 feet long with a 4½ foot beam and will weigh less than 300 pounds. Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, now on his way to try to reach the Pole, has a Mullins with him on the *Roosevelt*.

For waters difficult of access, Abbey & Imbrie, 19 Vesey Street, New York City, offer the Paine portable boat. This little craft, when "knocked down," makes a bundle forty-two inches long and seven inches in diameter, and weighs twenty pounds. The manufacturers claim it to be perfectly seaworthy, and say it can be set up in less than five minutes. Ask for booklet "R."

The new two-blade reversible propeller wheels, with detachable blades, made by the Michigan Motor Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., are all the go for the smaller motor boats. Address the Wheel Department and ask for catalogue "R."



THIS TARGET WAS MADE AT 25 YARDS WITH A 22 CALIBRE MODEL 1903 SAVAGE RIFLE ON MARCH 22, 1906. BY PROF. C. C. HART.

HAWKEYE Refrigerator BASKET

"It Keeps Contents Ice Cold"

NO, it's not like the ordinary lunch-basket—it's just what its name implies—a basket refrigerator—compact—handy—convenient. In our healthy outdoor American life it is more than a luxury—it is a prime necessity. Think what it means—when the thermometer is flirting with the 100 degree mark, to have cool butter, sweet milk and fresh, palatable food which you can eat with a zest and relish.

How the Basket is Made

The Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket is made of strong, smooth rattan, fitted with a non-rusting metal lining. Between the rattan and the inside lining is a layer of asbestos packing and a layer of felt.

The ice is contained in a small compartment in one end of the basket which is removable.

The lids and bottom are of hard wood treated the same way, and a strip of heavy felt is piped all around the edge of the lids, which makes the basket practically air-tight—hermetically sealed.

The small piece of ice required will keep the basket cooled down to 58 degrees for 24 hours

For Picnics or Outings

It means keeping all the eatables cool and sweet—butter, salads, sandwiches, pickles, iced drinks, etc. No matter how hot the day, the picnic lunch will be appetizing and fresh.

For Fishing or Hunting

After a long morning's sport when noontide comes, the lunch will be as fresh and appetizing as when you started. Afterwards, the basket will keep your fish or game firm and fresh until you go home.

For Travellers

People who travel any distance can eat their meals unspoiled by the stale, hot atmosphere of a crowded car. For the babies a supply of cool, sweet milk can be kept. Cool food means comfort and health.

For the Automobile

No matter where the automobilist may stop at noon, he can depend on a crisp, refreshing meal, free from dust or warmth, if he carries a Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket. We make special sizes to order.

In the sick room, in the office, any place where cool drinks or food are desired the Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket is indispensable.

The Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket will not wear out. The metal lining will keep bright all the time. The top is polished with oil, and the bottom given a thick coat of the best paint to make it more durable and proof against dampness. In fact, we have studied it from every point of view to make it the most serviceable and convenient basket ever offered to the public.

Free 30 Days Trial

The Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket is on sale at hardware, sporting goods and department stores. If you have any trouble finding it, send us your dealer's name and the price of the basket you want. Use it for *Thirty days* and if it doesn't prove just what you want, fire it back and we will return your money without a murmur. Isn't this fair?

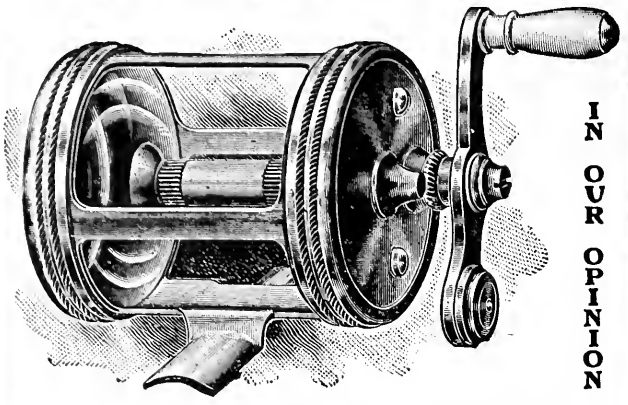
Size No. 0—13x9, 7 inches deep,	**$3.00**
Size No. 1—18x10, 8 inches deep,	**$3.25**
Size No. 2—20x13, 10 inches deep,	**$3.50**

Send for free illustrated booklet, containing among other things, a lot of letters from enthusiastic users of the Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket. Write to-day.

BURLINGTON BASKET COMPANY, 503 Main St., Burlington, Ia.

THIS CERTIFIES that the

"TAKAPART"



IN OUR OPINION

is the Best (bait casting) Reel Made

BECAUSE IT IS

Smallest and lightest for capacity; holds 100 yards line to others of same weight and size 60 yards; easiest running; adjustable bearings absolutely true that cannot wear loose; click is of hardened steel, sounds lighter when reeling in, louder when playing fish; rapid winding—four revolutions of spool to one of handle; adjustable friction device prevents backlashing; handle can be placed in four different positions to suit angler; readily taken apart or assembled without tools; machine-made—parts absolutely accurate, adjusted to 1-1000 of an inch, and interchangeable; material, workmanship and finish are the best.

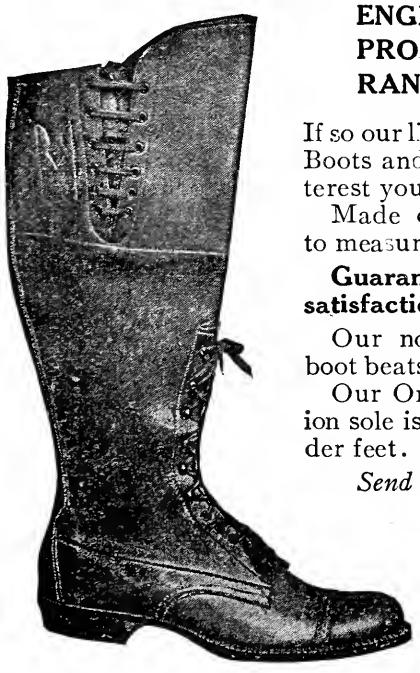
Price, $6.00. Made in 80 to 100 yards' capacity.

All dealers will show it, but insist on "Takapart" stamp on reel. About one-third the price of other high-class reels. Our booklet tells all about it. Free on request.

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO.

17 Prospect Street, Newark, N. J.

ARE YOU A SPORTSMAN



THE SPORTSMAN'S BOOT

ENGINEER
PROSPECTOR
RANCHMAN

If so our line of waterproof Boots and Shoes will interest you.

Made of Moose Calf, to measure.

Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Our noiseless hunting boot beats anything made.

Our Orthopedic Cushion sole is comfort to tender feet.

Send for Catalog.

Agents wanted in every town

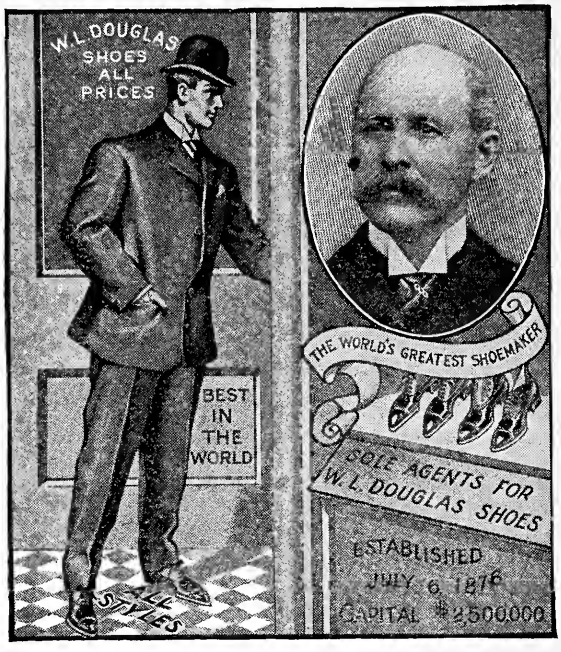
WM. N. GOKEY SHOE CO.

No. 1 West 3d St., Jamestown, N. Y., U. S. A.

W. L. DOUGLAS

$3.50 & $3.00 SHOES FOR MEN

W. L. Douglas $4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price



W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

$10,000 REWARD to any one who can disprove this statement

If I could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day.

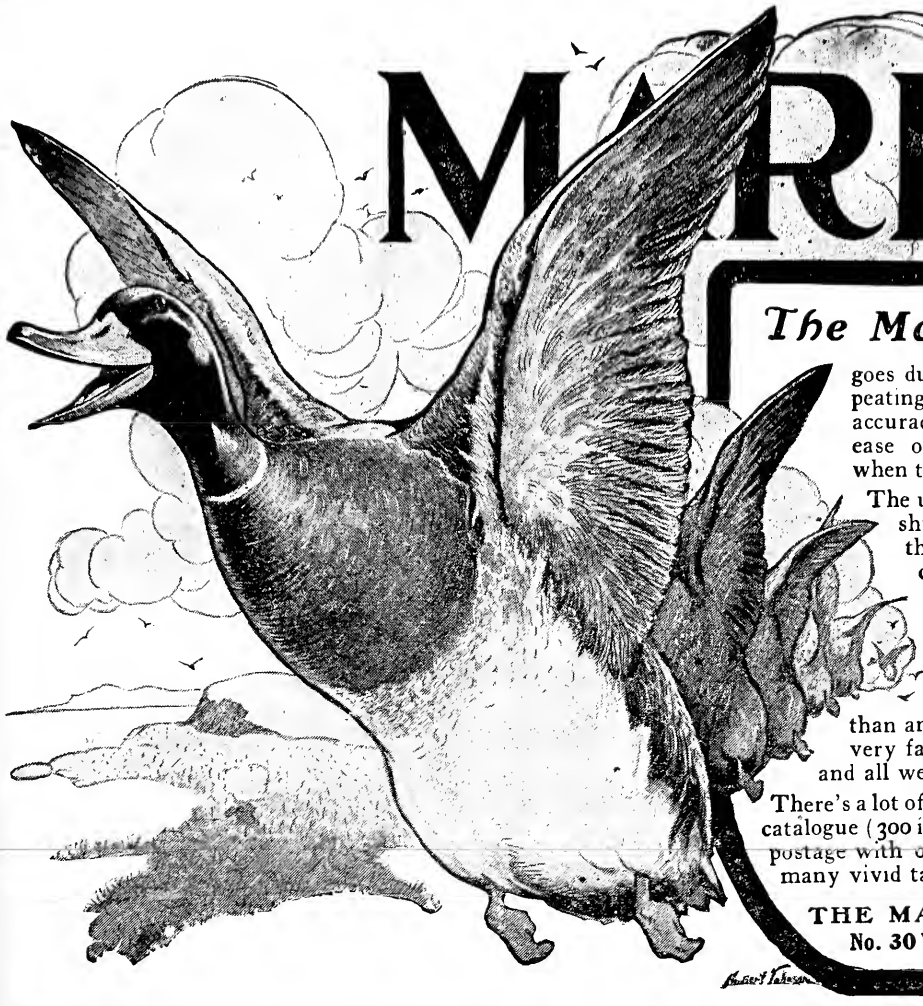
W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, $2.50, $2.00. Boys' School and Dress Shoes, $2.50, $2, $1.75, $1.50

CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom.

Fast color eyelets used; they will not wear brassy. Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 2, Brockton, Mass.

MARLIN



The Man Who Knows

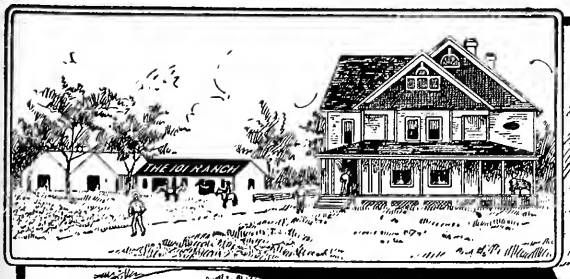
goes duck hunting with a MARLIN repeating shotgun. He finds MARLIN accuracy and MARLIN buoyancy and ease of handling of considerable help when they fly fast.

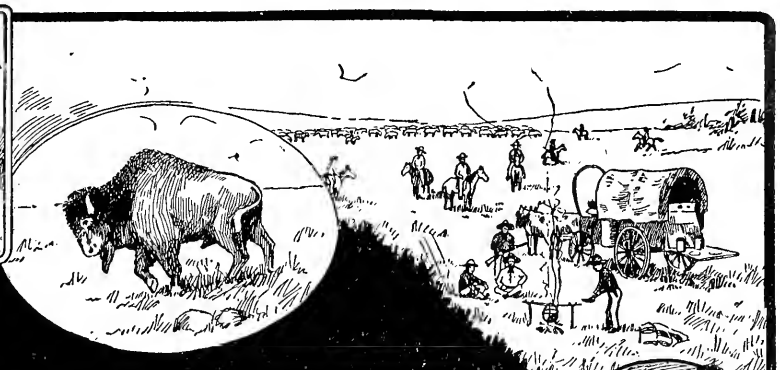
The unique MARLIN breech-bolt, that shuts out rain and water and keeps the shells dry, is another thing to consider, along with the solid top and side ejector.

The MARLIN 12-gauge is made for both black and smokeless powders, and to take heavy loads easily. It has ⅓ less parts than any other repeating gun and handles very fast. A famous gun for hard usage and all weathers.

There's a lot of invaluable gun information in our catalogue (300 illustrations). It's free for 3 stamps postage with our Experience Book, which tells many vivid tales of MARLIN prowess.

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.
No. 30 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.





PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT says

"the ideal place to spend a Summer Vacation is on a Western Ranch."

On THE 101 RANCH

one can lead the free and easy life of the western cowboy, gain 20 pounds in weight and go home with some color in one's cheeks.

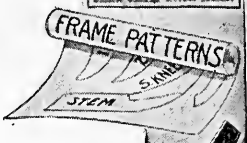
We will furnish you comfortable quarters, a private saddle horse and cowboy equipments, the fat of the land for the camp with experienced and reliable men to guide and entertain you. Riding, roping, fishing, swimming, polo games and all kinds of out door sports and cattle round-ups.

THE 101 RANCH is the largest farm and ranch in the United States, located in the garden spot of Oklahoma. Our herd of Buffalo is the finest in existence.

If interested send for our free Booklet "On 101 Ranch" giving full information. (Those ordering only through curiosity enclose 10c in stamps.)

MILLER BROTHERS, 101 RANCH,
BLISS OKLAHOMA.

BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT



By the BROOKS System

10,686 amateurs successfully built boats by the Brooks System last year. Fifty per cent. of them have built their second boat. Many have established themselves in the boat manufacturing business.

If you can drive a nail and cut out a piece of material from a full-sized pattern—you can build a **Canoe—Rowboat—Sailboat—Launch**—or **Yacht**—in your leisure time—at home, and the building will be a source of profit and pleasure.

Our big free catalog tells how you can build all styles of boats—all sizes. All you need is the patterns, costing from $2.50 to $25.00—and materials from $5.00 up—with ordinary household tools.

The Brooks System consists of **exact sized** printed **paper patterns** of every part of the boat—with **detailed instructions** and **working illustrations** showing each step of the work—an itemized **bill** of **material required** and how to secure it.

Our catalog shows our full line of knock-down and complete boats.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

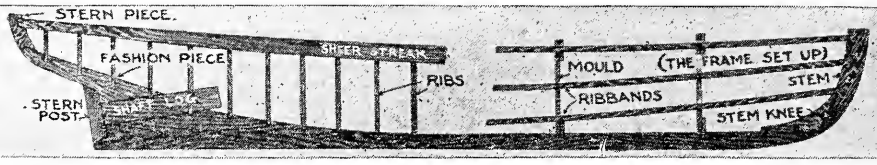
Be sure and send for the catalog to-day

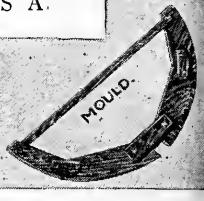
BOOKS WE PUBLISH

Useful information for the Amateur Yachtsman and Boat Builder. Price, 25 cents.
The Principle and Operation of Marine Gasoline Motors. Price, 25 cents.

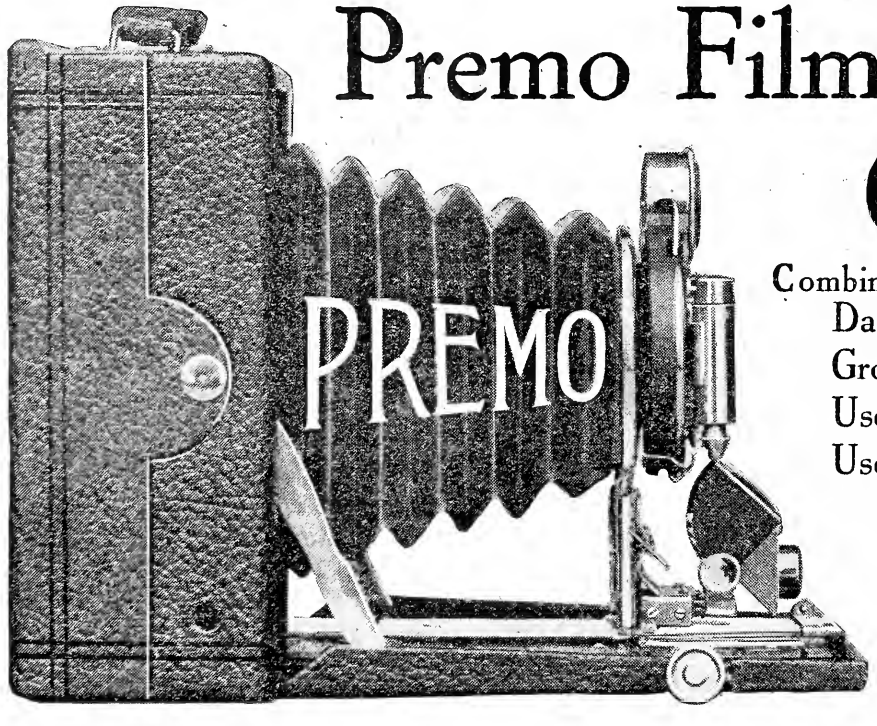
BROOKS BOAT MANUFACTURING CO.

(ORIGINATORS OF THE PATTERN SYSTEM OF BOAT BUILDING) **505** Ship St., Bay City, Mich., U S A.





Premo Filmplate Camera



Combines all the advantages of
Daylight Loading,
Ground Glass Focusing,
Use of Films,
Use of Plates,

Permits individual treatment of each.

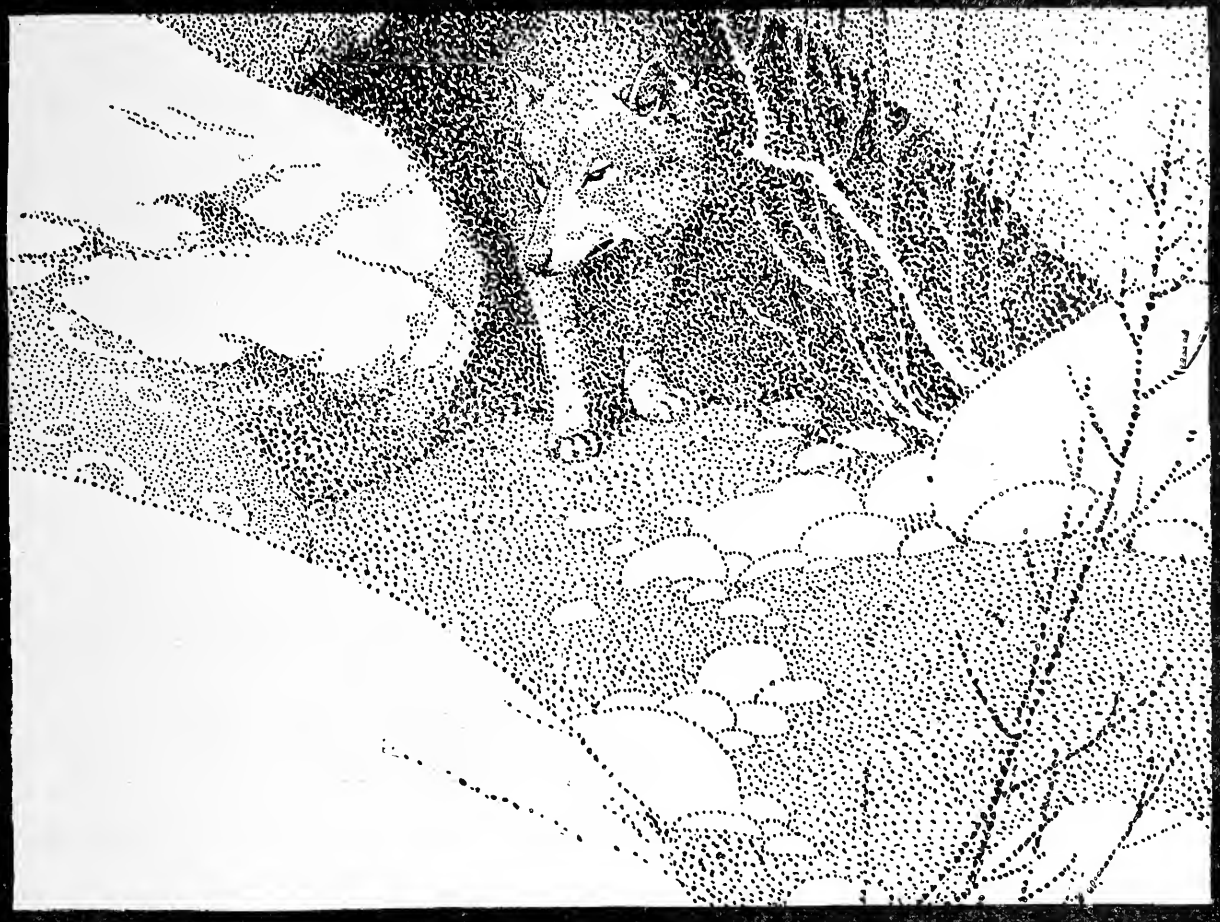
The Premo Filmplate is the latest, newest and most compact member of the Premo family.

Sizes: 3¼ x 4¼ ; 3¼ x 5½ ; 4 x 5. Ask your dealer or send to us for catalogue.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL COMPANY,

46 SOUTH STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WINCHESTER



.32 and .35 Caliber Self-Loading Rifles

The Winchester Model 1905 Self-Loading Rifle is not cumbersome, complicated and unsightly like most other self-loading firearms, but a simple, handsome, well-balanced gun. The Winchester self-loading system permits rapid shooting with great accuracy and on account of the novelty and ease of its operation adds much to the pleasure of rifle shooting either at target or game. For certain kinds of hunting where the quarry is generally shot on the run, the Winchester Self-Loading Rifle is particularly well adapted. The .32 and .35 caliber cartridges that the Model 1905 handles are of the modern smokeless powder type and give excellent penetration and great shocking effect on animal tissue.

FREE: Send name and address for large illustrated catalogue describing all our guns.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Asthma

HOW to get relief from attacks.
to obtain natural and refreshing sleep.
to regain vigorous health.
to be permanently Cured.

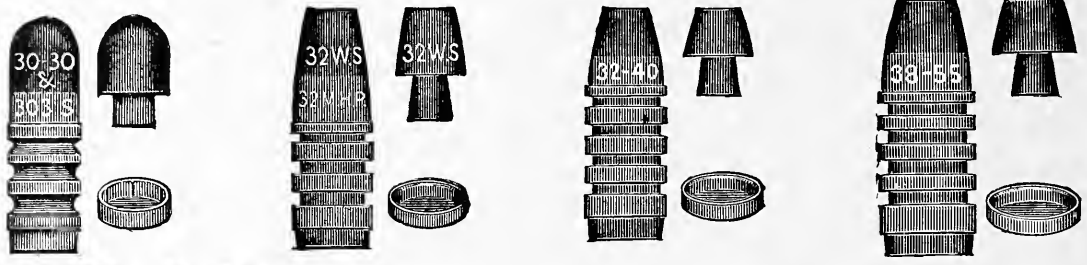
These are burning questions, but are fully answered by the cures made through our Constitutional Treatment.

The careful examination of every case, medicines prescribed to meet the needs of each individual patient and the close observation through weekly reports of every one under our care constitute the secret of our success.

Our Book R answers all.
It's FREE; a postal will bring it; write to-day

Address P. HAROLD HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.

No. 308291 **No. 321297** **No. 319295** **No. 375296**



HUNTERS can make their own **High Power** hard or soft point bullets, with two moulds, and keep some **Cash** in their pocket-books for powder, instead of spending it all for high-priced metal covered bullets that **wear out the barrels.** Send us the calibre of your rifle with three two-cent stamps for sample bullet and descriptive circular. **The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast.**
When you write please mention RECREATION.

IDEAL MANUFACTURING CO., 12 U Street, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE
KREMENTZ
COLLAR BUTTONS
USED THE WORLD OVER

by those who know where they get the most for their money. Made of one piece of metal. Easy to button and unbutton. Stay buttoned. ¶ They outwear any other button, the rolled plate never wears off like other plated buttons. ¶ Also made in Gold and Sterling. If damaged in any way, exchange it for new one. ¶ At all jewelers' and haberdashers'. ¶ Send for Story of Collar Button.

KREMENTZ & CO.
90 Chestnut Street
Newark, N. J.

Highest Awards at St. Louis World's Fair. Adopted by governments of United States, Canada and England. We supplied every U. S. Alaskan boundary survey in last 10 years. Hundreds of testimonials from government officials, navy commanders, army officers, prospectors, explorers and others; the best ever published. 15 models to select from. Catalogue free. Write to-day.

ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.

For Over 60 Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of Mothers for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with perfect success. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all pain, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind. **25 Cents a Bottle.**

An Old and Well-tried Remedy

SWIFT SAFE **DETROIT CANOES** STRONG DURABLE
"The kind you always thought would be built some day"
Write to-day for our Free Illust'd Catalog
We are the WORLDS LARGEST BUILDERS of canoes and launches
DETROIT BOAT CO. 1293 JEFFERSON AVE. DETROIT, MICH.

Dupont Smokeless

IS NO EXPERIMENT

But is the Finished Product of

Over 100 Years' Experience

in Powder Making

It is made in America by MEN WHO KNOW HOW

E. I. DuPONT COMPANY, Wilmington, Del.

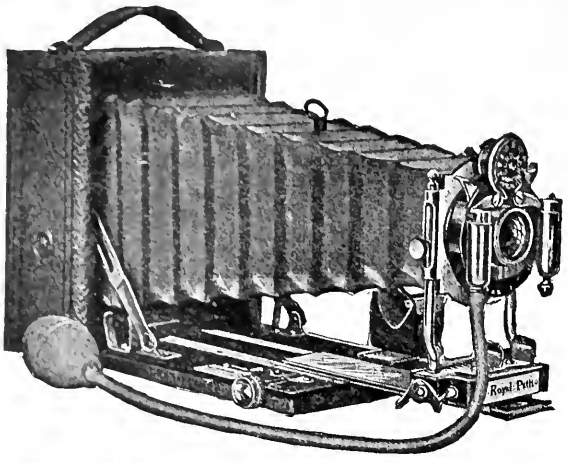
ITHACA GUNS

THIS illustration shows the double thick nitro breech and narrow skeleton rib of an ITHACA No. 7 $300 list gun. ¶ This feature, together with the reinforced frame, reinforced stock and double bolt, makes the ITHACA the strongest and safest gun for Nitro powder. ¶ We build everything from a featherweight 5¾ pound 20 gauge gun to a 10½ pound 10 guage duck, fox and goose gun. ¶ Send for Art Catalogue describing 17 grades 10, 12, 16 and 20 gauge guns ranging in price from $17.75 to $300.

ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.

Lock Box 3

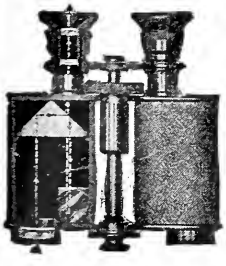
PACIFIC COAST BRANCH, 114 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA



Korona Cameras

are an irresistible combination of *good materials, fine workmanship and sound mechanical principles.* With a KORONA you get a high-grade *lens* of our own make and more satisfaction than we can anticipate.

The owner of a KORONA *never* wishes for some other kind of Camera. *Get a* KORONA catalogue to select from, order the KORONA of your choice, for a look at it and you will find, we think, that the catalogue description is inadequate.



The same is true of

Turner-Reich Prismatic Binoculars

You cannot realize what a poor affair the ordinary Field Glass is until you have tried a TURNER-REICH in comparison.

We sell direct from the factory, where not represented by an Anti-Trust dealer.

CATALOGUES AND TERMS SENT ON REQUEST.

Please mention whether you are interested in Cameras, Lenses, Binoculars or Microscopes. We make all these lines.

IT'S ALL IN THE LENS

Gundlach-Manhattan Optical Company
790 Clinton Ave., So., Rochester, N. Y.

TACKLE *the* TACKLE QUESTION

It is hard to find two fishermen who fish with the same tackle and use it exactly the same way. Every fisherman has his own way of doing things.

In selling tackle it counts a great deal to be a fisherman—it gives a clear understanding of other fishermen. You would have to search diligently outside of our tackle department to find three men whose range of fishing experience could do more to intelligently supply you with what you want—no matter where you choose to fish.

Touradif Rods are a product of our own experience and few men who ever get one in their hand are willing to fish with any other. However, our Catalogue R tells of many rods, of the finest English lines and of leaders, reels and novelties. We will be glad to have you ask for it.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
Complete Outfits for
Explorers, Campers, Prospectors and Hunters
57 Reade Street (One door from B'way), **New York**

Improved RADIUM
Cigar and Cigarette Lighter

This improved lighter is of latest style and improvement, and gives absolute satisfaction. Indispensible to every smoker and sportsman. Safer than matches, and can be exposed to any temperature. Ignites when exposed to air, and is practically indestructible. No manipulation, no adjusting. This European novelty is finished in high nickel plate, and can be carried in the vest pocket. Price, complete, postpaid, 40 cents. Agents and dealers wanted everywhere. Large discount to the trade.

WE ALSO MAKE

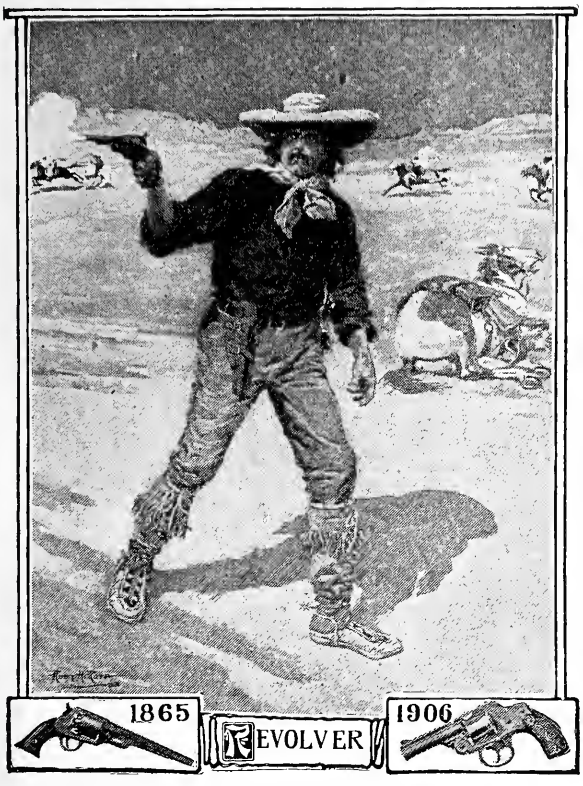
Sportsmen's Electric Flash Lights, - - $1.00
Reserve Battery, 20 cents.

Sportsmen's Electric Longlight, - - - $1.50
Reserve Battery, 25 cents.

These flash lights are made of the best batteries and Australian bulbs, covered with aligator skin.

Manufacturer's Importing Company
23 Duane Street, New York, N. Y.

SMITH & WESSON REVOLVERS



The Development of the SMITH & WESSON Revolver

"CAP AND BALL"

The Man With a "Cap and Ball"

in the early days of its general use, had everything his own way. Improvements gradually gave certain makes the advantage and today

The Man with a SMITH & WESSON

has an instantaneous defense that shoots further and surer than any other revolver. Every SMITH & WESSON is a tested assemblage of tested parts. The difference in price is small — in results it may mean your life or your death.

Military Models of 1902, 1905

are identical except in the shape of the handle, and both are provided with front cylinder lock. This front lock is used in connection with the regular locking pin and is operated by the same thumbpiece, making the most perfect locking mechanism ever used in this type of arm. The construction of this front lock is such that all wear is automatically overcome, and this feature, in connection with the hardened tool steel bushings in frame and cylinder, makes possible closer joints with less friction. The alignment of cylinder and barrel is also absolutely assured by this double locking. The wonderful accuracy of this model has made it the preferred revolver by every modern government.

ALL SMITH & WESSON Revolvers have this Monogram trade-mark stamped on the frame. None others are genuine.

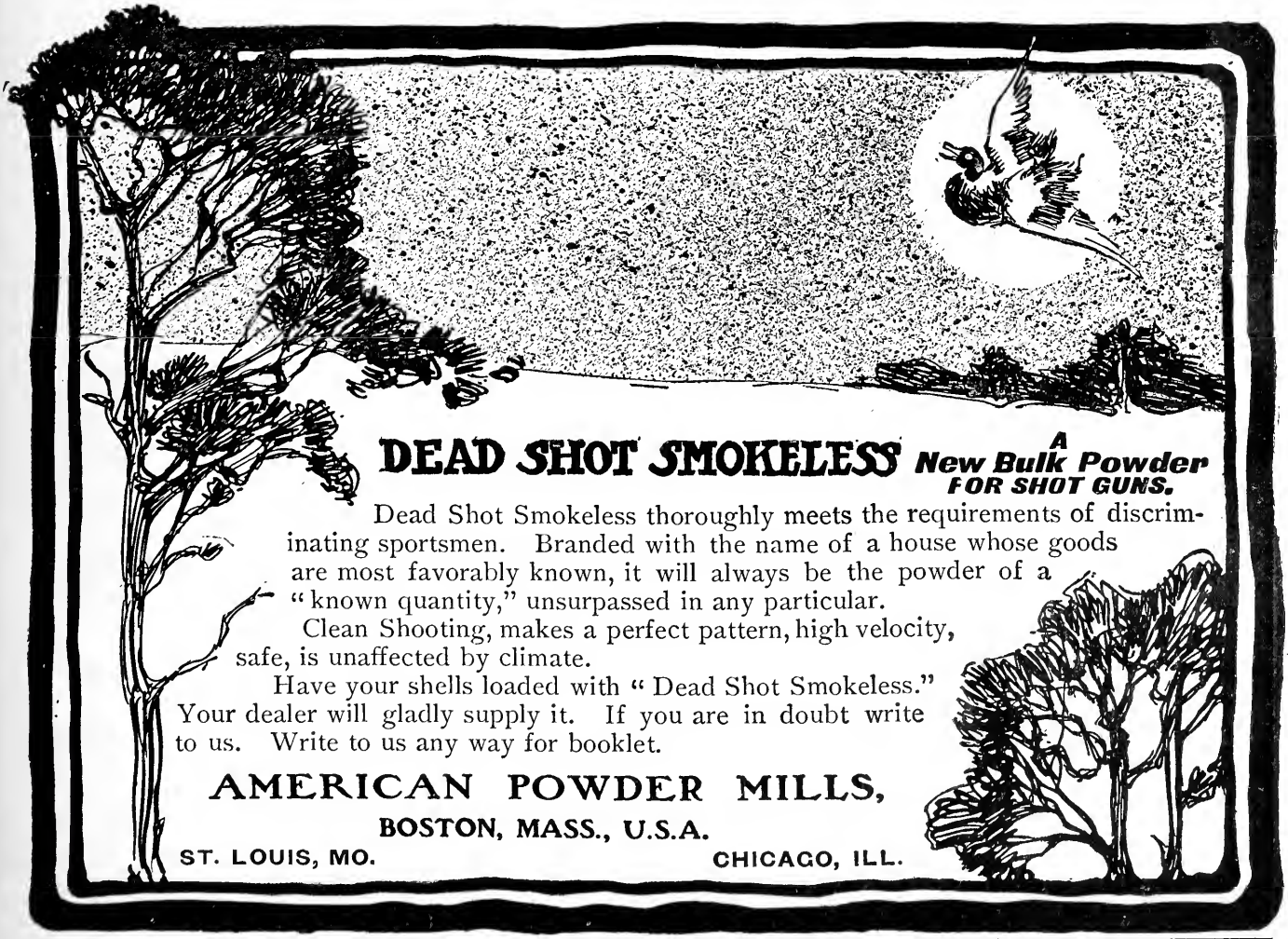
Our new booklet "The Revolver" illustrates and describes each model in detail and gives instructions for Target Shooting by an expert. The most interesting revolver catalogue published.

Free on request.

SMITH & WESSON

15 Stockbridge Street, - - Springfield, Mass.

Pacific Coast Branch: 114 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal



DEAD SHOT SMOKELESS

A New Bulk Powder FOR SHOT GUNS.

Dead Shot Smokeless thoroughly meets the requirements of discriminating sportsmen. Branded with the name of a house whose goods are most favorably known, it will always be the powder of a "known quantity," unsurpassed in any particular.

Clean Shooting, makes a perfect pattern, high velocity, safe, is unaffected by climate.

Have your shells loaded with "Dead Shot Smokeless." Your dealer will gladly supply it. If you are in doubt write to us. Write to us any way for booklet.

AMERICAN POWDER MILLS,

BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

ST. LOUIS, MO. **CHICAGO, ILL.**

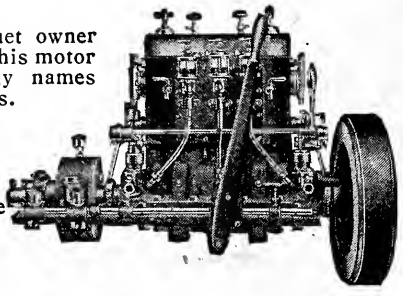
TOQUET

Marine Motor

2 H. P. to 100 H. P.

It is better to investigate the Toquet before you buy any motor—better to investigate now than be sorry after you have purchased another.

Ask a Toquet owner how he likes his motor —we'll supply names and addresses.



Catalogue sent on receipt of three 2c stamps.

THE TOQUET MOTOR CO.

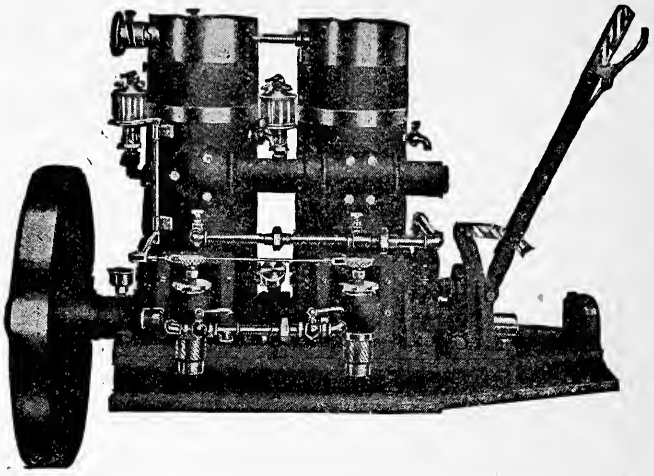
29 East Twenty-third Street, New York

Metropolitan Building

G. EDUARD SHAW, General Manager

A Fay & Bowen Engine

Took One First and One Second Prize in the Palm Beach Races in February



A reliable Two-Cycle Machine started without a crank.

Our unique Make-and-Break Sparker is admitted to be the best.

A FAY & BOWEN ENGINE came in first in the Chicago-Mackinaw Endurance Run last summer, running the 39 hours without a single stop.

Write for free catalogue of Motors and Fine Boats

Fay & Bowen Engine Company

74 LAKE STREET **GENEVA, N. Y.**

SYLMAR OLIVE OIL

DIRECT FROM THE RANCH IN CALIFORNIA

Sylmar Olive Oil was awarded the Grand Prize (highest award) at the St. Louis World's Fair, in competition with all other olive oils. It is the natural oil of olives, to which nothing has been added, nor anything taken away; guaranteed pure. It will keep longer than any other oil without turning rancid. We own the ranch, the trees and the mill. We produce this oil under the most favorable conditions from the finest ripe olives grown.

Sylmar Olive Oil retains all the rich, fruity flavor of ripe California olives and is most palatable. Sylmar Olive Oil is absolutely the finest article of its kind that can be produced, and can be purchased with the confidence that every bottle will stand the most rigid chemical analysis and be proven absolutely free from adulterants.

$3.00

EXPRESS PREPAID

Natural Oil of Olives Perfected from "Blossom to Bottle" on the Largest Olive Ranch in the World.

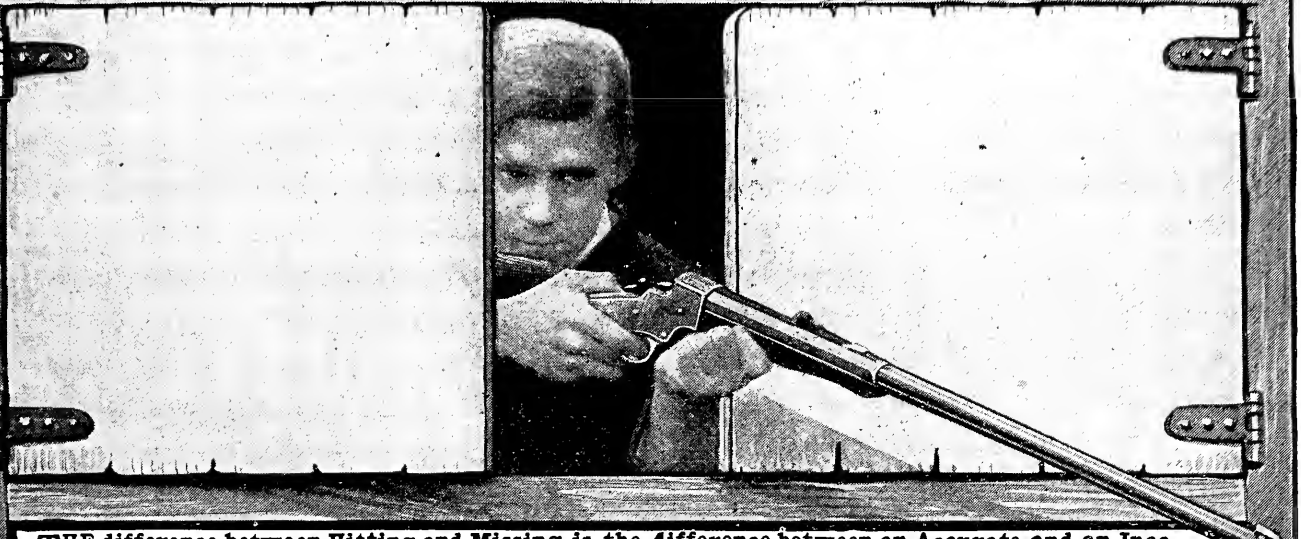
Send post-office or express money order for $3.00 for three quart-size bottles, and we will deliver them to you express prepaid. Use one bottle, if at the end of thirty days you are not delighted with its efficacy, your money will be refunded.

We publish a booklet containing physicians' directions for medicinal uses of olive oil, cooking receipts, Government recommendations, descriptions of our process and directions for detecting adulterants in olive oil. We will send this booklet and a sample bottle of the oil to any address for 10 cents postage.

Two tablespoonfuls of Sylmar Olive Oil contributes more nourishment than a pound of meat, because it is wholly assimilated without taxing the digestive organs. The body is a machine which must be lubricated in order to run smoothly and be vigorous. Eat natural olive oil freely and pay the doctor less.

Los Angeles Olive Growers' Ass'n, 327 Bradbury Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.

STEVENS



THE difference between Hitting and Missing is the difference between an Accurate and an Inaccurate Arm. Choose wisely—discriminate! Get a STEVENS! Forty years of experience is behind our *tried* and *proved* line of RIFLES, PISTOLS, SHOTGUNS.

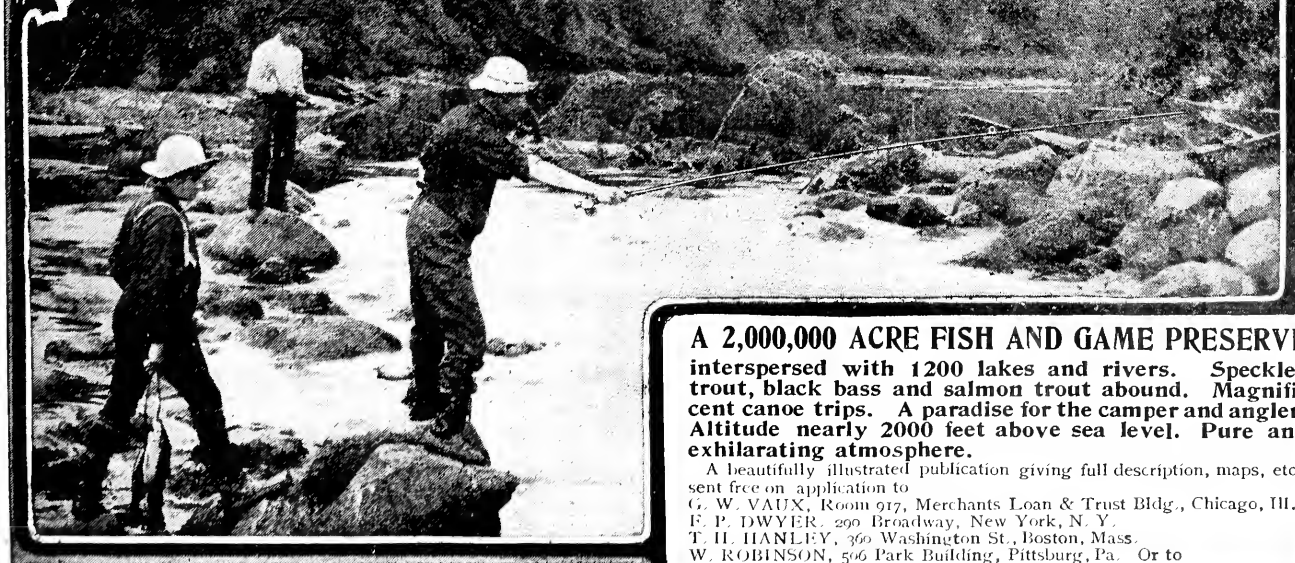
Ask your dealer. If you cannot obtain, we ship direct, express prepaid, on receipt of catalog price.

J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.
P. O. Box 444
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.

Send 4 cents in stamps for 140-page catalogue describing the entire STEVENS line.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK OF ONTARIO



A 2,000,000 ACRE FISH AND GAME PRESERVE

interspersed with 1200 lakes and rivers. Speckled trout, black bass and salmon trout abound. Magnificent canoe trips. A paradise for the camper and angler. Altitude nearly 2000 feet above sea level. Pure and exhilarating atmosphere.

A beautifully illustrated publication giving full description, maps, etc., sent free on application to

G. W. VAUX, Room 917, Merchants Loan & Trust Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
F. P. DWYER, 290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
T. H. HANLEY, 360 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
W. ROBINSON, 506 Park Building, Pittsburg, Pa. Or to

G. T. BELL, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent, Montreal

Marble's Jointed Rifle Rod

This is a rod that is ever hailed with delight by the riflemen accustomed to the ordinary "wobbly" joint, rickety affair, so utterly unlike this one's solid, unswerving rigidity.

As will be seen by the accompanying sectional cuts, when its three sections are screwed home, it is as solid as a one-piece rod. A long, neatly fitting, steel dowel enters the recess prepared for it in its solid brass section and imparts to the rod a special rigidity which the screw, thus relieved of all side strain upon it, backs up. It has two steel joints, steel swivel at its end and is fitted with handsome cocobola handle. Two detachable tips.

Any cleaner will fit.

Ask your dealer first.

Price, prepaid, $1.00

State calibre.

Send for 56-page catalogue "A"

MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO., Gladstone, Mich.

THEY'RE MADE TO MEASURE

Putman Boots.

Go on like a glove *and* fit all over.

For a Quarter of a Century Putman Boots have been the Standard among Western Hunters, Prospectors, Ranchmen and Engineers (who demand the best) and we have learned through our personal contact with them **how** to make a perfect boot. Putman Boots are in use in nearly every civilized country in the World. They are Genuine Hand Sewed, Water Proofed, Made to measure, Delivery charges prepaid, and cost no more than others. Send for catalogue of over **30 different styles** of boots, and self measurement blank. **Also Indian Tanned Moosehide Moccasins.**

Illustration shows **No. 200,** 14 inches high. Bellows Tongue, Uppers are Special Chrome Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on, making **the leather water Proof,** black or brown color. Made to measure and delivered for ...**$8.00**

H. J. PUTMAN & CO., 36 Hennepin Ave., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

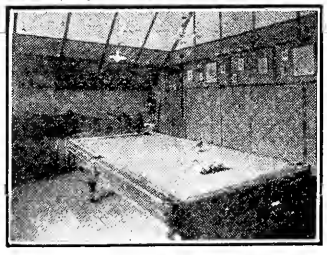
TENTS

Do not think of buying a tent until you have received our 50-page illustrated catalogue showing tents suitable for every purpose and quoting factory prices.

4 Room Family Compartment Tents, Wall Tents, Sportsmen's and Campers' Tents, Children's Play Tents.

In fact everything in the Tent line at right prices.

FOND DU LAC AWNING AND TENT CO.
Dept. 11, Fond Du Lac, Wis.



No More Lath and Plaster

Beaver Finished Wall Board

The Ideal Wall Lining for Country Homes, Camps and Bungalows

Has all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of lath and plaster. Cheaper, more sanitary, quicker applied, does not harbor moisture or dampness, takes any tint or color, and gives EXQUISITE ARTISTIC EFFECTS. Acts as sound deadener and insulator. Makes buildings warm in winter, cool in summer. Nails direct to the studding, completely replacing lath, plaster and wall paper. CUTS WITH SAW. NAILED ON. NO TEDIOUS WAITING FOR PLASTER COATS TO DRY. NEVER CRACKS OR SHRINKS.

Sample of Beaver Wall Board and Beautiful Illustrated Book Free.

The Beaver Mfg. Co. Desk F Buffalo, N. Y.

NERVOUSNESS

Exhausted or Debilitated Nerve Force from any Cause

Cured by WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA

(Dr. J. F. CHURCHILL'S Formula) **and WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL**

They contain no Mercury, Iron, Cantharides, Morphia. Strychnia, Opium, Alcohol, etc.

The Specific Pill is purely vegetable, has been tested and prescribed by physicians, and has proven to be the best, safest and most effective treatment known to medical science for restoring Vitality, no matter how originally impaired, as it reaches the root of the ailment. Our remedies are the best of their kind, and contain only the best and purest ingredients that money can buy and science produce; therefore we cannot offer free samples.

Price ONE DOLLAR per Box by Sealed Mail.

No Humbug, C. O. D., or Treatment Scheme

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Dear Sirs: I have used a bottle of your Hypophosphites of Manganese for liver and kidney complaints in my own person and received much benefit so I will enclose five dollars and will ask you to send me as much as you can by express prepaid for that amount, until we can get it through the regular channels. I am confident it is just what I have been in search of for many years. I am prescribing your Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and am pleased with the preparation. Yours sincerely, Dr. T. J. WEST.

I know of no remedy in the whole Materia Medica equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility.—ADOLPH BEHRE, M.D., Professor of Organic Chemistry and Physiology, New York;

Send for free treatise securely sealed.

Winchester & Co., Chemists, 717 Beckman Bldg., N. Y.

Established 1858

HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE

FINEST PRODUCT OF THE STILL—THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

BARTENDER cocktail or CLUB cocktail—what's the difference?

All the difference between haste and care—between guess and measure.

CLUB COCKTAILS are made to measure from the finest liquors and *aged* to connoisseurs' taste.

Insist on CLUB.

Just strain through cracked ice and serve.

Seven varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York—each one delicious—of all good dealers. : : : : :

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors

Hartford New York London

"Bristol" TRADE MARK

We originated the **Steel Fishing Rod,** which always has been and always will be the best all-around Rod for the novice on account of its durability—for the expert angler who appreciates perfect "hang" and delicate action.

Be sure to get a genuine

"Bristol"

Rod as there are cheap imitations on the market. Look for our name and address stamped on the reel seat of the handle—take no other.

Send for beautiful Catalogue showing Rods for all fishing and our Combination Reel and Handle, which is an excellent feature.

The Horton Manufacturing Co.

21 Horton Street

Bristol, Conn.

ESTABLISHED 1901

1906 "Batavia" 1906

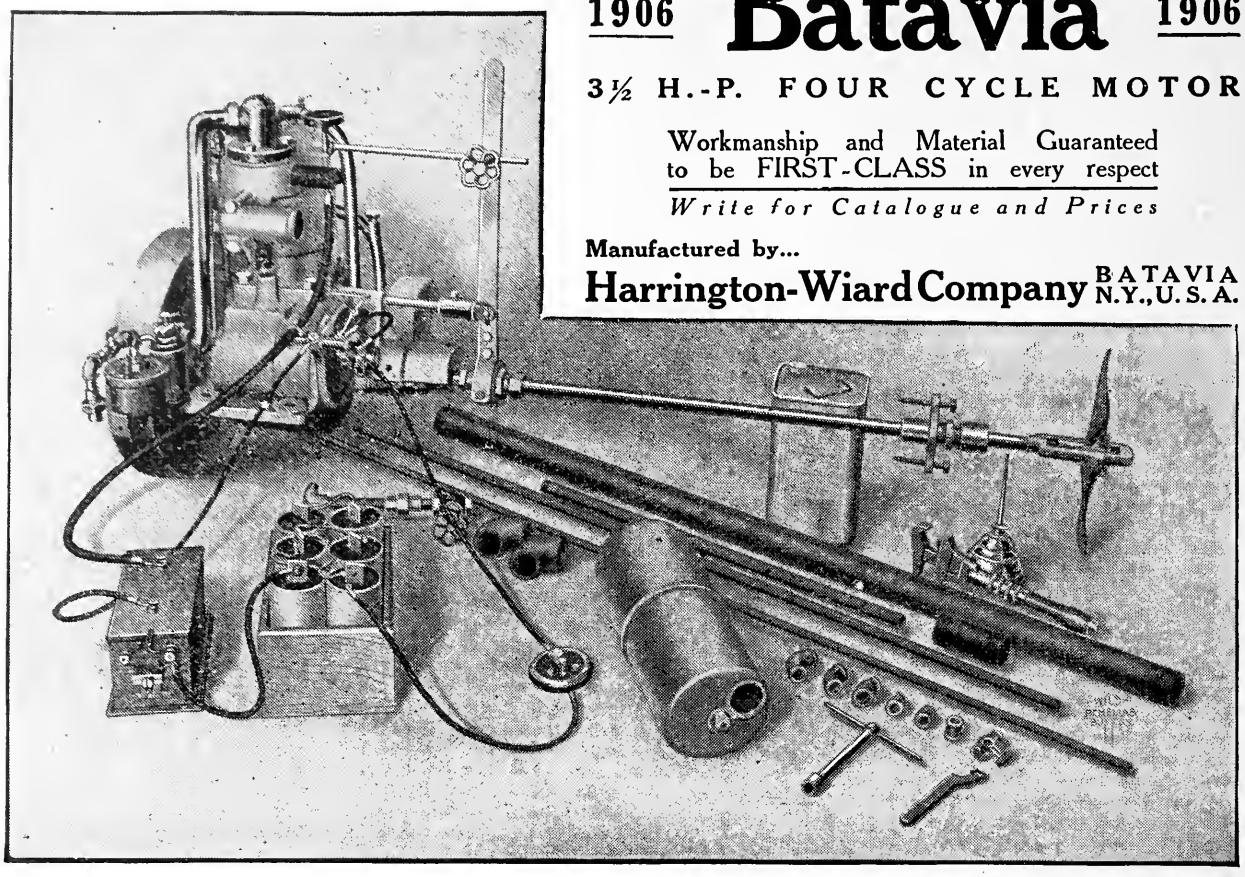
3½ H.-P. FOUR CYCLE MOTOR

Workmanship and Material Guaranteed
to be FIRST-CLASS in every respect

Write for Catalogue and Prices

Manufactured by...

Harrington-Wiard Company BATAVIA N.Y., U.S.A.



DON'T GO BLIND

In selecting a Gun insist upon
your dealer showing you a

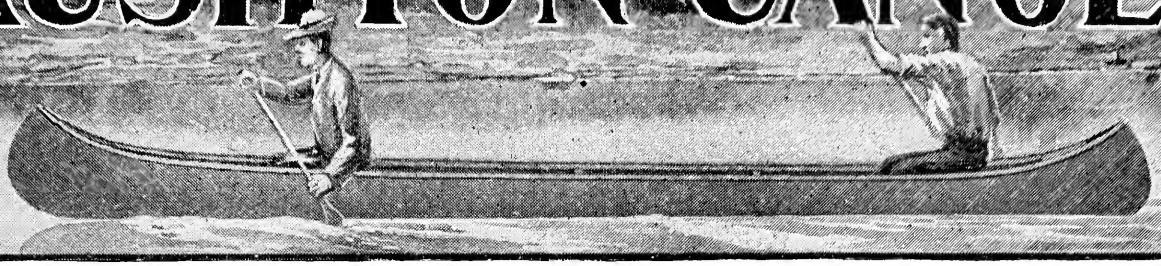
SAUER GUN

If he can't do it, write us

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES

302 and 304 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

RUSHTON CANOES



The Result of Care and Skill.

Canoe building is an art not to be learned in a day, a week or a year. The advice to "build your own canoe" can only bring disappointment to the man who follows it.

It has taken me 31 years of constant thought and experimenting to produce the canoes on which I now rest my reputation. My reward has come in the appreciation my product has gained from expert canoeists everywhere. They realize that the steadiness, lightness, strength, durability, graceful lines and other points of Rushton construction are the result—not of accident—but of superior materials and practical skill.

My **"Indian Girl"** model promises to be as much a favorite this season as last. It is built of Northern White Cedar, and covered with a specially prepared canvas, and is light, staunch and beautiful. Lengths: 15, 16, 17 and 18 feet. Weight: 56 to 80 lbs. Net price, $32 to $44, f. o. b. cars at Canton, N. Y.

My illustrated catalogue of row boats, all-cedar and canvas-covered canoes, sailing and cruising canoes, paddles, oars, sails, fittings, etc., sent free to any address. Write for it to-day.

J. H. RUSHTON, 817 Water Street, Canton, New York

Hunters
Campers
Prospectors

should protect themselves with a perfect weapon; one that is built for use where gunsmiths are scarce. THE

COLT New Service

is the most powerful revolver ever produced (made in all the large calibres) and has been adopted by many Governments and Mounted Police. ¶ It has the COLT grip and COLT solid frame.

For Over Fifty Years the Standard of the Firearms World—COLT

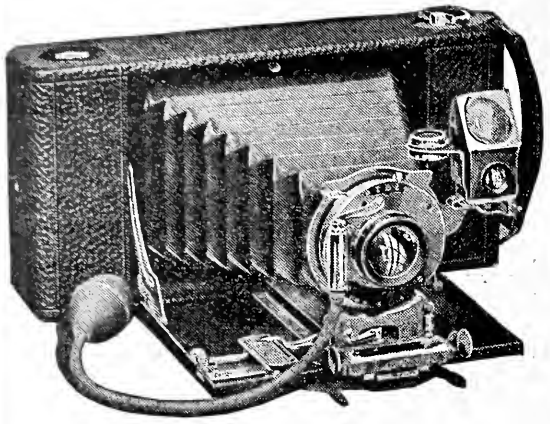
Our Catalogue "Positive" describes this and other Colt models

COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MANUFACTURING COMPANY

HARTFORD, CONN.

LONDON OFFICE: 15a PALL MALL, LONDON, S. W.

Efficiency and convenience mark our new 3¼x5½ camera



3 B Folding HAWK-EYE

Opens horizontally—the way most pictures are made. A superb lens. An accurate shutter. Every desirable adjustment. Loads in daylight with Blair or Eastman N. C. Film Cartridges.

Price, $20.00.

Fitted with B. & L. Automatic Shutter, $27.50.

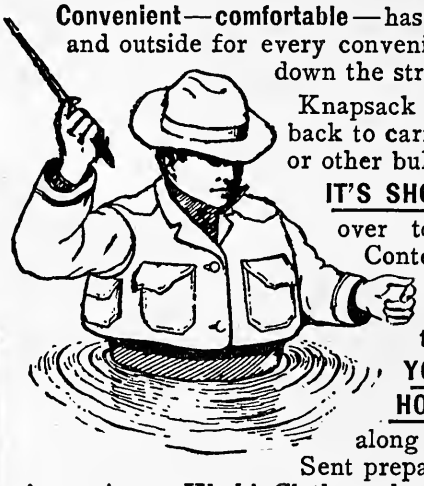
1906 catalogue now ready.
Free at the dealers or by mail.

BLAIR CAMERA CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

JARVIS FISHING COAT

For Wear With Waders

Convenient—comfortable—has pockets inside and outside for every convenience for a trip down the stream.



Knapsack pocket on the back to carry lunch, shoes or other bulky articles.

IT'S SHORT—just laps over top of waders.

Contents of pockets can't get wet unless you have to swim.

YOU'LL WONDER HOW you ever got along without one.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Army Khaki Cloth each **$3.50.** Heavy Tan Duck each **$3.00.**

Order One Today.

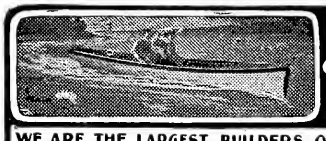
JARVIS BAIT HOOK

for use with live salted or pickeled minnows, for trolling, casting or still fishing. Holds minnow in natural position; it can't double up in a lump as with other hooks. Just naturally tempts the fish; then hooks him. Best catcher ever devised. Per dozen **$1.00.**
Send 10c for sample and complete information or ask your dealer.

W. B. JARVIS CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.
30 Canal Street.

WANTED YOUNG MEN

Passenger Brakemen, Firemen, Electric Motormen, Conductors, Porters. Experience unnecessary. Positions open in every State. **DEPT. H, INTER RAILWAY INST., Indianapolis, Ind.**



16 FOOT LAUNCH COMPLETE WITH ENGINE $96

WE ARE THE LARGEST BUILDERS OF BOATS & LAUNCHES IN THE WORLD
SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG
ALL BOATS FITTED WITH WATER TIGHT COMPARTMENTS CAN NOT SINK.
WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF BOATS READY TO SHIP.
MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO. 1395 JEFFERSON AVE DETROIT MICH

No. 602 "NAPANOCH" Pocket Knife Tool Kit

Most Useful **Warranted** **Made in America**

With more or less frequency almost everyone has use for a Knife, Reamer, File, Saw, Chisel or Screw Driver, and this outfit is practical, yet so small, being contained in a Leather Pocket Book 4¼x3¼ inches, that the owner, by carrying it in his pocket, always has it at hand for immediate use, whether Camping, Boating, Teaming, Driving, in the Shop, Factory, Office, Store, Warehouse, Automobile, on the Farm, Bicycle, or around the Home.

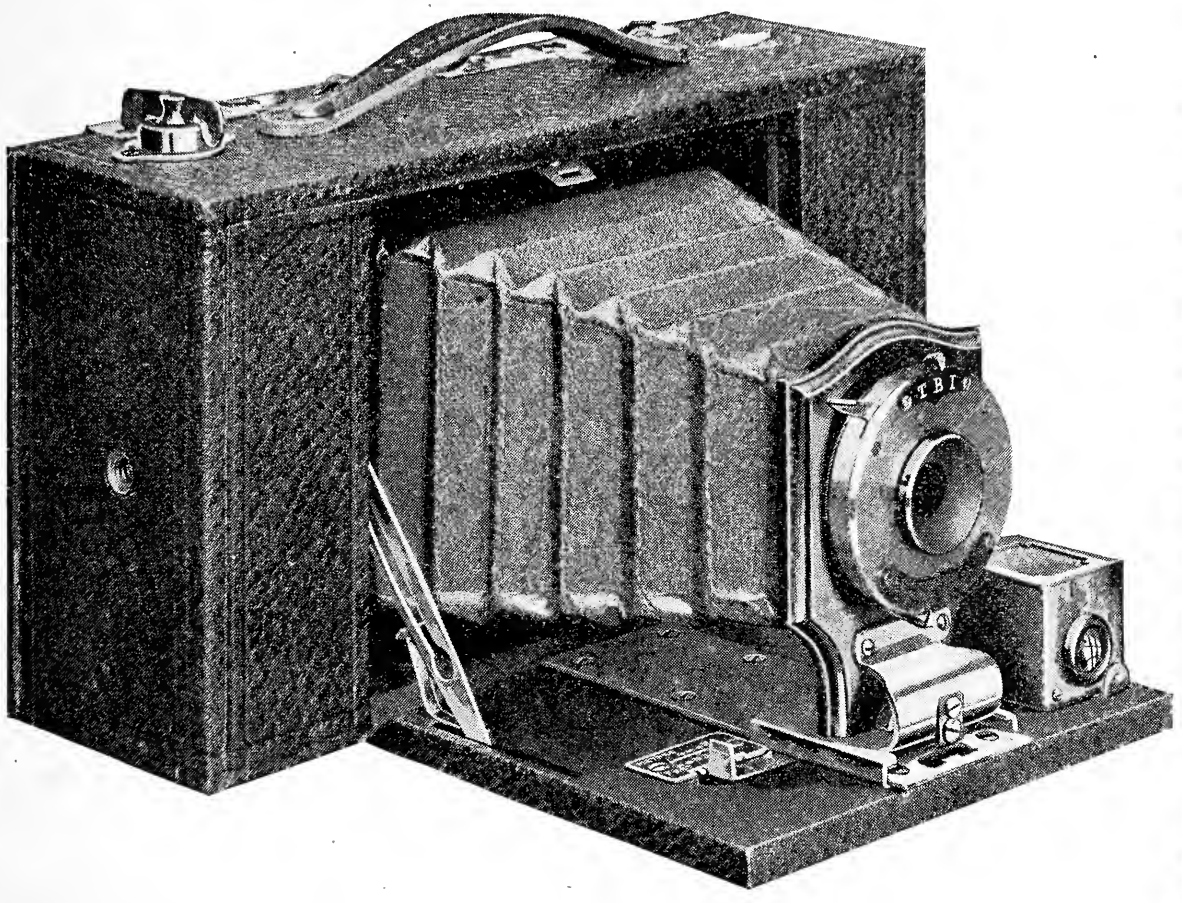
Any Tool firmly attached or detached to the Pocket Knife in a second.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price, $2.25.

Use it five days and if not satisfactory return it and I will refund your money.

U. J. ULERY CO.
F7 Warren St. New York, N. Y.

"It works like a Kodak."



The New No. 3
Folding Brownie

PICTURES, 3¼ x 4¼ INCHES.

Price, $9.00.

Daylight all the way—loading, unloading, developing and printing all without a dark-room.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Calalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

IF YOU HAD TO STAND ON YOUR HEAD TO SHOOT, YOU WOULDN'T BRING HOME MUCH GAME

For the same reason you can hunt photographically, to better advantage, by having an

Auto Graflex Camera

The Ideal Outfit for High-Speed Work.

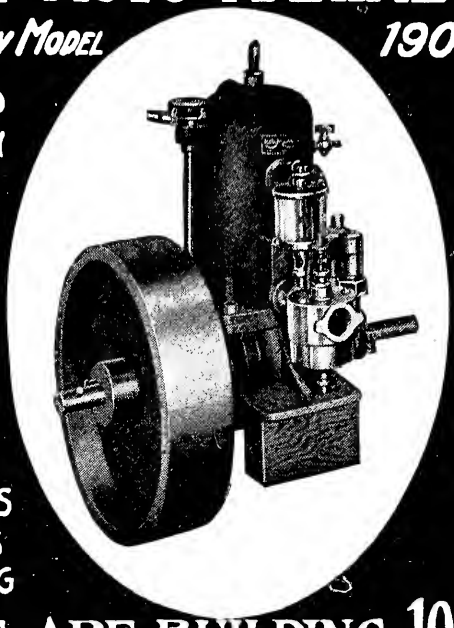
A Graflex shows **the full-size picture** at the very instant of exposure, and **RIGHT SIDE UP**—not inverted. No little finder or focusing scale necessary. All guess work eliminated. Ask your dealer for new Catalogue, or write

Folmer & Schwing Co., Rochester, N. Y.

CONVERT YOUR ROWBOAT INTO A SPEED LAUNCH
DETROIT AUTO-MARINE MOTOR

New Model 1906

3 HORSE POWER **3 HORSE POWER**



$44.00 ENGINE ONLY

$44.00 ENGINE ONLY

NO VALVES NO SPRINGS
NO GEARS NO CAMS
NOTHING TO GO WRONG

EASY TO BUY
EASY TO INSTALL
EASY TO OPERATE

WE ARE BUILDING 10,000 AUTO-MARINE GASOLINE ENGINES THIS YEAR

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE 1-TO 20 H-P

DETROIT AUTO-MARINE CO. 77-E CONGRESS ST., DETROIT, MICH.

Duxbak
TRADE MARK

Sportsmen's Clothing

Sheds Water like a Duck's Back

Combines the advantage of perfect tailoring with protection against rain. Water-proofed by a patent process, permitting thorough ventilation, yet rain does not penetrate in any ordinary storm. Soft and pliable; sightly and durable; no rubber or paraffine. Fit, finish and waterproof qualities guaranteed.

Coat lined throughout the entire body with same rain-proof material as outside. Patent bellows under arms give extra ventilation and freedom of movement with paddle, rod or gun. Pockets for everything.

Trousers reinforced front and large double seat.

Give loose breast measure over garments to be worn with coat. Waist and leg measure for trousers.

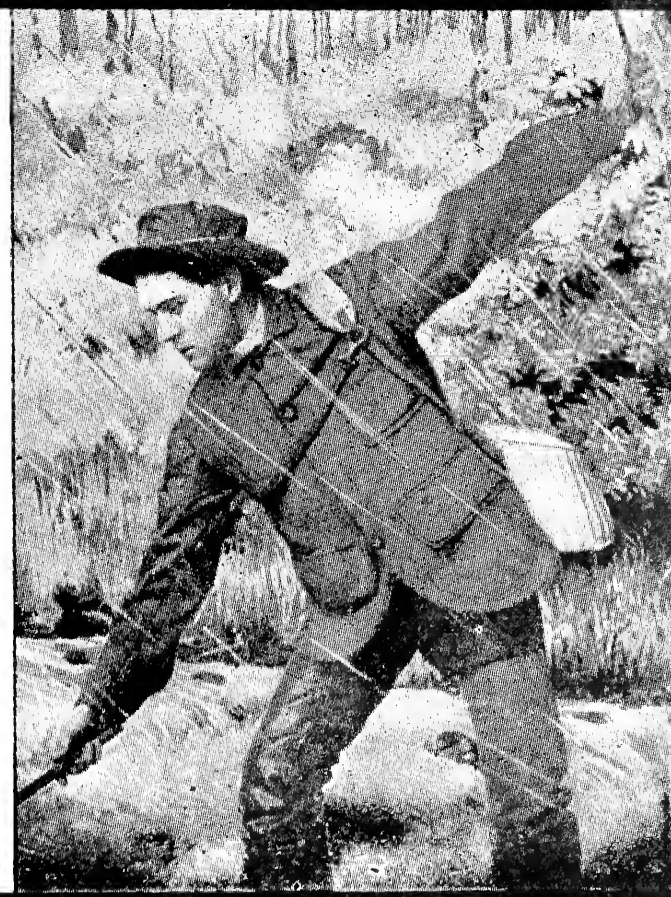
Made in two colors, light tan and dead grass green.

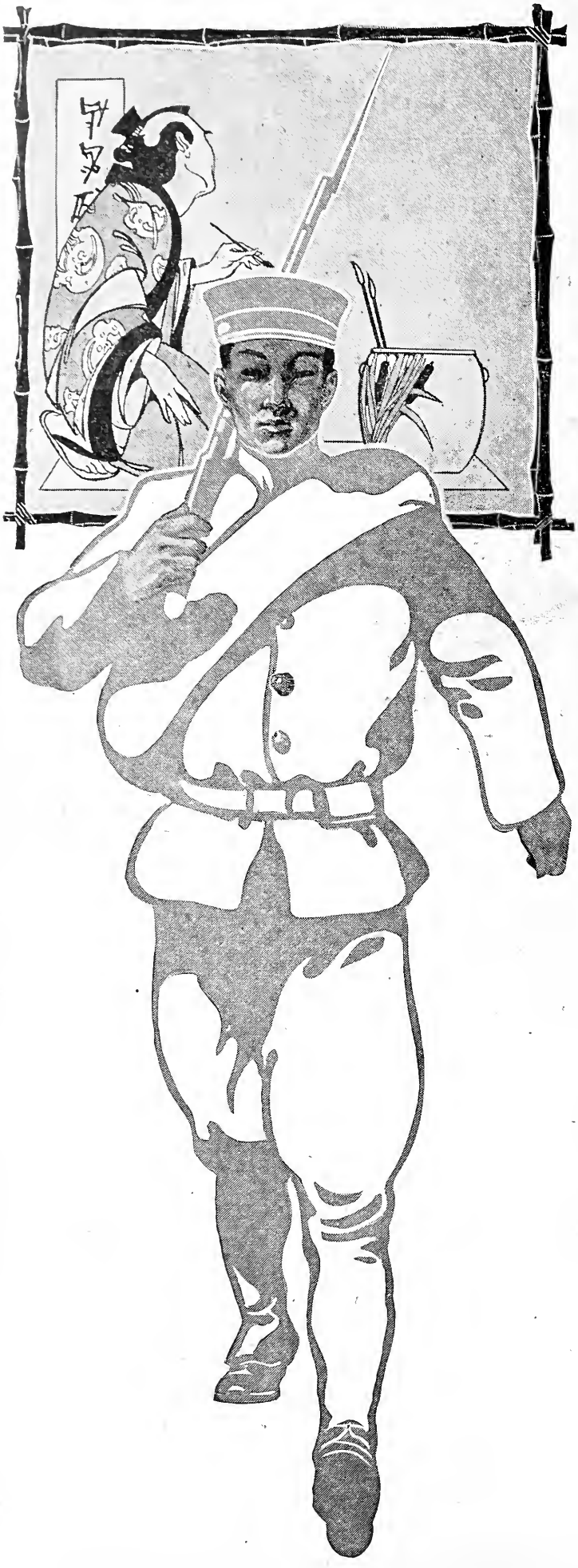
Coat, $5; trousers, $3; hat, $1. Express prepaid.

FOR LADIES' WEAR

Neatly tailored coat and skirt. Gives absolute protection on any outing trip. Suitable for gunning, fishing, tramping, boating climbing. Coat, $5.00; skirt, $4.00. Express prepaid. Booklet, with samples of material and directions for self-measurement sent free. **Special discount to dealers.**

BIRD, JONES & KENYON,
1 Blandina St., Utica, N. Y.





The Plucky Little Jap

illustrates the triumph of cereal foods in the building of a sturdy and industrious race. The Jap lives on cereals and dried fish. His "army biscuit" is one-fourth rice and three-fourths wheat.

In the making of history Wheat has always triumphed over Meat.

But when you eat a wheat food be sure you are getting the whole wheat in digestible form. That's

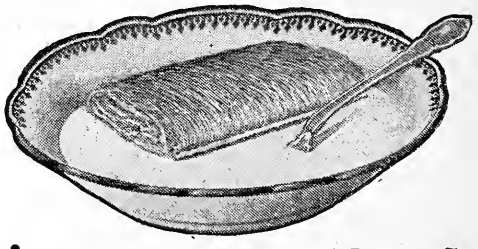
Shredded Wheat Biscuit

a builder of brawn and brain—keeps the stomach sweet and clean and the bowels healthy and active.

Join the "Pure Food Movement" by eating Shredded Wheat, the cleanest, purest, most nutritious cereal food made in the world.

Shredded Wheat is made in two forms, BISCUIT and TRISCUIT. The BISCUIT is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fruit or vegetables. TRISCUIT is the shredded whole wheat cracker, crisp, nourishing and appetizing. Delicious as a toast with beverages or with cheese or preserves.

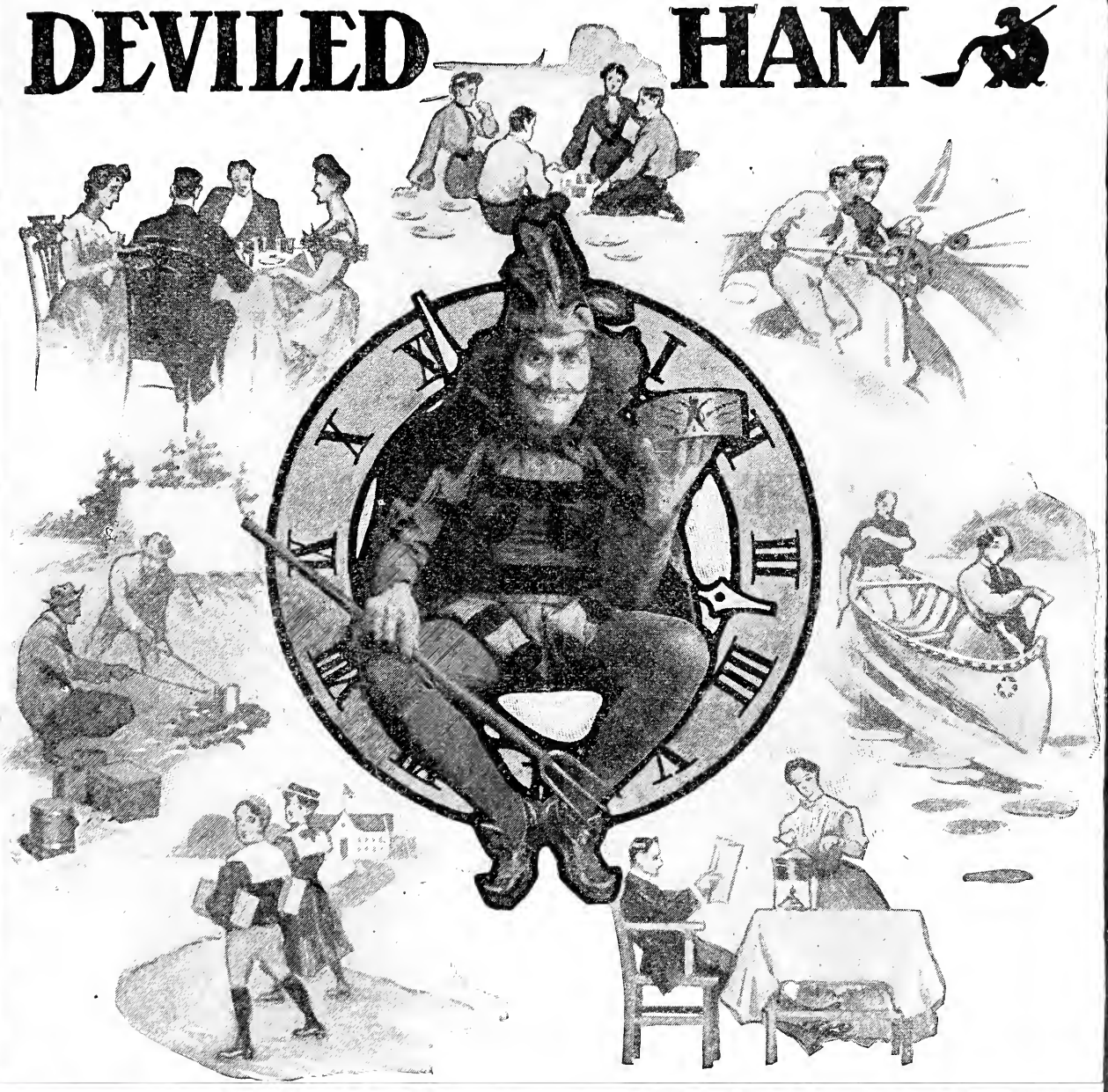
The "Vital Question Cook Book"
is sent free for the asking.



"It's All in the Shreds"

THE NATURAL FOOD CO., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

UNDERWOOD'S ORIGINAL DEVILED HAM



"BRANDED WITH THE DEVIL, BUT FIT FOR THE GODS."

NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD.

Underwood's Original Deviled Ham makes sandwiches that fairly melt in your mouth, and is delicious as a relish to fish and game cooked over the camp fire. Made only of the finest sugar cured ham and the choicest of spices: — always the same. If you want pure deviled ham, call for Underwood's, and look on the can for the little red devil.

Some kinds of so called Deviled Ham retail for 10 cents per ½ lb. can — Underwood's sells for more than twice as much.

Try it and **you** will see **why!**

No sham in Underwood's, but **All Ham.** — That's the reason.

Avoid imitations: buy the Genuine Original Red Devil Brand, for sale by all first-class grocers. If your grocer does not keep it, send his name and 15 cents and we will send you a ¼ lb. can.

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD CO., Boston, Mass.

In the Field

with an

L. C. Smith

insures the hunter good sport for he can place absolute confidence in his GUN.

¶ After years of study and experience, by the use of the highest grade machinery, skilled mechanics, and not allowing quality to be governed by cost, we are able to offer a product that for quality, finish and workmanship cannot be duplicated either in America or abroad for the same price.

¶ Each important stage in the manufacture of an L. C. SMITH gun is personally inspected by a member of the firm.

¶ The L. C. SMITH with the HUNTER ONE TRIGGER is the gun for you---the gun for every up-to-date sportsman. Write for catalogue.

Hunter Arms Company

FULTON, N. Y.

ALL THE FAMOUS

Trout Streams

OF

Northern Michigan

and the many lakes, accurate descriptions, how to reach them, hotel accommodations, guides, etc., contained in

"WHERE TO GO FISHING"

an illustrated booklet every fisherman should have. Issued by the

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA RY.

Grand Rapids & Indiana Ry. The Fishing Line

ADDRESS

C. L. Lockwood

General Passenger Agent

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Send 3c. in stamps for 1906 issue of "MICHIGAN IN SUMMER," containing a host of photographs of Northern Michigan Summer Resorts.

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

Welcome & Refreshing

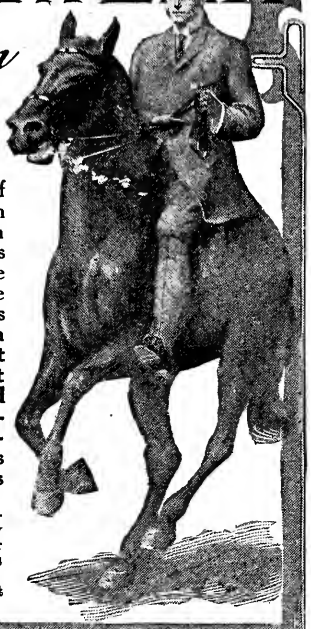
as the first flowers of Spring is the soothing touch of MENNEN'S. Gives immediate and positive relief from PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, SUNBURN, and all skin troubles. Mennen's face on every box, see that you get the genuine. For sale everywhere, or by mail 25c. Sample free.

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N.J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) *Talcum.*

COOPER'S SPRING NEEDLE UNDERWEAR

Appeals to Men of fine Habits in Dress



Made of a Spring Needle fabric of remarkable elasticity, knitted on machines of our own invention and manufacture. The garments made from this fabric are of the finest yarns and their hygienic value is unsurpassed. They always retain their original shape, even after the hardest wear. **From first to last they maintain that same elegant, silky feel and easy, comfortable and natural fit.** They are made in two-piece and union suits, in the various sizes, weights and colors.

COOPER'S TRADE MARK DERBY RIBBED REGISTERED UNDERWEAR

Ask for the genuine Cooper's Derby Ribbed Underwear and look for this trade-mark. Handsome Booklet on Request.

COOPER MFG CO. BENNINGTON, VT.

$1.50 For the Children: Wigwam, 4 ft. high, 5 ft. in diameter, made of heavy sheeting and decorated in genuine Indian design; suitable for the yard and lawn. **Just the thing for the children—healthy, outdoor amusement!**

Genuine Indian— Wigwam

Supported by a tripod—no center pole—**all clear space inside**—put up and taken down **in a few SECONDS**—clapped together and carried about by any boy.

Here is a bargain

Wigwam 7½ feet high, 7½ wide; heavy, durable white drill. **$4.00.** Same, 8 oz. duck or standard colored drill for only

$5.00

Money cheerfully refunded if goods are not satisfactory.

Going to Camp?—

We can fit you out. We manufacture Campers' Supplies

We make tents from $1.50 to $1,500.00 and everything else that can be made of canvas or canvas and leather and will sell direct from our factory **at special prices.** Tents, camping outfits, boat cushions, sail cloths, gunners' coats, horse covers, mail bags, etc., etc. Send today for free catalog on camping supplies, free circulars on tents, and special booklet on wigwams.

Address Canvas Goods Department.

H. Channon Company.

28 Market Street, Desk 10E Chicago.

The H. Channon Co. supplies thousands and thousands of tents to the United States Government, large contractors antind ors. We know of no larger manufacturers of canvas gootehds he United States than the H. Channon Company. They also make all kinds of machinery and other supplies for manufacturers.

SAVE 208 SHAVES

$20.80 a year. Also save the razor, your face, time and temper by using "3 in One" on the blade.

3 in One

keeps the blade keen and clean, by preventing surface rusting which is caused by moisture from the lather. Write for free sample and special "razor saver" circular. Why not know the truth? **G. W. COLE COMPANY, 122 Washington Life Bldg., New York City.**

Just $94.50 for this complete launch. This is not a small rowboat with an engine, but a full sized modern power boat. We are the largest manufacturers of power boats, canoes and dinghy's in the world. Write to-day for catalog.

Just $94.50

DETROIT BOAT CO. 1300 JEFFERSON AVE. DETROIT, MICH. MEMBERS NAT'L ASSN. BOAT & ENG. MFRS

Why Pay Double?

Our Combination Rods make perfectly balanced fly rods and correct five-foot bait casting rods. Our Reel is ready for both bait and fly casting. Each Reel. The only one on the market. Most beautiful tackle catalog ever issued—Free.

Redifor Rod & Reel Co., Warren, Ohio.

ATLANTIC

POWER BOATS FOR ALL WATERS

ATLANTIC FAMILY DORIES; safe, staunch, seaworthy, roomy and comfortable.

ATLANTIC SPORTING MOTOR DORY SKIFF; for fishing and inshore cruising; strong, fast, reliable boats for small parties.

ATLANTIC SPEED BOATS; staunch, correct style, swift and manageable; 21 and 23 feet.

ATLANTIC BOATS FOR BOYS; safe, speedy, controllable, dependable.

ATLANTIC BOATS are Genuine Pleasure Boats

Write for Free Catalog 16

THE ATLANTIC CO., Amesbury, Mass.

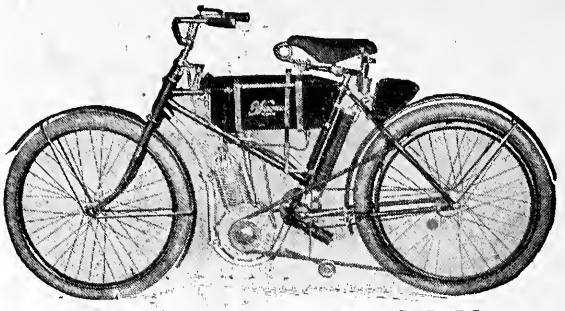
Boston Office and Salesroom, 59 Haverhill St.

GRAND IMPERIAL SEC CHAMPAGNE

A most delicate and finely flavored Champagne, comparing favorably with the best imported wines.

GOLD MEDAL
WHEREVER EXHIBITED

GERMANIA WINE CELLARS
HAMMONDSPORT
NEW YORK



The "WAGNER" Model No. 6

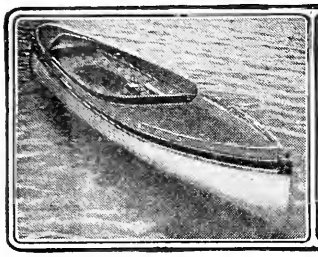
The Standard of Motorcycle Perfection. For Business—For Pleasure. A Practical Machine for Every Practical Purpose. Write for Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue and Special Introductory Offer.

Wagner Motorcycle Co., 326 St. Peter St., St. Paul, Minn.
GEO. V. LYONS, York State Agent, 1900 Broadway, N. Y. City

Have you a Dog?

We will send, if you mention its breed, **Polk Miller's Great Book on Dogs;** How to Take Care of Them; **Sen. Vest's Eloquent Tribute to a Dog,** and **A Yellow Dog's Love for a Nigger** (the famous poem) all for 10c, just to advertise **Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies.** Address,

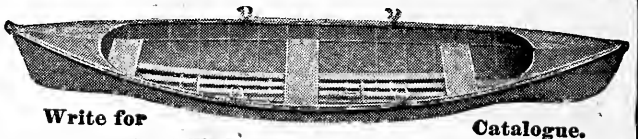
POLK MILLER DRUG CO.
863 Main St., Richmond, Va.



Mullins Steel Boats

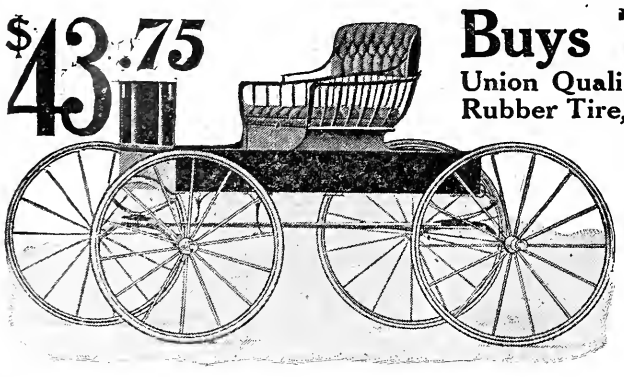
Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats

built of steel with air chambers in each end like a life boat. Faster, more buoyant, practically indestructible, don't leak, dry out and are absolutely safe. **They can't sink.** No calking, no bailing, no trouble. Every boat is guaranteed. Highly endorsed by sportsmen. The ideal boat for pleasure, summer resorts, parks, etc.



Write for Catalogue.

The W. H. Mullins Company, 320 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio



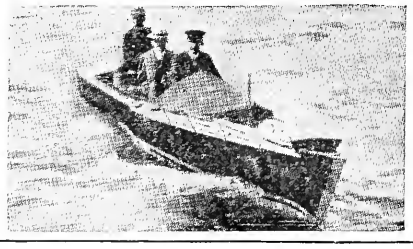
$43.75 Buys This Rubber Tire Wagon

Union Quality. Fully Guaranteed. Best hickory wheels, ¾ in. **Rubber Tire,** long distance, dust proof, high arched axles; oil tempered springs. First quality material and finish. Worth nearly double our **Factory Price.** We ship for your examination, without a cent in advance, if desired, and allow

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Money refunded on all purchases not satisfactory. **You save dealers' profits.** We build 150 styles of Vehicles, from $26.50 to $150.00. 50 styles Harness, $5.00 to $60.00. Write to-day for our 200 page **Illustrated Style Book. Free** for the asking.

UNION BUGGY CO., 19 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

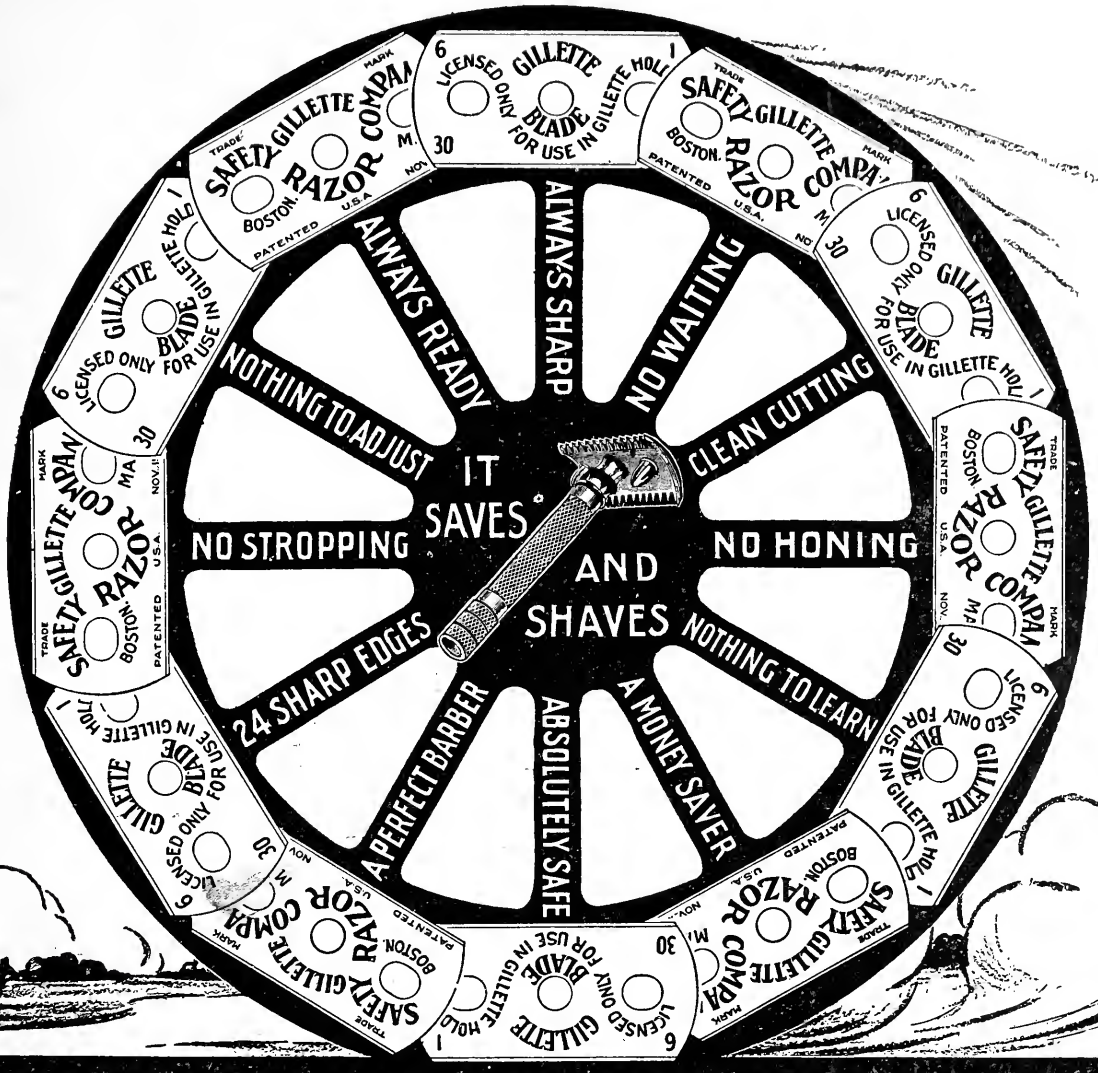


ROCHESTER MARINE ENGINE

7 HORSE—3 PORT—2 STROKE WINS TROPHY

The Interstate trophy at the Hudson River Carnival was won by the "Durno," a 25-foot semi-racer fitted with a **Rochester** Engine; this after running under her own power from Rochester to New York. No stops in three days' racing—record, 12.12 statute miles an hour. Speed and reliability combine in the highest degree because of construction. 1½ to 100 horse-power. *New Catalogue on request*

ROCHESTER GAS ENGINE CO., 711 Driving Park Ave., ROCHESTER, N.Y.



A WHEEL OF PROGRESS

Every Progressive Gentleman SHOULD KNOW

"THE GILLETTE" will give him a shave as close, as clean and as satisfactory as his barber can.

"THE GILLETTE" Blade is of fine, flexible wafer steel that shaves.

12 BLADES: 24 KEEN EDGES. 20 TO 40 QUICK AND COMFORTABLE SHAVES FROM EACH BLADE

Triple silver-plated set, with 12 blades	$5.00
Quadruple gold-plated set, with 12 blades	10.00
Quadruple gold-plated set, with 12 blades and monogram	12.00
Standard combination set, with shaving brush and soap in triple silver-plated holders,	7.50
Other combination sets, in silver and gold, up to	50.00

Standard packages of 10 blades, having 20 sharp edges, for sale by all dealers at the uniform price of **50 cents.** No blades exchanged or resharpened.

The Simplest, Easiest and Most Satisfactory Shaving Device in the World

SOLD BY LEADING DRUG, CUTLERY AND HARDWARE DEALERS

Ask to see them, and for our booklet. Write for our special trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY Times Building New York City

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING. NO HONING

H. & R. SINGLE GUN

Model 1905 ***Non-Ejecting***

28 Gauge
44 Caliber

Small Frame
Light Weight

A new gun throughout, on sporting lines; not a small bore gun on a large frame, nor a rifle bored smooth for shot

Small frame and stock enables us to produce a very attractive and symmetrical light weight, small bore gun. 28 gauge, barrel 28 inches, plain steel, weight about 4 lbs. 44 caliber, barrel 26 inches, plain steel, weight about 4¾ lbs. Adapted to the 44 W.C.F. Shot Cartridge, or the XL 44 Shot Cartridge.

Sold by the leading dealers *Catalog on request*

Harrington & Richardson Arms Company

Dept. R, WORCESTER, MASS.

Also makers of H. & R. Revolvers

Le Radium Perpetual Cigar Lighter

A Great Boon to Smokers
Cheaper and Safer than Matches
Surely Less Trouble
Resists Strongest Wind

54,000 SOLD IN MONTREAL, CANADA

This useful French novelty consists of a metal vest pocket tube containing a platinum compound which, when exposed to the air, becomes incandescent and produces a strong flame.

When the cap is replaced the flame is extinguished.

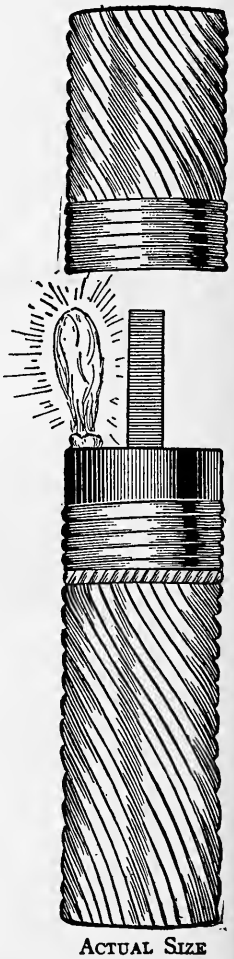
Remove the cap and there instantly appears a steady flame which will light cigars, cigarettes, lamps, gas jets, will kindle fires, or light the way in the dark.

NO MANIPULATION NO ADJUSTING

This self-firing pocket lighter is absolutely safe. Will not ignite unless the cap is removed and the platinum exposed to the air.

With ordinary care is practically indestructible.

A great convenience to autoists, canoeists, yachtsmen, etc. Is watertight and operates faultlessly in rain, snow or strong wind.



ACTUAL SIZE

Price, Complete, postpaid = = Fifty Cents each

(If not as represented, return it, and we will cheerfully refund your money)

Agents and Dealers Wanted Everywhere We make a most liberal proposition to agents and merchants who sell Le Radium Lighter.

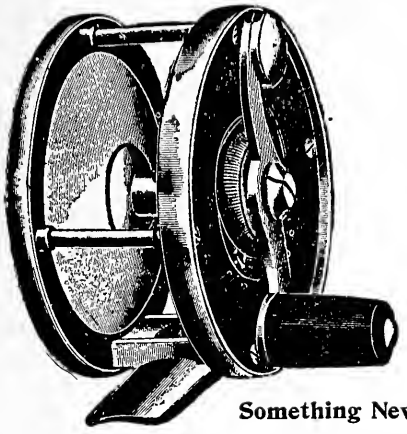
Correspondence Solicited

INTERNATIONAL AUTO AND YACHT AGENCY

(Positively no free samples sent under any pretext) **119-121 Nassau St., New York**

Trout Tackle

The only strictly *Retail Dealers* in Fishing Tackle who are *manufacturers* and *conduct* their own *factory*.



Established 1867

Gold Medal Buffalo 1901

Gold Medal St. Louis 1904

Something New

The above cut shows our new **Universal Fly Casting Reel**, with automatic and adjustable friction drag.
Repairing of Rods and Reels a specialty.
Our **"Edward vom Hofe"** fly-rods are without a equal.
Our **"Loyal" casting lines** are unsurpassed.
Our **"Universal" fly-books** are most popular.
Our **"Best" Imported Scotch Flies** in 400 varieties and sizes have stood the test of years.
Our **"Best" Imported Gut Leaders** are perfect.

SPECIAL

Steel fly or bait rods, best quality, cork grip, any length, **$2.25 each.**

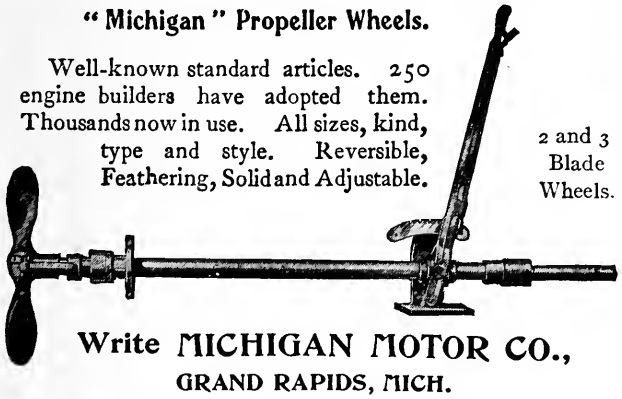
E. vom Hofe, 85-87 Fulton St., New York

126-page Catalogue on receipt of 4c. to cover postage.

Do you want more Speed?

"Michigan" Propeller Wheels.

Well-known standard articles. 250 engine builders have adopted them. Thousands now in use. All sizes, kind, type and style. Reversible, Feathering, Solid and Adjustable.



2 and 3 Blade Wheels.

Write MICHIGAN MOTOR CO.,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

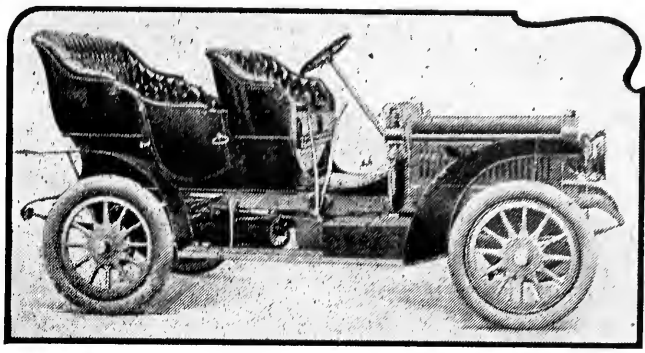
7 x 7 feet. Waterproof, $8.25.

Our Special Waterproof Wall Tents

are the most perfect on the market. Made of very strong close-woven cotton twill, treated with a special process which strengthens it and renders it mildew proof. It is khaki color and will not attract insects. We have increased and extended our stock of tents, canoes and campers' supplies, so that this year we have a more complete and varied line than ever before.

Send for Camp and Canoe Outfits Catalog H; contains a great deal of useful information for the camper and canoeist. Mailed on application.

CHAS. J. GODFREY COMPANY
111 Chambers Street, New York, U. S. A.



Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car, $2,500 f. o. b. Detroit. (Lamps not included.)

Thorough *mechanical finish*—so fine and minutely wrought as to bespeak more than ordinary pains and skill—is one of the many features that make the

CADILLAC

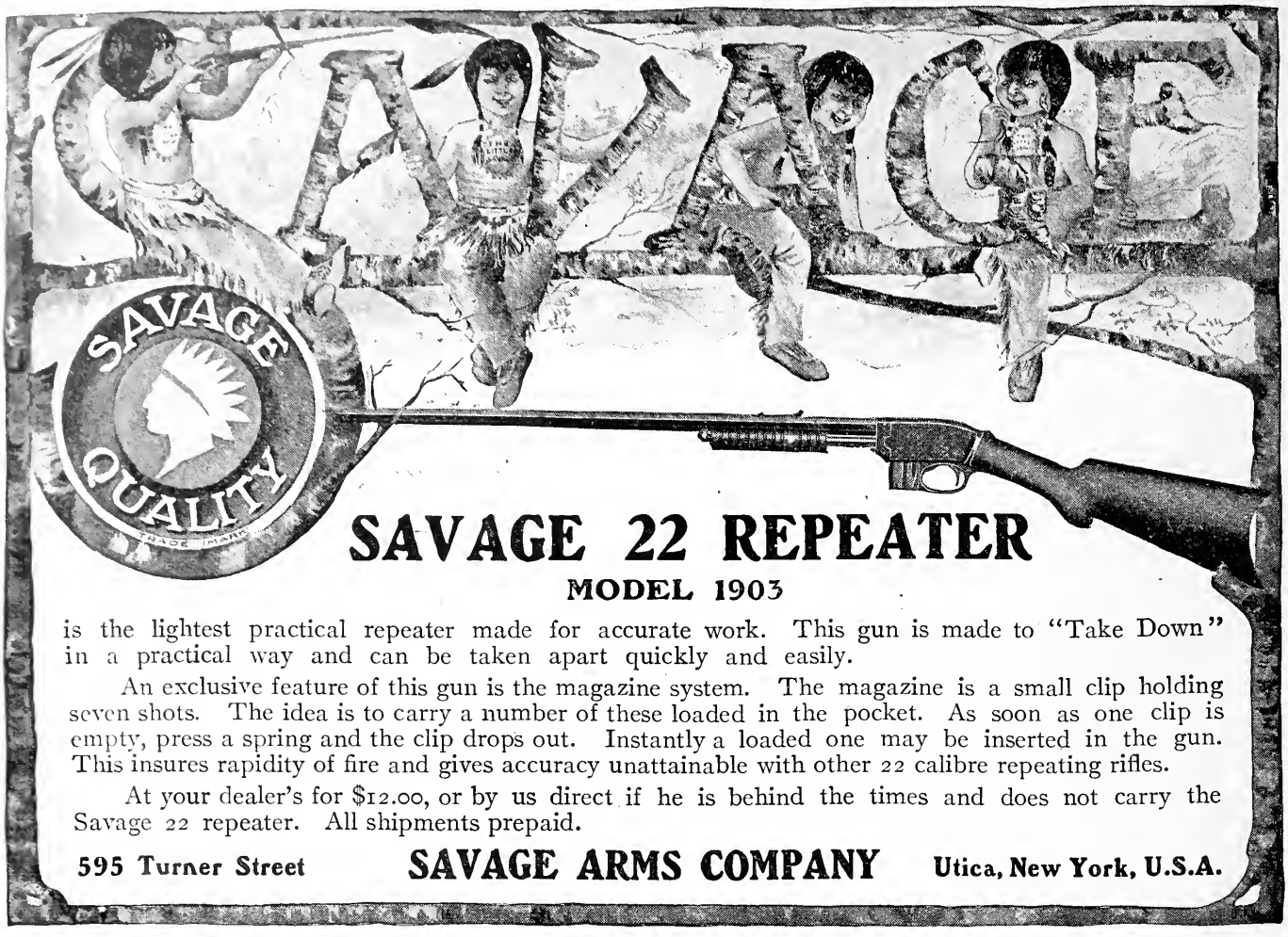
notable for its smoothness of running and virtually trouble-proof in its construction. This carefulness of building, coupled with mechanical principles of proven correctness, result in never-failing dependability of service—in surprising economy of maintenance.

Cadillac value is most apparent under the severer tests of travel. Ask your dealer to give you a demonstration. His address and illustrated Booklet K sent on request.

Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout, $750
Model M, Light Touring Car, $950
Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car, $2,500
Model L, 40 h. p. Touring Car, $3,750
All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.

Member Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.



SAVAGE 22 REPEATER

MODEL 1903

is the lightest practical repeater made for accurate work. This gun is made to "Take Down" in a practical way and can be taken apart quickly and easily.

An exclusive feature of this gun is the magazine system. The magazine is a small clip holding seven shots. The idea is to carry a number of these loaded in the pocket. As soon as one clip is empty, press a spring and the clip drops out. Instantly a loaded one may be inserted in the gun. This insures rapidity of fire and gives accuracy unattainable with other 22 calibre repeating rifles.

At your dealer's for $12.00, or by us direct if he is behind the times and does not carry the Savage 22 repeater. All shipments prepaid.

595 Turner Street **SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY** **Utica, New York, U.S.A.**

SCOTT——GREENER——LANG——PURDEY

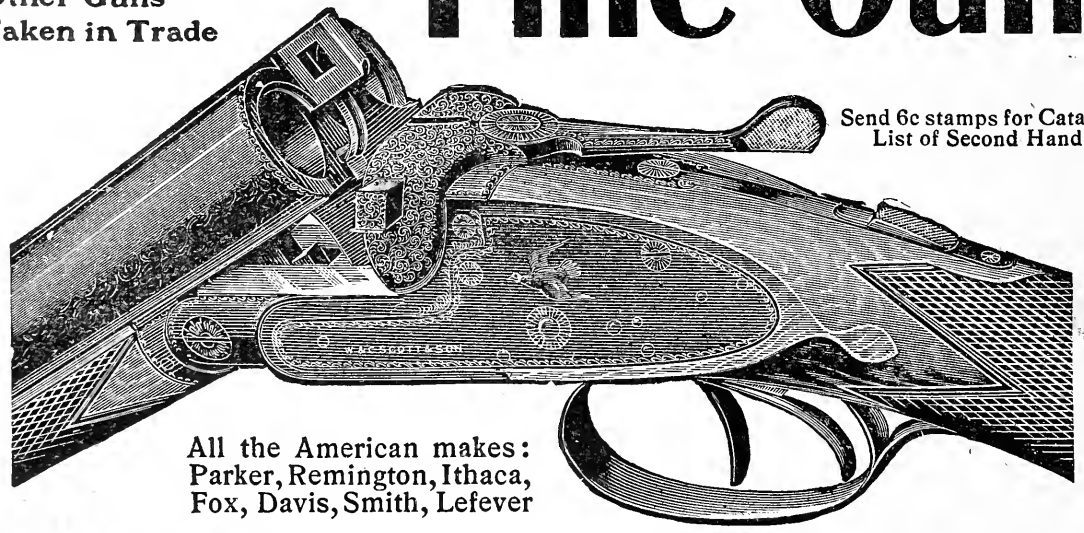
12, 16 and 20 bores
Trap and Light Weights

Other Guns Taken in Trade

Fine Guns

Send 6c stamps for Catalogue and List of Second Hand Guns

Send for our Fishing Catalogue



Our Specialty: Swedish Leather Jacket finest garment made for protection from cold

All the American makes:
Parker, Remington, Ithaca,
Fox, Davis, Smith, Lefever

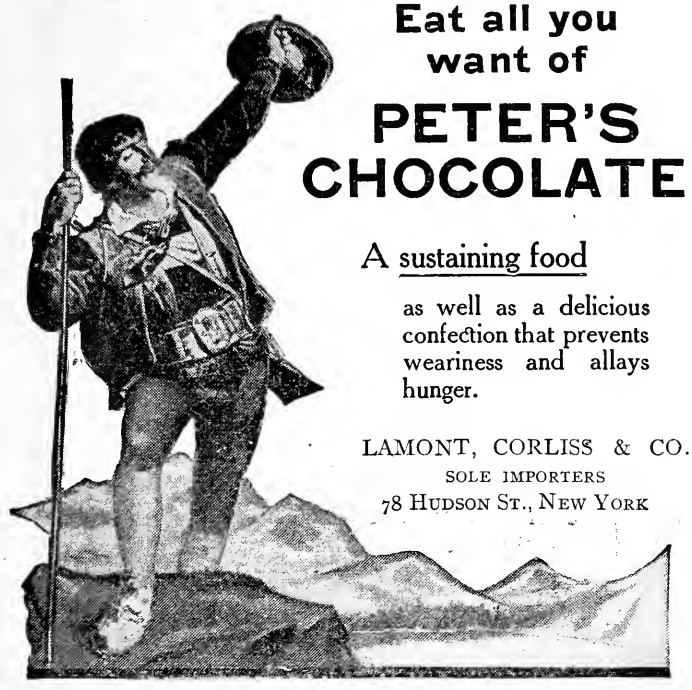
☞ **SCOTT GUNS** have just won *both* First and Second Prizes at the 1906 World Tournament, at Monte Carlo, over all makers

We have a full assortment of these noted guns, 10, 12, 16 and 20 bores

WM. READ & SONS, 107 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Established 1826 **Send for our Second-Hand List of High Grade Guns**

"High as the Alps in Quality"



Eat all you want of

PETER'S CHOCOLATE

A sustaining food

as well as a delicious confection that prevents weariness and allays hunger.

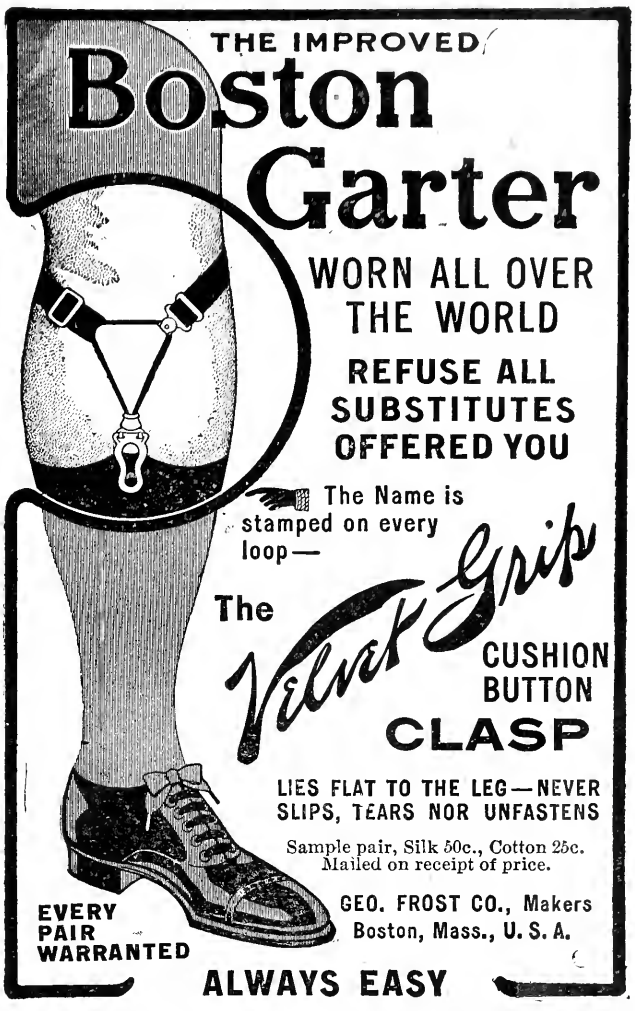
LAMONT, CORLISS & CO.
SOLE IMPORTERS
78 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK

THE IMPROVED

Boston Garter

WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES OFFERED YOU



The Name is stamped on every loop—

The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

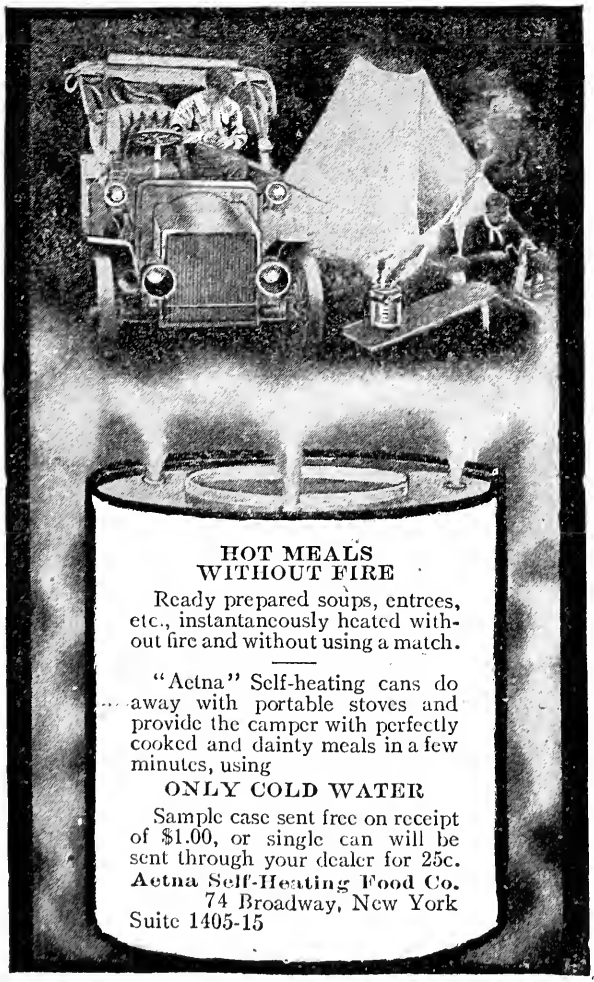
LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

ALWAYS EASY



HOT MEALS WITHOUT FIRE

Ready prepared soups, entrees, etc., instantaneously heated without fire and without using a match.

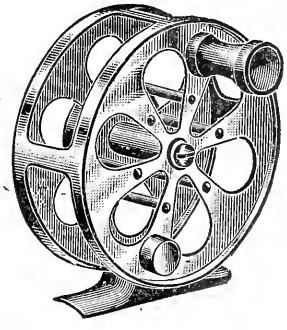
"Aetna" Self-heating cans do away with portable stoves and provide the camper with perfectly cooked and dainty meals in a few minutes, using

ONLY COLD WATER

Sample case sent free on receipt of $1.00, or single can will be sent through your dealer for 25c.

Aetna Self-Heating Food Co.
74 Broadway, New York
Suite 1405-15

THE "EXPERT" REEL



Large capacity; light in weight. Very strong. Extensively used in lake and salt water fishing. Smaller sizes for trout or bass—fly-rod. Hardened steel bearings. No gearing to get out of order. Hardened steel click, double-pointed, reversible. Others have brass click.

Back-sliding. No gearing to cause trouble. Patented brake guard. Removable spool. Only one screw in whole reel, and it can't work loose. Best trolling reel made. Will stand hard usage.

We make all repairs free, which no other maker will do. Price, $2.00 to $3.25. 40, 60, 80, 100 and 200 yards.

Ask to see them at nearest dealers. Insist on it being stamped "Expert."

Our booklet will tell you all about them for postal.

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO.,
17 Prospect St., Newark, N. J.

Makers of famous "Takapart" and "Featherlight" Reels.

AMMUNITION

Is used by both Army and Navy because it is the best.

MADE BY

United States Cartridge Co.

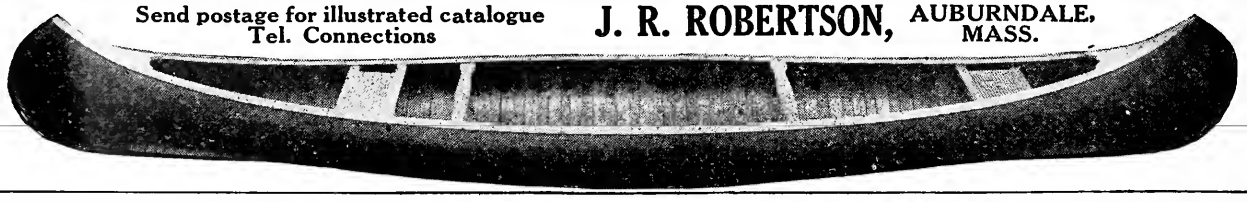
Lowell, Mass.

Robertson's Canoes and Boats are Built upon Honor

Large Variety
Lowest Prices on Fine Work

Send postage for illustrated catalogue
Tel. Connections

J. R. ROBERTSON, AUBURNDALE, MASS.



YACHT SAILS AND SUPPLIES

Everything necessary and everything to add comfort and safety to yachts of any description.

Motor Boat Fixings, Complete Camping Outfits, Yacht Tenders, Boats and Canoes.

A complete line in every particular. Write us or call.

JOHN C. HOPKINS & CO., 119 Chambers St., N. Y.

One Mail has Contained 143 Orders.

$95.50 BUYS STEEL LAUNCH

Steel Row Boats $20.00 and UPWARDS

READY TO RUN PEOPLE'S LAUNCHES at PEOPLE'S PRICES

DETROIT STEEL BOAT WORKS
1395 JEFFERSON AVE. DETROIT MICH. U.S.A.

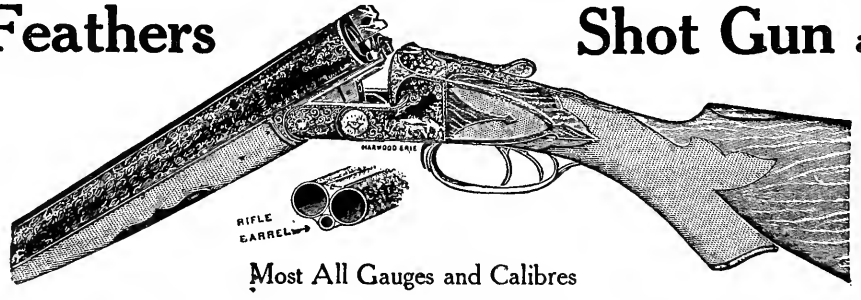
For Fur or Feathers

PERFECT BALANCE

Combined Shot Gun and Rifle

LIGHT WEIGHT

6½ to 7½ lbs.



Most All Gauges and Calibres

$65.00 and up

Send for Catalog

THE THREE BARREL GUN CO., Box 1015, MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

IF LIVE BAIT will ever catch more fish than a "Dowagiac" artificial minnow, it is the exception. 19 times out of 20, game fish 'strike' only to attack the lure.

"DOWAGIAC"

Artificial Minnow

MORE "DOWAGIAC" BAITS are sold every year than all other Artificial Casting Baits combined.

The "Dowagiac" Bait Products for 1906 are just a little handsomer and more perfect in construction than ever before.

A piece of painted wood with a fish-hook attached is not a criterion for artificial bait. "Dowagiac" baits are the result of many years' experience of practical bait casters. Every detail has been carefully worked out and *that is why* the "Dowagiac" minnow will land your fish at a time when he would slip off the other fellow's bait.

"Drop a line" to us and catch one of our booklets showing our minnows printed up in their natural colors.

JAS. HEDDON & SON, Dept. 6-E, Dowagiac, Mich.

THE Keeley Cure

For Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 25 years

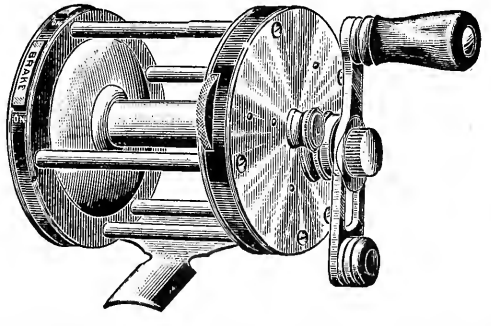
AT THE FOLLOWING KEELEY INSTITUTES:

Birmingham, Ala.
Hot Springs, Ark.
San Francisco, Cal., 1190 Market St.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C., 211 N. Capitol St.
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Plainfield, Ind.
Des Moines, Ia.
Lexington, Mass.
Portland, Me.
St. Louis, Mo., 2803 Locust St.
North Conway, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
White Plains, N. Y.
Columbus, O., 1087 N. Dennison Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad St.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Pittsburg, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Professional Bait Casting with a free running spool

A New Reel for 1906

Ask your dealer to explain, or send for description



CARLTON MANUFACTURING CO., Rochester, N. Y.

This Boat Folds into a Package

It's Solid and Stiff when in use—collapsible and quickly made portable. Carried by hand as bag, or in a buggy. Tempered, galvanized, light steel ribs give both strength and lightness.

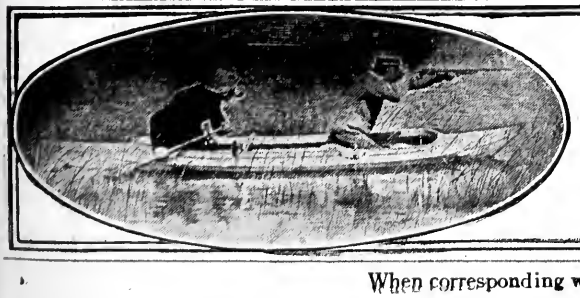
KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT

is a revelation in boat construction. Non-sinkable. Can't tip over. Puncture proof. No repairs. No cost for storage. Wears longer than a wooden boat. We make all sizes and styles for every purpose.

Used in U. S. Navy.

Our Catalog will post you—100 engravings—400 testimonials—sent on receipt of 6 cents.

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO., 668 West North Street, Kalamazoo, Michigan



Mullins Steel Boats

Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats

built of steel with air chambers in each end like a life boat. Faster, more buoyant, practically indestructible, don't leak, dry out and are absolutely safe. **They can't sink.** No calking, no bailing, no trouble. Every boat is guaranteed. Highly endorsed by sportsmen. The ideal boats for pleasure or sport. Catalogue describing our complete line of craft sent free on request.

The W. H. Mullins Co., 320 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio.

Leaves from the diary of the late JOHN SMITH

January 1st 1906

I am going to begin the New Year by taking out a Policy in The Prudential. No more lying awake nights and worrying days about the future for me. I am going to make the future safe at least for the family.

February 4th 1906

I must take out that Prudential policy this month without fail.

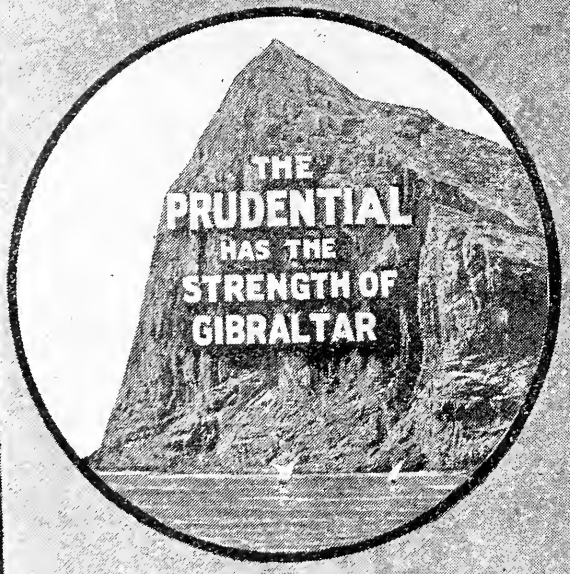
March 1st 1906

Was reminded by seeing an advertisement of The Prudential company, that I had not yet taken out that Policy. Must do it at once

MORNING NEWS

March 18th, 1906.

The affairs of John Smith, who passed away so suddenly a week ago, are being wound up. The estate is heavily involved. He left his family without life insurance.



Good intentions are worthless unless carried out. There's just one time to insure—that time is to-day. Make the future sure by taking a Policy in

The Prudential

INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN
President

Home Office
NEWARK, N. J.

Write your name and address on the margin of this leaf and send it in for Information and Rates of Policies. Dept. 92

Remington

AUTOLOADING SHOTGUN

"You shoot—the Gun loads itself"

IT requires more time and work to load a muzzle-loader than a breech-loader, but the Autoloading Shotgun loads itself. It absorbs much of its recoil, taking the jar off shoulder and head. It is safe and hard-shooting. It is moderate-priced, listing at $40, and upwards, subject to your **dealer's discount.**

Send for illustrated literature to-day

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY

ILION, N. Y.

Agency:
315 Broadway
New York City

Depot:
86-88 First Street
San Francisco, Cal.

U.M.C.

Reliable Ammunition

IF the primer of your cartridge fails, your rifle becomes only a club. **U. M. C.** primers are perfect, reliable, sure-fire. For small game, big game, target or protection, in any make of gun, under all weather conditions, **U. M. C.** Cartridges are "your kind"—the best.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Agency:
313 Broadway
New York City

Depot:
86-88 First Street
San Francisco, Cal.

Press of Redfield Brothers, New York

Williams' Shaving Soap

THE miner, prospector, hunter, ranchman or any man whose life exposes his face to wind and sun, needs the best shaving soap that can be had. The rich, creamy, antiseptic lather of Williams' Shaving Soap keeps such a face in perfect condition. Even in the uncivilized wilds you may always have a civilized shave with Williams' Shaving Soap.

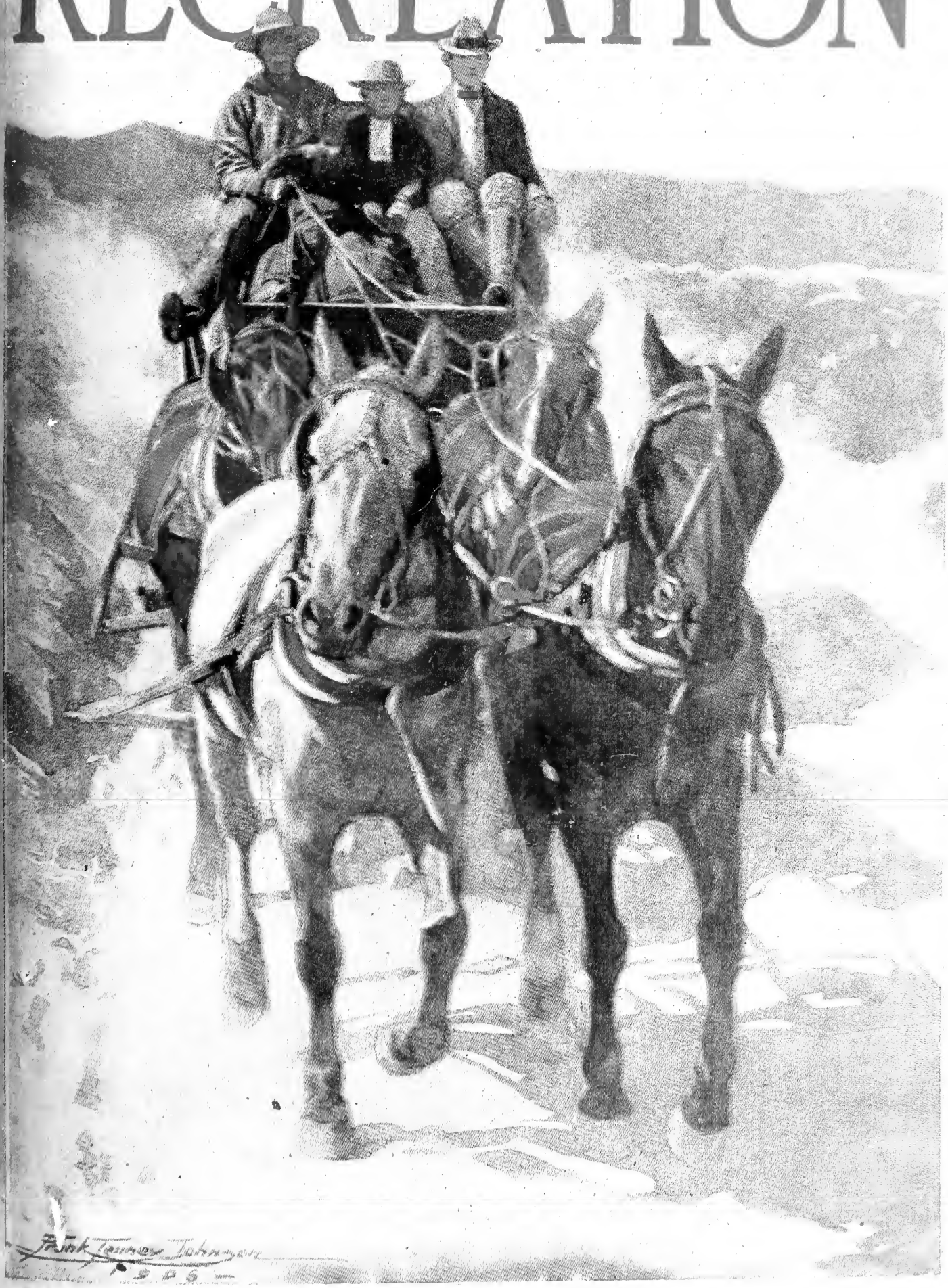
Williams' Shaving Sticks and Luxury Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for a Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap (trial size), enough for 50 shaves.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Department A
GLASTONBURY, CONN.

London Paris Berlin Sydn

JUNE, 1906 PRICE, 15 CENTS

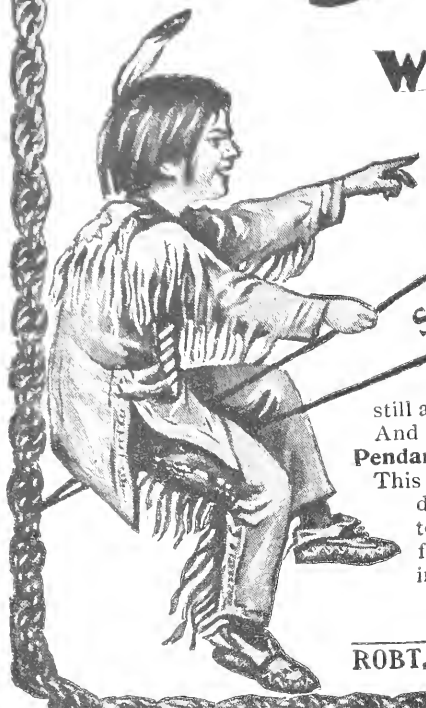
RECREATION



PUBLISHED BY WM. E. ANNIS, NEW YORK

Ingersoll

Dollar Watch



STEM-WIND—STEM-SET

NAME ON DIAL

Low priced stem-wind watches are no novelty,—in fact for a decade both in America and Europe the very worst watches (for timekeeping) have been and still are stem-wind.

And yet the announcement that the **'06 Model Ingersoll is stem-wind and Push-in-Pendant Set** is one of the remarkable events in the annals of watchmaking.

This is because Ingersoll Watches for 14 years have maintained a reputation for wonderfully accurate timing and for durability and now this final improvement applied to the cheapest watch of **worthy quality** is a mechanical achievement. "Talking features" are easy at the expense of watch-quality but with the Ingersoll Standard improvements mean something.

Sold by 50,000 dealers or postpaid by us for $1.00. Booklet free.

Insist on the Genuine—Look for name INGERSOLL on the Dial

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 77 Jewelers' Court, NEW YORK

Duxbak

TRADE MARK

Sportsmen's Clothing

Sheds Water like a Duck's Back

Combines the advantage of perfect tailoring with protection against rain. Water-proofed by a patent process, permitting thorough ventilation, yet rain does not penetrate in any ordinary storm. Soft and pliable; sightly and durable; no rubber or paraffine. Fit, finish and waterproof qualities guaranteed.

Coat lined throughout the entire body with same rain-proof material as outside. Patent bellows under arms give extra ventilation and freedom of movement with paddle, rod or gun. Pockets for everything.

Trousers reinforced front and large double seat.

Give loose breast measure over garments to be worn with coat. Waist and leg measure for trousers.

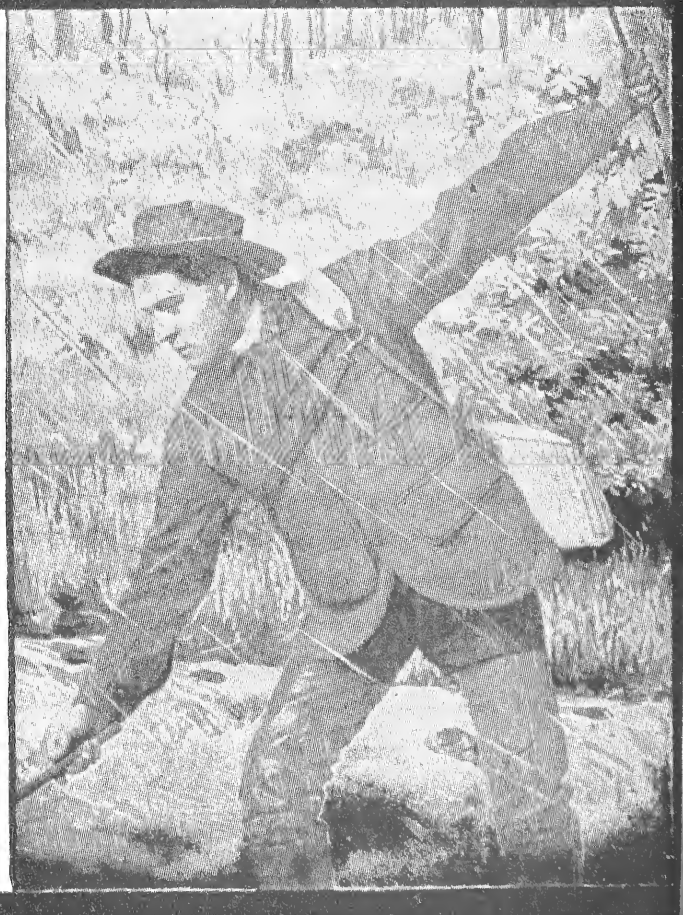
Made in two colors, light tan and dead grass green

Coat, $5; trousers, $3; hat, $1. Express prepaid.

FOR LADIES' WEAR

Neatly tailored coat and skirt. Gives absolute protection on any outing trip. Suitable for gunning, fishing, tramping, boating climbing. Coat, $5.00; skirt, $4.00. Express prepaid. Booklet, with samples of material and directions for self-measurement sent free. **Special discount to dealers.**

BIRD, JONES & KENYON,
1 Blandina St., Utica, N. Y.



Weighs only 20 pounds.

The Paine Boat

Portable

Collapsible | **Seaworthy**

Holds two persons.

Weighs 20 pounds.

Takes only 3½ minutes to set up.

Size { **length, 42 inches** / **folded,** { **diameter, 7 inches**

A boat for **emergencies.** For **fishing** in waters difficult of access. For **hunting, camping** and **prospecting.** As a **tender** for launch or sailboat.

Can be stowed in small space—under the seat of a wagon or automobile or in the locker of a sailboat—and set up ready to launch in 3½ minutes. Write for Booklet "R."

Abbey & Imbrie

(MAKERS OF FISHING TACKLE SINCE 1820)

19 Vesey Street, New York City

3½ minutes after leaving the water.

The best hand-book for camping in the woods ever published

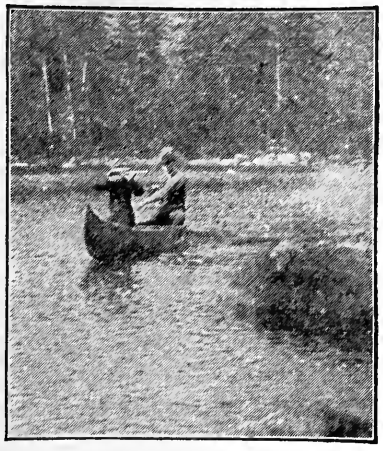
Camp Kits and Camp Life

BY

CHARLES STEDMAN HANKS

"Niblick," author of "Hints to Golfers"

With 52 illustrations in tint,
8vo, $1.50; sent post-paid, $1.62



AN UNEXPECTED SHOT

A practical hand-book for the woods, founded on many camping trips with a varied assortment of guides and after many kinds of game and fish. The veteran sportsman as well as the neophyte will read the book with pleasure and profit. It gives instructions and suggestions about outfit, making camp, camp cooking, illness in camp, fishing, shooting and trapping.

The arrangement of the volume adds very much to its practical effectiveness. There are cross-headings for each topic, and in addition there are conspicuous running head-lines giving the subject of each page. The index is also full and definite; moreover, the chapters classify the information in exactly the way the sportsman is apt to need it.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Wants · For Sale · Exchange

Advertisements will be inserted under the proper heading in this department at the rate of 5 cents a word, each initial and figure counting as one word. No advertisement will be inserted at less than fifty cents. Cash must invariably accompany the order. A discount of 10 per cent. may be deducted from a twelve-time order. It is possible through this department to reach nearly 400,000 people twelve times a year for the sum of $6.00. Display type and illustrations at regular rates.

KENNEL

POINTERS AND SETTERS

POINTERS AND SETTERS wanted, to train. Game plenty. H. H. SMITH, Marydel, Md.

THE LARGEST Pointer Kennel in the World is BAR HARBOR KENNELS, Bar Harbor, Maine.

SHOOTING DOGS—Sportsmen, before placing your order for a Pointer or a Setter, dog or bitch, write to us for prices and descriptions. We have for sale Broken Dogs, Bitches and Puppies. Our specialties are high class Gun Dogs and highly bred Puppies. Our Dogs are trained on Quail, Grouse, Woodcock, &c. We have English Setters, Pointers and Irish Setters. Address, THE C. S. FREEL KENNELS, R, Loogootee, Ind.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE: five setter pups (ped.), four female, one male; also two pair white cocnin bantams. F. H. GROVER, Portsmouth, N. H.

COLLIES

COLLIE PUPS at reasonable prices. Highly pedigreed, handsome, vigorous, farm-raised stock. Please state wants fully. HARVALE KENNELS, 48 Pine Street, New York, N. Y.

EXTRA fine Collie Puppies, $10 each. Champion blood. CLOVERCROFT, Pottstown, Pa. Box 37.

HOUNDS

BEAGLE HOUNDS—Young and mature stock. None better. All eligible and bred to hunt. "DEBONAIR," South End, Gloversville, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Trained Coon, Fox and Rabbit Hounds. COMRADE KENNELS, Bucyrus, Ohio.

KENNEL SUPPLIES

Dog Chains, Brushes, Combs, Shipping Crates, Medicines, Dog and Puppy Cakes, all the latest and best books. *A complete list in our Kennel Supply circular mailed free.*

Excelsior Wire & Poultry Supply Co.

26-28 Vesey St., Dept. R. C. New York, N. Y.

BOOK on

Dog Diseases

and How to Feed

Mailed Free to any address by the author

H. Clay Glover, D. V. S. - 1278 Broadway, New York

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED in the health of your dog, send 10 cents for copy of The Bulletin of the Dog in Health and Disease, Special Worm Number. C. S. R. COMPANY, 505 West 140th Street, New York.

POULTRY

WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Prize Winners at World's Fair Chicago New York Newark and many other places

Fifty cockerels for sale, strong, vigorous birds weighing 7 to 11 pounds each. One hundred hens. Eggs, $3.00, $5.00 and $10.00 per setting or $10, $15 and $20.00 per hundred. Ten scientifically mated breeding yards of pedigreed stock. White Holland Guinea fowl and eggs. Free catalogue of winnings and matings. Also Pheasants, Swan, Peafowl, etc.

Peapack Poultry Yards
Peapack, N. J.

POULTRY PAPER, yearly, 25 cents. Monthly illustrated. POULTRY TOPICS, Lincoln, Neb.

SQUABS

WE WERE THE PIONEERS IN SQUABS. Our Homers are straight-bred and unexcelled for size. We have supplied equipment for many of the finest estates in America. Our plant is the largest and best in the world. During the past year we sold more Homers than all other pigeon breeders and importers in America combined. There is a reason for this; look around before buying. We publish a full line of printed matter, covering every detail of this rich industry. Send for our Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs." Visitors welcome at our plant and Boston Office, Address

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB COMPANY
402 HOWARD STREET, - - MELROSE, MASS.

SQUABS—How we raise and prepare Squabs for market; prices, profits, care of breeders. Details of management in one of the most perfectly equipped Squab plants in the world. Sent free.

ROYAL SQUAB CO.,
Show Room, 153 East 42d Street, New York.

PARTRIDGES

HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES—The ideal game bird to take the place of the Bob-white. Twice as large, and extremely hardy and prolific. Can be raised in confinement. I will take orders from now until the end of July for my Fall importation. I import these birds in the Fall only. Write for circular.

DR. CECIL FRENCH, Naturalist, Washington, D. C.

TAXIDERMY

WM. W. HART

Leading Taxidermist

451 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Reliable Work Reasonable Prices
Guaranteed Moth Proof

Established twenty-five years *Send for Catalogue*

CAMERAS

FOR SALE—5 x 7 camera with Goerz lens. Will take in part exchange 4 x 5 Anastigmat lens or Graflex camera. FREDERICK K. VREELAND, Montclair, N. J.

WE buy, sell and exchange second-hand Cameras and Kodaks. Always have bargains. Send for list. GLOECKNER & NEWBY CO., 171 Broadway, New York.

ONE THOUSAND Lenses and Cameras. Exchanged Cameras at less than half price. Send New Bargain List., Dept A., NEW YORK CAMERA EXCHANGE, 114 Fulton Street, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

ADIRONDACK Mt., N. Y., Post Cards. For 25c. (coin) we will send, postpaid, 10 of our finest views, all different. PERKASIE POST CARD CO., Dept. R., Perkasie, Pa.

FOR THE CAMP

Navajo Blankets Indian Curios
Indian Novelties

INDIAN EXHIBITS COMPANY
138 West 42d Street, = New York, N. Y.

FRESH WATER PEARLS to sell or exchange. One, 25 cents, or five for $1.00. C. W. MANEY, Box 4, Elcho, Wis.

MANY ANTIQUE ARTICLES for dens. Ancient flintlock arms. Indian relics. List for stamp. DAVIS BROTHERS, Kent, O.

BAHAMA Starfish, Showy Shells, Minerals, Gem Stones, Indian Relics, Resurrection Plants, etc. List for stamp. GEORGE J. TILLS, Albion, N. Y.

FOR EXCHANGE—Civil War Arms and Curios for Scotch Collie or Setter Puppy. JESSE FRENCH, Jr., 215 Behrends Avenue, Peoria, Ill.

BUFFALO HORNS, matched pairs, polished and mounted; also make into showy hall racks; flintlock pistols; Indian relics, ancient and modern; Navajo blankets; elk tusks; old brass, pewter and crockery. Illustrated lists, 2 cents. N. CARTER, Elkhorn, Wis.

$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS; $4 paid for 1804 dimes; $15 paid for 1858 dollars; big prices paid for hundreds of other dates; keep all money coined before 1879 and send 10 cents at once for a set of two coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you. Address C. F. CLARKE, Agent, Le Roy, N. Y., Dept. 3.

HUNTING BOOTS, waterproof; men's, $6; women's, $5; boys', $4. Catalogue on request. A. J. DIEHL, Manhattan Bldg., Duluth, Minn.

BIG GAME. Hunting on the Head Waters of the Stickine River. I am better prepared than ever to furnish outfits, pack horses and guides for the season 1906. Moose, caribou, Stone's sheep, goat, black. brown and grizzly bear are all killed within one hundred miles of Telegraph Creek. Season opens September 1. References: Andrew J. Stone, J. R. Bradley, T. T. Reese. J. FRANK CALLBREATH, Telegraph Creek, B. C., Via Wrangle, Alaska.

MISCELLANEOUS

IF YOU have sold goods or think you can sell, write us to-day. We help the inexperienced man to start right, the experienced man to secure a larger salary. HAPGOODS, Suite 509-10, 309 Broadway, N. Y.

FOR SALE—*Live* Cinnamon Bear, bob cats, Mexican Peccaries, Wolf and Coyote pups. Address F. V. ALLEN, Carlsbad, Eddy County, New Mexico.

APARTMENTS, 3 to 7 rooms each; rooms single and en suite. The Hinman, Apartment and European Hotel. Booklet mailed free. MARSHALL COOPER, Mgr., 7th and Figuerda, Los Angeles, Cal.

DO YOU USE RUBBER STAMPS? We make the best rubber stamps and stencils in New York. Protectograph, the best safety check protector made. Rubber Type Alphabets, 5A fonts, $1.10 postpaid. Send postal for circular. ABRAM AARONS, 16½ University Place, N. Y.

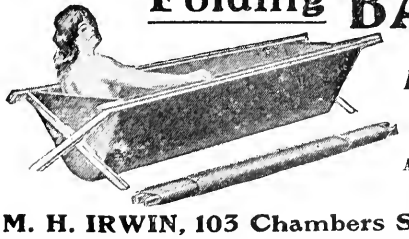
FOR SALE—Sporting Goods and Gun Business, with light hardware department. Splendid location in central State. Large, profitable business can be done by right party. Owner retiring. Address V. K., care of RECREATION.

RARE BARGAIN FOR ANGLERS! Imperial English Trout Flies—Double, Split and Jungle Cock Wings. Very high grade sample flies retailing at $1 to $1.50 per doz.—carefully assorted in standard patterns. Sizes 6 to 14 at 65 cents the dozen, postpaid. One high grade leader free. This is an exceptional offer. SPORTSMAN'S SERVICE BUREAU, 211 North 7th Street, St. Louis, Mo.

"TAKE ONE WITH YOU" on your vacation. This ad. and $1.00 secures my solid 14 kt. Gold Fountain Pen, sold elsewhere for $2.50; guaranteed. Safety Clip free. Write to-day—supply limited. I. COLEMAN, 74 N. Eleventh Street, Newark, N. J.

HEADQUARTERS for
Artistic Signs Enameled Iron
Aluminum Lithographed Metal
Metal Etched
also Souvenirs, Calendars, Novelties
Designs and Estimates Send for Catalogue
***The* NEW JERSEY ALUMINUM CO.**
H. M. WILLIS, Mgr. 140R **150 Nassau Street, New York.**

Folding BATH TUB



Weighs only 16 lbs.
Requires Little Water
COSTS LITTLE
Also Vapor Bath Cabinets
Write for Special Offer
Agents Wanted
M. H. IRWIN, 103 Chambers Street, NEW YORK

Overhead Carriage Washing Machines

Garages and Private Stables

Saves time and labor
Neat and useful

H. NICHOLSBURG MANUFACTURING CO.
68 DEY STREET, NEW YORK

AROUND OUR CAMP-FIRE

I leave this rule for others when I'm dead,
Be always sure you're right—then go ahead.
—DAVID CROCKETT.

READ YOUR MAGAZINE

It is peculiar, but while each succeeding number of RECREATION is in preparation we cannot help telling every one it is the best number yet—and then when we come to make up the "Camp-fire Page," we forget all about the current number to enthuse over the one following. This time, however, we want to point out that the present number is a little bit the best magazine we have ever turned out. For charm of illustrations and text combined, Julian A. Dimock's article, "With the Free in Arizona," is easily one of the best things that has ever been published about life on the Arizona plains. But this is only one of several trips the reader can enjoy by reading this number. He can go to the breeding grounds of the shore birds in Canada with Bonnycastle Dale—a mighty interesting trip, too; he can build a motor canoe with George Carling, take a canoe cruise down the famous Au Sable River with Walter C. O'Kane, go salmon fishing in Newfoundland with John O'Donnell, or in New Brunswick with Charles A. Bramble; visit the Williams River wilderness in West Virginia with Andrew Price, take a swing around Vermont with Edward Cave and his friends the game wardens, help round up a herd of beef cattle in Montana with Florence S. Du Bois, go deer hunting in the mountains of British Columbia with G. E. Cornwall, or be entertained and benefited in any other of a variety of ways. The departments will be found to contain an unusual amount of practical information.

THE JULY NUMBER

There will be an abundance of "good stuff" in the July number—the sort to make people exclaim, "Say, did you see RECREATION this month? You want to get a copy!" For instance, Roscoe Brumbaugh, in a very entertaining article, which is handsomely illustrated from photographs by Arthur Hewett, tells how certain New Yorkers spend their Sundays on the fishing banks; James Leddy Pequignot writes about some guides he has met and others, re-tells some of the tall tales they have related around the camp-fire, and illustrates his text from photographs of the guides; Madeline Z. Doty tells of camping in the high Sierra with the famous Sierra Club of California, the article being profusely illustrated from photographs; F. M. Kelly writes of yachting in the far Northwest, illustrating his text from excellent photographs of fast boats; Harry L. Means contributes an excellent article on mascalonge fishing, and Don Cameron Shafer writes equally as well of angling for the famous small-mouthed bass of Northern lakes; and Sid. Howard tells about some unusually large trout he has been fastened to in his time in Canadian waters.

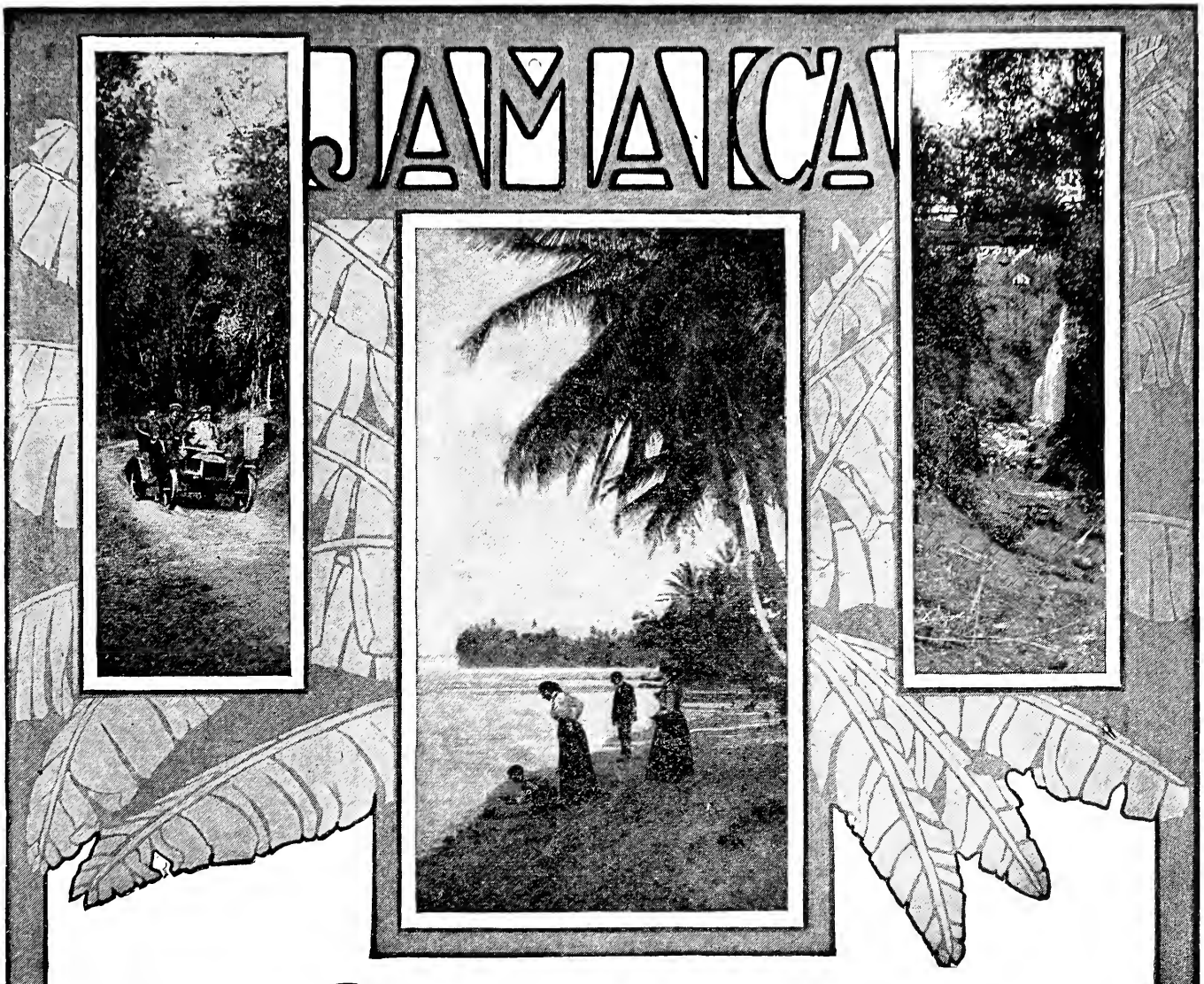
These are by no means all. We simply haven't the space to tell about all the good features of the July number. When you get it you will admit that it is much better than you expected.

TELL THE OTHER FELLOW

Don't be selfish. The other fellow who is not a subscriber to RECREATION, or who does not buy it regularly from the news-stands, would like to know about all these good things. He will thank you to tell him about RECREATION, and, at the same time, by passing it along, you will enable us to give you a still better magazine. Remember, everyone is interested in recreation, and RECREATION is interested in everyone. A year's subscription is just a little the best dollar and a-half investment you can make.

Recreation's Platform

An uncompromising fight for the protection, preservation and propagation of all game; placing a sane limit on the bag that can be taken in a day or season; the prevention of the shipment or transportation of game, except in limited quantities, and then only when accompanied by the party who killed it; the prohibition of the sale of game. These are "Recreation's" slogans now and forever.



Your Summer Vacation

Will give maximum returns in recreation and education if you visit

JAMAICA

The land of Cool Days, Refreshing Nights, Lofty Mountains, Opalescent Waters, and Interesting People

Only $60 round trip via the UNITED FRUIT COMPANY'S superb "Admiral" steamers over waters swept by the cooling trade winds.

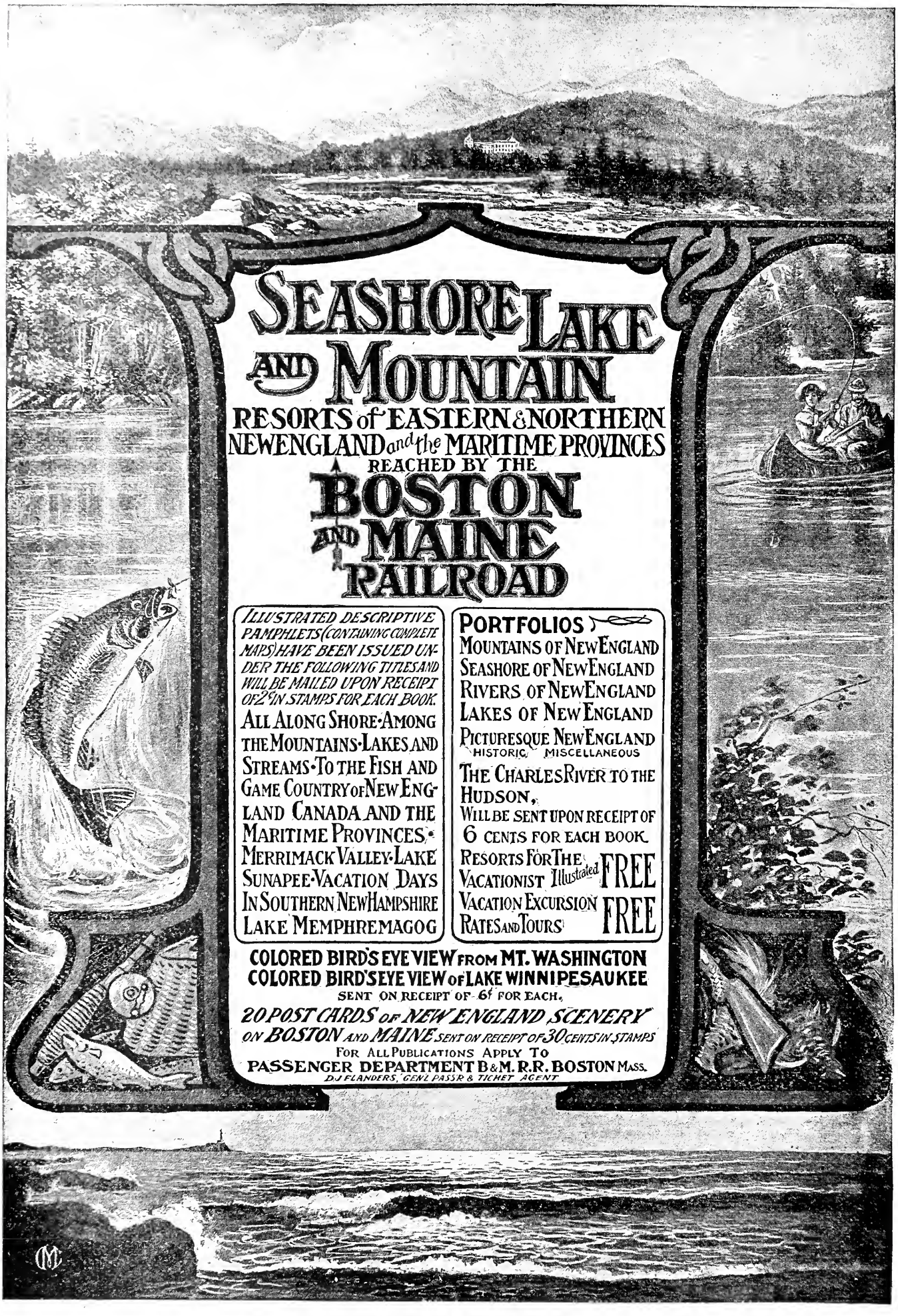
Do you know that Jamaica is 10 degrees cooler than Atlantic Coast Summer Resorts; that its ranges are higher and grander than the White Mountains; that its bathing facilities are unsurpassed; that flies, mosquitoes and fevers are practically unknown; and that it is a paradise for automobilists, equestrians and anglers?

Let us send you our free monthly paper "The Golden Caribbean." It tells a deal of interesting facts about this garden spot of the Antilles. *Address any of the offices*

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

Long Wharf, BOSTON **5 North Wharves, PHILADELPHIA**

104 East Pratt Street, BALTIMORE


SEASHORE LAKE AND MOUNTAIN
RESORTS of EASTERN & NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND and the MARITIME PROVINCES
REACHED BY THE
BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD
ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS (CONTAINING COMPLETE MAPS) HAVE BEEN ISSUED UNDER THE FOLLOWING TITLES AND WILL BE MAILED UPON RECEIPT OF 2c IN STAMPS FOR EACH BOOK.
ALL ALONG SHORE · AMONG THE MOUNTAINS · LAKES AND STREAMS · TO THE FISH AND GAME COUNTRY OF NEW ENGLAND CANADA AND THE MARITIME PROVINCES · MERRIMACK VALLEY · LAKE SUNAPEE · VACATION DAYS IN SOUTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG
PORTFOLIOS
MOUNTAINS OF NEW ENGLAND
SEASHORE OF NEW ENGLAND
RIVERS OF NEW ENGLAND
LAKES OF NEW ENGLAND
PICTURESQUE NEW ENGLAND
HISTORIC MISCELLANEOUS
THE CHARLES RIVER TO THE HUDSON,
WILL BE SENT UPON RECEIPT OF 6 CENTS FOR EACH BOOK.
RESORTS FOR THE VACATIONIST Illustrated FREE
VACATION EXCURSION RATES AND TOURS FREE
COLORED BIRD'S EYE VIEW FROM MT. WASHINGTON
COLORED BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE
SENT ON RECEIPT OF 6¢ FOR EACH.
20 POST CARDS OF NEW ENGLAND SCENERY
ON BOSTON AND MAINE SENT ON RECEIPT OF 30 CENTS IN STAMPS
FOR ALL PUBLICATIONS APPLY TO
PASSENGER DEPARTMENT B & M. R.R. BOSTON MASS.
D.J. FLANDERS, GEN'L PASS'R & TICKET AGENT

RECREATION

Volume XXIV JUNE, 1906 *Number 6*

CONTENTS

Cover Design	FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON	
With the Free in Arizona (Illustrated)	JULIAN A. DIMOCK	475
Trying Out a Motor Canoe (Illustrated)	GEORGE CARLING	480
Calling on the Marsh Birds (Illustrated)	BONNYCASTLE DALE	485
Girls on a Round-Up (Illustrated)	FLORENCE S. DU BOIS	493
Au Sable, the Highly Interesting (Illustrated)	WALTER C. O'KANE	499
Salmon Fishing Made Easy	JOHN O'DONNELL	506
A Swing Around Vermont (Illustrated)	EDWARD CAVE	511
The Williams River Country	ANDREW PRICE	520
Wanderer—*A Poem*	ROSCOE BRUMBAUGH	523
Adventures and Misadventures of a Salmon-Angler (Illustrated)	CHARLES A. BRAMBLE	524
The Mystery of the Blue Goose [*Continued*]	DAN BEARD	528
The Pot-Hunter	F. M. KELLY	533
The Indian and I	S. E. CORNWALL	535
Editorial	538	
The Game Field	540	
Fishing	545	
Guns and Ammunition	549	
American Archery	554	
Amateur Athletics	556	
Photography	559	
The Hunting Dog	561	
Motoring	563	

WM. E. ANNIS, *Publisher*, 23 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York

DAN BEARD, EDITOR

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY *ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR*

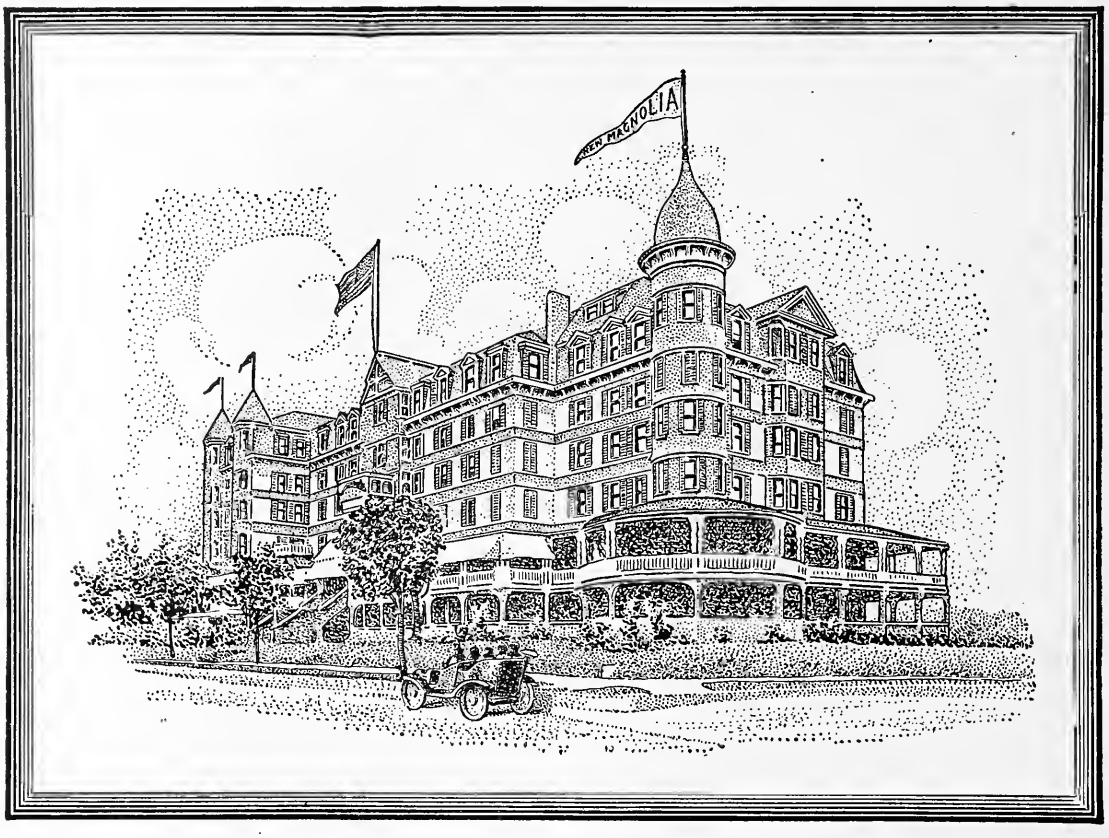
Copyrighted, 1906, by Wm. E. Annis *Published Monthly* *Entered at the New York Post Office as Second Class Matter*

The New Magnolia

MAGNOLIA, MASS.

SITUATED on the highest point at Magnolia—the little village-by-the-sea. The most popular of the North Shore resorts. Fifty minutes by train from Boston.

Replete with every modern convenience for rest, pleasure and comfort of its guests. Finest Cuisine, Sun Parlors, Orchestra, Spacious Dance Hall, Commodious Verandas, Beautiful Lawns and Unexcelled Tennis and Croquet Grounds.



The Scenery, Roads and Walks are ideal. The Bathing free from undertow — the Beach one of the best on the coast. Good Fishing and perfect conditions for Boating and Sailing.

Select patronage only.

For Booklet and particulars write to

GEO. H. NEWELL, Prop.
C. H. MOWRY, Mgr.

New Magnolia Hotel, Magnolia, Mass.

"On the plains every one is supposed to be a horseman"

RECREATION

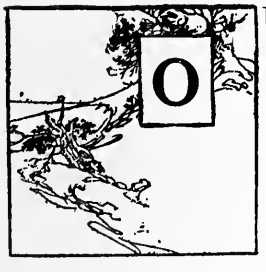
Vol. XXIV | JUNE, 1906 | No. 6

WITH THE FREE IN ARIZONA

How the People of the Plains Employ the Simple Life in the Pursuit of Health and Happiness

BY JULIAN A. DIMOCK

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



OUR baggage testified most eloquently that we were two unwise men out of the East, men who had lived in a manner distinctly apart from the life of the plains. But it might have been even worse, for the trunks were already packed, locked and strapped, and we were well satisfied over the thoroughness of our preparations and the completeness of our equipment when good fortune brought to us a man acquainted with the plains country. He viewed our preparations and looked amused.

"Clothes?" he asked, poking at one of the trunks with his foot.

"Yep," said we, trying to appear unconcerned.

"Take a pair of blankets and a rubber poncho each. Guns?" viewing our armament. "What for? Go in the clothes you are wearing, wash them when they need it and take a sun bath while they are drying. Hire a horse each, a guide, and there you are!"

So we took off our coats, produced keys, unbuckled straps, and with many a sigh discarded, painfully and with much deliberation, a good half of our equipment. And even then we had twice over what we needed. Still we were "heeled" for man or beast on the warpath, fortified against inclemency of weather and the chance need of a physician or a surgeon. We had guide books and folding maps aplenty, and were brimful of the advice of various friends no more experienced than ourselves.

As we stepped from the train at the little Arizona station we were greeted by a wild "Whoo-oop!" as a long-haired Indian,

Copyright, 1906, by Wm. E. Annis.

suddenly throwing his galloping pony back on its haunches, tossing the reins over its head, landed on the ground beside me. It was a lightning change from a galloping steed and rider to a horse at pasture and a man on foot. He was too spectacular for a real Indian, and beneath the veneer of costume and hair was a New York boy. There was a jangling of spurs and another horseman dismounted beside us. In five minutes we were chatting like old friends. The last comer had escaped from a Chicago office, the walls of which had become to him the walls of a cell, and a strike for freedom had landed him here. In eight months the mantle of Eastern convention had fallen from his shoulders, and he had absorbed much of the breeziness of the West. He showed me his ponies, talked of their good points and then gave me an illustration of a hobbled pony outrunning a man and snatching mouthfuls of grass between jumps.

Our method of traveling was determined by the fact that six-by-eight cameras are bulky and fragile, while glass plates are heavy and breakable. When we left the railroad, with wagon and team, the long-haired New York boy was our driver.

After negotiating fifteen miles of sand and sagebrush, past endless cacti and curious rock formations, we reached a trader's tent and a white man, a German. Outside his tent premature civilization was typified by a stranded traction engine, while inside the walls of his shelter were lined with the tin can abomination. Here the Indians came to trade corn for flour, Navajo blankets for hideous-patterned calico, mutton on the hoof for beef in the can, luscious watermelons for tobacco, coffee and sugar. The trader's eyes must always be open, for the average Indian seems to consider it a virtue to steal, although he is a consummate bargainer. Here Hans lived with the Painted Desert behind and the Arizona plains around him—"Alone, alone; all, all alone." Yet this loneliness of the endless plain, like the solitude of the great woods, is a health-giving, nerve-restoring tonic. Tired in body you stretch yourself on the sand, or sink gratefully to a couch of leaves. Tired in mind, your eyes wander to the far-off horizon and you muse on the beyond, or the infinite behind the great blue canopy, or gaze on the trees of the forest and drowsily listen to the murmur of the wind through the branches. Far away is the brick walled, granite paved city with its cold conventions and heart-breaking emptiness to the stranger within its gates—millions of faces, yet not one of a friend; on every hand greetings for others, only silence for him. But here the warm earth has a mother-touch, and every soft breeze a caress. There in Hans' tent we ate our lunch, talking and listening to our host. We racked our brains for news of the world we had left in exchange for tales of the life we were entering. We listened to stories of Indian shrewdness, of Indian deviltry, of Indian friendliness, of Hans' loneliness, and of his plans for release.

"Whoo-oop!" The horses were harnessed and our driver was calling to us that the sun would soon set. We traveled for miles over the rolling plain with its many lizards, its few rattlers, cotton-tail and jack-rabbits and occasional coyote, until the sun went down in a bank of clouds beside the San Francisco mountains, and the stars appeared. A light gleamed through the darkness; there came to us the barking of dogs. A trader's hearty welcome soon followed, and our day's journey was ended. Our thirty-mile drive lent equal attractiveness to the supper-burdened table, and the pile of Navajo blankets in the trader's house.

We stayed with this trader friend for many days, sleeping in his house with its stone and adobe walls, roof and floor, making friends with his Indian customers, and sometimes visiting their settlements.

One day as I was using my camera an Indian boy by my side made signs that he wanted to see. With his head under the focusing cloth he looked for a long time at the ground glass, and then asked what made things go upside down. Upon this I had the model before the camera stand upon his head. The Indian looked again at the ground glass, then at the model, then again at the ground glass, and shook with laughter. Several Indian women followed his example and the merriment became general. Incidentally one of the women made disparaging remarks about pocket cameras where you saw nothing and never received the promised pictures.

One is most impressed, perhaps, by the infinite vastness of the landscape, and especially at eventide

When the dinner hour found us far from the store we often went to some near-by hogan, and joining the circle around the sagebrush fire invited ourselves to dine with the family. Usually the dinner was of mutton, broiled over the coals on a gridiron improvised from pieces of heavy wire; ears of green corn roasted before the fire, and a kind of ash-cake made from corn ground with stones into a coarse meal, mixed with water and salt, wrapped in green husks and cooked in the ashes. Often the Indians were like a group of children; jokes passed back and forth and every one laughed—between mouthfuls. Some merriment over a remark that seemed to have concerned me led me to ask for a translation: "The woman says that one of the dogs has been carrying that stick you are using as a fork around in his mouth." There was a single knife, and a family spoon did stirring duty in many cups; but the forks, being fingers, were individual. An Indian seated opposite me, with grave expression and dignified demeanor, seemed like a character from one of Cooper's tales. I looked for the passing of a pipe of peace and an Indian oration, but when this noble red man lifted his hand it was to reach forward and tickle with a feather one of the children. He then quickly resumed his former attitude and assumed an expression of outraged innocence when accused by the tickled child.

Attempts to straighten out relationships often disclosed two sets of children in one family, with two mothers living and present on mutually cordial terms with everybody, which commonly suggested to us the propriety of a change of topics.

It may be appetite and environment alone that gave flavor to the mutton of the Arizona plains and sweetness to the Indians' corn,

but having eaten of them something will seem forever lacking to me in the kindred dishes of civilization.

The coming and going of the Indian is mysterious. When you least expect him a horse and rider will be silhouetted against the horizon, followed perhaps by another horse before mounting him. I am glad I did. An athletic young guest of the trader borrowed this horse for a thirty-mile ride. I watched the "playful at first" performance, and if that was play I should hate to be on that pony's back when he was serious about his bucking.

Here Hans lived with the Painted Desert behind and the Arizona plains around him—"Alone, alone; all, all alone"

and another, and soon they will be with you. They will come to the store to trade and to gossip and may go away to-day or to-morrow, or they may not. They will stay for a running or a wrestling match and always be ready to bet on either. They will race ponies or will ride unbroken broncos until they cease to be unbroken. Then suddenly they ride away, leaving the photographer with his camera in his hand wondering why he didn't use it.

On the plains every one is supposed to be a horseman. As applied to me the idea is erroneous. When a horse was offered me by my trader friend I asked if it bucked.

"Oh, no; he's a little playful at first, but he don't buck."

I knew that ideas of playfulness in horses differed, and concluded to look into the particular brand of humor possessed by that

This young man was a crank on the subject of fresh air, and when bedtime came rolled himself up in a Navajo blanket on the prairie, under the stars. Sometimes I listened with favor to his arguments, but one night as I was making my bed beside his on the prairie a rattlesnake crawled out from under his blanket and made threatening demonstrations in my direction. I concluded to sleep indoors that night, and it required little persuasion to convert my friend to my way of thinking.

One is most impressed, perhaps, by the infinite vastness of the landscape, and especially at eventide. To any one with an eye for art, with a temperament susceptible to the weird and the dreary, an Arizona landscape in the plains country must at twilight have strong influence. Cloud effects are awe-compelling, the plain vague,

NAVAJO COWBOYS ON THE ROUND-UP

suggestive of a world-wide canvas rather than of earth. And the Indian hogan, the lone horseman, the cattle herd, all not a part of the plain, of the earth, stand forth in sharp silhouette. Weird and lonely, yes, but there are worse things.

Queer things have happened in Arizona. Once upon a time a meteor fell from space and landed upon the top of an Arizona mountain. It was so big that the hole where it buried itself is to-day nearly a mile in diameter, and the eighth of a mile deep, while fragments of the meteor weighing half a ton or less were distributed throughout a radius of eight miles. A mining company is to-day sinking shafts in the mountain for the recovery of the iron contained in the great meteor. We clambered into the crater-like cavity and wandered over its strange formation so long that when we returned to the surface our train was in sight and our station nine miles distant. But although in sight the train had thirty miles to travel. That is the advantage of the combination of a prairie and a mountain.

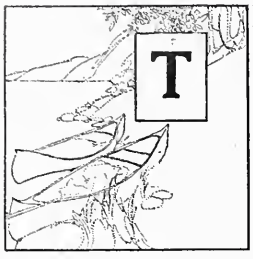
"Whoop!" It was a wild ride, down steep places, over rocks, and through sand, with galloping horses and a springless wagon tossing us about as did Hank Monk the unhappy Greeley. The train made its thirty miles while we made the nine, but we were delivered on time, and as we pulled out of the station there came to our reluctant ears a final exuberant "Whoo-oop!" from our long-haired young savage, son of the far-away city toward which we were now returning.

A NAVAJO FAMILY COME TO VISIT THE TRADER

TRYING OUT A MOTOR CANOE

The Story of an Experiment Which, Though Having Its Discouragements, Brought Its Reward

BY GEORGE CARLING



THE *Fayette* was a seventeen-foot canvas-covered canoe, built in Maine by a man of infinite judgment in the matter of model and material. For three years she was my constant companion on the waters of the Cobbosseecontee, Maranacook and Annibesicook. All my spare time in summer I had spent with her. She had poked her dainty nose into almost every pine-shadowed cove and inlet on those lakes, inquisitively searching for pickerel. She had glided over the open stretches of deep water with a hundred yards of trolling line in her wake, her stern swinging easily to the least pressure on the line. She had rubbed with gentle and friendly touch against every rock in the Juggernaut, the Jockmeyaw and the Cobbosseecontee streams. She had ridden scores of miles in hay-racks, or on the sturdy shoulders of a chum and myself. For the past five seasons she had been coquetting with the waters of Eastern Massachusetts—on the Concord and Merrimac rivers—and the numerous ponds in the neighborhood. During all this period she had but two new dresses—retaining the same cut and the same color, a bright and cheerful scarlet. She would not be the *Fayette* to me were she decked in any other garb.

With the coming of spring a year ago, I grew ambitious for a motor boat. Perhaps the ambition was aroused by an advertisement in a certain magazine of a marine motor, rated at "one-horse-power, water-cooled and jump spark." I pictured to myself the *Fayette* (my loyalty to her was inextinguishable) with the water-cooled cylinder and the jump-spark, and a dinky little propeller at her stern. So I wrote to the manufacturers, who quoted the price at $45 list, and $38 net—as if I cared for the list!—and referred me to a Boston agent. I saw the agent and the engine and was conquered by both.

It was the middle of March when the engine arrived, and I used to sit by its side in the cellar and plan on installing it in the canoe. I frequently took it out into the yard after supper and ran it, so as to get thoroughly acquainted with its action. After a little I noticed that the neighbors were not so cordial to me as formerly, and one evening Crosman, who lives next door, banged his window up and said things about the motor which surprised me. I gathered that he wanted to get his baby to sleep.

But my plans were complete, and the *Fayette* and her engine were carefully loaded into an express wagon and carried to Smith, the boat builder. (His name was not Smith, but, as this is not an advertising story, we'll call him Smith.) He had a reputation for well-designed and well-built boats, and after criticising my drawings and telling me that I might get four miles an hour (I was figuring on seven, at least), providing the boat didn't shake apart before the first hour was up, he agreed to do the work—promising to start it on Monday morning. A week later I went to his shop and found the canoe untouched, where I had left it. The foreman blamed Smith, who was away, for the neglect, and said they were going right at the job on Monday morning.

The next Saturday the canoe was still on the rack and Smith blamed his foreman, who was away. He also mentioned that they would start work on Monday morning.

On the next Saturday both men were in the shop, but nothing had been done to the *Fayette*. They promised to commence on Monday morning!

Another Saturday came and I found my

poor little canoe under a shed in the yard, stripped of her canvas. Her forlorn appearance touched my heart, and I went after the express man and carried her out.

"Where'll you take her now?" he asked.

"Brown's," I answered, laconically and moodily.

Mr. Brown was in his shop and became deeply interested in the canoe. He approved of my plans and promised to start the work the first thing Monday morning. I went around on Saturday (our office closes at noon on Saturdays), and the assistant told me cheerfully that Mr. Brown was "full." The assistant was very cross-eyed—I think I have never seen a man so cross-eyed. I could not imagine how he could distinguish the port from the starboard side of a boat. But he was a pleasant young man, and he told me confidently that they would start on the canoe on Monday morning.

THE CREW NAVIGATES WITHOUT THE SKIPPER'S AID

Saturday came round again—and *I* came around again—and learned that Brown was still "full." It was not the same "full," the assistant hastened to explain; it was a bran-new one, with trimmings. He added, also, that they planned to commence on the *Fayette* on Monday morning. He said, "Over there," looking at two corners of the shop at once, "is the plank for the engine-bed."

After going to the wrong corner I found the piece of plank (in the right corner). No work had been done on it, but—it was a plank, which was convincing.

The next week Brown was sober. I was surprised at this, for I could not imagine how any man could work alongside of that astigmatized assistant and keep sober. But the *Fayette* was untouched; so I again sought out the expressman.

"I was expectin' yer along 'bout this time," he said, cheerfully. I began to hate that man also. I suspected that he was in league with all the boat builders of the neighborhood, in order to secure a steady income from me for express charges. We again loaded on the denuded *Fayette*, and I climbed onto the high seat.

"Where'll you take her to next?" inquired the man, with a gentle smile.

I did not answer immediately. It seemed to me that I was doomed to spend the summer hauling my canoe about the town from one boat builder to another.

"There's a young feller doin' repairs at the Waupsee Boat Club," said the expressman. "They say he's a crackerjack—an' he's got a little shop. Mebbe he'll do it for yer. His name's Jones."

We drove to Jones' and found him in his shop. He was a clean, workmanlike young fellow, and had a clean, workmanlike shop. Greatly to my surprise he didn't

promise to begin work "first thing Monday morning." He said he had two boats promised for the early part of the week, and would then take hold of the canoe. I felt confidence in him at once, and my heart warmed towards him. With tears in my eyes I told him of my troubles—how I had planned a delightful spring cruise while the water was high, from the head of the Ipswich River down to the sea. It was now the middle of June, and the opportunities for my chief enjoyment of summer days were slipping by without my being able to grasp them.

He sympathized with me and said he'd "put her through."

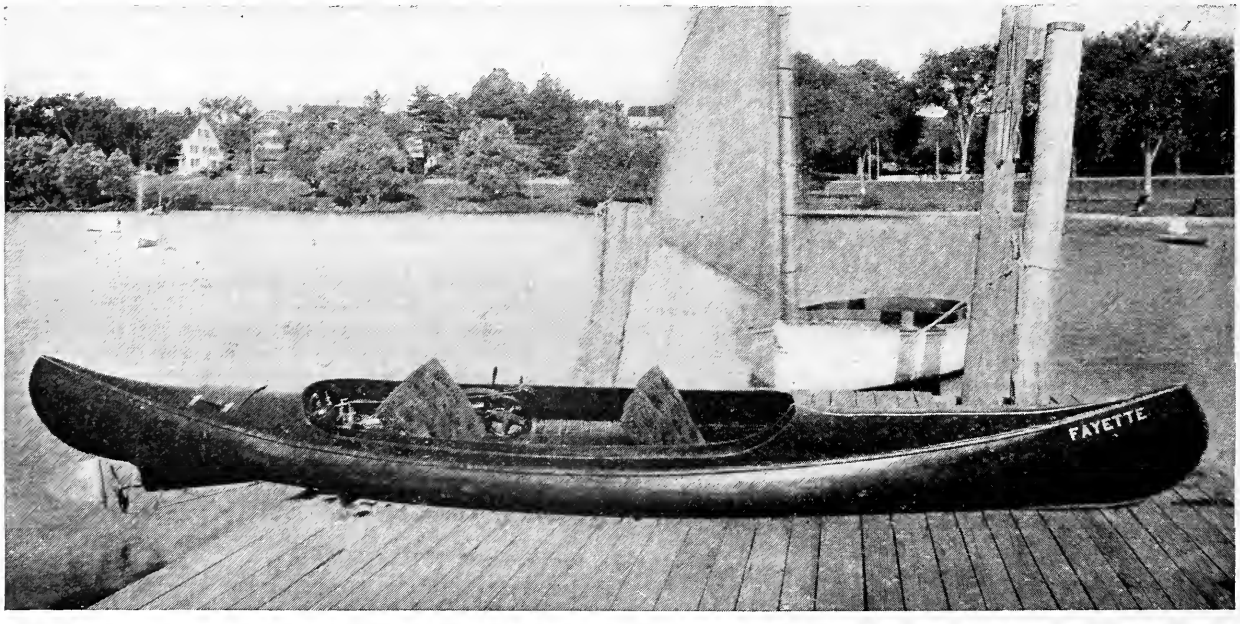
We launched the *Fayette* in Lake Chebacco, on the morning of the Fourth of July, and the wonder and admiration of the people assembled at the boat-house on seeing this diminutive powerboat carried down the slip by two men—its polished sides and nickel trimmings flashing in the sunlight—were hearty and unbounded.

With an air of deliberation and carelessness which I had been practising for a week, I stepped a board and swung the fly-wheel over. No cheerful spit responded. Again and again I tried it—without effect. Rolling up the sleeves of my new outing shirt—bought to match the boat—I poked in among the machinery for half an hour, searching for the trouble. I got trouble all right—but didn't find the cause. Crestfallen and gloomy I took the paddle and, shoving the canoe across the little cove away from the amused crowd, I pulled her up onto a grassy slope in the shade of a great poplar.

Hour after hour I toiled away, barking the skin off my knuckles and thumping my fingers. The dory races had been called and rowed. The motorboat prize had been awarded—and my little *Fayette*, with which I had confidently expected to make the others look like a string of brick-laden barges drifting down the Piscataqua, lay on the bank helpless.

Suddenly I unscrewed the nozzle of the gasoline tank and peered in. I had forgotten to fill it! I had spent six mortal hours in trying to start up that engine without fuel. Silently and humbly I filled the tank, pushed the *Fayette* into the water, and the Girl nestled herself comfortably in the cushions at the bow.

Have I mentioned the Girl? I certainly should not have forgotten her. All through that miserable day she had waited by me, patiently and sympathetically—had bothered me with neither suggestions nor regrets. Three or four times had she fixed her eyes on the opposite shores of the lake, with a dreamy, far-away intentness. This was when I had thumped my thumb with a



THE "FAYETTE" FULL-RIGGED FOR MOTORING

A Seventeen-foot Canvas-covered Paddling Canoe Which, with a One Horse-power Motor Installed, Ran a Measured Mile in 6.48 Minutes, Official Time

Stilson wrench. Subdued and penitent, the paragraph in "Martin Chuzzlewit" came to my mind:

"Oh, woman, God-beloved in old Jerusalem! The best among us need deal lightly with thy faults, if only for the punishment thy nature will endure in bearing heavy evidence against us on the Day of Judgment."

I whirled the fly-wheel and the engine caught the spark at once. "Spit! spit! spit!" came the merry impulses. The *Fayette* sprang out from the bank like a wild thing, and a cheer went up from the few bystanders. I pulled the wheel over and pointed her nose toward the open lake; then glanced at the Girl. She was contentedly nibbling a sandwich, and with a roguish smile she pushed the box over to me. Surely hunger never before came so suddenly and ferociously on any man. Two minutes before no thought of food had touched my troubled mind—now, I grasped the welcome morsel, despatched it in two bites, and reached for another.

"Sniff! sniff!" I looked up and saw the Girl wiggling her nose a little. Then I myself sniffed. Burning oil! I placed my hand on the cylinder. Water-cooled! I took it off again. Never in my life had I lifted my hand so quickly—and the Girl gazed again, with that far-away, dreamy look, upon the opposite shore.

The cylinder was white-hot—that is, it would have been white-hot if it had not been japanned—and the japan was sizzling. I snatched out the switch-plug, stopping the engine, and threw the wheel over so as to head for the bank.

We snuggled in among a friendly clump of willows, and the Girl took another sandwich, pushing the box over to me. We munched contentedly and resignedly. I tore my handkerchief in half and bound up my burned hand while the Girl looked things she did not say. There was one sandwich left and she offered it to me. I looked at it longingly and said:

"No, I don't wa—"

"Don't say that, Billy—don't fib, too!"

So I took out my jack-knife and divided the last sandwich fairly in halves, and thus we disposed of it.

"What is the trouble now, Billy?" asked the Girl.

"I know not, neither do I care." I sighed contentedly. My inner wants were supplied—that is, partly supplied. I had a pipe of fragrant tobacco doing good service. The crew looked charming, and I stretched myself out on the cushions, at peace with the world.

Presently, the pipe being out, and the engine cooled, I made an examination. The trouble was easily found. The pump-belt had slipped off its pulley—the "water-cooled cylinder with the jump-spark" had been getting no water. I adjusted the belt, taking up a little slack, and again we started out.

What a glorious exhilaration there was in it all! The dear little canoe, my canoe of old in a new role, fairly sprang through the water, throwing out a wave on either bow higher than the gun'le. The Girl had twisted around, facing ahead. Her hair fluttered in the breeze, and as she glanced back at me her eyes were lit up with a triumphant, joyous gleam.

"Gurgle, trickle, trickle, gurgle!" my ears caught a queer sound. I was seated on the battery box, and throwing a quick glance downward, I saw water in the boat—two or more inches in the stern. The bow was dry, it was so much higher.

Again I threw over the wheel and headed for the shore—dismayed and puzzled. Two minutes before the boat was perfectly dry. The leak must have started suddenly and seriously to take in water like this.

We hauled up on the bank, the crew doing valiant service. After some minutes' search I found the source of the leak. The muffler was water-cooled, and in the severe heat to which it had been exposed the outlet pipe, which was soldered on, had melted off. I had been pumping Lake Chebacco into the canoe at the rate of four gallons per minute.

Silently and sadly, in the gathering darkness, we bailed the *Fayette* out and wiped the machinery dry. Then, with single paddle, I worked her clumsily over to the boat-house and put her away.

Looking back at it all, I can but feel that the misfortunes which beset me in making the *Fayette* a practical motor boat now add greatly to my enjoyment of the little craft. My acquaintance with the engine is

far more complete than it could be without certain provoking experiences. I feel no doubt that I could take it apart and put it together again in the dark. Every detail of it is as familiar to my touch as the collar button at the back of my neck.

As soon as I had repaired the muffler I took the boat to Quinsigamond Lake. It is a larger sheet of water and clear of weeds. Besides, I wanted to start among new people, with *eclat*—which I certainly had not done at Chebacco. Nor was I disappointed. The *Fayette* even exceeded my expectations, although, for awhile, there were little matters which required adjustment. One of these in particular was solved quite happily. The gasoline tank proved to be set too low to feed out all of the fluid. It was a flat tank, about four inches deep, and fitted snugly just below the deck at the stern. As the weight of the engine and myself was considerably greater than that of the crew, the stern settled down and the gasoline did not flow completely out. There was no way to raise the tank and it seemed as though the only alternative would be to get a heavier crew.

But the crew solved the problem herself. "If you should sit up here, Billy, you could handle the wheel quite well, and the canoe would trim better." It was a noble thought and I instantly adopted it. The steering wheel was amidships on the port side, within easy reach, and the engine required little attention after starting. The quarters were somewhat crowded, but I never heard the crew grumble.

I would advise any one designing a motor canoe to place the wheel as I have described. It has proved a very convenient and very pleasant arrangement. I use a reversible propeller in the *Fayette*, and, owing to the lightness of the craft, the suddenness with which she can be stopped is astonishing. I used to amuse myself by coming up to the float at full speed until within one length, to the great alarm of spectators; then, reversing the propeller, would swing alongside as gently as a feather. One day, however, it was different. I had come up at the usual headlong rate and reversed the wheel, when there was a jar. The engine stopped instantly, while the *Fayette* dashed to the float. But for a friendly and sturdy foot, quickly thrust out, the bow would have been stove in.

Mortified and humbled, I hauled the canoe up, and found that the end of a two-inch hawser had become entangled in the propeller. It had floated in at the psychological moment, when I needed every ounce of back pressure I could command.

And the Girl never screamed! She was a great comfort to me. Great!

It was with infinite glee that I clipped an item from a local paper and sent it to Smith. Smith!—the man who would commence "first thing Monday morning." Smith!—who knew it all. Smith!—who had said I might get four miles an hour, if she didn't shake apart in the first mile. The item described a run of the *Fayette* over a measured mile in 6.48 minutes. Nine and a-quarter miles per hour! It repaid me for all my trouble with Smith and with Brown and his astigmatized assistant. I even became reconciled to the loss of my spring cruise. With this performance in mind, I am by no means doubtful that, with some few changes now being made, and in good water, the *Fayette* will be able to do ten miles an hour, or better.

When fitting in the engine, the canoe was decked over for four feet at each end and a neat combing run around the cockpit. This is the only strengthening which was given to the frame, and it seems to be ample. I think the elasticity of the frame itself is a great factor of strength, as well as comfort. The vibration of the little boat, about which my friends made dreary predictions, is by no means severe. It is not nearly so noticeable as in a solidly-framed launch, and doubtless this is due to the elasticity to which I have referred.

This summer the *Fayette* goes to her old cruising ground on the Cobbosseecontee and sister lakes. It is for such water she is expressly adapted. In the ten-mile stretches of those lakes she can let herself out and scoot through the water like the dainty little wild thing she is, without fear of contact with weeds or treacherous rocks.

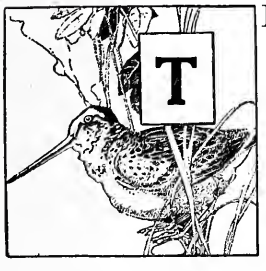
THE WILD RICE BEDS

CALLING ON THE MARSH BIRDS

How a Canadian Naturalist Works in Getting a Photographic Record of His Country's Feathered Inhabitants

BY BONNYCASTLE DALE

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



THE waters from the great Kawartha chain of lakes empty into Rice Lake through the long, winding course of the Otonabee River; the river forks at its mouth, spreading out over a square mile of marsh, bog and drowned land. As far back as our records go, as far back as the legends of the Mississaugas take us, this river mouth, grown thick with wild rice, wild oats and wild celery, has been the breeding ground of the waterfowl and the shore birds. When we first saw it, one cold, blustering March day, a day of alternate flashes of brightest sunlight and scurrying snowstorms, it was all ice-bound. But we knew the power of the sun in this temperate zone and made ready for our work. My fat assistant, Fritz, toiled up the island's bank with cameras, marsh-floats, push-poles, boxes of connecting tubes and bulbs, typewriter, telescope and all the camp duffle needed in this interesting life of nature study. As for myself, I confess that, despite long training, I as usual neglected the work to "look around." The trees of our island of the Beaver loomed stark in leafless tracery against the blue sky, the "shanty" was a litter of scattered duck feathers, torn and nibbled wads and boxes, destroyed nests where the squirrels had rebuilt them, all telling of many visits from squirrel, stoat, weasel and rat; one bright-eyed red rascal had taken up winter quarters in the duck feather bed hanging from the rafters and threw out a perfect cloud when we disturbed him.

Two weeks of April weather melted the snow off the marsh, honeycombed the lake ice and opened up a tiny blue ribbon of water at the river's mouth. No sooner had the mimic waves sparkled in the sun than the heralds of the great migrating hosts began to arrive, and so sure were we of their

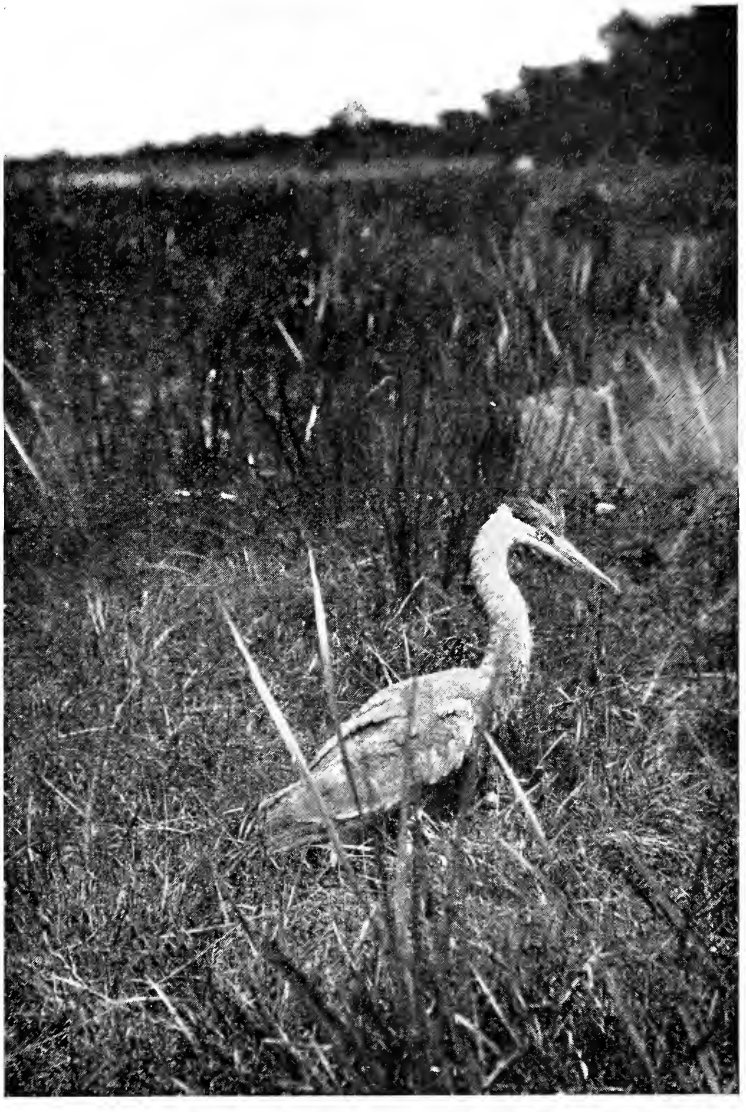
A PAIR OF SOOTY TERN IN FLIGHT

coming that we promptly turned the telescope from the mile-distant open water at the north to the southern skyline. It was six in the morning when we first saw the gleam of the water amid the ice; two hours later hurrying black dots could be seen coming over the pine trees that fringed the lake hills —faintly pencilled gray lines on the clouds that soon resolved under the powerful glass into whistle-wings, American golden-eyes. These swooped to the wind and settled into the crack, and were soon followed by a pair of red-breasted mergansers. All morning long the procession kept arriving, goose-anders, redheads, bluebills, surf-ducks, mallards, teal and pintails, widgeons and wood-ducks, dusky mallards and canvasbacks, ruddy and bufflehead, coween and little sawbills—the hooded mergansers. That night a motley flock of twenty-two varieties of ducks slept in the now much-enlarged opening in the ice; we had never seen such a general arrival the first day. And most of the birds were mated, this having been caused by some of the lakes in New York State and Ohio opening up earlier than usual, giving the great migration a place to rest and sort its varied ranks and mate its sexes. As they were following the isotherm of 35° F., we had plenty of time to study and picture the birds, for the wilds to the north of us, where they breed, the great clay belt, the muskegs of the Albany, the short sunlight on the James Bay coast, would not experience this temperature for weeks.

While we watched from the Beaver in midlake the awful contest between the wind, the sun and the swollen current, and the great fields of lake ice, a contest in which shores were shaved, trees uprooted and great boulders tossed from their places like marbles before the advancing ice-shove, we noted the later migration of the wildfowl that make these lakes their homes. Excepting the black-duck and the mallard, the teal, the wood-duck and the hooded merganser, all the ducks continue north on the migration.

We were treated one day to the sight of a falling blue heron, locally the crane—the *shu-shuge* of the redmen. Sailing overhead at a great height, this bird suddenly decided it had arrived, and let go—down it came, a tumbling, twisting, swift-revolving mass of head, long neck and still longer legs, the noise it made sounding like a swift gust in the quiet air. Whirling at fearful speed it fell, then the great wings shot out, the bird steadied itself and sailed calmly on as if a half-mile tumble were an everyday event. Loons were arriving; cormorants joined the host; a solitary pelican was seen. Two kinds of wild geese—Canada and the brant—flew over. Spotted sandpipers, killdeer plover, golden plover, bittern and least

bittern, coot and crake, yellow-legs, weak-winged silver grebe and the smaller pied grebe, gallinule—the common mudhen—Virginia rail, red bittern, a rare woodcock, our big jacksnipe and the little English snipe, came in their own time and fashion. All the feathered songsters of the marsh, wrens, canaries, redwings and grackles, came to open the season's concert. The kingbird came, trailing his coat-tail for trouble, as usual, and myriad swallows. Kingfishers, the birds of prey and carrion birds—hawks, eagles, owls, crows—all streamed northward overhead, mainly in the daytime, a noisy, squawking, quacking, singing host—until all the lake, the marsh and drowned lands were thickly dotted with the homecomers.



A HERON, WITH CREST RAISED IN ANGER

So now our cedar canoe lay on the shore, laden with cameras and many devices for concealing us. A heavy fog hung over the lake, but we noticed that the arriving flocks of swallows sped past the north point of the Beaver and on towards the river's mouth. Guided by these birds, that seemed to shoot out of the mist behind and speed straight along parallel with the canoe and disappear into the dense curtain ahead, we made our way, jumping many a flock of webfeet, until nearing the marsh we heard the full chorus of the motley throng break out as the sun burst forth and the wind rolled the fog up and disclosed the lake and our swiftly-stealing canoe. A square mile of marsh, bog and drowned land spread out before us, all yellow with the dead flags, the standing, rustling golden oats, the matted wild rice straw, green where the muskrats and the ducks had pulled up heaps of wild onions—the muskrat apples of the Mississaugas—or floating masses of succulent wild celery, tangled bunches of parrot grass, sprouting points of the flags. The sloping shores of the river banks were sere and dead beneath their black alders and willows and swamp maples—but all throbbed with the feathered game we were so anxious to photograph, and the tall, rustling cover hid many an enemy, more real than we were perhaps fancied: the little brown mink crashed along its hidden paths, weasels dodged under old bog roots, stoat arched their backs beside the muskrat houses and the birds of prey hovered incessantly over the scene. Into this bird haven our long, olive-green canoe entered, a fearful monster, no doubt, to the timorous inhabitants, with its long, shining shell and the two heads and four arms that bobbed and worked ominously.

From bog to bank, along the little channels in the marsh, we paddled the canoe, but of all the feathered game not a single one had commenced nest-building, nor did they for many days. The spring flood was still

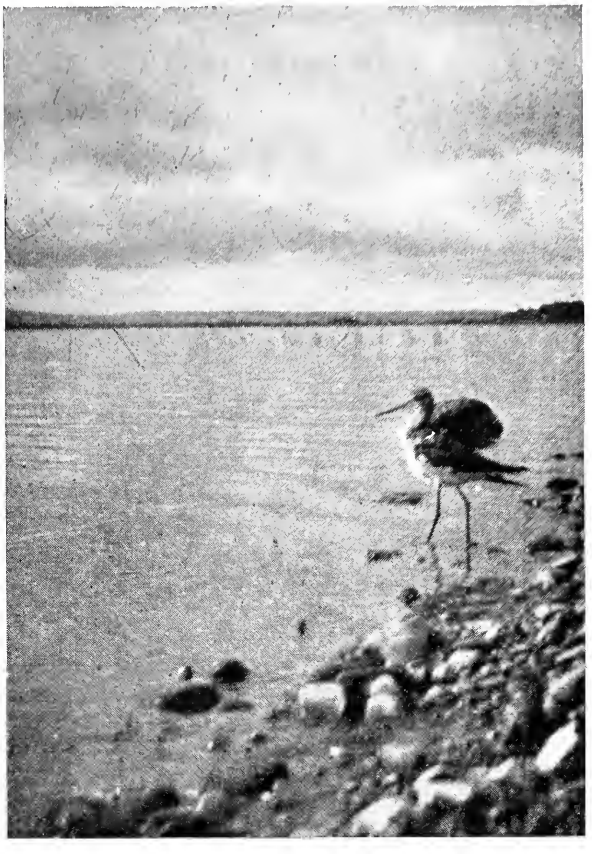
1. TEAL AND BLACK-DUCK WITH DECOYS
2. SPOTTED SANDPIPER ON HER NEST
3. VIRGINIA RAIL EXAMINING YOUNG MUSKRATS
4. KILDEER PLOVER STANDING OVER HER NEST

on. "*Peeo tahbusish nebe*," a passing redman told us—wait for low water. We pondered his words as the "tump" of his paddle on the old dugout grew faint in the distance. True words they were, for not a bird that nested low showed any sign of industry.

Towards the end of the month, one bright spring morning, as the canoe turned into the narrow, beaver-grass-lined channels, we noticed that all the birds were busy nest building. Last night we had paddled through here and not a bird was at work. What wonderful instinct! The water fell from that morning. But what puzzled us the most was how the unseen signal spread. What was it that carried this news over all these boggy marshes, aye, and all over this wide lake and sinuous river, that simultaneously the entire feathered kingdom started to build their summer homes?

We saw a very interesting sight—a muskrat, drowned out by the high water, carrying her babes, one at a time, struggling and squealing, to a piece of bog, where she laid them to dry. We approached and floated the small camera, staked it firmly, focused it on the spot, connected the rubber tubes, and hid the canoe behind some tall, dry flags to get a picture of the mother on her return, and right into focus a Virginia rail stepped and examined with bright-eyed curiosity the kicking youngsters. "Clang" rang the curtain, away sped the bird, leaving behind the film's impression of this odd scene. Later we took this golden-brown bird with bright red bill as she stood beside a little pond-hole in the marsh. She builds her nest in basket shape, well woven, right in the centre of the flags' roots. She cuts and tears these out, without disturbing the outside shoots, that twist their swordlike leaves together at the top, forming a perfect screen and shelter. We later opened this little "house" and pictured the lilac and olive-spotted eggs.

Before the redheads left on the northern migration we had the luck to have a big drake, with his brilliant head and glossy black-and-white back glistening in the sun, swim slowly past our waiting lens. Again, while we rested on the shore, a female whistler came ashore for gravel and left us her picture ere she, too, joined the flight to her far-off nesting-grounds on Hudson Bay.



A YELLOWLEG PLOVER

The black-duck, a fowl that nests here, was always in evidence, jumping with that soul-stirring quack of his from many a hidden creek; beside its banks, under some near-by cedar, the female sat crouched on her carefully constructed nest, plucking from her breast the well-oiled feathers to build a wall around the nest, so that when scared off or driven forth by hunger a couple of dabs of her olive-green bill turned this woven feather and grass and twig-built wall over and thoroughly concealed the nest. We took a picture of a handsome specimen of this breed as it stood on the shore-line with alarmed eye and tense muscles, ready to jump and fly. *Makkudasheeb*, our Indian friends call them. This mile square held also the nests of the brilliant wood-duck. Anon a drake flashed by us, a moving rainbow; on the well-built nest in the forks of a drowned land tree the more soberly clad female sat on her greenish tinted eggs. Springing away with an alarmed squeal as our canoe entered the marshy bay, little sawbills, the hooded mergansers, built their nests at the base of a swamp willow or in a broken stub top; the graceful little teal con-

A DRAKE REDHEAD—AN EXPERT DIVER

cealed theirs in the rank growth of the floating bog.

Hawk, the Mississauga guide, told us of a loon's nest—*Maung wasiswaun*, he called it—built on the bay's edge. He declared he had crept up on the sleeping bird, drawing his canoe along by grasping under the water the roots of the flags and lilies. Noiseless as a shadow he stole up on that great fowl and with a swift throw and crafty motion passed a loop of his bass line over the big head and long bill. Instantly, without disturbing her two large olive- and red-spotted eggs that lay in the rude nest, she sprang struggling back, beating the air with her short, strong wings; the line parted and she escaped. We secured the picture of a male loon that crept up through the grass to see if we had disturbed the nest, and rolled and wobbled back in frantic haste when the camera clicked.

The herons build their huge nests in the tops of the dead ash trees. Thatching these over each season, they finally have a structure that looks like a wind-blown haystack, caught in midair. The trees are fairly burdened with these, and when all the sitting females rose in their nests as we rattled on our canoe below, they looked like masts stuck in so many tubs. The males circled above the intruding craft, squawking and screaming, but never once offering to attack us. In June the two, three or four youngsters are hatched, adding their cries finally to the general clamor. The heronry is then distinctly unpleasant, as the way of sanitation is unknown to this family. The mothers fill the air with complaints of the hunger of the big, half-naked nestlings and swoop off in search of more, making a continual procession of big, flapping herons, fish and frog laden, ascending or heavily flapping down to the feeding grounds again. Later we pictured this big wader as it swam along the shore, an unusual position; again we got a separate head study. Another picture secured was of a grand big male, a very cautious chap. He would not approach our hide (one cleverly made by a redskin, of boughs and branches piled up and interwoven) so we pictured him across the little bay, and away he flew with his legs trailing behind like some long tail. One youngster was too weak to stand without the aid of its

THE GREAT NORTHERN DIVER—THE LOON

prop-like wings; there he rested, breathing heavily, too weak to fly, too tired to walk. Poor young bird! I have no idea what he thought of the two big animals that emerged from the cover of branches. Anyway, he gathered enough strength to scramble rapidly away. Another handsome heron we took stared at the lens, his crest raised in anger, wondering what the flashing, one-eyed reptile in the grass was; its jarring note, as his photograph was taken, made him stiffen all over, crouch until his long legs were bent together backwards, for they hinge that way, then leap with a hoarse, grunting squawk of alarm. It is a sight of a lifetime to watch one of these patient fishers. He will stand in the shallow water, stiff as a pair of poles. When the unwary fish swim near, there is a flash as the long, sharp bill sweeps through the air, a spraying, splashing struggle as the glittering fish curves in his mouth. Up, up goes the head, the perch is held aloft, slowly righted, turned head-first and swallowed with the most alarming muscular contortions eye ever witnessed. Bulging out the neck as it twists and turns and throws itself forward in its final efforts to down the fish, the bird seemingly escapes death by choking by the fraction of an inch.

All along the bog's edge the wrens and the redwings built, hanging their nests on flags and red willows. Beneath, the rails and the crakes and the mudhens built their well-woven homes. The wrens, in a perfect ectasy of nest building, made sometimes as many as three grass and flag-woven homes, twisting and crimping the grasses with their bills in a most mechanical manner. Soon all the bog looked like some wild orchard, closely grown with dwarf fruit trees laden with their husky fruit. All over the marsh the redwings followed us, crying out at our intrusion and driving out every hawk, eagle, crow or heron that approached too near their nesting places. All honor to the red-winged blackbird. Were it not for the grand fight he wages in protecting his own home and at the same time protecting all the nests of the feathered game near-by, our shooting days would go unrewarded with fair bags.

On the flat shores and sloping banks that edged the river's mouth and near-by lake shore, in the old deserted meadows where the beavers once built their dams, the plover

and the sandpiper and the bittern built their nests. It was in a flag-grown bay the bittern chose its well-matched home. Time after time we passed the sitting bird, which matched the green sprouting and dead, dry yellow foliage perfectly. Our striking at a pair of blacksnakes that were sunning themselves on a black alder branch made the bird flush. We took a picture of the nest, and later, through the binoculars, we watched the bird make its unusual cry, "A-ker-plunk—a-ker-plunk." It stood stiffly in the marsh, its bill pointed erect as a steeple, matching the marsh coloring nicely. But in this case the cover was not more than two inches high, so the striped harlequin looked very comical. Suddenly the head was thrown forward and a gulp of air drawn in with a reed-like noise; swelling out the air-pouch, three times more it did this, until the pouch grew as large as a tennis ball. Then the head was drawn in until it rested on the back, when out it shot and out shot the cry, "A-ker-plunk!" Far down the river the male bird answered. Three times more the calls were repeated, then she slunk through the grass like a rat. We took several pictures of the least bittern, the orange and green and buff little beauty, flitting over the marsh like a spray of color, mate of the greater bird, except in the richer beauty of its livery.

The English snipe outwitted us, if they breed here. The golden plover and the yellowlegs had gone far north to breed, but that charming black and white and buff velvet bird, the killdeer, was with us. We found her on her nest. Away she struggled, rolling and tumbling on the ground, uttering a strange hissing noise with her plaintive cry. Anything to decoy us away from that precious nest. Her alarm was unnecessary. We set up the cameras, secreted ourselves, and over flew the male bird and told her in plover fashion that we were behind the brush. I bade Fritz wander away down the field and sit in the open, whereupon the male watched him and the female returned to the tiny depression, lined with a few bits of grass, that she called her nest. The four black-splashed olive-brown eggs were warm in the May sun and she ran up the little slope and stared at the bright lens. She was "easy."

"Tweet, tweet," called the "tip-up" from a neighboring field, and we turned and saw the spotted sandpiper flying away from its nest, built like the killdeer's on a slight crest, rude and almost unlined. She also decoyed with fluttering wings and pitiful cry. Poor bird! would we were your only enemies. With much care we concealed the cameras; with more she returned, flying over, running through the grass like a rat, peeping here, peering there. But finally the mother instinct overcame her and she returned to her nest and had her picture taken; yes, and gave it to us again as she turned the eggs over and over, and another as she flew away. Laughingly we doffed our hats in thanks as we turned the rolls that added these to our collection of the feathered game and shore birds of Sweet Canada.

ON THE UPPER OTONABEE

GIRLS ON A ROUND-UP

In Which They Lived the Life of the Cowboys and Did a Creditable Share of the Work

BY FLORENCE S. DUBOIS

THE big-hearted people of the particular section of the West which we knew had given we "girls" from the East a good time all summer. We arrived late in May, bought horses at once from the Indians, and spent the rainy June getting acquainted with our newly acquired steeds and exploring the country around the Agency. The showers didn't disturb us much as we rode through the yellow pine and tamarack, the wet brush flapping against the horses' sides, the rain-laden breeze full in our faces—for we breathed the air of the hills—the high hills—and "the sound of snow-water and the sound of trees" was in our ears. One of those afternoons the rain ceased suddenly, the sun slanted through the broken clouds on a slope of purple lupine, and its rare fragrance was borne to us with the smell of the wet soil. Away to the northeast the snow-capped Mission Range gave back the sun. Ah, that was a time to remember!

But this is not about the round-up. Yet it conveys that we liked the people and the country. In July we took a driving trip to the northern part of the Reservation and up there they said to us: "You girls seem to like this country, we're going to round up some beef cattle shortly, and will be out a week or ten days. Do you want to come?" Sure, we wanted to come. Visions of ourselves as dashing Lucille Mulhalls floated through our heads, and without delay we returned to the Agency and made feverish preparations for the event.

These preparations were brief. If some of our friends back East, who had seen us depart with two suit-cases for a two days' visit, could have seen our long, lean saddle-rolls, they would have smiled. Thus outfitted, we started forth from the Agency, which was fifty miles south of where the Cattle Owner and his wife lived. She was to drive in a mountain cart and "pack" their things, and had told us we could (with an emphasis on the "could," we thought) bring a suit-case, but we decided to reduce our necessities to a minimum, and haply thereby acquire merit. This we certainly did, for as we loped our horses up to the appointed meeting-place, having learned to arrive with a flourish, and announced that our luggage was all in the saddle-rolls, we were rewarded by words of unqualified approval.

Our host went off about noon to arrange for the night's camp, and at seven in the evening two of us in the cart, with Pete for driver, and three on horseback set out on his trail. Our route had been thus outlined: "We'll cross the river, go over the hill toward the setting sun, work the country west and north and return by the arm of the lake." Such a picturesque schedule almost demanded the moon, which rose behind us as we rode down to the river and onto the crude flatboat that did service as a ferry. Pete and another cowboy, Bob, rowed and poled us across the swift stream which formed the outlet of the large lake that extended into the Reservation from the north. The crossing safely made (despite titters from the girls), we mounted the hill on the other side and held a straight course into the light of the setting sun.

A rough but glorious ride brought us to camp, which was pitched on the flat close to the edge of the same river we had crossed, only here it ran between steep banks and the noise of its fall over the great rocks that interrupted its course just above camp could

be distinctly heard. It was nearly eleven, and our moon was low; the fire had sunk to embers and we could see little beyond the tent at which we had dismounted. We unsaddled our horses and held the bridles as we asked where they were to be led. "Turn them loose," said our host, who seemed to be the only human being in evidence, and we obeyed with misgivings, anxious eyes following them as they wandered toward the river. You see, they had cost us twenty-five dollars apiece and we didn't want anything to happen to them. But they were quite safe, for they quickly joined the band of ponies belonging to the outfit and would be in the care of the horse-wrangler until morning.

The dusky outline of a big canvas-covered wagon loomed up beyond the fire and meant nothing more to us then than a picturesque addition to the scene. One of the girls walked toward it, but retreated hastily, explaining that she had nearly stumbled over a sleeping man. So we decided that it was after camp bedtime and we would turn in without delay. The mattresses covered by four or five neatly folded quilts looked good to us, and our flannel wrappers not nearly so woolly as when we rolled them up in the morning; so comfortably tucking ourselves away, we slept a sound sleep in the big outdoor night.

Up at six in the morning we found much doing in the camp. The big wagon attracted us at once, for the end-gate, or tail-board, let down from the back, propped by a stake in the ground, formed a table around which stood several cowboys disposing of quantities of ham and eggs. Around the fire stood pots and pans and from which others of the crew filled tin cups and plates. Oh, how good was the smell of ham upon the keen morning air! Well, if this was the chuck-wagon, we were indeed glad to meet it. But these real cowboys didn't look so much like Remington pictures as we expected; here was one in overalls, dark flannel shirt, vest, small felt hat—named Boston, so the Cattle Owner's wife said, but not realizing Boston's possibilities, we turned from him to Pete. There were the big hat, mackinaw, sheepskin "chaps," clinking spurs, heavy quirt—all the attributes of the picture cowboy—and as he stooped to fix the ornamental breast-strap on his pony, our fingers twitched for a camera. A yell from the men interrupted our contemplation: "Jack's horse is bucking!" And sure enough, it was. Jack, a well-built Indian, sat his "pinto" with perfect calm, it bucking all over the place—down the bank, along the river edge, up the steepest part of the bank again, and out on the flat—while his sombrero, his countenance, and the heavy braids over his shoulders remained equally unmoved. His general get-up was more like Boston's than that of Pete, and he was one of the best all-around cattlemen on the Reservation our host said—a little lesson that signified "Fine 'chaps' do not necessarily mean fine cowpunchers." Exclamations and admiration from the girls moved Jack no more than the bucking, except that he sent a quiet smile in our direction as he rode off on his subdued pony.

Other men were saddling the ponies that the Cattle Owner was roping down by the river. This process, in addition to Jack's riding, was as good as a Wild West Show, which the grand-stand on the bank was thoroughly appreciating. However, when Cook looked up from a pan of eggs to say: "Any time you girls want your breakfast, it's ready," we "went to it" on a run. Having kept our eyes on those who had breakfasted before us, we found plates and cups and provender in cow-camp method and were soon eating a breakfast shocking to the sensibilities of those who cannot compass more than an orange, a muffin and a cup of coffee.

The day's work was to include us; we weren't sure to what extent, only praying inwardly that we shouldn't be entirely in the way, and after breakfast we rode off toward the west with the Cattle Owner and the Cattle Buyer, leaving our hostess to "keep house." The way lay over flats and buttes, the Owner and the Buyer telling tales, until doubt entered into even our tenderfoot enthusiasm, while we rudely and frequently interrupted by requests for permission to round-up every stray calf we saw. As this round-up was for beef cattle, not for branding, we were told to wait for bigger game. When we came to a draw where cattle stood in the wet ground and lay on near slopes, and we were told to collect those

branded "Bar II" and those with two dewlaps, we rode at them with such a rush that they scattered in every direction; so the Owner calmed us down and gave us a few points. Thereafter we kept discreetly in his wake, and by noon had a bunch of cattle to herd along the river bottom to a flat, with a curve of the river on three sides and cut banks on the fourth. Though the girls' share was mostly looking on, once or twice we experienced a feeling of victory at returning a steer to the herd after chasing it through creeks and cottonwood growths, up crumbly banks and down abrupt hills, and we began to realize the danger of such a chase on the spring or fall round-ups when the ground is wet and slippery.

MISS LUCILLE MULHALL, THE CELEBRATED "COWGIRL"

The bunch we brought in was bellowing and stamping on the flat, making much dust and noise. A cloud of dust in a cut of the banks and approaching lowing heralded the arrival of another lot, and then another; down the trail they came —cattle running, cowboys yelling, quirts snapping, ponies jumping—an exhibition of local color and action that fulfilled our liveliest imaginings. From the whole bunch, when all the cowboys were in, were to be cut out those not coming up to the Buyer's standard in age, size or condition. We understood then that to separate a single beast and drive it out of that heaving sea of backs, was almost literally to *cut* it out. This was an exciting process, the daring of the "cutter" and the intelligence of his cow-pony filling us with a keen delight, but after awhile it grew fearfully hot and dusty; the Buyer seemed unnecessarily particular, and the animals that were cut out and driven clear of the herd insisted on trying to get back. Poor things, they did not realize theirs was the lucky minority. At about two o'clock we returned to camp, tired, hot, dusty and very thirsty; but all our troubles vanished at sight of a large new tin dishpan full of iced lemonade. With blessings for our hostess we sat ourselves down in the shade of the tent and in a short time we were cooled and comforted and the lemonade was no more.

That afternoon we were perfectly willing to trust the cattle to the crew while we improvised bathing suits and had a joyful time by and in the river. As Cook was preparing supper he said to us: "You'll see a pretty sight towardnight; they'll drive the herd up the hill pasture." So we were on the watch. It was indeed a pretty sight, as they came over the rise of ground from the west with the orange light of the sunset back of them, the herd a dark, shifting mass against the sky, and the single figures on horseback making lively silhouettes. Impressed by the beauty of the picture and by the fact that such scenes will soon be rare, even in Montana, we stood silent and appreciative. Suddenly a wild yell startled us. One of the cowboys had run a calf out of the herd and was driving it right into camp; he didn't rope it until it was almost in our

tent, and we screaming and trying to get in first. Then we understood it was a gallery-play for the benefit of the girls and meant veal for breakfast. The distance between producer and consumer seemed pitifully short, but it certainly was nice, tender veal.

After the first eventful day and getting used to camp ways, the days passed very quickly. We worked the country north, camping at our host's old stamping grounds, where there was good water and timber. Each camp held a warm spot in our hearts, from some pleasant association; our affection for the grub-wagon grew daily and our attitude toward the cowboys changed from curiosity to genuine liking. Perhaps they were rough, but never when we were around, and they showed us the deference that every man in the West accords a good woman. One day Cook and Cookee got some grouse with their six-shooters and brought them in for us. At supper time we passed them around, but they all followed the example of the first cowboy, who shook his head: "No, no, them chickens is for you girls; you eat 'em."

A ROUND-UP OF APPROXIMATELY 1000 HEAD OF CATTLE, IN MONTANA

We tried to express our appreciation to the cooks by staying "in" one morning and helping. We peeled vegetables for Mulligan, washed dish-towels and even house-cleaned the grub-wagon, Cook and Cookee meanwhile regarding us with dubious smiles. But they let us finish and said "Thank you" very politely.

We were always sure that Bob would look out for our comfort. It was he who saw that our tent was always ready for us after a late ride into camp, and his devotion to our little hostess was unwavering. One evening the girls left camp to spend Sunday at a "hotel" over the divide at the foot of which we had been in camp two days. Because of an aching spine, the Owner's wife was under doctor's orders not to ride, so she journeyed in the mountain cart, and one of us, or more, as the cart seemed to be elastic, would often drive with her. That evening, two of us were in the cart with her, and Bob, who was to see us safe over the divide, was perched somewhere on the outside of it. That road certainly was a bad one. During the roughest ascent Bob walked beside the cart, blocking it frequently and driving as carefully as he could around fallen timber; all the while keeping solicitous eyes on our hostess to see if the jolting caused her pain. He had been telling us what a bad one he was and how he had taken the name of Bob Setemhard to evade the law; but no hardened character could have the honest blue eyes that brightened his weather-beaten face, and when he turned them on the Owner's wife to see if she was all right, the expression in them would have softened the heart of the most implacable vigilante.

That proved a sorrowful trip for two of us, for on the return we lost camp, which, alas! meant losing the grub-wagon. Camp was pitched at a certain spring, instead of across the river from the spring, as we thought. The girls in the cart ahead of us were on the wrong trail, but they met an outlying cowboy

and were directed to camp. Two of us and the Buyer, whom we had met at the hotel, rode tired horses and lost sight of the cart. That was the beginning of what seemed a long, sad story then, but was only an incident in the night's work. We rode from five in the afternoon (having dined at twelve), gave up finding camp at about ten, and retraced our way to the hotel, reaching there at a quarter to one in the morning. We had had quite enough of two experiences we hoped to have in the West, namely, riding by moonlight and smelling the spicy odor of sagebrush. We fell on food and on sleep, respectively, and next morning they came and took us back to camp—a ride of about an hour, by the way. We gazed on our recovered grub-wagon as on the hearth of our fathers, and vowed not to leave its sheltering sides until the round-up was over.

But we had more moonlight riding—when we rode night-herd. We were glad to find Boston on first shift, for he was an old acquaintance now. This Indian half-breed's name of "Boston" was due to his blue eyes: "Bostonman" is Chinook for "white man," and only white men have blue eyes. That is why a blue-eyed Indian baby was given the name of Boston. He was a friendly, story-telling soul, but he had an enormous appetite, and we used to shudder at tales of his devouring seventy-two fish or seven good-sized steaks at a meal. After seeing him eat two big breakfasts, one at six and one at eight, and watching him heap his plate repeatedly at dinner, we began to believe these legends of his prowess. When he came off afternoon-riding he would assist the cooks by baking bannocks. A picture that rises to mind, ever accompanied by a smile, is that of the burly figure of Boston plentifully sprinkled with flour, bending tenderly over the bannocks browning by the fire. It was with Boston that we rode around and around the herd, enjoying it while the sunset gilded the west and the moon was big and yellow near the horizon. And Boston told us how his horse rolled from under him when he was riding over the cut banks, and that he "unhooked a rib that day." Then he sang that he was "Nobody's darling, nobody cared for him," which sad refrain had the effect of inducing the herd to bed-down. In spite of this entertainment the night grew cold and the riding monotonous. We would gladly have recalled our loudly proclaimed intention of staying out until the second shift came on at one. As the evening chill increased the disgrace of being quitters seemed a less evil than being frozen to death, so, encouraged by our host, we slipped off carefully, not to disturb the sleeping herd, and built a big fire. When we were well warmed we returned to camp and were ready to turn in at eleven-thirty. So we rode night-herd.

It was a proud day when the cattle were shipped. Camp was in a pasture beyond the shipping town, and when it came time to drive the cattle to the yards we girls were requested to lead the herd. It was a herd of only five hundred head, but it looked big to ride ahead of and to wave back if it came on too fast or started in a wrong direction. One of the cowboys drawled encouragingly as we started: "They're terrible liable to stampede when you reach town." Accordingly chills of apprehension ran down our backs on the outskirts of town, but that herd wasn't going to disgrace the girls, and it went through the little town decently and in order. We must admit that we heaved sighs of gratification and relief when it was safe inside the stock pens. We certainly did impress Boston, judging by this flattering comment, overheard by one of us: "The sight of them girls leadin' them steers is as pretty a one as I ever see."

We watched the loading from the corral fence, which shook amazingly when twenty-five angry steers rushed against it, but it made such a fine grand-stand that we refused to leave. We felt like saying good-bye to each animal as it was driven (none too gently) into the chute. There was that big cream-colored one, cut out in the mountain pasture and then taken back; that mean mooley that was always making for the brush, and now was milling round and round the pen until we longed to show it how to reverse; there was that big-horned roan, found the first day on the cut banks, and the bald-faced one from Bill's Crossing—in they all went and the gates slid to on them. Slowly the train steamed off and it was all over. But the memory of it will never be over for the lucky girls who "got to go" on a round-up.

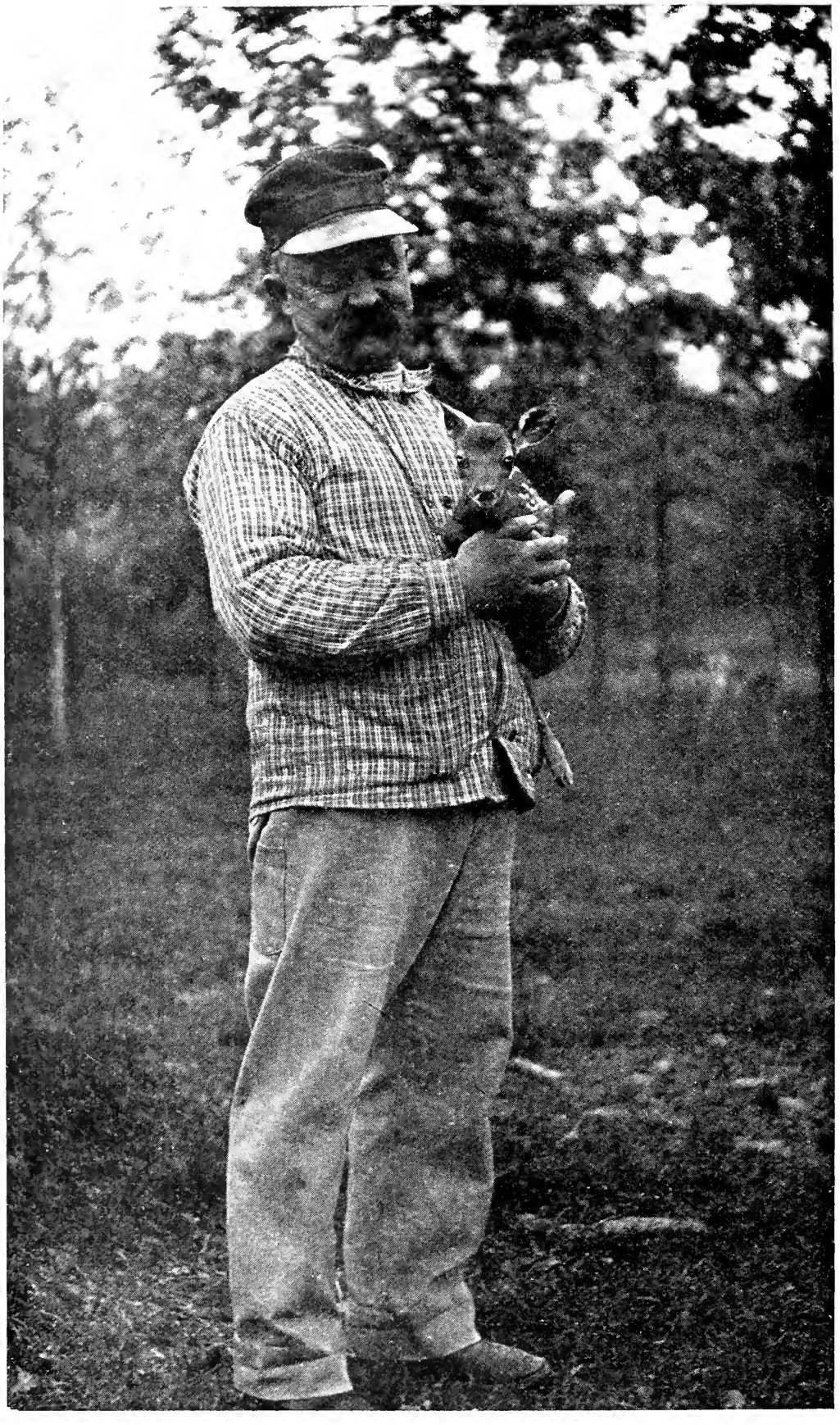


Photo by Geo. W. Kellogg

"YOU KNOW THE OLD MAN WOULDN'T HURT YOU, NOW DON'T YOU?"

AU SABLE, THE HIGHLY INTERESTING

A Ten-Day Fishing Cruise Between Grayling, Mich., and Oscoda—How to Go and What to Take

BY WALTER C. O'KANE

IN COMPANY with two gentlemen from Western Ohio, the writer enjoyed last summer a delightful canoe cruise in the upper part of the lower peninsula of Michigan. This article is written to recount, not the daily mileage of our journey, but rather the practical side of the trip—what we took with us, how we got there, what boats we used or might have used, what sort of water we found, what fish, and the general characteristics of the river. This in the belief that many another city man, like ourselves, might readily make this trip, and find it immensely enjoyable to himself and profitable to his constitution.

The three of us who made this trip were and are practically beginners. One of us had made a run the year before through lakes and streams in Michigan. Another had camped many seasons in Ohio, but always in orderly, near-town outings, characterized by gasoline stoves, cots to sleep on and a floor in the tent.

Our choice of streams fell on the famous Au Sable, principally because of its reputation for fish. Of its good or bad points as regards rapids and camping-places we knew nothing, and succeeded in finding out very little. It simply looked "highly interesting," and was within reach.

We outfitted at home, in Ohio. One of us had a flat-bottomed, folding canvas boat, fourteen feet long by about forty-five inches beam. We took it with us. An old Indian watched us set it up on the banks of the river, when we were getting ready to put in, and after solemn deliberation for ten minutes remarked, "No good. Big leak." But it came through unharmed. Our tent, provisions, blankets, extra clothing and general duffle were packed in four heavy canvas war bags, each eighteen inches in diameter and thirty inches deep, with a draw-string at the top and a canvas handle on the side. These bags were good, but it would have been better had two of them been ten or twelve inches in diameter instead of eighteen. That is big enough for the provision bags. If larger they are too heavy, if packed full. These bags were disposed of at night by standing them in a row on two or three sticks or small logs, and putting a poncho over them. That kept them perfectly dry, and left our tent clear.

The tent was six by six, and five and a-half feet high, with loops on top through which we ran a ridge-rope. In the front was sewed a cheese-cloth mosquito bar. Another time we would have a sod cloth sewed around to the bottom of the tent and a ground cloth overlapping it inside the tent, in addition to the cheese-cloth front, as the only pests that got at us came in under the sides, or were hidden in the grass or weeds when we pitched our canvas. The ridge-rope was all right. But it is easier to pitch even a small tent with poles, and on the Au Sable they can readily be secured at the start and carried through in the boats.

Our provisions partly filled two of the big bags and made the heavier part of the load. Perishables, such as butter, lard, tea and ground coffee, were carried in friction-top tin cans. Matches likewise. The remaining provisions went in small sacks, such as banks use for coin. In fact, most of ours

came from that source. We labeled these sacks with black paint, but later distinguished them usually by their general appearance and the feel of them.

An empty tick was taken with the blankets. Later, filled with spruce twigs and covered with two ponchos, rubber side down, it made a capital bed.

We carried no canned goods, except condensed milk, which was more or less of a nuisance because a can, once opened, had to be used up right away, else it would surely spill or spoil. Beans we took along aplenty and also brought back with us when we came home. It seemed such a long-drawn-out operation to cook them that we never developed the necessary inclination. One will use a great deal of flour, coffee, tea, rice and bacon—particularly bacon. We took about twice as much as looked reasonable and used it all. Rice is valuable, if you like it at all. It is easily cooked and lends itself to a considerable variety of fare. Raisins and prunes are good. Maple sugar is first-rate for dessert. A chunk of it tops off a meal and supplies the sweets that a man soon craves in the woods.

Of cooking utensils we used a large, deep, one-piece stew kettle; two tin buckets—one for coffee, the other for general boiling or stewing; a frying-pan, handle cut off and a short cylinder of sheet-iron riveted on, in which we poked a stick for handle—a convenient and satisfactory contrivance; a wire broiler with legs, which is not necessary to good cooking or general happiness, as two small logs laid side by side, with the fire built between, are steadier and better; a long fork, a cook's spoon, a cake-turner; tin plates and cups and common, bone-handled forks. Our knives were a sheath and a large clasp-knife, good for more uses than any case-knife and fully taking the place of the latter. A canvas water-bucket proved very useful.

"SWEEPERS"—IN THE WATER THEY ARE HARD ON CANVAS BOATS

Our best camera was left at home, which was a mistake. We wished for it a hundred times, and are still wishing. We had only a little 2 by $2\frac{1}{2}$ affair, which we made good use of, however.

Our river was reached at the town of Grayling, Mich., three hundred miles north of Detroit. We got into Grayling about four-thirty in the morning and improved the opportunity by borrowing a truck from a sawmill near-by, and wheeling our stuff across, four blocks, to the river bank. Uptown we bought some mosquito dope, a few new trout-flies and some extra provisions. Really, there had been no need to bring any provisions from Ohio, as there are plenty of good stores in Grayling.

The canvas boat was set up and a short keel wired on the bottom, to hold it steadier

in the current. In front of us the river rushed along, a little, narrow, rapid stream of absolutely clear water, and disappeared a few rods away, around a bend. Occasional logs and rocks could be seen, and at the bend the current swept under a fallen tree. That was the general character of the river through much of the upper part. We had written ahead to engage a second boat and found it ready for us, a regular "river-boat" as they call the type—long, narrow, pointed at both ends, heavy and built with a well in the middle for live-box, in which are kept minnows for bait. It was said that these boats are sometimes hard to secure, unless engaged ahead. Another way to get a boat is to buy boards from a mill on the river bank, borrow a hammer and saw, and knock together a scow. The mill is ready to help with plans and dimensions. Two young men that we met did this. It took them about half a day to build their boat and it cost them five dollars.

STOWING DUFFLE AFTER A STOP FOR PROVISIONS

At nine o'clock we put in and enjoyed our first taste of the river. The water was swift and the turns were sharp. But we had no serious trouble with them, and neither ought any one else with a reasonable knowledge of boats. The natives use a long, heavy pole exclusively in managing a river-boat. We had one and cut another for the canvas boat, but after varied experiments we found that our best plan was to use the oars of the canvas boat as paddles. The current carries one along fast enough throughout the greater part of the river. The trick is to keep clear of rocks and snags. The river-boat was sometimes rather unmanageable in the sharp bends. Now and then it would crash into some fallen tree, but always it came through unharmed. Where the river falls most rapidly there are often rocks near the surface of the swirling water, or jutting through it, but though they are themselves concealed they make enough commotion in the current to enable one to see and avoid them. It takes quick work sometimes, but it can be done by any one with ordinary strength in his arm and eyes in his head.

At a point two-thirds of the way from Grayling to the mouth of the river there is four or five miles of white water, known as the Au Sable Rapids. The writer left our party some few miles above this point. The others went through successfully in the river-boat, though the rocks were thick and the descent considerable. Beyond this place the water was easy-going to the end of the river.

The canvas boat was by far the easier to manage from start to finish. Of course, it was necessary absolutely to avoid rocks, logs or the sweepers—fallen trees lying in the bends or across the current. However,

. . . *disappeared a few rods away, around a bend*

this could readily be done, as a rule. Throughout the trip this boat carried one man and some duffle. It could have carried much more.

At very few places could we have made much headway up-stream. The current is too swift. The natives pole their boats up the river, hugging the shore, but we should have needed a few summers' practice to duplicate the feat.

There are literally scores of good camping places along the Au Sable, particularly throughout the upper two-thirds of the river. Its course winds about through sandy hills, bending sharply every few rods, circling the base of steep slopes. On top of these bluffs, among the jack-pines or scrub-oaks or on lower levels, half a dozen feet above the water, are good camp sites in abundance. Of clear, cold springs there must be hundreds, almost thousands, from source to mouth of the river. Along the base of many of the bluffs water trickles out in a continuous belt, for fifty, a hundred or two hundred feet, so freely that a hole scooped in the sand and gravel quickly brims full.

To our limited experience, at least, the Au Sable seemed a great stream for fish. There were no grayling. We caught none, and old-timers told us that seven or eight years had passed since the last one was hooked in the river; but there was an abundance of brook and rainbow trout.

Undoubtedly the best way to fish the stream from a boat is to slip slowly down, anchoring from time to time above likely pools or eddies, and casting down-stream, perhaps allowing the fly to float with the current a little. As is probably the rule in other streams, the trout are to be found near springs, or the outlet of a cold brook, in the warmer hours of the day. The rainbows seem to frequent the rapids. We caught no large fish. Two 12-inch rainbows were the largest. But we had plenty of 8- and 10-inch fish and enjoyed many a meal of them. Of flies we made most use of the brown hackle, coachman, royal coachman, queen

of the waters, parmacheene belle and the bumblebee—the last a new lure, we believe, fashioned with the coloring of the insect from which it is named. Angleworms and grasshoppers we experimented with. The former seemed to attract more chub than trout and the latter were good in certain places.

There are plenty of excellent trout-pools and rapids all the way from Grayling to Bamfield's. At some places on the upper half of the river we floated over pools where we could see dozens of fine trout lying close to bottom in the clear water.

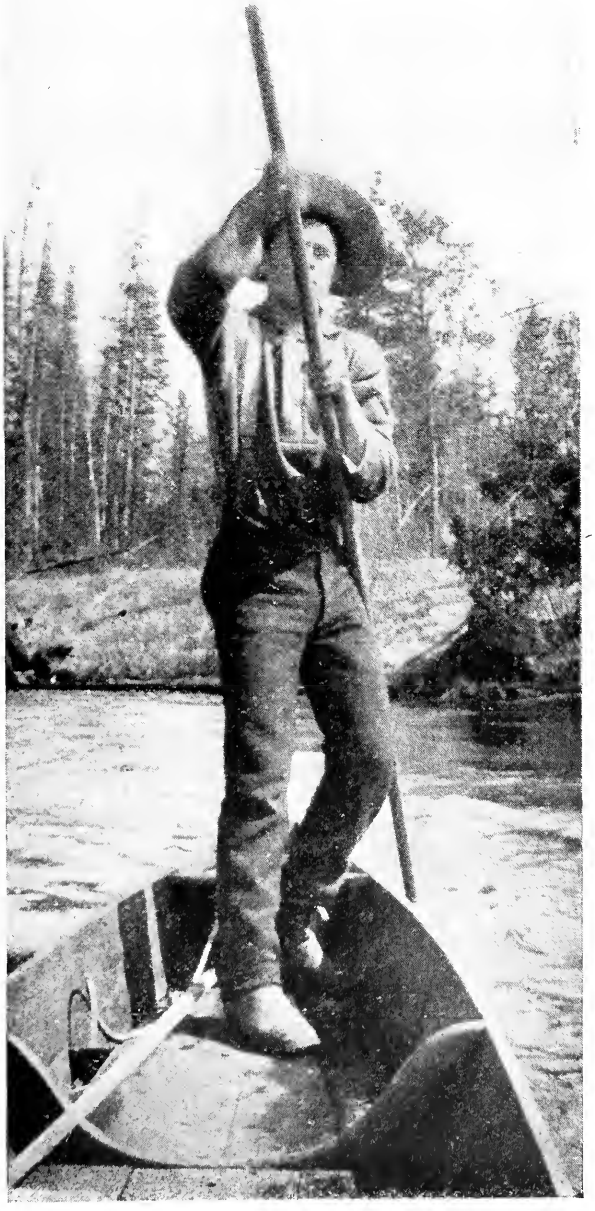
The length of the river from Grayling to the mouth is estimated at something like three hundred miles, as the stream goes. This is only guesswork. Nobody knows how far it is. From Grayling to Bamfield's, where many or most anglers leave the river, is estimated at two hundred miles. It took us ten days, and it might be done in three or four. Or one could profitably spend a month or two on the journey. We ran only a few hours each day. Usually we started between eight and nine and ran until eleven-thirty. Then we landed and cooked some luncheon. We were off again at one or two, and made our stop for the night at three-thirty to four.

Our first day's run took us perhaps a dozen miles, as the river goes. The stream was narrow and exceedingly crooked and the banks were high, with little swamp land. We camped that night in a field, adjacent to an empty log house. The spot is marked in memory as the place where we found angleworms. There was a bit of black, wet ground, which we plowed up with pointed sticks, and from it got fifteen or twenty worms. At only four or five points on the river did we find this kind of bait. It might be worth while to take a can of worms with you from civilization, done up in moss to keep them clean and hardy.

The next day we passed through a beautiful section of the river, wild and picturesque. In the afternoon we passed Stevens Bridge, a good place to stock up with fresh bread, butter and eggs. Fishermen sometimes run down to this point, and haul back to Grayling. A mile or two below Stevens Bridge is a log house belonging to some sportsman or other. There is a spring near-by, and the spot is a fine camp site. We used it that night.

The following day's run took us through more rapid water, with one short stretch of sluggish current. Fishing was good and camp sites plentiful. We found a particularly pleasant one that night, a pine grove at a bend in the river, backed by a modest hill, from which there was a magnificent view. Close by there was a good spring.

From this point there are rapids for five miles or so to an old sawmill, then shallow flats, sandy bottom, islands and ancient remains of log jams. The channel here



The natives pole their boats

divides and wanders about, and it is necessary to pick a careful course and avoid submerged logs. This section of river must have been a source of anything but joy to the lumbermen in the old days. Along here, for a few miles, good camping places are scarce. The first one that we found to suit us was some distance below, at the mouth of a stream known as Big Creek. We tried the fishing a short distance up the creek, but there were no pools and we got no strikes.

The next half-day was down swift water, between high and picturesque banks. At one-thirty we ran beneath an iron bridge, and tied up just beyond, below a mill. Following the road to the right, up a long hill, a mile or so, we came to the town of Mio, a county seat, and a point from which mail or telegrams can be sent. If one is so disposed one can drive from Mio some thirty-six miles overland to a railroad, thence to civilization. A few minutes' run below Mio that evening we found an excellent camping place, at the top of a rather high bank, in a grove of jack-pine.

For two and a-half hours next morning we swung down the swift current. At noon, when we tied up for lunch, we gathered wild raspberries, strawberries and quantities of blueberries and huckleberries. In the boats again, we loafed along the remainder of the day.

In the morning we reached the town of McKinley, once a thriving village, but now almost deserted. The maps show a railroad running down to this point, but it has been abandoned.

We had dinner that day with a "dead-head crew," on their houseboat. These men spend the summer working the river from top to bottom, resurrecting from the river bottom sawlogs that have lain there ever since the heyday of lumbering times. They have been hard at it for several seasons, and seem still to find ample material to work on.

That night, in a camp on a high bluff, we enjoyed our only really unpleasant experi-

. . . *the Au Sable seemed a great stream for fish*

AN ANGLER WHIPPING THE SOUTH BRANCH OF THE AU SABLE NEAR ITS JUNCTURE WITH THE MAIN STREAM

ence with mosquitoes. It blew a small gale after our tent was up, and the sides of our shelter went flapping in the wind. Seemingly the breeze blew the tent full of mosquitoes. We figured it out that they were carried to us from a swamp near-by. At any rate, after crawling into our tent, we spent an hour or so alternately lying down and waiting until a horde of mosquitoes had come out of their hiding places and collected about us, then lighting a candle and killing them off.

We reached Bamfield's the next afternoon. A thunderstorm chased us in. Just as it broke we landed and found unexpected shelter in an empty house-boat.

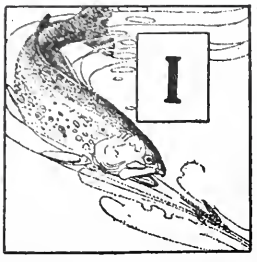
The writer left our party here and proceeded by a logging railroad to Oscoda; thence to Detroit and Ohio. Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Young continued on down the river to Oscoda. They enjoyed a beautiful trip all next day, and on the second day had the experience of running the real white water of the Au Sable. Beyond this point the country became swampy, with occasional high bluffs. There was little fishing. They reached Oscoda on the fourth day from Bamfield's. It was necessary to go across country after a wagon, and have the boat and luggage hauled into town. Log booms block the river above the point where it enters the town. The river-boat was shipped back by freight.

Looking back on the trip it stands out in memory as a thoroughly delightful outing. There was good fishing. There were excellent camping places. We suffered very few discomforts. There was the exhilaration of rapid water, just difficult enough to be enjoyed. And every moment there was a constantly changing panorama of beautiful river and country. It was a trip worth while, and we are agreed that for once there were no "flies in the molasses." There is no reason for the use of parentheses or a grin when referring to the Au Sable River of Michigan as being highly interesting; it is the real thing.

SALMON FISHING MADE EASY

Practical Information for the Inexperienced

BY JOHN O'DONNELL



IT IS the sensation of a lifetime to be at one end of a salmon-line with a twenty-pound salmon at the other. True, it has drawbacks. One has to go a good way off, and spend some hard-earned cash, and lose some days from occupation at home, and, then, too, it leaves a bit of *blase* listlessness for other fishing. But these must not be overrated and should not deter you if you love fishing that is fishing, if you delight in beautiful country and North Pole air, in quiet days and golden-pink aurora nights; if you like to have red blood in your veins and tan in your face.

Port-aux-Basques, Newfoundland, looks for all the world like parts of Ireland—the boggy soil, the gray rocks, the white houses and the lowering, cold skies—and, landed there, you almost begin to "smell salmon." But you must take train up-country a piece. Don't be afraid; the train won't upset, though it often seems about to. It is hard to convey your breakfast to its destined port; very hard to drink your coffee. Despite the extraordinary scenery and fairly good train service, you are glad to reach your station and very much relieved to see your guide there to meet you.

How pure and cool the air is! How still, as the train's whistle echoes back from the next station!

"How are the fish, Jim?"

"Well, sir, they's coming in now."

"Any caught yet?"

"Yes, sir; last night I seen Joe, and he had a broken rod to mend for his gentleman. The water's been a little cold up to this."

"And where are we to fit out, Jim?"

"Right here, at D——'s, sir."

To me, next to the delights of fishing and the camp-fire aftermath, is the pleasure of "fitting out" and the foreglance. How many are you? How long are you to stay out? How much fish will you surely catch? Are you going to hunt, too? Can you come back for a second supply? Are you going by boat all the way? And is the water easy? Think of all this and then buy your flour and pork and bacon and molasses and eggs and sugar and tea and salt and beans and dried fruit and cheese. If you wish, canned vegetables and fruits are nice; so are the cans in camp. And then the kettles and plates, and knives and spoons, etc., etc.

So a day in June last found me fitting out in Newfoundland. After two days I had made all ready. Two guides, one cook, and then my friend arrived and at last we got off up the river. And a glorious cool day it was.

"How are the pools, Jim?"

"Well, sir, Mr. and Mrs. H—— are leaving X—— Pool very soon. That's a good one and we must try to be there to get it."

Sure enough! Kind Providence had brought us just in time.

"You are coming at a likely season. It has been too cold so far, but I think you will have it right now. We got only four in three weeks."

That was a cheering word from those just returning home. How brown and strong they looked! how white and flabby we! Jim pulled a heavy oar on his new dory, and Clem and Dinny followed close, and another hour brought us past the camps of Mr. D—— and Mr. W—— to our destination. We quickly set up tent and took possession. What a feeling of relief, for we had two fair pools and a third poor one to fish.

Next day, in a stiff wind and cold weather, I hooked what Jim pronounced and I believe was a trout. I was fishing in midstream, and by the time I got ashore for the fight the fish, unseen, was gone. My jaw fell. The second day I got one rise but he did not take my fly.

The third day I took off my heavy linen

tarpon line and put on my light silk line and tried to get it out despite the wind. We started out, and at 9 A.M. I got a rise and hooked my fish on a small silver-gray fly, which I had luckily bought over in North Sydney on my way up. He made a rather dull fight, for less than a quarter of an hour, not jumping once. Jim gaffed him, and he weighed just 9 pounds and measured 30 inches.

The sky was overcast, the temperature about 54, and wind southeast, blowing hard. I tell you we were gentlemen in camp that noon.

After dinner and a nap, Jim suggested trying the sandbar right opposite our camp, where he had seen several fish leaping. When possible, we preferred wading along shore and casting out to midstream and sweeping around down-stream, rather than using the boats. So I fished down the sandbar and came up to try it once again to be sure. I put on a middle-sized Jock Scott and had scarcely cast out when a swirl and a pull, followed by my instinctively tightening on it, told me I had hooked something. And then a leap! What a fine one! How heavy he was! My rod bent well, yet nicely, while the battle raged up and down the bar. My reel sang and the silk line stung my finger and thumb as I tried to check the fish. Again he was up out of the water! Now he came towards us, but as Jim, armed with his terrible gaff, went near the water the salmon was off again to midstream. But he was tiring.

"When his tail comes out like that he's getting tired, sir."

Again cautiously Jim sneaked to the water's edge and I strained all I dared, lest a joint snap or the fleshy hold of the hook break away or something else rob me of my coveted prize. But he was coming in. Jim quickly jerked, but the gaff was too small—so Jim said in excuse. Away went my fish, but the singing reel and heavy pull showed that he was still on that good little Jock Scott. Again he came back, down-stream, and slanted in, and again Jim waded into the water, very roguishly, and again jerked.

"Hah! Hoorah! Three cheers! He's a fine one, sir."

And a fine one he was, weighing 20 pounds and 38 inches long! You may be sure he was photographed, for he was a regular artist's model.

That fish fed five men for two days and a-half. There was no trouble keeping it fresh that long, as even the middays were not very warm, and that night, June 29, we had frost, and on the hills around were several patches of snow still unmelted. The wild cherries were just in blossom and the birch leaves were only half-grown. Still I found a sunny, sandy pool of shallow water and got up courage to take a much needed bath.

Next day, at 5 P.M., on a middle-sized silver-gray fly, after two leaps, I landed a fine fish—13½ pounds. And at 10.30 P.M., after a forty-five-minute fight, I killed a 9-pound salmon on a middle-sized silver doctor. After this success I lost a little edge of eagerness and the warm weather and falling, clear river all led to my catching no more fish till July third, when I took a small one—8¼ pounds.

On July sixth I was fishing with a silver doctor. Fish large and small were leaping, but the sky was so bright and the water so very clear that all day we had had no strike. At a quarter before 9 P.M. I struck a fish and it was a fight from the start. We were out of fish and you may be sure I handled that rise as carefully as I knew how. From my stand out in the head of the pool I got back to shore, as my (?) fish started diagonally down the current. Safely I stalked through the mud to the shore, and half-stumbled over a tiny brooklet trying to keep opposite the fish in his down-stream course. He began to come in a little and Jim came down to the bank, but the fish was away in a flash, jumping, bucking, jerking, slacking. Once I thought he was gone; but no. I got out on a flat, stony bar, a fine landing place, and the *last* landing place in sight. It was nine o'clock; the air was cooling, the stars were coming out, the black flies were yielding a little, but only a little, to the mosquitoes. Still in the gloaming, more by the strain and jerks of my rod than by my sight, I knew I had a good fish pretty well in hand.

"His tail's coming up, sir!" whispered Jim.

The fish had jumped five times and made a game fight, but my line had pretty well filled my reel again. He was getting flappy.

Jim sneaked down to the water's edge again, and my fish made a last little run, but yielded soon to the strain. He weighed 12½ pounds and was a male fish, this last explaining his exceptionally vigorous fight. We had had supper, so we rowed across the river to the knoll on which we were camped and told tales and gazed at the glorious, fantastical Northern Lights, which put out most of the small stars, though the new moon could be seen perfectly well, "holding the old moon in her arms."

The next day I took nothing, the river getting lower and lower. July eighth I got out my six-ounce trout-rod and rigged up for grilse. At 6 A.M., on a single-hook silver doctor trout-fly, I struck, and in due time landed a 6¼-pound salmon, and at 9 A.M. a 3¼-pound grilse, on the same fly; also two small trout.

Sunday afternoon, the ninth, again on a silver doctor, I landed three grilse, aggregating 8½ pounds. Monday morning was warm and foggy, with a very gentle west wind, and from 9 A.M. till 12.30 I landed one trout, 2½ pounds, three grilse, 3, 3¼ and 4¾ pounds respectively, and one salmon, 14 pounds. The trout took a Jock Scott; the salmon a small double-hook silver doctor; and all were on my 6-ounce rod, though I was fortunate in having a shore that let me accompany the salmon down-stream, for the distance from where I struck him to where Jim gaffed him was 400 yards. Twenty-seven pounds of game fish taken in three and a-half hours on a 6-ounce rod is not so bad, is it?

The following day I took nothing, but the next, before breakfast, still with my 6-ounce rod, I took one grilse, and one salmon weighing 11½ pounds, on a silver gray, the wind being high and the sky bright. At half-past eleven I got a grilse, and the water had now grown so warm that I really enjoyed a delightful swim in a deep, glassy pool.

The day after this was cool again, and so we went for an expedition of discovery. The train up the river was *only* three and a-half hours late, so our chances for fishing that day were poor; still a good ten-mile walk is healthful, and the odd rock formations, the black firs, the deep, green pools, the frothing rapids, the quiet "steadies," the mournful moosebirds, the loon's wild cry, all made the day a pleasant change, and you may be sure we were glad to see the camp-fire again and smell Clem's savory supper.

Thus far for the man who knows—who has caught salmon. Now for him who has not reached that height of glory.

If you are satisfied with the big pike of the Muskokas that makes a few dashes and is then picked up by the eyes and is hardly fit to eat, unless by a ravenously hungry hunter; if you think your small-mouthed black bass of the Belgrade Lakes enough for you—and I admit they are reliable sport and toothsome food; if you want nothing beside the speckled trout that haunt the springy bottoms of Lake Edward; if your acme is the ouananiche—and lithe and thoroughbred he is—of the Grande Decharge; if you want to kill and then throw away the fierce, useless tarpon of the Gulf, I have only to say, "Every man to his liking," especially as it is for sport and recreation and injures no one. But let me add that I have enjoyed all these, except the tarpon, and since I caught salmon I have caught nothing else; such a delightful combination of game and food is the salmon that I fancy no other fish equals it.

"But the salmon waters are all owned by clubs and private men."

Not at all—the whole of Newfoundland is any man's, so far as salmon are concerned. And you can get there from New York in a little over two days by rail, or more pleasantly in three days by water.

"But salmon tackle costs a mint!"

If you so choose. But you can catch fish on another kind. Would you care to know what my very modest outfit costs me? Of course, I have had my old 7x7 A tent for years, and another inside tent of cheesecloth, the same size and shape as the outer canvas tent, and held in place by a hook and ring at each ground corner and gable, and with no opening whatsoever but a big three-foot hole in front, fastening with a draw-string. This insures you against *all* flies by day and mosquitoes by night, and is worth its weight in silver; indeed one could hardly stand the insects without it. Mine is made of blue cheesecloth, though I should prefer green, and cost $3.50. We pay each

guide $2.00 a day, including boat and some cooking utensils. Last summer our food cost us, per head per day, 33 cents, and we lived well; last summer a year it was only 25 cents per man per day; each year we fitted out almost entirely in Newfoundland.

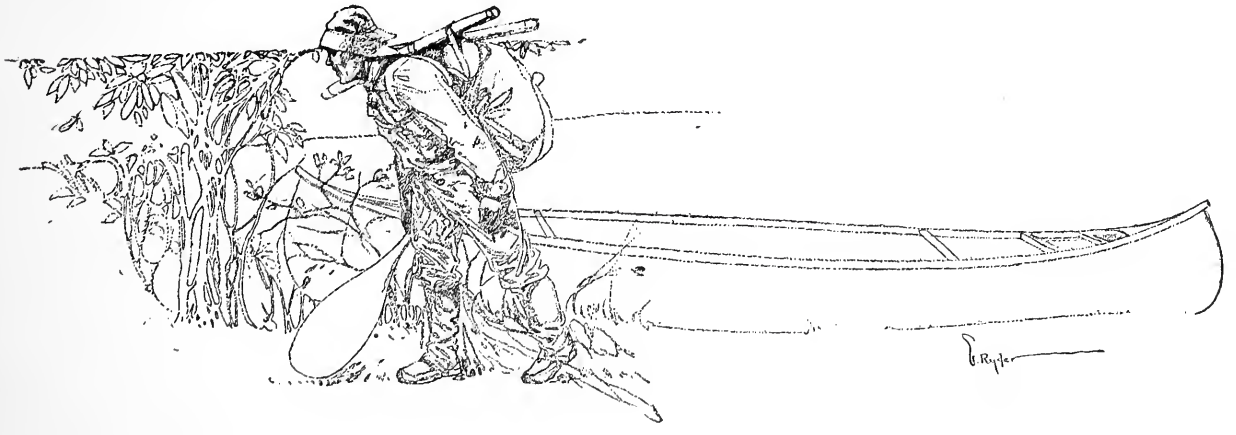
But more particularly—hip rubber boots—get those that are held up by a perpendicular side-strap from your belt, and not by a horizontal strap around the leg—$4.50. A sole-leather rod-case would go near or over $20.00, but I had one made of fibre, 5 feet 3 inches high, 6 inches in diameter, leather mountings, $6.00.

One 14-foot, split bamboo, two tips well silked, double hand-grasp, 30 ounces, $22.50. One black rubber 200-yard reel, $4.50. One silk line, 150-yard, $2.25, I think. Leaders go up to $5.00 apiece, though one gets fine goods at $3.00 or even cheaper. Indeed, we caught some nice fish on 50-cent trout leaders, though good goods here pay. I used a $3.00 leader last summer for most of my heavy fish and never lost one by its fault. Flies vary: in New York you will pay $9.00 a dozen for double-hook flies; in Halifax, $6.00. They are good holders in a fish's mouth, though in very clear water the single hook is, perhaps, more likely to be taken. Again, we landed a few big fish on trout flies that cost only 75 cents a dozen. But then you must be very careful, and not expect to get more than one in three you hook. At first you should have a gaff for your guide; after you learn a little, and if you can prevent your guide from gaffing, and have a proper beach, your fish can be beached by his own flopping and picked up without that unsightly gaff gash in his side.

To sum up, then, I should say you could set yourself up, without frills, for a three-weeks' fishing, and supposing you know how to use a fishing-rod, for $50.00. Of course, you will see old sportsmen using really useful things not in your stock, but $20.00 a year after that will gradually fit you out more comfortably. There are lots of hints I should like to give you about little things, most useful and really quite inexpensive, but already I have visions of the Editor's blue pencil.

If you have a friend that goes for salmon, talk to him. And if you go once, you'll go till you die. Last summer our camp neighbor was eighty-four years old. Another, a retired English Colonel, who gave me many points, had hunted tigers in India, and after the salmon season was over was going for tuna in Texas.

What I have told is my plain, truthful experience, not a sunset, imaginative, amusing story. You may notice I have not told you where I fished. If I did, you would have learned too much. But if you get to Newfoundland between the middle of June and the middle of July—possibly the middle of August some seasons—you can catch salmon, if you know how. Even if you are too late for salmon there are grilse, and after them fine, big trout.



WARDENS CHASE AND BENTLEY HEADED FOR THE RABBIT SWAMP

A SWING AROUND VERMONT

What the Green Mountain State Offers Sportsmen—Entertained by the Game Protectors

BY EDWARD CAVE

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE spirit of Ethan Allen and those who stood with him tarried not overlong in the Green Mountains, yet it left its mark, and the sons of the West returning find a great monument reared to its memory in the old village of Bennington—and a population of hardscrabble Timid Ones, sitting on their heels waiting for something to turn up. But Vermont is now freckled with these returned descendants of the trail-makers, and the chance wayfarer who is on pleasure bent finds the old Green Mountain State altogether an attractive field.

One may have good sport in Vermont, in the forest or on the stream, in good company, and for small money. True, one cannot shoot moose or caribou, but by the same token Vermont does not exact the time nor the fatigue of the long trail. One can "go in" comfortably in a spring wagon, and in anywhere from an hour to half a day's time. Deer are comparatively plenty, bears can be hunted successfully without the aid of dogs, and with dogs one can get excellent sport at ruffed grouse, varying hares and foxes, the latter affording the surest and best hunting in the State. Our brave little friend, the native brook trout, greets the angler from the head of the class of game fishes. He is in evidence all over the State, and in goodly numbers. Mascalonge, pike, bass, pickerel, landlocked salmon, lake trout and perch are taken with varying success, according to waters and skill of the angler. There are something over 260 lakes and ponds in Vermont, with a total acreage of over 116,210 acres, most of them affording good fishing. As for the air and the scenery—"they must be tried to be appreciated."

Looking at a map of the State, one gains a wrong impression of the extent of the mountains. Rightly, the map should represent the Green Mountains, with the State of Vermont draped on and about them—there wouldn't be any too much drapery. Mount Mansfield, one is told, is the highest in the State, but though it looks the part, with its bald eastern battlement rearing abruptly above the blue-green of the conifers to a height of 4,070 feet, Killington, some sixty odd miles to the southwest, has an altitude greater by nearly two hundred feet. There is a wealth of "mounts" of lower degree throughout the State, any of them amply abrupt to test the bellows of the visitor from the low places and wild enough to harbor of the free folk of hoof and claw a plenty to furnish thrills for the seekers after such for many a day to come.

I went to Vermont in February last, not seeking thrills, but, like Diogenes of old, a-hunting an honest man. That I found him, and, furthermore, that I found him not alone, shall furnish material for an article in the October number of this magazine—an article through which I hope to stir the Timid Ones of Vermont, and of every other State or Territory where the shoe may fit, to a more active realization of the fact that fish and game, to any commonwealth where agriculture does not flourish triumphant, can be made a powerful asset, instead of a luxury. Meanwhile, we will discuss, firstly, a fox hunt.

On a Monday morning I went with Harry

Chase, who is the game and fish warden of Bennington County, and incidentally a transplanted Western man, to see "the only bunch of quail in Vermont," and, as I unthinkingly remarked to some one, who wanted to know, to catch a red fox by the tail and take his photograph. The open season on quail in Vermont includes four months; just why, Chase, nor I, nor any one else, cannot explain. There is no closed season on foxes, and I had ample assurances that there were among the Timid Ones aplenty who would pay handsomely (I doubt it) to see even the mangiest young fool reynard that ran grasped by the tail by the hand of man and held for his portrait. The Timid Ones do not "savvy" our little Western pleasantries. If there is really any man who, above all others, must be "shown," I believe he lives, not in Missouri, but in Vermont.

DEER COUNTRY IN WINDSOR COUNTY, NEAR WOODSTOCK

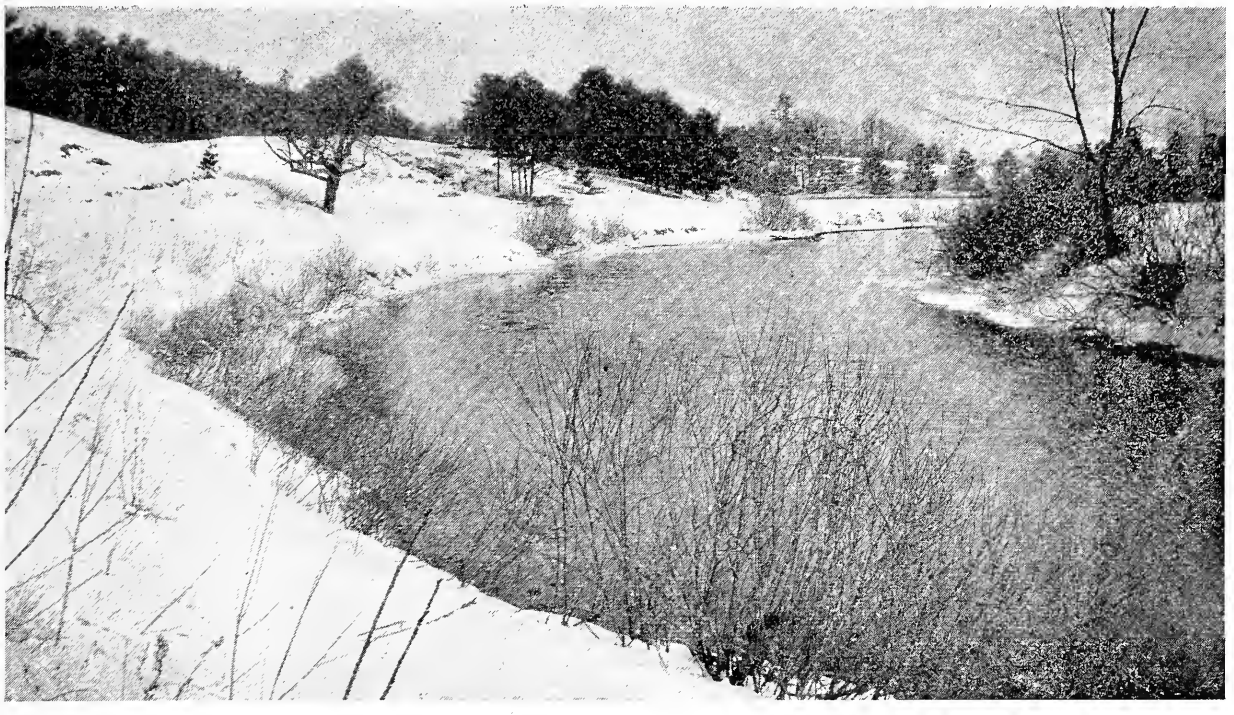
Assisted by Deputy Warden Galusha, of Arlington, and his good blue pointer, we eventually found the birds, a covey of eighteen. They were using in the brush-grown fence-rows of a hillside farm (I won't tell where) and I was told were being fed regularly by the neighboring farm folk and by the school children. The *only* sportsman who was interested in them was the deputy warden, and this probably the only covey in the State. The snow, knee-deep, with a tough crust at ten inches. Thermometer ranging around zero. A four-months' open season! *O tempora!* Oh, the devil!

Deputy Galusha took us through his own particular woodcock cover, and said he had almost always good shooting at flight birds beginning with the moon of October. We put up here and there a "partridge," and crossed so many fresh fox tracks that I persuaded Dave to take his dogs out after dinner, despite the frightfully bad going.

There were Brownie and Nailer and Tim, venerable old Tim, with mustaches like a wirehair. Chase and I borrowed, between us, a single-barrel gun, and Dave took us to a snow-covered hillside pasture, where he said was a deceased calf that had been food for foxes. The dogs visited the *rendezvous*, but they said never a thing. Tim commenced to tug at something which would not come loose, and, being deaf, he could not be persuaded to come away. We hoped Dave would put the dogs into the cedars, in the valley, where they might rout out a fox that had been crossing from the other ridge and stopped to hunt cottontails. But he made us go along down with him, to make sure of our having no advantage over him. And so it

was that we were out of hearing of old Tim's feeble baritone when, in casting about after leaving the late deceased, he plumped over a stone wall, almost on top of a fox that *had* been in the valley and sneaked out behind the wall and was at the moment watching us in the swamp and listening to Brownie's fine tenor, as the dog was puzzling out his trail. What happened could only be guessed at, when later, hurrying back up the mountain to reach a runway, in the hope of the dogs bringing the fox back, we stumbled upon the story on the snow. That Tim had "got fur" was startlingly manifest, and the fox, breaking away, had gone up the mountain, touching only at rare intervals. Tim, all desire, had followed hard after; very hard, poor old chap, the snow being belly deep and the crust cutting his shins cruelly. But did he ever have such luck before? Surely, for once he was repaid for being only a pottering old white hound. Trotting idly along, on the wet top snow, he made no noise and, favored by the wind, he had "jumped" a fox as perhaps but few dogs ever have. And the old rascal brought that fox back ahead of the other dogs and was the first in, first in since many a long winter, to worry the quarry where it lay on the snow at the foot of a sobbing chestnut tree, shot to death by his own good master.

That was the first blue fox Dave Galusha ever saw, the first any of us ever saw fresh killed, and Chase said it looked "like a cross between a bobcat and a coyote." But to feel of the fur, ah! but 'twas so soft, so fluffy, as compared with the bristly fur of a red or a gray. And, oh! how proud was Dave, how proud old Tim, gibbering now with reaction from the race and licking his poor wounded paws. I took a picture of them, with their famous blue fox—for Dave, and for Chase and for myself, but not for publication, dead foxes looking anything but interesting when pictured in a magazine.



A VIEW OF THE BATTENKILL, VERMONT'S BEST TROUT STREAM

In the morning we went to Sunderland, to visit Deputy Warden Jesse Bentley, at his home far up on Equinox Mountain, where the stillness of the long ago yet holds sway, except for the few days in the deer season, when Jesse stays within doors and writes letters—and men come to his door and say: "I'll give you ten dollars for a shot at a buck."

To one such, so Chase afterward told me, the trapper, being in a happy mood and feeling reassured by a cessation of the firing on the mountain, replied: "I don't want your money, stranger; but I'll send one by you, and if you want me to I'll hitch up my

horse and haul it down to the station for you."

The man was duly placed on a stand beside a good runway, and Bentley went off to shoo a buck down to him. Within an hour he had fulfilled his promise, but had heard no shot from the old orchard where the man from the city had been left on guard. Returning, the trapper found his sportsman a quarter of a mile from his stand, where he had gone in search of better apples than could be found nearer. When he was shown the buck's fresh tracks in the soft earth, where he had pounded down the runway, the sportsman declared himself a consummate fool, in which Bentley made free to say he quite agreed with him.

We were made welcome indeed to the humble home of the trapper, a good, whole-some welcome, the sort that is worth climbing two thousand feet of mountain to enjoy and that was all the more appreciated since I knew that few were the men who had ever broken bread with Jesse Bentley over his own table. And we viewed with respect his collection of traps, nor said one word against their use; for Jesse has known only the life of the trapper. And his father and his

CHASE SEES THE FOX, AND POINTS IT OUT FOR GALUSHA

grandfather before him were trappers, as will be his curly-headed son after him.

Then, led by just such another dog as Dave Galusha's venerable Tim, we went over the mountain, and down through a name, to open up. It was not a good day for hares. Meanwhile Chase and Jesse conversed in low tones of their wardening, and I snapped a picture of them intently listening. We took home to Jesse's good wife only one

DEER COUNTRY IN BENNINGTON COUNTY—MINUS THE DEER

really beautiful little valley, long, long ago deserted for fairer fields in the land of the setting sun, till we came to the edge of the swamp that hides the trout-brook where Jesse's boy goes a-fishing. There we stopped to enjoy the stillness and to look at the surrounding mountainsides, while the dog was tuning up his nose. We listened long for the old dog, I have forgotten his hare, but we saw a rare winter sunset with nothing intervening but the valley with its spruces and its cedars, and the still mountain beyond with its ghostly birches, and its patchwork of blue hardwoods and snow-whitened slashings.

That night I went to Rutland, and Chase returned to his home. And on Wednesday by stage I journeyed eastward thirty miles,

LAKE MANSFIELD, SHOWING THE DAM BUILT BY THE LAKE MANSFIELD TROUT CLUB

directly over the range to Woodstock, in Windsor County. A famous trip in summer it must be, the road winding around the northerly slope of Mount Pico, affording a good view of Killington, and then, following the course of the Ottaquechee River, down the watershed of the Connecticut.

At West Woodstock I was entertained by Wm. E. Mack, the warden of Windsor County, and on Thursday, in the mountains, an hour's climb north of the town, we shot a white weasel, ran a red fox into her burrow and stalked a bunch of six deer for four hours, in fairly open country, without either of us once getting sight of them, let alone a photograph. No wonder the crafty rascals survive and multiply where the moose or the elk or the caribou could not last a season; no wonder the seventeen that were released in the Green Mountains, even in the memory of the younger generation, have increased until there are annually killed within the State more than a thousand of them. There may be some fool whitetails, but when not crazed from fear by a continuous fusillade, or from being hunted by dogs, even these, "innocent creatures," can take excellent care of themselves.

There are two men in Woodstock who are interested in the preservation of fish and game, although there are many who profess to be, some of them members of the State Fish and Game Association, which is the strongest *political* organization in the commonwealth. And these two, men who have been out into the world and who do not have to sit down and whittle a notch in a stick before they will admit that black is not white, must go out behind the barn and converse covertly if the subject have any bearing on the game and fish laws.

From Woodstock, a short ride east by train brings one to White River Junction, and to the Connecticut itself, which is the State line. Ah, the Connecticut! A grand stream it is, and has been; before the day of the railroad the only eastern outlet of the State. *Quonehatacut*, "the Long River," the fighting Pequods called it, and contested every foot of it with the advancing Esau of the East. Still it sweeps along in almost undiminished glory, its blue-green waters suggestive of the wilderness rather than of mill-wheels turned.

From this point, turning north and east, going by train one turns into the valley of the White River, following it to the height of land at Northfield, and then running down the valley of the Winooski to Montpelier, where the Legislature meets. Here I visited the warden of Washington County, Mr. J. Burton Pike, who came down from Plainfield to meet me. Mr. Pike is another good sportsman who knows things that were never learned in the effete East, and some day when I have more time I hope to go hunting with him in "the Devil's Hop-yard."

I was fortunate in finding Governor Bell in Montpelier, and refreshed, after my experience in Woodstock, to find him a true game and fish protectionist, particularly since I knew him to be by reputation not a sportsman.

At Stowe, next day, I was busy with Commissioner of Fisheries and Game Henry G. Thomas, who returned from the Far West to his beloved Green Mountains when the barbed wire came and the frontier was not.

Mount Mansfield is less than an hour's drive from Stowe, and it was under the shadow of Mansfield that Mr. Thomas conceived the idea of a beautiful mountain lake, in which to plant trout against the time when the streams might become depleted, and with true Western initiative he promptly interested several friends, and together they formed a stock company, the Lake Mansfield Trout Club, to build a dam at Beaver Meadows on Nebraska Brook, and thus form the desired lake. Enough stock was sold to warrant the beginning of work the following spring, and when completed, in November of 1900, there had been built a dam and spillway 430 feet long, 35 feet high at the highest point, 100 feet wide at its base, resting upon solid rock, and 8 feet wide at its apex. The spillway is three feet lower than the dam, and its capacity is sufficient to discharge the overflow at all times. The dam and spillway had cost, when completed, $7,334.60. The club, wishing to control the brook from the lake to the mill dam three-fourths of a mile below, bought a farm of fifty acres through which it flows, together with the buildings which are now occupied by the club warden.

The lake covers 80 acres, varying in depth 33 feet. There is an abundance of water supplied from several brooks, each of which from their source is under the control of the club; there are also many cold springs in the bed of the lake. In stocking the streams, mill pond and lake, nothing but wild, square-tailed trout have been used. The fall before the dam was finished 500 six-inch trout were placed in the brooks. In 1901, 30,000 fry and 3,000 fingerlings were placed in the club's waters. In 1902, 20,000 fry and 12,500 fingerlings were distributed. In 1903, 75,000 fry were used for stocking purposes.

Fishing was for the first time allowed on May 1, 1902, and from that time to September 1 between 400 and 500 pounds of trout were caught. No more fishing was allowed in the lake until June 9, 1903, and from that time until September 1 there had been caught over 1,400 pounds of brook trout.

The average weight of fish caught during the last two seasons was over one-third of a pound, though quite a number weighing more than a pound each have been taken during that time.

In 1902 a small building to accommodate about twenty persons was built, but since then a modern clubhouse, 54 feet by 30 feet, has been erected.

Vermont is proud of Lake Mansfield and of the Lake Mansfield Trout Club, but there would be nothing there to be proud of were it not for the spirit of Ethan Allen returned from out of the West in the breast of one of her prodigal sons.

On Sunday I was once more in Bennington with my friend Chase, and the weather having continued exceeding fair for three days, we gave up the plan of a fox hunt for Monday to have a look at a deer yard and to try to meet up with a certain small black bear that Chase had lost at holing-up time in December.

Chase borrowed a hound with a reputation as a bear dog, and the weather continuing warm, we started out with high hopes. But we reckoned not with the east wind, and after we had tramped eight miles over muddy roads and climbed a mountain we found the weather much too disagreeable for any sensible spring bear to be out of doors. No doubt the bear or bears that made the tracks we saw on the snow on the

. . . *I snapped a picture of them intently listening*

ledges had had advance warning of the coming change, for the tracks were discouragingly old. We descended to a more comfortable altitude and separated to look for deer, their fresh tracks being abundant.

Perhaps an hour had passed when I had trailed a heavy buck to the edge of a large aspen thicket just over the top, on the south side, of a ridge I had been following. I was circling to windward of the thicket with a view to driving the buck out by my scent, when of a sudden I heard the sharp pound of a running deer, and turning my head I saw a buck and a doe coming in toward the thicket from the northwest. I stood in fairly open woods, beside a big pine tree, and could see easily for nearly two hundred yards through the timber. I stood perfectly still and the deer, alarmed by something (by Chase, I afterward learned), ran up to within forty or fifty yards of me before they winded me. And, then! Down brakes! They stopped so suddenly that they slid for a yard or more in the soft wet snow. Out they thrust their wonderful noses, right and left, testing the wind, their ears fanned forward, their eyes big with fear, every line showing tremendous nervous energy. A second they paused, and, ah! had only the camera not been strapped impotently on my back. Then with a bound and a flicker of white flags they were gone, leaving me tense and listening.

Yes, Chase had seen them; weren't they beauties? And we pondered on their cunning and their wonderful acuteness.

On the way home, Chase, knowing an excellent place for foxes, decided to try a new fox call, a little instrument not unlike a duck call with which he could imitate the cry of a wounded hare. I forgot to say that our bear dog had taken the back track for home after we saw the uselessness of looking for a bear. He certainly was a specialist, that hound. He would not even sniff at fresh fox tracks.

It was a good place for foxes, certainly, and I soon found that, on his own territory, Chase knew a lot about still-hunting other game than deer. He imitated the distress cry of a snowshoe rabbit to a nicety. But after ten minutes of careful calling without any results, we moved on. Once more, then, before we left the open woods that bordered the high pastures behind the town, we crept down behind a stone fence to near where Chase said an old red fox was wont to lie and contemplate the valley, with outlying Bennington poultry yards tantalizingly near. We reconnoitred the field from behind the fence, but saw no sign of a fox. Then we rested, and by and by Chase took off his gloves and called. Twilight began to set in. This was the close of my last day in Vermont; I did not like it that I must leave Chase so soon, must exchange my flannel shirt for a starched thing with a white collar. I had grown very fond of Chase and of my short-lived vagabondia.

Suddenly there was a movement farther down the fence. A fox! Who would have thought it? But he was far away, far, far away; more than three hundred yards, I thought, and fingered the peep sight of my rifle. The fox disappeared; we sat still as death. Then after a few minutes Chase called again, the startling falsetto of the call rising and falling in perfect cadence. We waited, with the hammers of our rifles at full cock. Minutes slipped by. Would that fox ever come, or had he gone away? I wanted to stand up and look over the fence. A man at his barnyard chores in the valley below whistled merrily. It was getting dusk and cold. Still we waited. There!

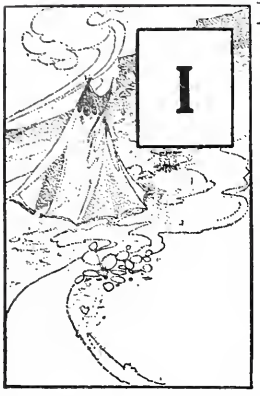
The fox no sooner caught his balance on the round boulder on top of the wall, upon which he had leaped, than he saw us crouched there so near. He turned like a flash, but we had been ready; ah, yes, and we laid the bold fellow low, with two .38-calibre bullets through his vitals.

Back to the city. Ah, well! was I not leaving the mountains with the crack of the rifles ringing in my ears? And did not my friend and I share side by side at the very last this little *coup* of a red fox killed without the aid of dogs? Aye, and more power to Shanks's pony, we had put sixteen long, rough miles behind us, shoulder to shoulder, and talked little but from the heart. So now, we went singing down the mountain with our game, each intent on outdoing the other in jollity, that he might not find time to meditate on the morrow which would bring the parting of the ways.

THE WILLIAMS RIVER COUNTRY

What Is Left of the Wilderness in West Virginia—Its People, Its Fishing and Its Hunting

BY ANDREW PRICE



IN THE Alleghany Mountains there is a wilderness of about a thousand square miles of the finest sort of spruce woods, practically untouched, and in which game and fish are making a last stand. Williams River drains the best portion of this country. The high mountains and deep woods are not on the main Alleghany. The Alleghany here is not an impressive mountain. It owes its supremacy only to the fact that it is the long, unbroken ridge that marks the eastern backbone of the continent.

In West Virginia, the Fur (Far) Mountains are the ones that rise to majestic heights and are clothed in the sombre hues of the spruce. Some idea of this wilderness can be obtained from the experience of Jesse Hammonds, a patriarchal hunter and trapper living in this forest.

When the war clouds began to lower on his house in the fifties, Hammonds refugeed from Kentucky, seeking a safe retreat, and settled on Williams River, and for thirteen years not a stranger darkened his door. The great Civil War was fought without his knowing anything about it. The county, Webster, in which he lived, formed an independent government, neither recognizing the North nor the South, and elected a governor, and is still referred to in State conventions as "the Independent State of Webster."

Old Jesse raised a large family of sons, who took to the woods and the life of the Indian. Their wives and children raise a little corn, but the men pride themselves on the fact that they never worked and never will. They know the woods thoroughly, and are the best of hunters and fishers, dig ginseng and find bee-trees. They are a thorn in the flesh of the sportsmen, for they kill to sell, and last year, when the headwaters of Williams River showed good results from the planting of a hundred thousand Government trout, they spent the summer fishing for these small trout to sell to the lumber camps. They owe their immunity to the fact that they have held possession of the lands of a big land company and know the corner trees and would be invaluable were its titles ever attacked.

Like the Indian the Hammondses of Bug Run have been forced on until they are now located in the fringe of woods in the south side of the tract and can go no farther.

I one time saw Neal Hammonds kill a deer. We were walking down the river from our camp at the mouth of Tea Creek deer hunting. Just as we reached the stand at the Big Island a fawn jumped into the river in a panic of fear, fleeing from its stepfather, no doubt, and once on the other side the little fellow hit the runway as fair as if a pack of hounds were after it. I took no action, but Neal threw his rifle into position and shot the top of the fawn's head off as it ran. It fell dead and proved to be an unusually large buck fawn.

The Hammondses are not educated, except in woods lore. They may know that there are such accomplishments as reading or writing, but these they have never hankered after. Yet one of the boys, Edn, is a great musician. His artistic temperament has made more or less of a dreamer of him and detracted from his ability as a bear hunter. He takes to the calmer joys of fishing and "sang" digging, and he repudiates the idea that his name is Edwin or, possibly, Edmund, and gravely informs you that his

name is simply "Edn, an' nothin' elst."

Edn's first attempt in music was with a fiddle made from a gourd. He progressed until he secured a store-bought fiddle and there is no disputing the fact that he can draw exquisite harmonies from this. He has composed several melodies, and has given them names, the most notable one being called "Hannah Gutting Fish!" He explained the music to me one time, and I must confess that it seemed as real to me as any high-grade composition. I recorded it, one day when Edn came to my house, on a blank wax gramaphone disc and have reproduced it often since, down to the resounding patting of the violinist's foot on the floor. A man from Pittsburgh told me it was very fine and expressive, and that he believed it to be an entirely new and original piece of music.

For fifty years the narrow valley of the Williams, known as "the Meadows," has been cleared, and about three miles on the upper waters, and it is here that the best fishing is obtained, early in the spring. This little green valley, bordered by dense black forests, an acre of which will sometimes measure as much as ninety thousand feet of timber, is the finest fishing place I know. The stream enters these grass-lands from the dark woods and at the foot of the Meadows plunges into the Deadwater, where the river lies sluggish and deep for two miles without perceptible current. Then for twenty miles the river runs through unbroken forests.

The old land grants speak of the Deadwater as the Watering Ponds, and whenever there came a drought in this jungle here was where the wild things came to drink. As it is, it is a great refuge for the fish, and innumerable suckers come up in shoals in the spring to spawn in the riffles above. We call them pine suckers and they are marked by a stripe of dull red down their sides like rainbow trout. Some springs they run by the thousands, and can be caught in any way. One morning, needing some for camp and to take home, I caught a mess of large ones with my hands and ceased only because I had taken all that were needed.

These pine suckers can only be taken at the one time, just before spawning, and that has had the effect of greatly depleting them. As to eating qualities, taken from the cold waters they have no superior.

Once we arrived at our camping place about the first of May and proceeded to pitch our tent near a clear pool in which a dozen or so suckers lingered. Some one remarked in a matter of fact way that we might as well have them for dinner and proceeded to calmly "hook" them out; which greatly astonished a visiting sportsman, who seemed to think that for certainty it resembled digging potatoes.

During the Civil War a command of Confederate cavalry tried to make a short cut through the mountains to get in Averhill's rear, and they came on these suckers at the right time and feasted on them. They had a mule battery and had to leave their artillery cached in the woods on Yew Mountain, at the foot of the Deadwater. These big guns are there yet, never having been located.

The fact that this immense forest preserve remains intact is due to the purchase of the greater part of it by capitalists. Before Virginia and West Virginia were divided, what is now West Virginia was referred to as the Western Waters, a most comprehensive and descriptive term. Here the lands were for sale by the State at the price of four and one-half cents an acre! They had all been taken up after the Revolutionary War, mostly by speculators, who carried the titles to New York, Philadelphia, London and Paris, to sell at an advance of a cent or so an acre. One cent an acre profit on five hundred thousand acres was a big sum in those days. These titles were abandoned and second entries made.

About 1850 a farmer, a Southern colonel, realizing the wonderful richness of the Williams River country, began to acquire it and entered the lands in blocks of twenty-seven thousand acres and less. After his death his heirs, unwilling to pay taxes on wild lands, decided to sell them. Before doing so they sent two surveyors into the woods to make a report. They reported that the land was without value, because the timber was too big to make it practical to clear. The holders then were glad to sell at forty-two cents an acre this heavily timbered land underlaid with the best of coal.

One of the heirs proved contrary and he

held on to a three-thousand-acre tract on Black Mountain—and got fifty thousand dollars for it three years ago. And it has doubled in value since then.

When we were allowed to chase the deer with dogs, many deer were killed at the various stands on the river. Since then, while the deer are plentiful, they are hard to kill, being well-protected by the laurel and other tangled undergrowth, which makes still-hunting impracticable. The laws against deer chasing are well observed and the deer are reaping the benefit.

The bears are greatly on the increase and there is a blue grass settlement about the extreme head of the river, called Beaver Dam, which has all but been driven out of the sheep business by bears. This is a hardship to small land owners whose farms lie at too great an elevation to raise grain.

On the Black Mountain run one man claimed to have identified the signs of one hundred and seventeen bears in one day's hunt. That seems a good many bears, but I have hunted and fished so long, and told about my adventures at so many camp-fires, that I cannot consistently deny anything. Nevertheless, every now and then a hunter runs onto a bear and kills it. Premeditated killing of bears is rarely known, as this wisest of the forest animals knows well how to avoid men. A rabbit is courageous compared to a black bear. This shows the superior intelligence of bruin.

About twenty years ago an unarmed fisherman killed a bear with a large stone at the Red Hole. He was resting at the top of a precipitous bank of Mauch Chunk shale when a bear, chased by dogs, came into the river and passed at the foot of the bank. The man cast a large stone down upon it and stunned it so that he was able to kill it. It was a two-year-old. The occurrence is well-authenticated.

The difficulties with the bears and the sheep remind one of the stories of the killing of tigers in India, where every killing of a man-eating tiger is preceded by the appeal from the village that the sahib come and rid them of the dangerous beast. This always accompanies a tiger story. If some sahib wants to kill some of our surplus bears we will get up the right kind of an appeal. Dogs that won't run deer are needed.

The sheep-killers are generally the biggest bears of them all, and are very wise. They never enter a field without first making a complete circuit to see if a man has crossed the fence. If he has, they "withdraw." One sheep raiser found that hanging a half-dozen lighted lanterns about his farm caused the bears to leave his flock severely alone.

We have been expecting the trout to give out in this stream for many years, but time seems to have no effect on them. There are always about the same number, and I speak of fifteen years' constant experience. There have always been trout to catch and the charm of the country attracts all classes and conditions of men. Fifty trout in a day can easily be caught when the water and the air are right, if one is a fair trout-angler. I caught twenty-four good ones there last summer one morning before breakfast.

The place that agrees with me best is the grass-land when the blue grass first begins to grow. The valley is over three thousand feet above sea-level and the peaks about rise to five thousand feet. Then I do not care so much for the fishing. I like to feel that grass and look up to the hills and say my piece:

"Ye crags and hills,
I'm with you once again;
I hold to you the hands
You first beheld;
Methinks I hear your echoes answer me,
And bid your son a welcome home again!"

In writing of this country, mention should be made of the ramp, which has never been accorded its proper place in the literature of woods and waters. Like its refined and chastened cousin, the onion, it is a lily, and is food for the hungry. It is among the first of the woods' plants to make its appearance and is a great boon to the mountaineer and the camper who is out of onions and needs an anti-scorbutic. I do not know why its praises are not sung in the journals devoted to the red gods. It may be that it is not widely distinguished or its virtues not generally known. As a salad it is without a peer and the breath of the ramp eater obviates any necessity for fly dope. Strangers eat too freely and are often made sick. The writer would like to know

if the ramp is common to woods of the country generally, and has not taken its place in literature on account of never having been adopted by polite society. The modern dictionaries say little or nothing about it, but I find in Bailey's Dictionary (edition 1794), "Rampions, a root proper for sallads. *Rapunculus esculentus.*" I would add *slightly esculentus.*

Come who may, the visitor to the Williams River country will find himself repaid, and if he should come in June of the present year he may smell the smoke of my camp-fire, and if he comes not, like calamities, in battalions, he may share a breakfast of fried trout with me. So long as he leaves me a camp site out of hearing of his nightly revels, reasonable allowance of my own tinned stuff and my share of the trout fishing, he is welcome to "holler" to his wild heart's content, and he may have all the bears—and the rampions.

WANDERER

BY ROSCOE BRUMBAUGH

THE whitethroats sing for him at morn
Their most enchanting, plaintive lay;
The bob-whites in the fragrant corn
Call out to him along the way.

Mayhap he tarries here and there,
When weary, at some open door,
Then leaves behind the weight of care,
And journeys lightly as before.

There are no tales like those he hears
Within the pages thousands turn—
He knows the secret joy of tears
Which we have found it hard to learn.

His heart is free; and, unconfined,
His footsteps wander where they will—
A gypsy, like the roving wind,
He starts across another hill.

ADVENTURES AND MISADVENTURES OF A SALMON-ANGLER

Streamside Vexations and Camp-fire Vagaries

BY CHARLES A. BRAMBLE

AFTER all, there is but one kind of fishing that is worth the doing. Of course, there is lots of fun to be had on a trout-stream, and we all know that the bass, especially he of the small mouth, is the idol of many a man, but if you have once enjoyed salmon-fishing as it should be, all the rest will seem tame and insipid, and after having fished for *Salmo salar* on either side of the Atlantic, it seems to me that, without doubt, in Canadian fishing we have the very best that this world can offer.

It's a pity that New Brunswick has let her rivers down. Twenty years ago one could have caught salmon in her streams until the back ached and the arms became numb, for in those days the Nepisiguit and the Miramichi were well stocked. There are fish in the former stream to-day, but the latter is hardly worthy of mention, owing to the outrageous violation of all fisheries laws by natives.

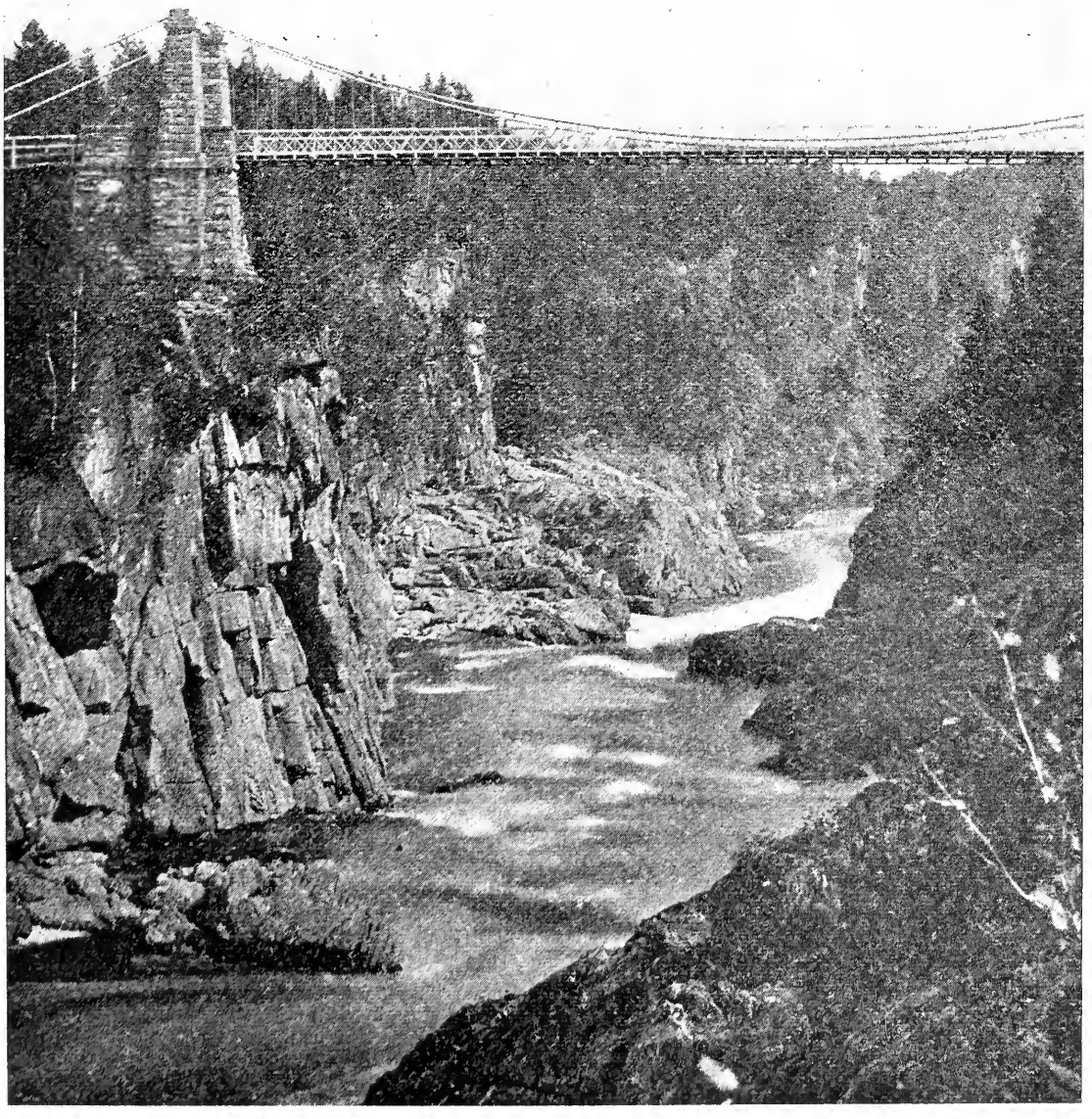
What glorious days were those we passed on the Nepisiguit, and although luck was checkered, somehow it's always the bright days that stand forth on the pages of memory, while we forget the dull ones. For instance: what if we camped a full fourteen days by the Rough Waters, which is the first beat above the tide, and never raised a fin, and only the most praiseworthy perseverance brought the reward on the fifteenth, when a salmon and two grilse were brought to gaff—after which the fickle dame smiled and the rod was often arched. Now looking back upon that summer, those fourteen days of dreary waiting are bridged over and in fancy I am again running tearing rapids, with John in the bow and Luke in the stern and a whacking big salmon giving the fisherman all the excitement he cared for. Running a rapid and playing a fish at the same time is heroic sport.

Then there is that adventure in the Red Pine pool. Some more fortunate individual had the recognized fishing station on the west side of the Flat Rock pool, and fishing it on the east side was quite a different matter. In the first place, the angler had to scramble down some steep cliffs, at the risk of breaking his neck; then, to discard the regular cast in favor of that known as the "switch," which isn't half such good fun, and lastly, when a fish was hooked, there was about one chance in ten of saving it.

My experience had been a series of misfortunes. I had been broken so many times that, becoming desperate, I resolved to follow the next salmon down to the sea, if necessary, rather than put too heavy a strain on my tackle in attempting to snub him. After much cogitation and a careful study of the ground, my two Indians stationed themselves on the top of the bank, so I could pass the rod to them, and then scramble up myself and follow the fish. This meant quick work, as it does not take a salmon long to run out a hundred yards of line, especially when he is going with the current. The morning after our plans had been perfected I was down to the pool early; in fact, the mist was not yet off the water; and, as all old fishermen know, fish do not generally rise to the fly until it has dissipated. Even summer mornings are often raw and cold in northern New Brunswick, and crouching under the lee of a boulder, trying to get some warmth out of my pipe, I was startled by a stone, flung so as to just miss my foot. Looking to the edge of the cliff, I saw Luke

pointing cautiously across the river and upstream. He must have seen something unusual, and raising myself carefully I peeped over the boulder. A beautiful black bear was crossing some level slab rocks, evidently making his way to the other side of the Flat Rock pool. Soon he was separated from me by less than sixty feet of water, giving an excellent opportunity to study him before his suspicions had been aroused. Surely, the bear is the comedian of the woods. This particular animal ambled about like a colt at play; drew near to the water, dipped one paw in and withdrew it, appearing to decide that the temperature was too chilly for a swim. Thus we passed almost ten minutes and then, noticing the rings of one or two rising fish, I stood up and whistled. The poor bear was so dreadfully frightened that he almost tripped up and fell headlong in his frantic haste to get away.

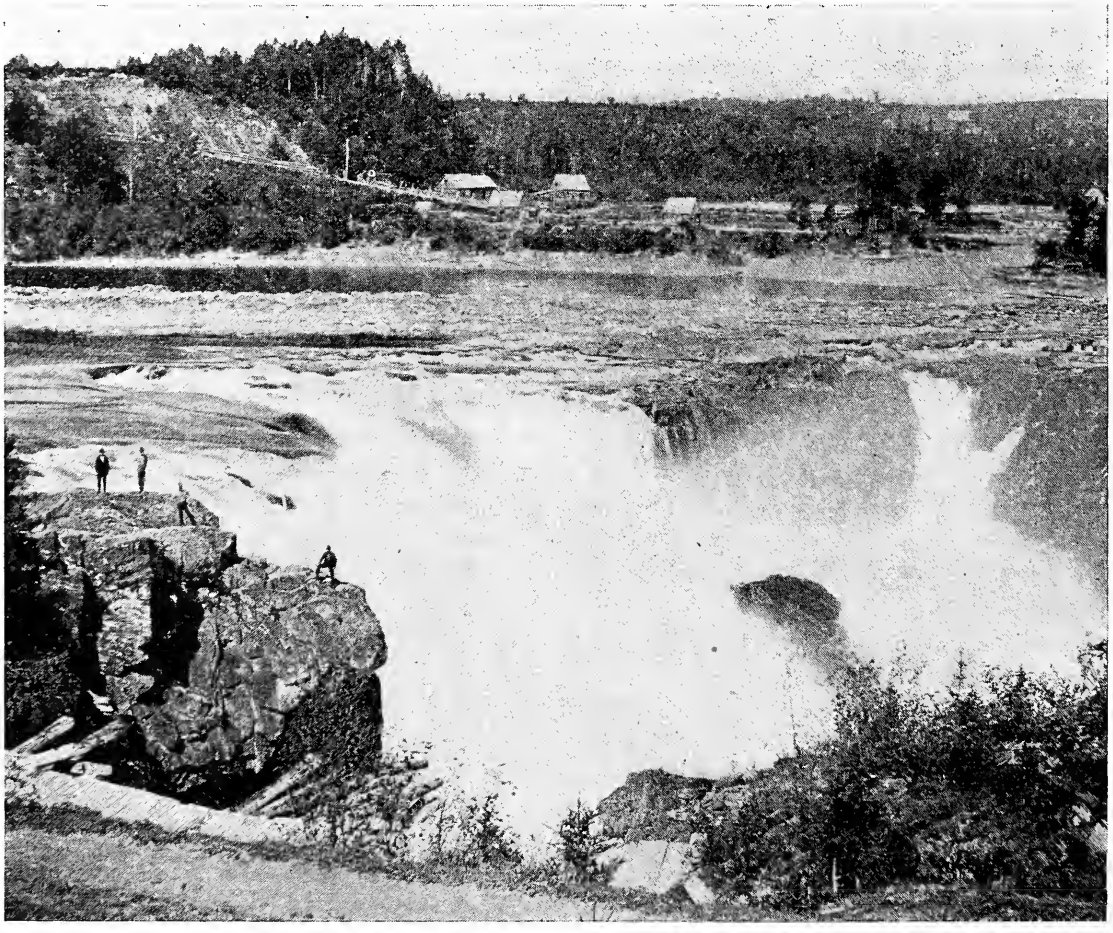
At about the third cast I hooked a fish that was considerably heavier than the usual Nepisiguit salmon. We judged it weighed about fourteen pounds. I say judged advisedly, because we did not weigh it—for reasons that will appear later on. The salmon was a powerful fish and a sensible one withal, for instead of fooling his time



THE ST. JOHN RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK, BELOW THE GRAND FALLS—A FAMOUS SALMON STREAM

away swimming round and round the Flat Rock pool, as many misguided fish have done, he started down-stream through the rapids. Now the reel began to screech with a vengeance and (metaphorically speaking) the line went hissing through the rings. There was no time to lose. Luke reached down and I reached up, and in about two seconds the rod was in his hand and he was following the fish and taking in slack. After much scrambling and sliding I reached the top and by and by caught up to Luke, and raced past him to the Red Pine pool. Here was a nice sandy beach, where we had determined to land this salmon. The rod was passed down to me, and after about fifteen minutes' play he was so tired out that he floated on his side and it was possible to reel him in. Luke took the cork off the end of the gaff, which, unfortunately, was a fancy screw-on affair, instead of the regulation one that is whipped to the shank, and stepped unhesitatingly into the chilly water up to his knees. Now the fish was within reach, and Luke, of the sure eye and steady hand, made his stroke and buried the gaff in the broad shoulder. With a whoop and a yell he lifted the great fish high in the air—then the gaff broke off short at the ferrule, the salmon splashed back into the water and the fly flew into my face. Luke threw himself upon the fish, I threw myself upon Luke, John piled upon me, and after a lot of splashing and frantic endeavor we crawled out upon the bank, wet, dejected and salmonless.

On another occasion, when fishing a cast below the basin at the foot of the Grand Falls, bruin once again intruded himself upon me, unheralded and unexpected. If you have not seen the Grand Falls of the Nepisiguit you should take the first opportunity that presents itself of doing so, for I know of no finer bits of wilderness scenery. But on the morning in question I was not troubling myself about scenery, because the fish were rising freely and they occupied all my attention. Two grilse had fallen victims to a small silver doctor and, as I was alone,



THE GRAND FALLS OF THE ST. JOHN—AN EFFECTUAL BARRIER TO THE "RUNNING" SALMON

it was necessary to go ashore after gaffing each, placing them in the shade of a large rock. Now, in fishing that particular run you have to wade out quite a long way, so that while fishing I was, perhaps, fifty yards from where I had left the grilse. Moreover, there was no reason why I should keep my eye upon them, so that it was not until the last had been made and shore regained that I became aware that the fish were gone. And fresh bear tracks in the wet sand told who had robbed me.

That fellow was a bit hungry, or he never would have had the cheek to walk off with two salmon, in plain view of the man who caught them. If Luke and John are yet alive—as I have every reason to believe—it is not likely they have forgotten my woe-begone appearance when I returned to tell them of bruin's outrageous conduct. He might at least have left me one.

When salmon-fishing, the Canadian angler generally has to camp out. Some might consider this a drawback, but most of us do not. There is a charm about camp life that has always appealed to me very strongly. I have fished for salmon in Norway and had to sleep in a *saeter*, where the good man and his family and the farm hands divided up the space with sundry goats and fowls—an experience one would not care to repeat. Far better is the Canadian way. On this continent, unless a member of some club, one generally pitches camp alongside a pool, and leads a joyful, careless, open-air existence throughout the whole all-too-short fishing season.

In addition to the charm of the woods one has the companionship of the dusky sons of the forest, or else of the almost equally dusky and quite as dirty halfbreeds. These untutored individuals are capable of affording much amusement to an observing man. It is true they have their weaknesses; for instance, a newly arrived henchman, who has the keen edge on his appetite, can sometimes stow away the major portion of a large ham at a single sitting, and, as regards many of them, the truth is handled somewhat carelessly. Yet, taken all in all, they are a delightful contrast to the conventional, frock-coated, enamel-leathered man of the city. Those of you who have camped with them for weeks, nay, even months at a time, know that they are nothing but great, powerful, grown-up children.

There was never an Indian in my service yet that did not believe in ghosts. They might not own to it, but deep down in their natures it was there. As an instance: I recall one dark, sultry night by a certain salmon-stream, when my sole companions were two full-blooded Abenaki Indians. Our camp was pitched in a level but uncommonly dark pine grove. The two little tents reflected the bright glare of the camp-fire, but outside its small circle of light the shadows were dark as those of Erebus. After supper the talk drifted into a discussion of the supernatural. The Indians told me of a fabled stream, known to them as Tomogonops, which they said was not a desirable place to find oneself camped alongside, especially if alone. It seems that many Indian hunters have heard strange sounds along this river. Listening, in the stillness of a summer's night, after the sun has set and even the night-hawks have retired to rest, the solitary camper hears the sound as of men propelling a canoe against the swift current. He can catch the rhythm of the oncoming progress. The spectral canoemen fleet their poles in the orthodox manner, and with the long, tireless sweep of the hardened *voyageur*. You may even hear the bubble of the current against the bow. Then, the thing draws abreast of the shivering watcher. He seems to hear the grating of the stem upon the gravel; two poles are, seemingly, thrown ashore, and then the calm of the wilderness sinks over everything and the fisherman realizes that it is no canoe poled by human hands that he has heard.

This was the yarn that the Indians told me. In return I laid myself out to give them the most bloodcurdling stories that had been told me in childhood by a misguided and garrulous nurse who was herself a believer in gnomes, hobgoblins and fairies.

By and by those Indians shook like poplar leaves in a breeze and became so jumpy that they wouldn't leave the light of the camp-fire, even to get a drink of cold water before turning in, and I believe they shivered and shook half through the night, for fear Glooscap or some malignant windigo should carry them off before the breaking of the dawn.

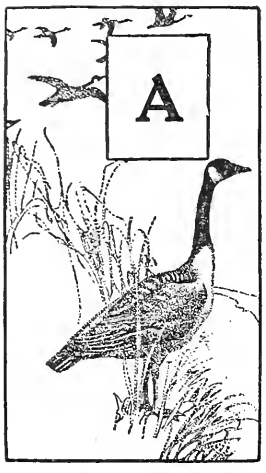
THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE GOOSE

BY DAN BEARD

(*Continued*)

CHAPTER XII

THE LARIAT BRIDGE



APPARENTLY there was no possible way by which we might hope to cross the canyon, and I threw myself prone upon the top of the stony brink of the chasm and peered down the awful abyss at the silver thread, shining in the gloom of the shadows, which marked the course of a stream.

It matters little to me whether the object of my pursuit be fame, riches or game, my experience seems to be all the same, and sooner or later I discover a bridgeless chasm athwart my trail; but I have learned to hail with pleasurable excitement the hollow sound of the subterranean waters proclaiming my near approach to this barrier in my path.

I studied the face of the opposite cliff in a vain search for some hint to the solution of the problem before us, looking up and down from side to side as far as allowed by the range of my vision. At length my attention wandered to the perpendicular face of the cliff, on the top of which my body was sprawled; there was an upright crack in the face of the stone wall, and as I examined the fracture I saw that a piece of wood had lodged in this crack. A piece of wood in a crevice in a rock is not so unusual an occurrence as to excite remark; but when it occurred to me that we were then far above the timber line, my interest and curiosity were at once aroused.

The end of the stick was within a short distance from my hand, and reaching down I grasped the wood and brought forth not a short club or stick, as I thought to be concealed there, but a very long pole. The result of my investigations was so unexpected that I came dangerously near allowing the thing to slide through my fingers and fall to the bottom of the canyon. It was a neatly-smoothed, slender piece of lodge-pole pine which was brought to view, and it had a crooked root nicely spliced to one end and bound tightly in place with rawhide thongs. Big Pete was wholly absorbed in the wild girl's trail, the study of which he had resumed, and when I looked up he was down on all fours, minutely studying the ground. Presently he cried, "Le-Loo, tha' pesky little wasp ha' been over wha' you be after sompen and she tuk it back tha' again afore she made her jump! If you're any good you'll find what the gal was after."

"She was after her barleycorn broomstick," I replied, proudly, "and here it is, although I must confess it is a pretty long one for a girl of her size, and it looks more like Bo-Peep's crook than a witch's broom." Big Pete eagerly snatched the pole from my hands and examined it carefully. At length he said, "This hyer is the end used for the handle; one can see by the finger marks, an' this crook is used to scrape stone with, one kin see, with half an eye, by the way the end is sandpapered off. Over tha' air some marks on the stone which look almighty like as if they'd been made by the end of this yer hook slipping down the face of the rock.

"Now, I wonder wha' cud be up tha' on the top of the rock that the gal wanted?"

mused Big Pete, and for a moment or so he stood in silent thought; at length he exclaimed, "Why, bless my corn shucking soul, if I don't believe she's got a lariat staked out tha' an' crosses this ditch same as we-uns aimed to do!" With that he began raking and scraping the top of the opposite rock with the shepherd's crook, and presently there came tumbling and twisting like a snake down the face of the cliff a long braided rawhide rope with a loop at the bottom end.

"Waugh, Le-Loo! tha's no witchcraft 'bout this 'cep the magic of common-sense; but we hain't through with her yit!" By this time Pete had the end of the rawhide rope in his hands and was testing the strength of its anchorage upon the opposite cliff. The point where it was fastened projected some distance over the ledge, where the supposed landing-place was located, thus making it possible for one to swing at the end of the rope from our side without danger of coming into too violent contact with the opposite cliff.

As soon as my big friend was satisfied that the rope was safe he grasped it with his two hands, and with one foot in the loop and the other free to use as a fender, he sailed across the abyss and landed safely upon the crumbling ledge opposite.

Holding fast to the rawhide rope with his hands and bracing his feet against the rock, Pete could walk up the face of the cliff by going hand-over-hand up the cable at the same time. He had almost reached the top when I was horror-stricken to see a small, shapely hand and a beautifully modeled arm reach over the precipice; it was neither the grace nor the beauty of this shapely bit of femininity which sent the blood surging to my heart, but the fact that the cold gray glint of a long-bladed knife caught my eyes and fascinated me with the fabled "charm" of a serpent. The power of speech forsook me, but with great effort I succeeded in giving utterance to the inarticulate noise people gurgle when confronted in their sleep by a shapeless horror. Big Pete heard the noise, but he was not unnerved when he saw the knife, neither did he show any nightmare symptoms, although he was dangling over the terrible abyss with a full knowledge that it needed but a touch of the keen blade of that knife to sever the straining lariat and dash him, a mangled mass, on the rocks below. The danger was too real to give Pete the nightmare; there was nothing spooky to him in the glittering knife blade, and only ghosts and the supernatural could give Big Pete the nightmare. Calmly he looked at the little hand grasping the power of death with its tapering fingers. Suddenly and in a firm, commanding voice he gave the order, "Drop tha' knife!"

Ever since I had been in the company of this masterful forest companion I had obeyed his commands as a matter of course, and so was not surprised to see the fingers instantly relax their grasp and the knife go gyrating to the mysterious depths. In a few moments Big Pete was up and over the edge of the rock and hidden from my view.

Seizing the long-handled shepherd's crook, I caught the dangling end of the lariat, and was soon scrambling up the face of the cliff, leaving a trail which the veriest novice would not fail to notice and sending showers of the crumbling stones down the path taken by the knife; it was several minutes before I had clambered over the face of the projecting crag and was safe across the black chasm which lay athwart our trail.

CHAPTER XIII

THE WHITE DEATH

Only those persons who have made a solitary trip over snow-capped mountain ridges can appreciate the overwhelming feeling of solitude that such a scene inspires. To whatever point of view one's eyes are directed, they are greeted with a tumbled sea, composed of stupendous petrified billows.

The occasional fields of snow are the white froth of the stony waves and the turquoise-colored glacial lakes between the crags rather add to the effect of an angry ocean than detract from it.

On a closer examination some of the rocks appear to be rough bits of unfinished worlds still retaining the form they had when poured from the mighty blast furnaces of the Creator. It is God's workshop strewn with huge fragments, still bearing the marks of His mallet and chisel; yet these cold, barren wastes are the pasture lands of the shaggy-coated white goats and the lithe-

limbed big-horned sheep of the Rocky Mountains.

Suddenly a shrill whistle pierced the air and I instinctively looked for a vision of the goblin wolves and the Wild Hunter, but a moment later realized that the sound I heard was but the warning cry of a whistling marmot. Again this silence was broken, this time by a low rumbling sound which increased in volume until it roared like a broadside from an old forty-four-gun man-of-war, each crag and peak taking up the sound and hurling it against its neighbor until the reverberating noise seemed to come from all points of the compass.

Away in the distance I could see a white stream pouring from the precipitous edge of an elevated glacier; this seeming mountain torrent I knew was not water, but ice, thousands of tons of which having cracked and broken from the edge of the glacier was now being dashed over the hard face of the rock and ground into minute fragments.

The white stream could be seen to decrease perceptibly in size, from a broad sheet to a wide band, a narrow ribbon, a line, a hair, and then disappeared altogether. While the distant mountains were still growling, mumbling and playing shuttlecock with the echoes, a timid little chief hare went hopping across a green half-acre of grass at the damp edge of a melting snow patch in my path. Overhead a golden eagle sailed with a small mammal in its talons; strange reddish-colored bumblebees busied themselves in a bunch of flowers growing in a crevice in the rocks at my feet.

But my eye could discern no larger creatures in this Alpine pasture land; not only could I see no sheep or goats, but not a sign of my friend or the mountain girl. They had vanished from the face of the picture as completely as if the master artist had erased them with one mighty sweep of his paint-brush.

To a man with my pronounced materialistic tendencies the word supernatural, as used with reference to things of this earth, is a paradoxical term; it is inconceivable to me that anything should exist in this world which is not a part of nature and subject to natural laws.

Nevertheless, when I viewed the lonely landscape, with no human being in sight, I confess to experiencing a creepy sensation and a strong inclination to flee. It was in a rough, basin-shaped depression among the mountain peaks that I now sat on a large rock with my back to the black chasm. From my elevated position I could see a long distance; strange fancies creep into one's head on such occasions and play havoc with previous well-founded beliefs. To me, a poor fool of a tenderfoot, both Big Pete and the *loup-garo* of a girl had melted into the thinnest of thin air, such as is only found in high altitudes.

How could I tell that I myself was not invisible?

It is not necessary for one to believe in wehr-wolves, in lycanthropy, to confess that this weird young woman of the Rocky Mountains *seemed* to have many strange accomplishments, not the least startling of which was her apparent ability to become invisible.

Seated on the top of the rock in that lonely land, I pulled out my bronzed old veteran briar-wood and began to smoke, for what was the use of spending my time vainly seeking two invisible *Ecutocks* of the mountains when they might be even then standing at my elbow laughing at my perplexity.

Like so many of the much abused things of this world, tobacco is a good thing when used with moderation, and I smoked to soothe my mind; but, in these high altitudes the air acts on one's system like champagne, and tobacco immediately affects the heart, causing it to beat with increased rapidity, which of itself excites one, and as I smoked I became more and more nervous and fidgety. The little chief hare again made its appearance, and for want of a better audience I gave vent to my irritability in an address to this timid mountaineer and told the astonished animal that I considered it highly improper for two young people to become invisible together. "There is no telling to what mischief these fern-seed caps might lead their wearers," cried I, as I knocked the ashes from my pipe. By this act I stampeded my audience, which, with an odd screech, fled to its hole under some loose stones.

Did it ever occur to the reader how very demoralizing such caps would be? Did the

reader ever think how much one's honesty, respectability, honor and law-abiding habits are the direct result of being constantly under the watchful surveillance of one's family, neighbors and the public? I willingly confess that even the freedom which the wilderness offers from the restraints of the laws of custom and enacted laws materially affects my own conduct. By what right did I now dog the steps of the fair young mountain lass? The wonderful marksmanship of this phenomenal girl made it very evident that she did not desire my company, but it was also equally evident that she could not be classed as an "unprotected female.

A short distance to my left was a huge black obsidian cliff, the glassy walls of which rose in a precipice to a considerable height; on account of its peculiar formation this glistening crag had several times attracted my attention, and on another occasion I would have been curious enough to have given it a closer inspection. Once as I turned my head in that direction I thought I heard a laugh, and later concluded that it was only imagination on my part; but now, as I again faced the cliff, I unmistakably heard a derisive shout and was considerably relieved to see silhouetted against the sky the girlish figure of the witch-bear. Then I heard a shout behind me, and, looking back, was astonished to see Big Pete *on the other side* of the chasm and apparently unable to recross that dark fissure in the mountain side. Hastening to the brink of the canyon I was dumfounded to find the lariat missing. "She tuk 'em both," exclaimed Big Pete, sheepishly, "and," he added, "I hain't been fitting no new spigot in the cider bar'l, either. Say, Le-Loo, she is too many for Pete Darlinkel—guess I must be getting sort of wind-shook, or maybe this is all a pipe dream and will be all right when I wake up agin."

"It is not a pipe dream, Pete, unless we are both dreaming the same dream together, but to me things look very real; my feet are too sore from clambering over the hog-back after that red-collared bighorn, that Mary's Lamb, for it to be a dream," I answered. "Besides," I continued, "I never remember being so ravenously hungry in a dream. But, for the land's sake, man! how did that girl manage to throw you over the chasm and by what magic art did you both make yourselves invisible so suddenly?"

"Dog goned, if I thought of it afore, but 't must 'ave seemed queer to you, and no mistake; thought I'd jined the bunch and wuz one of 'em, didn't ye?" And Pete chuckled to himself. "But," he continued, "it's simple 'nough to understand. It wuz like this: When I clum to the top of tha' rock it wuz jist in time to see the gal scrooch down an' run along the edge of the cliff like a deer with a wolf at its heels, and I tuk after her; 'bout tha' time you scrambled up top o' the rock, makin' as much noise as a buffler bull. You'd made up your mind it wuz a straightaway run, an' you never onct looked anywhar but in front of you. The gal swung herself over the crack an' by the time I'd got well started agin she wuz at t'other crossin' with the Bo-Peep crook in her hand, clawin' the t'other rope over to her. When I turned back agin she wuz back ahead of me and had both ropes. Slick and sa'tin, she beats me! Say, Le-Loo, tha' hain't an Injun buck on the Divide that I can't run down as easy as a timber-wolf can run down a yearling; but the way tha' gal lifts up her fut is a caution to the nation. She played with me; tha's what she did, and then while you wuz off moonin' somewhar, she tucks the ropes around her purty waist and skulks off like a coyote. I hollered to you, but you wuz a wool-gatherin', an' so I jist sot down an' waited for ye to get through with your smoke. I'm outgeneraled by a gal, that's what I am! an' you want me to believe that she is nothing but a common oronery woman like I see at the settlement? Waugh!"

We had seen no game since we had lost the bighorn; the sun ball hung low in the heavens and it appeared to me that there was every prospect of a supperless night; but Big Pete had evidently no such idea, and he "'lowed" that he would "mosey 'round a bit an' kill some small varmints for grub."

There seemed to be plenty of mountain lion signs, and I was surprised that they should frequent such high altitudes, but Pete told me that they were up here after marmots, and were all sleek and fat on that diet, and I would not have been surprised if my wild comrade proposed to feast on one

of these cats. It was not long before Pete's revolvers could be heard barking, and in a short time he returned with two brace of white ptarmigan, each with its head shattered by a pistol ball, and I confess these birds were more to my liking than cat meat. Up here mid the snow fields the ptarmigan apparently keep their winter plumage the year round, and if I were their only foe the fern seed cap of invisibility could not serve them a better purpose, but to Big Pete a white ptarmigan on a white snowfield seemed to be as easy for him to detect as it would be for me if the same bird was perched on a heap of coal. I had not seen one of these grouse since we had been in the mountains and was not aware of their presence until my companion returned with the four dead birds. Without wasting time Pete began to prepare them for cooking. He soon built a fire of some sticks which he had brought from the woods below and cooked the birds over the embers. He tossed a brace to me, and sitting upon opposite sides of the black chasm with our feet hanging over the edge, facing each other, we ate our evening meal without salt or pepper, and then each of us curled up like a gray wolf under the shelter of a stone and slept as safely as if we were on our bed-rolls down in the genial atmosphere of the park, in place of being up in the bitingly cold night air of the bleak mountain tops. I, at least, must have slept soundly, and, thanks to the clothes Big Pete had so kindly made for me, I do not remember feeling cold. When I opened my eyes again it was daylight, and I could scarcely believe that I had been asleep more than five minutes since I bade my friend good-night. Although we were separated by that impassable chasm, it seemed perfectly natural and right that Big Pete should be again with me in the morning, cooking breakfast and making tea in a tin cup over one of those economical little fires he so loved to build, even when we were in the park, where there was fuel enough for a roaring bonfire. I asked him how he jumped the canyon; he chuckled and replied, "Wul, Le-Loo, I didn't hev to. Don't you remember I said it wuz a pipe dream and would be all right when we woke up in the morning?"

I did remember, but for reasons of my own I think the mountaineer had taken a long journey in the early morning hours and found a crossing at some distant point. After breakfast we started again on the trail of the mountain girl, determined to solve the mystery, and were not surprised to find ourselves again on the trail of a bear, but this time we intended to run that bear down.

It was soon evident that it was an exceedingly active bear which we were following, and it could climb over green glacier ice like a Swiss guide and over rocks like a goat; it led us a wild, wild chase over friable and treacherous stones covered with "verglas," over dangerous couloirs to high elevations, where the frozen snow combed over the beetling crags, and the avalanche roared and thundered down the rocks, dashing the fragments of stone over the lower ice fields. But Big Pete never hesitated, and I followed him without a word, and when the trail led along the edge of a dizzy height I would look right at Big Pete's broad back and then my head would not swim. It was exciting and exhilarating work, and the violent exercise kept me so warm that I carried the most of my clothes in a bundle on my back. Presently our path led us into a goat trail, one of those century-old paths made by these shaggy white Alpine animals and used by them as regular highways; there was plenty of fresh goat sign, and the broad path led us over a saddle mountain to the verge of a cliff, beyond which it seemed impossible for anything but goats to pursue the trail. Here we sat down to rest and to make a cup of tea over a tiny fire, although wood was plenty at this place, it being in the timber line.

Below us lay a valley, into which numerous small glaciers emptied their everlasting supply of ice and blocks of stone, and horsetail falls poured from the melting snow fields. It might have presented enchanting prospects to an iceman or a bighorn, or a Rocky Mountain goat, but for two tired men it was a most gloomy and desolate place, and I felt certain that even a witch-bear would not choose it as a camping ground. We had finished our tea and I was feeling somewhat refreshed when I noticed a peculiar stinging sensation about my face; it felt as if I had been attacked by some poisonous insects, but there were none in sight. Pete at this time was some distance away, prospecting

the "lay of the land." I saw him suddenly pull the cape of his wamus over his face and reasoned that he also had been attacked by these invisible insects. To my surprise, the big fellow seemed very much alarmed, and every time I shouted to him it greatly excited the mountaineer. As he was hurrying to me as rapidly as possible I desisted from further inquiry. When Big Pete reached my side he pulled a handkerchief from around my neck and put it over my mouth, making signs which I did not comprehend. At last he put his muffled mouth to my ear and shouted through the cape of his wamus: "Shut your meat-trap or you're food for the coyotes. It is the White Death!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE POT-HUNTER

BY F. M. KELLY

SPRING, most subtle assistant of the wondrous magician Nature, was weaving her magic in the wild places. For some days, the fibres of leaf-bearing trees had been softening with the fresh flow of life-sap; and one April evening, their branches, tipped with divers colored buds, nodded for joy of the season to the purring welcome of the soft twilight air, even as a lithe-limbed doe passed silently beneath and sought the shelter of a thick fir covert. Next morning, what a transition. Pale green leaflets appeared on the branches and spilled their scented fragrance through all the aisles of the forest; while in the deepest recess of the fir covert, beside its proud mother, with wide, wondering eyes, its tawny sides covered with dull gray blotches, a fawn bleated weakly.

Days passed. The leaves had taken their summer shapes and colors, and from the matted tangle of dead plants beneath the spreading branches countless ferns had uncurled their shapely fronds to the kiss of Spring's fair sister. Long ere that time, the doe had left the cover of the fir grove, the weak-legged fawn trotting awkwardly by her side. Not for them the leisure of tame things, for the mother of the wilds never fails to do her duty by her offspring. The hills and valleys the mother knew were traversed, so that the young fawn, beautifully spotted, came to know the lands o'er which it must range, came to know the succulent leaves and grasses, came to know where the drinking-pools lay like liquid jewels in green, mossy settings; came to know where, when the storms raged and made the forests unsafe, the best lurking-places were. Under the mother's influence, its three chief senses were developed to the limit of wild things. Great and greater became the distances it could see and mark the movements of dangerous things; far and farther away could it catch the faintest sound; and keenest sense of all, its nostrils learned to detect, especially when the air was heavy or the wind was favorable, the odorous presence of the great soft-footed panther, whose mission is ever to destroy.

Autumn, then, with her palette and colors, must needs try her hand at the picture, the picture that Spring and Summer had labored so lovingly upon. Reds and golds were used lavishly on the fluttering foliage, while rich browns usurped the greens of fern and shrub. Brown, too, became the color of the wild things. Then strange sounds and scents came to the fawn in the hills, sounds and scents the doe had known before, and soon a restlessness became evident among all that dwell in the

outer places. Only the squirrels seemed unconcerned as they busily cut the cones from the tips of the pine trees and stored them in their underground dwellings, against the coming of the snow season. The strange scents were of the hunters and their dogs, the sounds were of their death-vomiting guns. Constantly on the whirr were covies of grouse, and once the fawn had been terrified by the sharp ping of a bullet, and which was meant for its mother. Both escaped, however.

Autumn had almost completed her work when a longing came to the doe. Having taught the fawn the ways of the hills and the valleys, her duty was accomplished, and it ceased to have any more interest for her. She longed for the coming of another four-foot. He came, sleek and brave, tossing his antlers proudly, and when he licked her neck the doe ran along by his side, leaving the fawn to its own resources. It would have followed, but the buck turned with lowered head and made a rush as though about to strike. Scarce in earnest was he, but the fawn could not know.

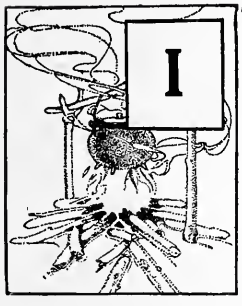
Bare had grown the branches of the leaf-bearing trees; snow covered the open places, was scattered along the aisles of the forest and clung to the needles of the evergreens. Nothing was stirring save the wind, and that but slightly. In a dense grove of small spruce, where even the snow could not drift, stood the fawn. It had grown thin, for food was not plentiful. Many times since the white feathers had fallen from the wings of the clouds and covered the hillsides it had known the touch of hunger. It was the time when all of Nature's offspring, living off what the day might chance to provide, craved for food. In the rancheria by the ice-rimmed river there was but little in the larders of the simple folk. Sprawling children cried for meat, the squaws growled, yet the bucks were loth to bestir themselves while the last bit of smoked salmon remained. "Needs must when the devil drives," however, and what a driver, what a devil, hunger is. When at length they were forced to leave the blankets and the fires, the bucks set out, several bands going in as many directions. When game is the quarry, the Indian rarely returns empty-handed. He knows just where to seek it at all times. When there's snow on the ground, though, it is not much trouble for any one. Fresh tracks were followed, a band of dusky fellows surrounded the thicket, and when all was ready one ventured in. The fawn heard his approach, for not even an Indian could move noiselessly through the thick tangle. As he drew near the fawn caught sight of him, saw that he was a two-legged thing, knew that there was danger in his coming, and so moved silently away. It would leave the thicket and seek sanctuary elsewhere. Unsuspecting, it walked into the trap. Hardly had it passed from the shelter of the bush and entered an open space when it beheld a form rise from a crouching posture. Startled, then, it uttered a frightened sound peculiar to its kind. Most like a sob was that sound, and paralyzed with fear, it did not, could not move.

Joy there was in the *illahees* of the rancheria when the hunters returned, for they brought back much game. Over the feasting the children were happy and the squaws crooned with pleasure at the prowess of their lords.

THE INDIAN AND I

A Week in the Mountains of British Columbia After Deer

BY S. E. CORNWALL



IT WAS a cold and stormy day in November, when Andrew Jewels, an "Indian," and myself started on a hunting trip in the mountains, east some two hundred miles from Vancouver, B. C., taking with us five pack horses and enough grub to do us for about a week. The first day we made about fifteen miles and camped at the outlet of a big lake, surrounded by a dense forest of pine and fir. The snow lay deep on the ground, which made it hard for our horses to get at the timber grass under it. By the time we had made our camp it was nearly dark, and it was not long before the kettle was boiling, and we were able to have a cup of tea with some bacon and bread. When we had finished we sat by a blazing camp-fire each smoking a cigarette made out of kinnikinic, or the Indian tobacco plant, some of which Andrew had gathered on our way up the mountain, and also talking over our plans for the following day. When we had finished our smoke and put on another big log we rolled up in our blankets, and it was not long before we were sound asleep. In the morning we got a good early start, as we had to go through many miles of rough country to reach our next camping ground, at which we intended to stay for a day and see if we could get any big game.

On our way up we had come across some fresh deer tracks, but had seen no signs of anything else. We had been on the move through fallen timber, which it was almost impossible to get the horses over, since daybreak, and it was now beginning to get dusk, and we decided to stop and do the best we could without going on to where there was water.

Our first day's hunt was not by any means a successful one, as we walked all day and got nothing. The tracks all seemed to be heading toward a big valley, visible from the top of a high peak, which seemed a likely place for mountain sheep.

The next morning we moved toward the valley, where we camped for three days, and soon found out that we had, at last, struck the right spot.

Before we had been away from camp an hour, Andrew stopped suddenly and pointed across a big gulch to an open spot where there were two of the biggest bucks that I ever set my eyes on, with antlers locked together and giving blows at one another that no one would believe without having witnessed such a vicious fight. We immediately took cover behind a big fir tree which had recently fallen, and there we lay and watched every movement of the battling animals for nearly an hour. Then we were startled by the crack of a branch breaking a little to our left. Looking quickly round, and seizing our rifles, we saw, much to our astonishment, two large deer leaping excitedly in a graceful yet frightened manner. In less than two seconds there were two sharp rifle reports echoing through the mountains and the two deer lay motionless not thirty yards away, and the fighting bucks had vanished into the thick timber below.

We lost little time in getting to work with our knives, and in a few minutes their skins were taken off and they were both hung in a tree until next morning, when we led one of the packhorses up and took them home to camp. We now made our way round a small, thickly timbered hill, and from there started back to camp; even though we had only got one each, our hopes were raised to a certain extent, and we looked forward to better sport on the morrow.

We had not walked for more than an hour when we came upon the tracks of five

wolves, which looked to be not more than two or three hours old. We followed them for over a mile and then gave them up, as they were taking us farther away from camp at every step, and we were beginning to feel tired and hungry. Night was closing in on us quickly, and it was getting darker and darker, when at last I suggested to the gritty old hunter that we should stop and light a fire and stay by it until the dark clouds might blow off. Hungry and thirsty as we were, a good, warm fire was very acceptable. We sat there wondering in which direction our camp was.

The stars were now shining in the blue and frosty looking sky, and the dense darkness was turning into light, when Andrew tapped me on the shoulder and said in a low voice, "*Maakin, maakin,*" meaning the moon. He was right, for far in the distance we could see its golden light peering through the tree tops as though sent for us alone. We could now see our position better, and after wandering through the woods for half an hour or so, we came upon our tracks where we had started from camp in the morning. From here we did not have far to go, as in a very few minutes we were once more back in our good old camp, where we soon partook of a hearty meal and talked over all the exciting events which we had gone through during the day.

In the morning we woke feeling refreshed after a sound sleep. We now thought we would try to find the horses, which we soon did, for they had not gone half a mile from camp, and were all pawing in the snow to get at some swamp hay which they had discovered on a small meadow. We caught one of them and led him down the hillside to the camp for the purpose of bringing home the two deer we had killed the day before. At twelve o'clock we had them down, and Andrew delighted in roasting some ribs for lunch, on a stick which he had made pointed for the purpose.

At one o'clock we started up the mountain, leading Buckskin, the old packhorse, back to his comrades on the meadow; we then kept on up, going in the opposite direction to which we had seen the fight. We saw nothing but the skeleton of a deer which had been attacked by two mountain lions, or, in other word, "cougar." The tracks looked old, as they were slightly covered with snow from the week before, but we could plainly see where the snow had been trampled down for yards round in the terrible struggle. We did not go much farther, as it was now getting late, and we were neither of us very anxious to stay half the night under a tree, as we had done the night before. When supper was finished, in talking over our plans we decided to move still farther down the valley to an old Indian camping ground, well-known to both of us, where there was a mountain spring trickling down over the icy boulders and gracefully flowing over a fall with its foaming spray dashing on the rocks forty feet below. At night, with the twinkling stars and the silvery moon beaming through the tall pines in the dark canyon below, it seemed to me like a beautiful dream as I sat for hours gazing at the most glorious sight.

In the morning we made a start, and on reaching our new camping ground (after a hard trip) we were not sorry to be settled again. The outfit was now running very short of tea, only having enough for the next meal, but luckily Andrew knew where there was a clump of Indian tea, commonly known as Hudson Bay tea, that was growing not far away, and it was not long before we had in enough to do us for the rest of the trip. In the morning we rose early, and therefore got a good start a little before daybreak for a good day's hunt. We separated, each going in an opposite direction.

Before we had been separated long I heard the reports of five rifle shots, which told me that Andrew must have gotten onto a big band of deer. I kept on walking, with a keen eye glancing in and out of the closely-growing saplings of fir, expecting at any minute to see a frightened deer bound out from beneath its cover. I had walked slowly and carefully for several miles, not even breaking a dead twig under my feet for fear of giving the alarm to anything that might be close in front of me. I could now see where four deer had slowly climbed up a steep gravel slide not far in front, and on closely investigating the tracks I at last came to the conclusion that I could not be more than half a mile behind them. So with my rifle in my right hand and hat in my left I started up the slide at a good pace, and on

reaching the top found that the deer had been grazing slowly along in a more open and stony country, which to my great advantage enabled me to see farther ahead than ever. I walked quietly and slowly to the top of a small, rocky peak, which lay a little to my left, and as I looked down the other side I saw a buck. He was standing under a big fir tree getting what little sun there was to be had. Just as I was about to fire a bigger one stepped forward in a very uneasy manner, as though he had been startled by some noise below, and stood in the open on a rocky ledge, broadside to me and looking with his head high in the air down the hill. I quickly drew a bead on him close behind the shoulder, so as to catch the heart, and he dropped to the ground like a log. I had scarcely loaded up my rifle when two large bucks came bouncing up the mountain toward me. I fired three shots in succession at the biggest one, who was in the lead, one of which missed him altogether, while another bullet imbedded itself deeply in his shoulder, and the third struck him a little above the knee, which at last brought him to a stand. Not knowing from which direction the firing was coming, and no doubt feeling half-dazed from the wounds in his shoulder and leg, he began limping on three legs along the steep sidehill. He again stopped, and as he stood facing me, not over seventy-five yards below, I fired, catching him through the neck. I kept on through the thick undergrowth of small willows, every now and then coming into a small patch of five or six stately spruce trees towering above all the rest. In a few minutes more I saw where he had started to run from the noise of my rifle and at the same time discovered the freshly made tracks of a huge lynx. I stood for a moment wondering if there was any use in following him, and at last made up my mind that I would, as a lynx when frightened will in some cases take refuge in some tall tree where he thinks he cannot be seen.

I followed him for a mile or more when I saw where he had stopped for a few minutes to get his wind. He then walked slowly on, as though thinking himself out of all danger. Once more I waded through the deep snow as quickly as possible, hoping to come onto him suddenly, which I did, although he heard me and must have seen me long before I caught sight of his crouching, catlike form lying close along a thickly-covered branch nearly forty feet from the ground. He was now just where I wanted him. I could only see a part of his body from below, which I fired at. He came dropping in all shapes through the thick branches and hit the ground at the bottom with a great thud as though to break every bone in his body. He was not yet dead, but could not quite get onto his legs. Not wanting to mutilate his fine, shaggy skin with another bullet, I finished him off with a short, dead stick, hitting him between the ears, which soon put an end to my exciting chase. Not waiting to take off the skin I threw him over my shoulder and started for camp, well-pleased with my day's hunt. Having nearly five miles to walk before dark made me not lose any time, as it was getting late. I got back in good time, feeling tired and hungry.

I asked Andrew in his own language how many deer he had got. He answered: "*Moos hyas mowich*," meaning four big deer. We soon got some supper ready, and after we talked and smoked and told exciting yarns of what we had gone through during the day, in reckoning how long we had spent in the mountains since our start much to my surprise I found we had been away seven days, and we were now completely out of grub, only having enough flour to make one small bannock.

At noon the next day we started for home, each of the horses carrying a heavy pack along the narrow trail down the mountain, while we walked slowly behind, feeling well pleased with the result of our hunt for the winter's meat.

A Judicial Opinion of George O. Shields

During the past year, one George O. Shields, formerly publisher of RECREATION, has been industriously circulating false and malicious statements about this publication. As RECREATION, under its new, honest and able management, has improved, grown in influence and become recognized as the leading magazine for real sportsmen, Mr. Shields' desire to injure it has increased accordingly, and he has said and done about everything that a man of his character and mentality could be expected to say and do. RECREATION has permitted his attacks to pass without comment, being convinced that it was only a matter of time when the public would be given an unprejudiced measure of Mr. Shields' true character and methods. The searchlight of truth, in the form of the United States District Court of the Southern District of New York, which was recently turned upon this worthy gentleman, now reveals him in his true color. It stigmatizes him as having taken a false oath to conceal property from his creditors and as being the perpetrator of a sham paper transaction and a fraudulent scheme in dealing with friends who had assisted him by purchasing stock in his company.

Mr. Shields recently applied for a discharge from bankruptcy, which was objected to by his creditors, who contended that he had concealed property and made a false oath in the proceedings.

Special Master Nathaniel S. Smith, of the District Court of the United States, Southern District of New York, who heard the matter, handed down his report February 16, 1906, upholding these contentions. The following is an extract from his report: "*It having been found that this property belonged to the bankrupt (George O. Shields), the omission to schedule the same must be held, it seems to me, under the facts of this case, to have been a concealment KNOWINGLY AND FRAUDULENTLY done. He must be deemed to have known that the property belonged to him, hence he knowingly omitted the same, and it seems to be a clear inference from the evidence that he did so INTENTIONALLY.*"

"*Having found that the concealment of this property was KNOWINGLY AND FRAUDULENTLY done, I think it must be held that in swearing to his schedules, in which no mention was made of this property, the bankrupt has taken a FALSE OATH, which the STATUTE CONDEMNS.*"

"*I have, therefore, come to the conclusion that the specifications numbered II and III should be sustained, and the bankrupt refused his discharge.*"

Judge Holt not only confirmed Referee Smith's report, but condemned Mr. Shields' unprincipled business methods in the following strong terms:

"I think that the organization of the corporation and the execution of the bill of sale to it were SHAM PAPER TRANSACTIONS DONE IN ORDER TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE TO CLAIM THAT ALL LIABILITIES OF THE BUSINESS WERE THE CORPORATION'S, WHILE SHIELDS RETAINED ALL THE ASSETS AND PROFITS. The business was never, in fact, transferred to or carried on by the corporation. If Shields or his counsel thought that as a matter of law the property belonged to the corporation, it was sufficiently doubtful to make it necessary to put the facts in the schedules. THE OMISSION TO DO SO WAS MERELY CARRYING OUT THE FRAUDULENT SCHEME WHICH LED TO THE FILING THE CERTIFICATE. Referee's report confirmed and discharge refused."

The New York *Times* of March 30, 1906, printed the following letter from President Roosevelt to Mr. Shields:

"WHITE HOUSE, *February* 19, 1906.

"SIR: *It appears that you have purported to give an extended interview with me in quotation marks, putting my expressions in the first person, so as to make me responsible for both thought and language. This is inexcusable on your part. At the time you called upon me and I talked over informally with you the question of the preservation of game and of wild life generally in its various aspects, I told you explicitly that while you could state that I was in hearty accord with your efforts, you were not to try to quote my language, and subsequently I wrote to you repeating this. As a matter of fact, in what appears to be these quotations you in no case gave the exact language that I used. But pretending thus to give it, and by what you omit as well as what you insert which I had not said, you convey on certain points an entirely false impression, and you leave me no alternative but to explicitly repudiate your statement, which I hereby do. Had you been content to say that you gave the general sense of what I said, you would have done what you were authorized to do.*

"But when you attempt to give my exact words, you not only do what I explicitly told you you should not do, but you used language which I explicitly told you was in no case accurate. Not one single sentence you quote is as I said it. Some of the sentences are sheer inventions, others are inventions in part, and some of the things I said are omitted.

"It is unnecessary to characterize such conduct on your part.

"Yours, etc., THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Investigation of the causes which brought forth this stinging rebuke by the President shows that Mr. Shields, in his efforts to obtain the passage of certain legislation, furnished the press with an alleged interview, which conveyed an entirely false impression of the President's statements.

As President Roosevelt and Judge Holt, of the District Court, concur in their opinions of Mr. Shields and his conduct, RECREATION deems further comment on this man, his statements and his methods unnecessary.

Game in the Adirondacks

Adirondack guides believe that both the deer and the moose liberated in the North Woods have passed the winter in good condition. So far as is known none of the moose have died. Then last winter was unusally mild; at no time was there more than two or three feet of snow.

About February 8 there was a fall of 20 inches, which did not last—rain melted nearly all the snow. The hillsides generally were bare all winter, which is something very unusual.

Moose, like deer, feed principally on twigs of trees and on bark during the winter. In the region about the Fulton Chain, where the herd was released, good-sized birch trees have been stripped of bark and bent over by the animals. The question whether the Adirondacks forest is big enough for the moose to roam in is still to be settled. Compared to the woods of Maine or Canada the Adirondacks are thickly settled. This does not apply only to the summer resorts, such as Lake Placid, the Saranacs, or the St. Regis Chain, which contain comparatively large villages, but also to the densely wooded region of the Fulton Chain. There are those who believe that the moose will get along as well under these conditions as in the wilds of Canada or Maine, but look for a change in the habits of the animal brought about by proximity to civilization. A type of moose peculiar to the Adirondacks is looked for by these observers in the course of years.

The deer in the upper Adirondacks are increasing at a great rate, notwithstanding the immense number of hunters who spend part or the whole of the open season there, and one reason advanced for this increase is the great falling off in the number of lumber camps, as the timber has been cut away. Formerly the men in these camps lived practically on venison, in and out of season, and thousands of deer were killed each year to supply their wants. The camps being fewer, the slaughter has been greatly decreased. Adirondacks hunters say that the smaller fur-bearing animals in this State are growing scarce, and the buyers for the large fur houses are complaining that they can get few skins. Our laws governing trapping are not strict, although for many years the slaughter of the little fur-bearing animals was allowed to go on unimpeded, and now a large proportion of them have gone the way of the beaver. The latter were nearly exterminated, and a closed season was declared to save a few, if possible, and the results have been rather satisfactory. The passing of the smaller animals should serve as a lesson and demonstrate that it is necessary to protect our big game more closely. J. P. FLETCHER.

Gloversville, N. Y.

State Game Preserve

Illinois has a State game preserve, the State Game Warden having recently leased a 150-acre farm in Sangamon County. To this tract it is proposed to add as rapidly as possible until a really sizable preserve is secured. The preserve has already been heavily stocked with quail and English pheasants and wild turkeys will be added. Illinois hopes to breed her own birds for stocking purposes, in which she is to be commended.

Adding Insult to Injury

The Santa Cruz (Cal.) *Surf* is righteously incensed over the application of the California Anglers' Association for 100,000 trout fry from the county hatchery to stock their preserve on Waddell Creek. There is a grain of truth in what this newspaper has to say on the subject of sportsmen's clubs and private preserves, and we quote from the editorial:

> Sportsmen familiar with our up-coast country are aware that the Waddell is, next to San Lorenzo, the largest stream in this county. It is a natural trout stream, with beautiful riffles and shaded pools.
>
> The State, by the reservation of the Big Basin forest, has preserved the head waters of the Waddell for all time. The Ocean Shore Railway will make it easy of access. In addition to the picturesque canyon and steady flow of water which makes this one of the finest fishing streams on the coast, it empties into a lagoon, which is a favorite fishing ground for striped bass.
>
> This is the stream on which the California Anglers' Association claim to have secured absolute fishing rights from its mouth up to the falls,

on the north fork, a distance of six miles, for a term of years.

According to the San Francisco papers, this particular aggregation has about two hundred members.

Other clubs are securing alleged exclusive rights on streams in Marin and Sonoma counties. The purchase of a preserve on the Truckee River by the San Francisco Fly Casting Club nearly disrupted that organization, twenty-six members, under the lead of Alex. T. Vogelsang, withdrawing because they were opposed to the proposition on principle. Mr. Vogelsang announced that as the State stocked the streams at public expense, no so-called club had a moral, if they had a legal, right to a monopoly of the fishing grounds. Referring to these attempts of angling clubs to secure and establish exclusive rights, the San Francisco *Chronicle* says:

"The gradual closing of the fishing waters of the State is going on despite the fact that the Federal and State governments have been for thirty years stocking the streams and the bays with game fishes, at public expense, for the benefit of the public at large.

"These various sportsmen and anglers' clubs are attempting to create a condition in this State more offensive than that which made the poaching laws in Great Britain so obnoxious and intolerable. A halt ought to have been called on the process of class reservation of the natural hunting and fishing grounds in the State long ago. The raid that is being made by club sportsmen on the trout streams and navigable sloughs frequented by game fishes which, under the common law, have been free to all from time immemorial is intensifying the situation. If it is allowed to proceed unchallenged, every trout stream in the State and every stretch of tidal water in the bays and at the mouths of the streams discharging on the coast will become closed fishing grounds for an exclusive set."

This is just the sort of thing that not only ought not to be, but must not be, allowed. The *Chronicle* correctly holds that the rights of the public to time-worn footpaths bordering streams and to fishing in these waters cannot be successfully contested in the courts, but that these sportsmen (?) will rely upon gamekeepers to intimidate alleged trespassers.

This is quite true.

The *Surf* expects the Supervisors to refuse to sell, grant, loan or give any fish or fry from the public hatcheries to any club or association claiming a private preserve on any stream in this county. We hope that Santa Cruz fishermen will pay no heed to the alleged "rights" of any alien club to the waters of the Waddell, and that fishermen will visit that stream in the open season in numbers enough to convince this San Francisco Anglers' Association that its "rights" on that stream are not worth a fig—or a fish.

While on this subject we cannot forbear mention of the practices of the gun clubs of alleged sportsmen. Several so-called duck preserves have been established in this State. It is the custom to import food for ducks to these preserves in large quantities, and then kill the birds that have been enticed thither by the bait.

This is not quite as sportsmanlike a practice as it is to trap game, but it suits the purpose of the kind of imitation gentlemen who practise it.

It is easy to understand how these hunters (?) were able to inundate San Francisco with eleven tons of ducks in one day, and it is also easy to understand that it will require but a few years to exterminate these birds.

The true sportsman is Nature's own nobleman, but the pervert who merely wants to kill something that is alive, and then to prevent his fellow man from sharing his privilege, is not an admirable sort of being.

The less protection they get from the law, and the less encouragement from society, the better for the future.

If there are gentlemen who have allowed themselves thoughtlessly to be drawn into such asssociations, the sooner they clear themselves from connection therewith the better for their own self-respect and the esteem of their fellow citizens.

While RECREATION constantly upholds any and all movements that tend toward the preservation of the fish and game, it does not countenance that sort of protection which has as its object the preservation of the fishing or shooting for a few at the expense of the many.

It is well known that many fish and game preserves are a benefit to unattached sportsmen, due to the overflow of fish and game, and a man need not be selfish to belong to a shooting or a fishing club that owns a preserve. But there is such a thing as going too far with a good thing, and this California seems to be suffering from. It is both unsportsmanlike and un-American for any man to maintain a membership in a shooting or fishing club which does not respect the rights of the Ishmaelite, be he ever so humble.

Alabamans Aroused

John H. Wallace, Jr., of Huntsville, Ala., author of the game law that is at present in effect in that State and a prominent member of the Alabama Field Trials Club, has issued an open letter to the sportsmen of Alabama urging the necessity of a more severe law for the protection of game.

Mr. Wallace says that over 500,000 live quail were shipped from Alabama to Northern markets during the past winter, and that this must be stopped at once or within a few years Alabama will be importing quail for propagating purposes. "Alabama," says Mr. Wallace, "is the only Southern State that does not impose a non-resident hunting tax and this induces hundreds of hunters from other States to come here and depopulate the fields and forests of everything that wears fur or feathers.

"We must pass a law that creates the office of a State Game Warden, extending that official the power to appoint county and precinct game wardens, whose duty it shall be to strictly enforce a law that will in reality protect the game. I introduced such a bill in the Legislature, session of 1898–99, but it was so amended by the exclusion of counties that it was practically emasculated. There was no public sentiment for it then, but we must create a demand for it now."

Mr. Wallace has written a bill covering the emergency for introduction in the next Legislature and he calls upon every sportsman and lover of bird life to assist in a campaign favorable to the enactment of the bill.

Preserve for Massachusetts

A plan is on foot to convert the Douglas woods in Worcester County, Mass., into a State reservation for the propagation of game and the systematic practice of forestry. The region is estimated as containing about six square miles of rough timber land, and it certainly is an ideal place for protecting and propagating quail and ruffed grouse, in which Dr. Hodge, of Worcester, will undoubtedly have a hand. Massachusetts sorely needs a State game preserve, and the prospects for one are promising.

An Expensive License

The State Game Commissioner of Illinois, John A. Wheeler, is going to protect the resident sportsmen against poachers from adjoining States if heavy fines will accomplish anything. Recently H. L. Greasedick, of St. Louis, Mo., was fined in the sum of $100 and costs for hunting in Illinois on a resident license. Brother Greasedick might better have saved the price of the resident license. He'd have gotten off much better if he'd had no license whatever. St. Louis sportsmen are contributing handsomely to the Illinois fish and game fund—through fines.

Beats Putnam and the Wolf

Our good friend, J. A. Nash, of Spokane, Wash., and a right good bear hunter, sends in a clipping from a Spokane newspaper, telling of the killing of two bears in a cave at Valley, Wash., by a mere lad. We quote:

VALLEY, WASH., March 28.—Citizens of this community are still marveling over the nerve of a 17-year-old boy, who, singlehanded, shot and killed two large hibernating bears in a cave in the mountains near this place.

Ernest Taylor is the lad's name. While on a hunting trip recently, his dog sniffed out a bear's den, the mouth to which was only a narrow crevice in the rocks. It was too dark for the boy to determine how many brutes were sleeping within, but from the smell and sound of breathing he was assured that the big game was there sure enough.

Young Taylor went back home and got a candle, which he placed on the end of a long pole. With this improvised torch and his gun ahead of him, the boy wriggled his way through the hole and located the sleeping bruins. His aim was unerring and steady and he succeeded in killing both animals. He then dragged both carcasses out by means of a rope.

The boy is well known here as a daring and successful hunter. He spent several days recently in hunting for a large cougar which had been terrifying the neighborhood.

Snowshoeing in Arizona

Arizona is getting to be quite a snowshoe country, in the fact that in the last two winters the snow has been so deep in the hills as to make locomotion difficult for man or horse.

I do not know if there is such a thing as a snowshoe in the country, but if this wintry weather keeps up another year they will be in fashion. I actually suffered with the cold here last winter.

The California quail have been very thick in this section for the past year. Wild turkeys, also, are numerous since the ten years' drought that has hung over this country has been lifted.

LUTHER S. KELLY.
San Carlos, Ariz. ("Yellowstone Kelly.")

One Side of Wardening

Game Wardens Trudell and Hoyt, scouting in the vicinity of Grand and Long lakes, in Alpena County, Mich., early in the spring, came upon a settler's cabin where they found abundant evidence that deer had been butchered there out of season. Deer had been killed, three of them, but the wardens found that these deer had furnished the chief means of sustenance for the father and mother and nine children, and that every one of the latter was barefooted for want of shoes. The wardens gazed on the ninety bare brown toes and nine pinched faces, wiped the mist of Grand Lake from their eyes, "coughed up" a dollar apiece for the family and hiked. No arrests.

Bought Herd of Deer

Peter Kennedy, of Belvidere, Ill., has purchased the herd of some sixty-odd deer owned by the Eldredges of sewing machine, bicycle and automobile fame of that place, and undertaken to move the herd to a large farm, which he is turning into a game preserve. The Eldredges, or more correctly Mr. B. Eldredge, had the deer on a tract of timber land, and though they were fed on clover, hay, corn and carrots in the

winter time, they were practically wild. Selling the land, Mr. Eldridge was at a loss to know what to do with the deer. The State Game Commissioner was anxious to get the herd for the new game preserves, but came to the conclusion that it would entail too much trouble and expense to catch them and move them. Mr. Kennedy's stepping forward at the proper time undoubtedly saved the herd from being slaughtered.

Rural Police Game Wardens

For the first time since the organization of the Pennsylvania State mounted police, the troopers have demonstrated their usefulness as game wardens by capturing two Italians who were shooting song birds in the woods near Yatesville.

Privates Cooley and Casey were making their rounds of the collieries when they heard shooting in the woods, and, spurring their horses into the brush, came upon the two Italians, who had just killed a robin. The men fled, and in the spirited two-mile chase which followed the horses and troopers won.

The prisoners, Matteo Augustina and Mike Pigga, had killed three robins and a bluebird. They were taken to Wilkesbarre before Alderman Pollock and fined $36 each. They paid. The troopers have been instructed to keep a general lookout for violators of the game and fish laws.

A Quail Hunt in Texas

A friend of mine came up from sixteen miles below here to spend a few hours with me and talk over some of our old hunts. While he spent his first night with me, Nature was spreading her mantle of whiteness over the earth, so next morning when we awoke we were surprised to find it such, and we knew it would be a fine day to spend with the quail, in the brush. So, as my friend had left his gun at home, and we neither had any shells, the best thing for us to do was to don our heavy clothes and face the cold north wind for a short walk to the Interurban line, which in a few minutes took us to the city of Fort Worth. There we bought our shells. After that we hunted up the first book store to see if we could find a RECREATION to read. Then we caught the first car back.

My friend borrowed my brother's gun, a 16-gauge hammer gun, I shooting a 12-gauge hammerless. After cleaning them up, we were called to dinner, which was soon eaten, and donning our shooting clothes, we started for the brush, where we expected to find the quail, but after walking for some time we were about to give up when I thought I would do some calling. So I gave a few low whistles, which were answered far up the hill in the thick brush. We started to head them off, for they were running. A short distance down the hill we came in sight of five quail running. We called and one by itself answered and came toward us. We started to run to flush it. It got up to our left and I killed it. We now began to track up the others. We soon found them, and my friend flushed one and got it. Next thing found us in among a scattered covey, which some other hunters had raised. I jumped two and made a double, but only found my last bird 78 steps from where I had stood. My friend flushed the next and his gun made a missfire, so it went to better grounds. The next one flushed was missed by him and one of the other hunters potted it, not giving it a chance. The sun was setting, so we concluded it about time to turn homeward. On the way back we had several shots and got our share of the game. After this I oiled and put away my shotgun, to remain in its case until November 1. There should be plenty of birds next fall, as a good breeding stock was left over.

CALL. JOHNSTON.

Fort Worth, Tex.

Wood Ashes as a Styptic

There is nothing so quick, or so efficacious, nothing cheaper, nothing so universally at hand or command, and yet no one in these days ever heard of it or thought of it. Ask the doctors and they will tell you that wood ashes as a styptic is not found in the pharmacopeia. I have asked hundreds of physicians, and the reply is always the same. Not one knew of it, and all without exception thanked me for imparting so valuable a secret, not too proud to accept it from a layman. Last week, in a doctor's office, I rounded up three novitiates at once. Nevertheless, the remedy is as old as the aborigines. I learned it from a salesman almost sixty years ago, though I do not recall having mentioned it in my treatises on woodcraft. Out on the plains, in the breechclout days, emergencies were constant and store remedies scarce. Emigrants, traders, trappers and freighters were continually running up against hostile Indians and flying arrows often made jagged wounds. Wood ashes were applied as soon as possible. A piece of buffalo hide was clapped onto the place and no more attention was paid to it. Healing would take place in an incredibly short time. Last summer I cured up a farm hand in Massachusetts who had been mangled by a mowing machine. He was so pleased with the speedy result that he was almost ready to try it again. Simply, the potash in the ashes seals up the ruptured pores, and a healing ointment does the

rest. Wood ashes snuffed up will stop hemorrhage of the nose very often. This recipe is worth the printing. CHARLES HALLOCK.

Plainfield, Mass.

Let's Hear from the West

You have been kind enough to answer several letters from me, which have answered so completely the questions I have asked you, that, since a party of us contemplate taking a hunt through a country of which we are not at all familiar, I am tempted to risk overdoing and imposing on your kindness by asking you for some more information (I am a reader of RECREATION and have gotten a great deal out of it):

We are a party of four. We want to go somewhere this fall for elk, sheep, bear and lion. We will likely have to make two different points for the different kinds of game, but we expect to do that if necessary. We would each like to get an elk and a sheep; then spend one or two weeks after bear and lion, and we would not care if it took us, say, from Idaho to Montana. We have the game laws (thanks to you), and if we can get what we are after without going to Wyoming we would much rather, as each man must have a separate ($5.00 per day) guide, and as we want to have a four or six weeks' outing this will make the trip very expensive.

Will you or one of your readers please give us your advice about the location and outfitting points for such a hunt?

Is there any law to prohibit limit, or taking hide, etc., out of Wyoming, Montana or Idaho, and do we have to have more than one guide for hunting such game? Also we should like the name of a reliable guide at the point you suggest. C. A. SMITH.

Moundridge, Kansas.

Good Sport in Georgia

This locality is pretty good for hunting in fall. At a distance of fifteen to twenty miles northwest from here plenty of game is to be got in or near what is called Buffalo Swamp, and along the Altamaha River. Bear, deer, wild turkey, quail and squirrels are pretty plentiful, but good dogs are scarce. Guides, either black or white, $1.50 per day and much poor whiskey. Remember, if you give no whiskey you get no game. A gallon of corn juice at $2.00 will go further than a $5.00 bill. Board at the villages or settlements is to be got at $12.50 to $15.00 a month, including lodging. Some places are pretty fair, others miserable; always dirty, more or less. The best a person can do is to bring a camping outfit and a good dog. All deer are run by dogs here; no still-hunting. Good fishing can be had, also, up the Turtle River. Bear have been plentiful. Two men killed one in the water with an oar and an earthern pot. The hunting season closed March 15 and fishing season began. There are a few white men who own gasolene motor boats, but they charge a stiff price, as only Yanks hire them, and the motto here is "skin *them* of all you can." No sailboats are to be got; the only way is to buy a boat if you want one and without a craft of some kind there is no pleasure to be had.

Brunswick, Ga. J. U. BADOYE.

Licenses for Iowa

The State Game Warden of Iowa recommends vigorously the adoption of a resident hunter's license law. Such a law nets Illinois $100,000 a year, Wisconsin $80,000 and other States smaller but large amounts. The license is about a dollar a year in each State. The Commissioner estimates that the adoption of a similiar law in Iowa would net the State about $30,000 a year. The purpose of the law is twofold: it prevents indiscriminate pot-hunting and furnishes a comfortable sum for the proper game and fish protection. Now the cost of this service is paid out of the general revenues, while the department ought really to be self-supporting, and would be if the amendment suggested were adopted.

Another Prodigy

After chasing a big timber wolf about a great stubble field with a team of horses for an hour Ray Christman, aged fourteen, shot and killed the animal twelve miles south of Janesville, Wisconsin. It was the first wolf seen in that vicinity for years.

To Climb Mt. McKinley

We are in possession of information to the effect that an exploring expedition will probably go into the Shushitna Valley this summer and that an attempt may be made to climb Mt. McKinley, which is the highest mountain in North America, and the highest known mountain in the world above the snow line. Mt. McKinley, if the reader remembers, was only discovered in 1897 by a lone prospector who came down the Shushitna River, and who estimated its height, with remarkable accuracy, at 20,000 feet. The fact that Mt. McKinley was never seen by a white until 1897, and that it can be seen at a distance of over 150 miles, will suggest to the reader what an unknown country it lies in. We can assure the reader that if this expedition starts RECREATION will be represented in the party, and if the mountain is successfully scaled, RECREATION'S flag will be planted on the top.

Salmon and Trout Fishing

BY CHARLES A. BRAMBLE

Many a newfangled pastime springs into popularity, becomes the rage, and then passes into oblivion, but those who learn the use of rifle, gun or rod master arts that will be as attractive to them in middle life as they were in youth. Some like the gun better than they like the rod, others scorn everything but the grooved barrel, but, whatever their predilection, they have chosen well.

Men will spend more time and money on salmon fishing than on any other sport, excepting, perhaps, yachting and big game shooting, which shows that it throws its spell over them. Unfortunately, salmon rivers are comparatively few, so that competition has caused their value to rise enormously, and not many waters are open to the wandering angler.

Three regions, however, yet remain free to whomsoever will, barring the cost of reaching them. The first and most accessible of these is the island of Newfoundland. None of the island rivers are leased, and—it may be added—are protected as effectually as they would be under private control. During the open season the millionaire and the cobbler may fish the same pools, though, as good sportsmen, they should not do so at the same time, for the rivers are generally small. Without going into the details that any guide-book gives, I will only say that all the best waters may be reached either by the Newfoundland railway or by steamer from St. John's, and will pass on to a consideration of the outfit experience shows to be the most suitable.

The rivers being as a rule short compared with those of the mainland, the fish run smaller, hence a large, powerful rod is out of place. Fifteen and a half feet may be looked upon as the limit in length, and lots of sport is to be had with one even two feet shorter. A fourteen-foot rod, with a reel carrying sixty yards of enameled line, forms a good combination on a small river, and I have killed fish up to eighteen pounds in weight with just such an equipment, though the books insist on at least 100 yards of line being on your reel when you go salmon-fishing. I suppose there are times when the extra length might come in handy, but on the few occasions when I have been run out and broken, the agony would only have been delayed a very few seconds by an additional twenty yards of line. The end would have been the same.

The reel should always be a narrow one, of large diameter, with a simple click, and preferably a revolving plate handle. Multiplyers are out of place, and generally betray the novice. It is not necessary nor even desirable to use a very light reel, as a moderately heavy one balances the rod better.

Most old fishermen know that the hook has far more to do with a man's success than either the rod or the reel. A soft hook that will straighten out under a heavy strain, or a blunt one that will not penetrate under reasonable pressure sufficiently to cover the barb, causes many a disappointment. I know of few more painful moments than those I have suffered when the fly has come back in my face after playing a good fish. Sometimes, of course, it was just simply hard luck, and so to be accepted in a sportsmanlike spirit, but more often it was some defect in tackle that caused the mishap. There is but one hook that is, to my mind, trustworthy for this sport, and that one is the O'Shaughnessy. I would not now use a Sproat, nor a hollow-point Limerick, for any consideration, as I have lost all faith in them after exhaustive trials. The Pennell is, no doubt, a good hook, but that it has any real advantages over the O'Shaughnessy I do not credit. Double hooks are of value when a fly as small as No. 6 must be chosen—when the river is running low in July and August—but otherwise, it is a mistake in judgment to use them. One hook often acts as a lever to force the other hook from its hold, and if such other was the only one to get home in the first instance, the fish is lost. I consider a double hook, excepting in the smaller sizes, a clumsy, unsportsmanlike article, and there are many who agree with me.

Next to a poor hook a bad gaff is likely to lead to trouble. It is surprising what faulty patterns are to be found in the tackle shops. Complications are to be avoided like sin, and all jointed or telescopic patterns are eschewed by old hands. Nothing equals a plain gaff with

flattened shank to tie to a rough and ready handle that one of your men will cut and trim in a few minutes; there being no rivers in which salmon are found, at least on this continent, where small spruces, and other trees that will serve at a pinch, do not grow. The perfect gaff measures a foot in length, and has a width of nearly three inches at the point. Such a gaff will be found equal to all requirements.

On many of the European rivers enormous flies and triple-gut leaders are found necessary, but for all American fishing a stout single-gut leader is preferable, our tackle being finer all through. Nine feet is the correct length, excepting in turbid water, when six feet may be long enough.

The only free fishing, or at least the best of it, is found where the angler must camp out, and as he has a chance to remain, perhaps, for the whole season on the same river, and often on the same beat, it is possible to take all sorts of luxuries. He need not deny himself, as the hunter of big game must generally do. A large dining-tent may be supplemented by one in which to sleep, and by another for the men. By pitching the tents on a knoll, where the sun and breeze have their own way, the flies are fought on more even terms than when the camp is made in a sheltered situation. The hunting camp cannot be pitched in too thick and sheltered a spot, while the fisherman's summer home should be free to every air that blows. At best, the black flies, sand flies and mosquitoes will get in their fine work on cloudy, still days, and in the long summer gloamings of the North. Tar, olive oil and oil of pennyroyal form the basis of the most popular fly dope, yet one realizes its miserable inefficiency far too often. There is urgent need of something more nearly a panacea.

Waders are usually worn, though when fishing from a canoe a man who is not afraid of wetting his feet is, perhaps, more comfortable in the long run without them. In any case, the short stockings are delusions, as one often gets in over the tops, and I can recommend only the long wading trousers. Some prefer the boot and trouser in one, but they are not so satisfactory as the other kind, in which the wading boots, or brogues, are separate from the trouser. These may be turned inside out and dried, while the other kind remain moist and unwholesome all through the season. To use the thin waders to the best advantage, one should first draw on a heavy pair of woollen socks and then the trousers, then another pair of very coarse socks (to prevent the waders from being cut by the brogues), and then the brogues. I have used a pair of the best waders for five seasons, and they did not leak even at the end of the long period of service, which shows that it pays to take care of one's outfit. Waders that are not thoroughly dried after use will rot in a few months, and the same may be said of lines, which must never be laid by, even for a single night, without being carefully dried.

The tackle outlined in the foregoing paragraphs will do for Labrador or for those few rivers in Nova Scotia that are worth visiting, except that it would be well to take a second rod of 15 or 15½ feet, as the northern waters are heavier and the fish run larger.

Within a few years there will undoubtedly be a railway through Labrador, running from Lake St. John to Rigolette Harbor on the Atlantic, and then the finest fishing region in the world will be made fairly accessible, but now the great drawback to fishing Labrador waters is the difficulty of getting to them. An occasional steamer runs from Quebec, and others ply between St. John's, Newfoundland, and the various fishing stations along the coast, at more or less regular intervals. But you must leave your "hustle" behind or you will fret yourself into an untimely grave; for although it may not be strictly true that "never a law of God nor man runs north of fifty-three," yet it is undeniable that people don't travel on schedule time in those parts.

Past generations of anglers have said that there was no rod fishing for salmon in the Pacific streams, though the trolling for quinnat and Coho salmon in salt water has been a recognized sport since the advent of the first white men to the coast. This idea has proved false. It is now an every-day occurrence for big catches of salmon to be made in the rivers of the State of Washington, and in those of the Province of British Columbia. The finest fishing, so far, has been had in the Campbell River, which flows into the Gulf of Georgia from the mountains which form the backbone of Vancouver Island. Unfortunately, these large quinnat, or "spring salmon," do not take the fly well, though some have been so caught, and thus a trolling spoon is substituted. This, of course, necessitates heavier tackle, and makes the fishing less pleasant in every way, but for numbers and size of fish the Campbell River stands in a class by itself. Some men, if report speaks truly, have rather overdone the thing, and made catches of which they should feel ashamed. When fish are taken by the ton, even granting nothing but the most sportsmanlike means be employed, the best sportsmen feel more disgust than admiration.

For every salmon fisherman there must be a hundred trout fishermen, and under certain conditions the lesser fish may give almost as good sport as the greater, and even when the

fish weigh ounces instead of pounds trout fishing may be most excellent fun. It takes you to the waterside when Nature is draped in her Easter robes, and by the time those robes are faded the rod must be put away for another year—unless you fish the waters of the Pacific slope, where the rainbow and other spring-spawning trout are at their best in September and early October. Some of the large trout waters of the State of Maine and Canada are best fished with a rod up to eleven feet in length —but as a general thing a rod of from 7½ feet to 9½ feet is a better implement.

For serious fishing a rod should not be too light. My heaviest rod is 10 feet long and weighs 6 ounces, while my lightest weighs just 3½ ounces and is 7½ feet in length. This rod is seldom used, as its strength is not sufficient to master a big trout in the cold Northern waters where I do most of my fishing. For brook trout just over the legal length and averaging four to the pound it is just the thing, but I do not believe in fiddling with a heavy fish with any such weapon. Sometimes luck favors a fisherman beyond his deserts. As an instance: Several years ago a friend hooked a 22-pound salmon on the Restigouche, his rod being a "trunk," 8-joint abomination, weighing some nine ounces and about as poor a weapon as a man could ask for, if he wanted to give a present to a friend against whom he had a grudge. The salmon was hooked about 10 o'clock in the morning and was gaffed from a rock in midstream at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The fish was nice and fresh when gaffed, and did not appear to be half so weary as the angler. With most of us the fly would have worked free about 3.45 P. M., and we should have had our weariness and experience for our pains—but some folk are born lucky and they alone should fish for salmon with trout rods.

Multiplying reels are just as inadmissible for fly fishing for trout as for salmon, though one sees fairly good anglers using them, sometimes, but only when they do more bait casting than fly fishing and desire to make one reel serve both purposes. If the reel will hold 25-yards of suitable line it will serve all probable needs, though classical authorities seem to require about double that length of line.

As a rule, fishermen make the mistake of choosing a very light rod and mating it to heavy leaders and big flies. European anglers fall into just the opposite error. They use a young weaver's beam and yet scorn anything but the finest "casts," *i.e.*, leaders and flies that run between Nos. 10 and 14. I have no patience with the man who in early spring monkeys with too fine tackle, holding that a fairly stout leader and a fly of about No. 7 size fill the conditions, but after the end of June I have had remarkable success with midge flies and drawn gut leaders, when some of my friends were doing nothing to brag about.

The salmon fisherman can get along nicely with half a dozen fly patterns, provided he has a sufficient choice of sizes, but the trout angler needs a good assortment, as *fontinalis* is most fickle. I have cast hundreds of different patterns, but have usually had most success with some one of the following: Abbey, alder, Beaverkill, Cahill, cowdung, grizzly king, green and gray drakes, golden spinner, governor, king of the water, Montreal, March brown, professor, Parmachenee belle, Jenny Lind, Seth Green, Wilson, willow, white miller, brown hackle and blue dun. In addition, there are a lot of small, nondescript duns and midges, for which each tyer has his own names, that are invaluable in low, clear water, when the more gaudy fancy patterns merely give the fish palpitations.

A good landing net is a useful article, and it is much better to choose one with a long handle that will do as a staff in wading. Perhaps some manufacturer of fishing-tackle will be good enough to inform me why landing nets are made with such a small mesh, and so deep? I fail to see the advantage of either the tiny mesh or of the depth. A large, open mesh is much easier to manipulate in the water, and not so likely to entangle the hook; and, as to depth, I have never seen a trout succeed in jumping out of a net even when I had made it less than half the usual depth.

A good fisherman always aims to take back his fish in presentable condition, so as soon as they have been rapped on the head, he places them carefully in the creel, out of the way of sun and wind. Even then they will become discolored on a warm day, but Mr. Harrington Keene gave me a tip some years ago that I have followed with advantage. As soon as a fish is caught, wrap it in a sheet of the finest tissue paper (carried for the purpose), and by keeping the fish in this almost air-tight covering, it is as bright as a dollar when you get to camp. Above all things, do not allow your fish to soak in water, even for a minute, after they are dead, as it ruins them both in appearance and in flavor.

This paper having run to proportions to tax the editor's forbearance, I must now conclude, though, as may be imagined, there is much more one could say upon the subject. Perhaps a few words upon trout fishing regions may not however be amiss. Incomplete as they are, I can nevertheless claim them to be the result of experience and not of hearsay.

For big trout, as well as for little trout, the State of Maine cannot be beaten, though for numbers of big fish it will not compare with the

almost virgin waters of northern Canada. The drawbacks to Maine are that the natives have become too sophisticated, thus it takes a good bank account to get a look-in at the best fishing (unless one is a native of the Pine Tree State, in which case prices are different). The biggest trout of the Rangeleys are cannibals; and though very heavy fish, in fact the heaviest known of their species, yet they are by no means handsome, and far inferior in fighting spirit to the trout of the Nipigon and other Northern streams.

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Northern Ontario abound in waters that are most wonderfully stocked with trout, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, and from Alaska to New Mexico, the Western man has unexcelled opportunities for indulging in this sport. The gamest of all this game family is, to my mind, the rainbow trout from the cold, deep lakes of the Kooteneys; but, wherever you find him, the trout is fit for "none but very honest men."

The Perch Came Back

During the past winter and spring a rather peculiar state of affairs has come to light at Long Lake, a shallow body of water two miles west of Coldwater, Mich. The winter of 1903 and 1904 was unusually severe in this part of Michigan, and as a result many of the lakes of a shallow character were frozen to such a depth that the fish in them suffocated. Such was the case with Long Lake, and for a time it was supposed that all of the fish had perished. When the ice went out in the spring the shore was littered with the remains of thousands of bass, pickerel, bluegills sunfish, etc., and during the summer months the most earnest endeavors of the fishermen to catch anything there were unrewarded. But the past winter has brought a change, and the lake now literally swarms with perch of all sizes. The question which naturally arises is, where did they come from? The lake is fed entirely by springs and it has no known outlet. There seem to be nothing but perch there, but this variety of fish is present in numbers to astonish the natives. H. F. Bailey.

Coldwater, Mich.

Nibbles

When the trout streams become clearer and the weather mild, fly fishing is the order. Before then, when bait is needed to lure the speckled fellows, the anal fin of a trout is a good lure. In the current it wabbles about in a very taking manner, and if the eye of a trout is first placed on the hook, secured by its enveloping membrane, not by impaling it through its centre and thus puncturing it, the effect is an excellent resemblance of a living insect. Try it.

By all means, wade when stream fishing for trout. You have more command of the water on either hand, with ample room for the back cast. Move slowly, and fish every likely spot before moving forward. "Make haste slowly" is a wise axiom in stream fishing. The potterer gets the trout.

Dr. James A. Henshall, whose name is familiar to all fly-fishermen, advises for trout fishing in early June the red, brown, gray and black hackles, Montreal, March-brown, cowdung, gray drake, stone, great dun, black gnat and coachman, tied on hooks Nos. 8 to 12, according to the size of the trout inhabiting the stream fished, and the condition of the water and atmosphere.

Always dry your line after use. Two kitchen chairs, back to back, seem fitted by Providence for this use.

N. B.—Get up early and rescue them before the cook appears on the scene.

Put a few small rubber bands in your pocket; they are useful for holding the rod joints together when you take the rod apart for the journey from the stream at evening.

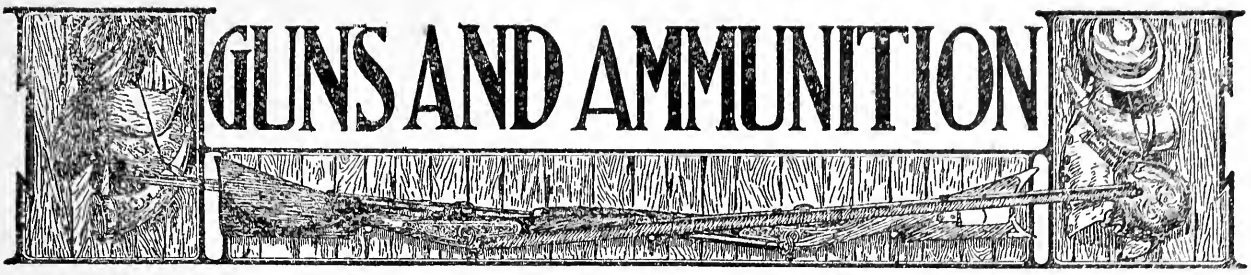
To repair holes in wading boots and stockings: Cover the holes with sheet rubber which has been smeared with a cement made of black rubber dissolved in spirits of turpentine.

Do not use any vegetable oil on your hooks. Animal fat, free from salt, is the surest preventive of rust. As a dressing for lines, deer's fat is good. It solidifies at a higher temperature than most fats, and clings to the line well.

Don't be in a hurry to get a big fish out of the water—so he won't get away. The chances are he'll get away before you have him any way near landing. Give him rope! Kill him as far away from you as possible.

A lump of black rubber, such as draughtsmen use, is handy to straighten out gut leaders that have been long coiled. Draw the gut over the rubber a few times and it will be found much straighter. Never use gut leaders without a thorough soaking, however, as dry gut is easily broken, unless new and of the best quality; moreover, gut knots draw when dry, and hook whippings do not hold.

For delicate silk dressings, cobbler's wax may be dissolved in spirits of wine and painted on with a feather. The spirit will evaporate, but the wax will remain on the silk.



A Good Pistol Score

The very remarkable shooting made on April 7 by Mr. Marion Hays, of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association, shows to what a pitch of excellence American pistols and American marksmen have attained. Shooting a 10-inch Smith & Wesson pistol, with coarse pin-head front sight and a rear bar sight, and using the .22 Peters-Pope Armory cartridge, he succeeded in placing twenty consecutive shots in the 10-ring of a standard American target at fifty yards. The feat was performed under regular practice conditions, and was witnessed by several trustworthy persons, but it cannot go on record, as the conditions were not those necessary to insure the acceptance of the performance as a record.

Cylinders versus Chokes

Until about 1875 all guns were cylinders, so-called. They were not, of course, truly cylindrical from breech to muzzle, being, usually, considerably "relieve" at either end; but the term may be conveniently used to distinguish them from chokes, which are smaller at the muzzle than at a point a few inches back, and generally smaller at the muzzle than at any other point in the bore. The best shooting it was possible to obtain was a pattern of 120 on the 30-inch circle at forty yards, using shot running 270 to the ounce and loading with $1\frac{1}{8}$ ounces of it.

This satisfied our grandfathers, but when chokes appeared on the scene, and with an equal charge put upwards of 200 pellets in the same sized circle, there was a great rush to buy chokes.

For close shooting and long shots, the choke stands unrivaled to-day, but, unfortunately, if our guns are better, our aim is not superior to that of our ancestors, and so it has come about that for covert shooting and general woods sport there has been a steady drift toward less close-shooting guns. A man snap-shooting at woodcock or grouse in thick brush is heavily handicapped with a full choke gun. Where the choke shines is in the blind, or when such tough birds as prairie chickens, full-feathered and fast, as they are late in the season, have to be reckoned with. On live pigeons or at the trap, where the elusive inanimate has to be pulverized, the choke is king, but for an all-around game gun a full choke is probably a mistake.

It is true that cartridges especially loaded for snap-shooting may be had, but even with these the choke is not so trustworthy as the cylinder in the brush.

Yet, if our admiration for the choke may not be so full as was that accorded to it by the sportsmen of the '80s, we owe it more than many of us suspect. There is no such thing as a cylinder offered by any reputable firm to-day. Every gun is slightly choked, and the merest suspicion of a choke will bring the average pattern up twenty pellets, and, moreover, give beautifully regular patterns, differing hardly at all from one another, whereas the true cylinder varies sometimes by thirty pellets between high and low in a series of six shots.

At forty yards the full choke puts 75 per cent. of the charge of shot into a thirty-inch circle, whereas the cylinder (so-called) puts in from 40 to 45 per cent. Yet each is using the same number of grains of shot, so that it is evident the total area covered by the pellets is much greater in the cylinder. This is why it makes the better brush gun. Even the best shot cannot always be dead on his bird when snap-shooting, and he finds that out of a given number of shots fired he has more to show in his game-bag when using a cylinder than when using a choke.

If it were not for trap and duck shooting I am under the impression that few chokes would be sold. RALPH GRAHAM.

Oyster Bay, L. I.

Texas Shoulder Holster

Being a S. A. .45 gun crank, I am especially interested in the most interesting section of your paper, *viz.*, Guns and Ammunition.

I have not noticed many arguments for the Texas shoulder holster, and think possibly all of RECREATION'S readers are not as familiar with it as we all are in my old home—Texas. For an ideal way to carry an ideal gun the above holster can't be beaten, as it is not in the place

where the Chicago hold-up man expects it to be, and in case one is ordered to "fish for the stars," he can do so; but on the way up unlimber his gun and, with some practice, I think it very probable Mr. Hold-Up Man would "get his" before he realized you're not after your wallet.

Some of our double-action boomers, if they want to see fast and accurate shooting, should ask one of our old Texas Rangers to show them how to "fan" a six-shooter. I will bet a good saddle that the ranger could put six .45's in six seconds into a tall hat at 25 paces, and never look at his gun, either. This could not be done with the best double-action gun on the market, owing to its flip up and side jerk.

I have had excellent results with smokeless powder in my Colt .45, and shall continue to use it, as it is much cleaner and gives less recoil with the same penetration.

Do any of the brethren favor the Bisley model? I am surely for it, as I think it comes up better and has a finer balance. I should like to hear from others as to their opinions on this and kindred topics. JOHN J. STEWART.

Chicago, Ill.

Ball and Shot Guns

It appears to me that our manufacturers are making a mistake when they refuse to recognize the ball and shot gun such as is manufactured so largely in Europe. A gun can never rival in accuracy, velocity and compactness a good hunting rifle, but, under certain conditions, it has many advantages over the best rifle. One gun then serves for all kinds of game, and the man who uses but one gun is the dangerous man all the world over. Recently great improvements have been introduced in the projectiles used. The firm of Westley Richards, one of the oldest in the British gun trade, has perfected a bullet that shoots with great accuracy up to 300 yards. Of course the trajectory is high; this follows from the fact that a gun, to be suitable for wing shooting, is thought, by English shooters, to be worthless if it exceeds seven pounds in weight. I do not think Americans would object to another pound, which would allow a larger charge of powder and greater velocity.

Moreover, the foreign sportsmen choose the 12-bore, while for our ordinary forest game a 20-bore would be more suitable, and I will venture to predict that a manufacturer bringing out a good, well-balanced 20-bore, weighing not over seven pounds and shooting both ball and shot, will soon find buyers among practical men. Hunters, prospectors, lumber cruisers and many sportsmen will be quick to discover a weapon that should fill a long-felt want.

Shot and ball guns are made according to three different principles. The first has a deep muzzle choke, and the rifling is confined to the choke. For this the ratchet system of rifling is generally adopted. A second system has straight grooves up to within six inches of the muzzle, when the rifling becomes spiral. The remaining system depends on grooves of uniform twist from end to end of the barrel, such grooves being extremely shallow.

The Westley Richards bullet weighs 750 grains, and has a velocity of 1,200 feet when fired with a charge of powder giving a chamber pressure of fifteen tons. It is not unpleasant to shoot such a charge from a 7-pound gun. The accurate range of this bullet is 300 yards, though, on account of the difficulty of judging distance with the nicety that would be required with a bullet of such low velocity, it is better calculated for ranges not exceeding 150 yards.

The same gun from which this bullet is fired makes an average pattern of 130 with $1\frac{1}{8}$ ounces of shot running 270 to the ounce.

Beyond doubt the weapon that you can use on birds as well as upon big game will be one that you will thoroughly master the use of. Moreover, you won't have the wrong one in your hand when a fat mallard springs from the rushes or a big buck gazes contemplatively at you from the bank.

My idea is that a 20-bore, loaded to give at least 1,400 feet muzzle velocity to the bullet, would be the gun for the American market. I should like to hear from others.

Bay City, Mich. SAMUEL ROGERS.

Advocates Moderation

I have been perusing the last edition of RECREATION, and want to say on the revolver subject that I think any man can find just what he wants from the already numerous different models made both by the Colt and the Smith & Wesson factories. There isn't a better firearm made, of its kind, than the Smith & Wesson .38 Special. I think any one who knows a good firearm when he sees it can't help corroborating me. As to the double action, I wouldn't have a revolver that wasn't so.

What good is a single-action as a weapon of defense? As to the load for the .38 Special, I am satisfied to let well enough alone and use the factory loads, and I think if many others did the same there would be fewer accidents.

One thing more: I have noticed a great many that never could get enough powder in their guns. They keep cramming in more and more till there is a job for the coroner. Now, this heavy loading craze, for such it is, is not necessary, nor can one gain any by it. I know from

experience that just as much or more game can be killed with small loads as with larger ones. I have made just as good bags of quail with $2\frac{3}{4}$ drams of Dupont smokeless powder as with $3\frac{1}{4}$ or more and, besides, I wasn't worn out by the pounding of my gun. This argument applies, also, to blue rock shooting. I have seen others and have myself used the extreme limit of loading smokeless powders, and not a few times have I seen it overdone. Now, the object in blue rock shooting is to get a quick load and one that will not spoil the pattern. Let some shooter try this: Take a 3-dram Dupont smokeless load, $1\frac{1}{4}$-ounce, $7\frac{1}{2}$ shot, and shoot it 40 yards on paper target, count the shot and then do the same with a $3\frac{1}{2}$-dram load, with an equal charge of shot, and note the difference. You have more penetration, but look at your pattern.

Now, I contend that better results can be obtained from a light load than from a heavy one. You go to a clay bird match and watch the shooters at the traps. Every time a gun cracks, you'll see one turn about half around. If they would only get over that habit of using heavy charges, their scores would be greatly improved. I speak from experience and not from observation. I have done a lot of shooting and know that it is folly to use such tremendous loads of powder and lead to smash a blue rock. I use a 3-dram load of Dupont smokeless, and $1\frac{1}{4}$-ounces shot, or 24 grains of Ballistite, and my scores are far better than when I used larger charges. I should like to hear from others on this subject.

Sawtelle, Cal. JESSE C. BROWN.

Big Bore vs. Small

I have noticed various opinions expressed in your magazine in regard to the small-bore high-power rifles and the larger bores. Of course every one is perfectly at liberty to use the rifle that suits him best, but I, like a great many others believe the trouble is usually with the man that does the shooting. It matters little if you have a big bore or a small bore, if the object aimed at is missed. It is the bullet that hits the mark that counts, and as a great many men cannot do good work with a big-bore, high-power rifle, such as the .405 or .45-90, on account of flinching at the moment of discharge, I think that if such men would use a smaller bore rifle they could shoot without flinching and their score would increase rapidly.

A novice going into the woods after big game wants to know what kind of a rifle to get. Possibly he hears of some one getting the limit of big game who used a .405 calibre rifle, so the novice thinks that's the gun for him. He accordingly buys one, and, being anxious to bag big game, hurries into the woods feeling satisfied that he has the "only" rifle. Maybe in his hurry and hasty departure he has forgotten to try the gun. He hunts diligently for some time and, let us hope, is rewarded by seeing a fine large buck. He has a touch of "buck fever," but finally steadies his nerves and shoots. The results: Novice on the other side of a log he had just stepped over, gathering his dazed senses and wondering where the buck is; buck by that time in next county. Result of the shot: A clean miss.

His confidence in the rifle is gone, and what he is going to do to the fellow that told him that was the "only" gun I won't mention here. Now, that same rifle in the hands of a man that was accustomed to a heavy recoil would have been all right, but to a man that has acquired the flinching habit, or has not the weight to "hold it down," I would say get a smaller calibre rifle.

Let some men take a .25-35 or .30-30 and they will get just as much game as others will with a .45-90 or a .405. Some one may say that don't stand to reason, because the larger bullet makes a larger hole and has more smashing power. Yes, that's all very true, but I think that a .25-35 or .30-30 bullet placed in the brain or heart of a grizzly would cause him to "cash in," and I am sure they are much more pleasant to shoot. To sum it all up, it amounts to the hunter's ability to place his shots where they will do the most good, or harm. If a man can do this with a big bore, high power, all well and good, but, for myself, I prefer the .30-30 or .303.

The .33 calibre Winchester with the '86 model action is as large as necessary for any game on the American continent, having a bullet weighing 200 grains and a velocity of 2,000 feet per second. Also the .32 special high-power Marlin, with a bullet of 165 grains and a velocity of 2,000 feet per second. And last, but by no means least, the .303 Savage, weight of bullet 190 grains, velocity 2,000 feet per second. Any of these will do great execution in the hands of a fairly good marksman, as every hunter should be.

Mr. O. M. Barnes, in a recent number of a Western magazine, says he has for the past six or eight years used a .25-35 for big game, and has given it a thorough practical test, and for his use he wants no more powerful rifle. He says he can kill a bull elk anywhere under 250 yards, and guarantee he won't go 200 feet after being shot. I consider Mr. Barnes worthy of the name "hunter." If hunters would practice more, so they would be able to place their bullets in a vital spot, a small calibre rifle would be just as effective as the miniature

cannons some use needlessly. I suppose most men would prefer a rifle of larger calibre than the .25-35, as that only carries a bullet of 117 grains. But practice a little now and then and a recoil pad or a sore shoulder won't be necessary next season. "SMALL CALIBRE."

Uses the .38-55 High Velocity

I noticed Mr. M. L. Peck's letter in RECREATION, and would say that I have used the Model 1894 .38-55 for two years, with the U. M. C. high-power, smokeless load, and that there is very much less recoil than with the black powder loads.

I have a .32-40, Model 1894, that I use the U. M. C. load in, too, and it is all right. On the box it is stated that the shells are fitted for the Winchester, Marlin and Savage rifles, and that they are especially good for game. This I find to be the case. FINCH GOODFRUIT.

Ada, Kent County, Mich.

Views of a Veteran

Fifty-three years ago I bought a flintlock musket which I used for both ball and shot, and my first game with it was a white bear that when stretched out was some three or four inches longer than I was. The next gun was a pill lock rifle. Then some cap locks; then breech-loaders. Having some experience with all I want to say to the younger sportsmen: Don't, for the sake of appearance or the carrying a pound or two less of gun, let your game escape to suffer and die, when it will do no one any good through using too light a gun and charge.

When I was a boy I saw bear and deer from our door. Now it is all gone, and for twenty years I have had to go a long way for it. We older ones get cranky—some one way; some another. Mine started a few years ago when I concluded to quit hunting if I could not lower the number of escapes of game after being hit. I was sick of finding them dead some time afterward, when unfit for use.

I have seen an elk get away (to die, of course) after being shot once with a .38 calibre rifle, and six times with a .44 revolver—all at short range. Some of the revolver shots were at 6 feet, so there was no mistake in the number of hits. On the same day I shot two with one ball, which passed entirely through both, and they fell when hit, with a .45-70-500, which all my experience and observations convince me is light enough for moose, elk, deer, 'gators, and I would not exclude woodchuck. A lighter ball will kill surely, sometimes, but I have seen two deer shot in the same place; the one hit with a .45 fell where hit, but the other, hit with a .30, continued to run until, if the surrounding conditions had not been favorable for finding, it would have been lost—which shameful killing too largely comes from the saving a pound or so of gun.

A Springfield single-shot, with the wiper left off, only weighs 8 pounds 6 ounces. It is not handsome, and I am laughed at for carrying a gaspipe, but every deer, elk or moose hit in ten years fell when hit, and after seeing so much discussion of the merits of large and small calibre guns, I feel like giving my experience, also, as I consider it much more valuable than theory not based on experience.

As before mentioned, in order now to find game it must be hunted far from home, therefore, for the last twenty seasons, excepting two, I have hunted large game from Quebec to Florida, and from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, and most of you are compelled to do as I do—go far away for it. Hence, my advice: take a gun that kills the game that you go so far for. Of course, there are many makes of guns that are marvels of accuracy and efficiency, but that should be used otherwise than on large game. An up-to-date gun sometimes is misleading. For instance, some new shotguns were being tried last fall, when I took down a flintlock musket, made in 1814, and which had not been shot for over twenty years, filled the old bone charger with F. F. G. rifle powder and emptied it into the muzzle, rammed down on top of the powder a wad of flaxtow, then $1\frac{1}{8}$ ounces No. 4 shot, then a light wad of paper; shot, and *at five measured rods*, put all but 4 pellets inside of a $3\frac{1}{2}$-inch ring.

Now, who has a fancy shotgun to match it? I have other guns, but I think that the .45 is the most humane to use, which should be a main consideration in hunting. Therefore I advise that when you shoot, shoot to kill.

Bear Lake, Pa. C. T. BORDWELL.

The All-Around Rifle

It is doubtless true that the "all-around rifle" has not yet appeared. But the gun which comes the nearest to being what the person desires, who would own but one, is the .32-40 with the nickel steel barrel.

This gun should be sighted for high-power smokeless powder, so that it would be, first of all, a high-power rifle. The high-power .32-40 is a very strong shooting arm, being powerful enough not only for deer, but for nearly all kinds of the larger American game. According to the figures given by the U. M. C. Co., a cartridge of this calibre loaded with high-power smokeless gives a muzzle velocity of 2,065 feet per second, with a muzzle energy or striking power of 1,558 foot pounds, the weight of the

bullet being 165 grains. The trajectory for 200 yards has a height at 100 yards of 5.474 inches. About the same figures are given for the .32 Special (Winchester and Marlin), the difference in the figures favoring the .32-40 high power. Unfortunately, I have not the U. M. C. figures for the .30-30 or the .303 Savage, so a comparison with these two cartridges and calibres will have to be made by the use of the figures given in the Savage catalogue. According to these figures, the cartridge of the .30-30 gives a muzzle velocity of 1,892 feet per second with a muzzle energy of 1,244 foot-pounds, the weight of the bullet being 160 grains. The cartridge of the .303 Savage gives a muzzle velocity of 2,000 feet per second, a muzzle energy of 1,514 foot-pounds, with a bullet weighing 190 grains. It can be thus seen that, when using a cartridge of the U. M. C. make, the rifleman with the .32-40 high power possesses an arm second in efficiency to no one of the above. So much may be said for the .32-40 as a high-power gun.

This arm was originally manufactured with a plain steel barrel for the use of the black powder cartridge and for the low pressure smokeless powder ammunition; and in order to get the results indicated by the foregoing figures, it must be remembered that a nickel-steel barrel is absolutely necessary, so that a cartridge loaded with high-power smokeless powder can be used, as it would be dangerous to attempt to use this kind of cartridge in a plain steel barrel. However, with the nickel-steel barrel, black powder and low-pressure smokeless powder ammunition can readily be used by simply raising the rear sight to the proper elevation, and after a little experience with these low-power cartridges, the adjustment can be made almost instantly. Thus, a rifle of .32-40 calibre, having a nickel-steel barrel, can be quickly changed from a high-power arm to one of low power and *vice versa*. Both the high-power nickel-steel barrel and the plain steel barrel have the same rifling, the twist giving one turn in 16 inches. The .32 Special, above mentioned, has also the same length of twist, and may be used with a cartridge loaded with black powder, but this cartridge, being of the bottle-neck type, is much harder to reload than the straight taper shell of the .32-40 and for some reason is less accurate.

Many persons object to the use of black powder, but I have no objection to it when used for the proper purposes. It is now largely used by members of rifle clubs for target shooting, and when used in the .32-40 gives an excellent load for all the larger kinds of small game and is generally strong enough for deer and black bear, though the cartridge loaded with the high-power smokeless powder is preferable when hunting these animals. The black powder shell of the .32-40 can be cheaply and easily reloaded, so that, eliminating the cost of the shell, which can be used many times, the expense of this reloaded ammunition does not exceed one cent for two shots, some claiming as many as four shots for that amount. Besides the inexpensiveness of this reloaded cartridge, there is no more accurate shooting cartridge on the market and in use than the black powder .32-40; and, as it has a lubricated bullet, it does not wear the rifling of the barrel. The wearing out of the rifling of the barrel is one of the worst features of the metal-patched bullets.

In conclusion, to sum up the advantages of the .32-40 with the nickel barrel, which is sighted, as stated above, for high-power ammunition, we have first, an accurate and strong shooting high-power arm. In the second place, by changing the elevation of the rear sight one may possess a high-grade low-power rifle of unsurpassed accuracy. And third, the .32-40 shell, being a straight taper, can be easily reloaded, so that the expense of ammunition, for one willing to reload his own cartridges, does not exceed that for the ammunition used in the .22 calibre rim-fire rifle. From the foregoing facts it will be seen that a better "all-around rifle" and one in all respects more satisfactory than the .32-40 high-power has yet to be produced.

F. J. De la Fleur.

Utica, N. Y.

Trap-Shooting Loads

In this part of the country game is getting to be so scarce that it is hardly worth going after. Several of us are now turning our attention to trap shooting, and we should like to hear from some of the experts. While trap shooting is not such good sport as field shooting, it is fun, nevertheless, and there are bound to be more and more trap shooters and less game shooters as the country becomes more populated.

Will some one who knows tell us the best loads for clay pigeons? Is a $2\frac{3}{4}$ shell to be preferred to a $2\frac{5}{8}$-inch shell, when one uses 3 drams of powder and $1\frac{1}{4}$ ounces of shot? What size shot is best? Would a man be likely to make good scores using a cylinder and No. 8 shot at the 16-yard mark?

All advice will be thankfully received.

Syracuse, N. Y. F. R. Allen.

High Ground in Athletics

BY A. B. WEGENER

One sign that the world is growing better is that we no longer lie complacently and let low standards of life's activities use us for a highway. The agitation about "Frenzied Finance," "Cooperate Corruption," "Misuse of Wealth" does not show that conditions are worse than formerly, but that we see more plainly their corrupting influence and have girded ourselves to battle.

What is true of economic and social conditions is equally true of competitive athletics. We have allowed the principles of other activities to dominate us and become slaves to unworthy practices.

There is a voice calling in this wilderness—repent! For three years has this voice called, and all but in vain. Those who have heard have replied that the call is too high, too ideal, too far ahead of the times. As though any high ground were too high and any time too premature for the best.

But let us descend from the firmament and come to plain earthly facts: athletics as at present conducted are rotten. Their stench has risen and filled our nostrils. Like the fruit in the cellar, it has decayed. It was not placed in the cellar to rot, but rather to preserve. But that did not keep it from rotting, because the germs of corruption were in the fruit. It is time to reach upward to the fruit-bearing tree and pluck ripe, luscious specimens.

The world needs a new standard of competitive athletics. It is here. The men who control the destinies of school and college athletics are studying the problem on the following basis:

Competitive athletics should be purely recreative. If conducted on any other basis than for the pleasure of exercise or the pleasure of surpassing an opponent in a friendly competition they become perverted.

Our work is to promote physical recreation, but not necessarily physical competition.

The following practices now in vogue place competitive athletics on the wrong basis:

1. Offering material prizes of more than trifling value. This induces athletes to compete for material gain. It has become a question prevalent among athletes when a meet is proposed, "What is there in it?" "What is up on it?" If told that there is plenty of pleasure they will reply: "If you will put up some junk (prizes) I'll go in." And yet men call this sport! It is rank commercialism. The absurdity of saying that a $35 watch is allowed as a prize in amateur sports, but $35 in money is awful. Who has made the difference in commercial value between the two?

If it is necessary to give prizes of any kind the only recognition should be by certificates or something equally inexpensive. But is it necessary to give prizes of any kind? Why not give prizes in baseball games, or tennis tournaments? Athletes do not expect anything but pleasure from these games. Why otherwise in athletics? The fact that present day athletic contests require prizes proves that they are not recreation, but labor for the contestants. Is that legitimate?

2. The requiring of entry fees in athletic meets further stamps athletics as commercial. Not only so, but it is gambling. An athlete puts in a certain fee for entry, and if he wins he gets a valuable prize; but if he loses he gets nothing. Is that sport or gambling?

Furthermore, the fact that an athlete is required to pay for entering keeps many beginners from participating, and thus prevents rather than encourages sport.

3. The practice of encouraging severe contests of strength and endurance is positively brutal. No advocate of physical development is consistent who will preach care of health, and then get men to compete and fall prostrate from fatigue and exhaustion after a long run. Marathon races prove the descent of man.

The sound principle is to be temperate in all things. Exercises to promote endurance are all right, but trials and contests of endurance are all wrong.

4. The attempt to control athletics by self-styled governing bodies is ludicrous. It says: "Go to, you must play as we want you to play, or you will not be allowed to play at all. So there."

The governing body fosters Phariseeism.

Those same rules are irrational and illogical in placing all professionals in one class. There

is a great distinction between a professional teacher or promoter and a professional athlete. Also between either of these and a part professional, and the same standard of ethics can never with justice be made to fit all alike.

It certainly is right to teach physical training. It may not be wrong to make one's living by publicly exhibiting one's physical ability on the stage or in the circus or on the athletic field, but it surely is not so lofty an ambition as the teaching profession. Likewise, there is a great difference between men who are working on salaries in shop, store or office who make a little money on the side by teaching and another in like position who makes a little on the side by competing in sports for money.

Therefore, it should be our duty to foster the teaching of physical training, but to make it impossible to get money in competition.

5. The question of requiring athletes to be registered and games to be sanctioned discourages sport and puts it still further on a commercial basis, as though this were needed before athletes could have some fun!

6. The practice of making inducements to get great crowds to witness sports of any kind is wrong. It was the destruction of the ancient games. The Coliseum appealed to the debasing qualities in man, and always will. This is the decline of football. Show! show! show! Is that what athletics are for? No, but rather to participate in.

It fosters pride in the contestant who loves to "show off" before an audience. Away with the seating capacity. Enlarge the facilities for wholesale participation in enjoyable sports. Do away with need of detail supervision.

7. Another wrong is shown in the strenuous life of training to turn out a winning team. The appeal to maintain the supremacy of an institution in athletics is pride in a false standard for an institution. Moreover, it misuses athletics for wrong ends by inducing men to work, train and agonize to beat the other team when without it the athlete would not enter that sport. It is no sport for him. He is *working* for his association or college and the conclusion is that if it is work he should get paid for advertising. Thus at one stroke this places so-called sport out of the realm of physical pleasure or recreation, and shows again that it is commercial.

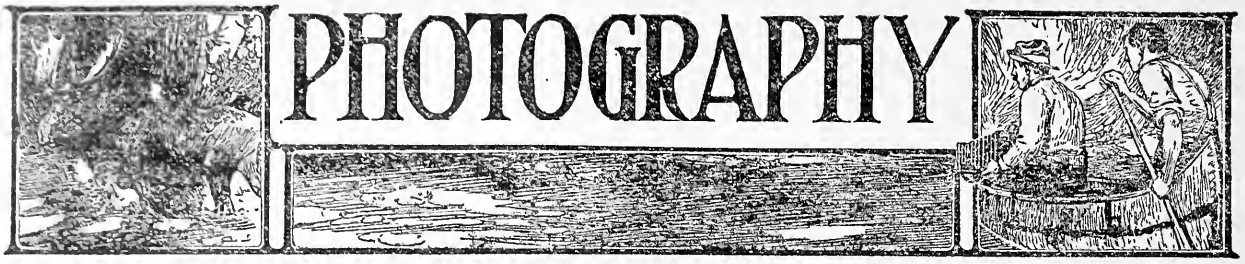
8. The standard of sport in any community rests with the *personnel* of physical instructors and promoters of sport in any locality. No outside organization can control sport there except through them. It is their business. They are more largely interested in that community than any one else can be, and the standard of sport must rest with them. It is the spirit of vile persecution and bigotry for any other company of men to seek to step in and outlaw athletes who do not live up to others' notions. Sport for sport's sake is no idle slogan. In place of the present self-styled governing bodies there is needed an advisory and educative body, who, in place of giving so much nervous energy to police duty, shall teach and spread abroad ethics of sport and who shall win to produce a widespread participation in healthful and pleasurable physical exercises by seeking to influence National, State and Municipal legislation in establishing public gymnasiums, baths and athletic fields under careful supervision.

Away with narrowness, smallness and bigotry of a sacred few. Give us a full, free, joyous gospel of sport. Unknit thy brow, slacken thine aching nerves. Work not at thy play. Unloose the shackles. Come, let us enjoy our pleasures.

College Baseball and Lacrosse

The opening of the intercollegiate baseball season brought two surprises—the drubbing of the Yale team, the champions of 1905, by the University of Pennsylvania nine and the victory of Princeton over Cornell by 3 to 1. Jackson, Yale's best pitcher, was substituted by a youngster named Parsons, who lost the game for the Elis. The U. P. boys played a fast, clean game, their fielding being exceptionally good compared with past performances. The Tigers simply outplayed the Ithacans. Byram, the Princeton pitcher, promises to stand among the best college twirlers of the year.

Intercollegiate lacrosse opened well, showing a marked increase in the interest in the game. Although Yale and Princeton have yet to take it up, it is being played in many of the smaller colleges where before the game was not even understood. The teams of the minor colleges continue to show decided superiority, and Swarthmore, as of old, heads the class. The old intercollegiate league and the Inter-University League, composed of Columbia, Cornell, Harvard and Pennsylvania, have amalgamated, to the decided advantage of the game When the Elis and the Tigers get into line and the teams of the larger colleges *learn the game*, we should have some teams worthy of the best Canadian talent. Lacrosse is a game for young men with red blood in their veins, and though there is ample opportunity for dirty playing, it is, on the whole, a much superior game to our present-day football.



Subjects for Field Work

BY GEO. W. KELLOGG

The camera-worker who imagines he must wait for vacation time, or go on a long journey, to find subjects of sufficient interest to photograph makes a mistake. If not in the field early in the season as well as early in the day he is missing great opportunities. Whether he lives on the mountain or in the valley, on the plain or near the coast, there is an abundance of available material unnoticed and neglected by the average amateur photographer.

Such has been the writer's experience. As he is indebted to others, some of whom never used a camera, for suggestions of possibilities which certain special lines of work offered, so, he hopes, that by his suggestions others may be induced to get out of the ruts and to work along different lines.

Don't go to a mountain top and there try to include in your exposure everything possible in the panoramic scene. Rather take for your subject a rock, a shrub or a tree; and let the other portions of the scene be subordinate to it.

A tree, either with its branches naked or in foliage, flower or fruit; a winding brook, either at low water or during or after a freshet; a foggy morning; a rainy day; clouds, sunrise and sunset—all offer a series of ever-changing effects, which to secure and retain on the sensitive plate are worthy the efforts of the most skillful worker.

In some city parks are enclosures containing wild animals. Unless the use of cameras there is prohibited, a good photographer may get permission to go within the enclosures, where with patience and perseverance he may secure pictures without a suggestion that the animals are in captivity. Subsequently a few good prints presented to the superintendent or his assistants will be sufficient to guarantee future concessions as occasions require.

There was one who made such a hobby of rocks, ravines and waterfalls that a friend once said to him, "Tell me, if you can, one thing in which you are interested aside from your d——d rocks." Unconsciously the photographer was making a partial photographic record of local geology, which subsequently interested some of the faculty of a university and yielded the photographer a substantial return for scientific work which he had unconsciously performed.

Wild flowers offer a fascinating and inexhaustible field. One need not hesitate, even though he know little about botany, for others who knew no more have succeeded. For this work a camera with a long bellows is desirable. But with a hand camera and a short bellows, or even a box camera with fixed focus lens, by attaching a supplementary portrait lens to the regular lens, the focus will be shortened sufficiently to enable the operator to work close to his subject, and to get a comparatively large image of it on the plate. A tripod is a necessity and snap-shots to be avoided.

Go into a colony of foreigners who adhere to foreign customs. Or, if you can, get friendly with some of the Indians on our reservations. A few unmounted prints will make you a good fellow. Be one with them, with your hand camera in commission. Do not have your subjects pose. Wait until they are interested in something, or doing something. Then snap.

Get acquainted with the farmers. Try your skill on pictures of them plowing, planting, cultivating, berry and pea picking, haying, harvesting, trading horses. Get out! away from your backyard. Stop making piazza pictures and go to getting something *real.*

The field is so large and the opportunities so many that no camera worker need be in a rut, unless he so elects. Get away from beaten paths. The conventional photographs made at the hunting camp, and about the summer boarding-house, of strings of fish and carcasses of slaughtered game, of groups of grinning faces and with eyes staring at the lens, are too common, too unsightly, to attract attention. Seek some unfrequented spot in Nature's garden, even if you go alone. If accompanied by a fellow worker, let each work out his picture, instead of doing as did the companions who placed their cameras side by side and each practised on the same subject. Strive to do work of good quality, rather than of a great quantity. Get up early. Try being on your working ground before sunrise; the early hours are the best; make the most of them. When the

sun gets high, rest. Later in the day, as the shadows grow longer, work.

When possible, avoid working with the sun shining directly on the back of the camera. Let the light come from one side, or even from the front, provided the lens can be shielded from the direct rays. This may seem like photographic heresy, for the instruction books in substance read, "When making an exposure have the sun at your back to avoid fogging the plate." The kind of fog here referred to is that caused by the direct rays of sunlight passing through the lens to the plate during exposure. There will be no fog of this kind when the sun is on the side and a little back of the camera. With the light on one side and considerably in front, or over and in front, danger of fog can be obviated by shading the lens with the slide from the plate holder, the hat, by placing the camera in the shadow of a tree, and frequently the photographer can so stand that his shadow shall fall across the lens. But, in all cases, care should be taken that the object used for shading the lens shall not cut off any part of the view from the plate. Better effects of light and shade and, generally, a more pleasing picture will be secured by one of these methods than when the light comes directly from behind the camera.

If the amateur, instead of dabbling at random into many branches of the work, will take up one line and follow it systematically until he has mastered it, then successively start on other lines, pursuing each in the same manner as he did the first, the sooner will he qualify himself to meet emergencies and, even under trying and unfavorable conditions, to produce good work in various branches.

Exposure

The term "normal exposure" is ambiguous; it is a rock over which the beginner stumbles. It has no established standard, and there is not written the chapter clearly defining it. There is no general rule for exposure. To secure a good negative a certain amount of light action is essential; but there may be an increase of that light action, or exposure, and a negative equally as good obtained. This latitude in exposure varies with the amount and the intensity of the light action on the plate or film. In a shady ravine, the woods in summer, or an interior, the latitude is greater than in an open field. There will be more latitude when working with a small stop than with the open lens.

Even as we were writing the first lines of this article, the postman brought two letters: one from Pennsylvania, stating that the correspondent's plates are either over or under exposed, and asking if we recommend a certain maker's exposure meter. The other letter is from Minnesota, and says "Is it best to use an exposure meter?" is the question so often asked by the novice. He then argues that a better way is to keep a record of each exposure, to which one can refer after a few dozen exposures, and find the correct time for any subject; and then writes, "This is a far more accurate way than to find out the strength of light by the use of printing-out paper, as new paper prints faster than old and the different brands vary in the time required to print to a given shade."

To the above inquiries we would say we know men who use exposure meters who are strong advocates in their favor. But having had no occasion to use an exposure meter ourselves we are not in a position either to recommend or condemn. Twenty years ago we were working on the seemingly complicated problem of exposure. We never let an article on the subject pass without reading it. All indicated that there was but one exposure which was right, and that all others were wrong. None helped us in the solution of the exposure problem. We worked always in doubt and with no confidence until we tried the following experiment, which was suggested to us by a veteran photographer:

Select a subject, and when it is in focus be sure that the general illumination on the ground glass is uniform; that one side is not strongly lighted and the other in deep shadow. Insert the plate holder, but instead of drawing the slide as usual, draw it but a short distance, a half-inch or an inch. Make a short exposure, a half-second or a second in the field, or a quarter or half-minute for an interior. Then draw the slide a half-inch or an inch farther; expose, giving the same time as was given for the first. Repeat until all of the plate is exposed. The negative when developed will show a series of exposures, the last of which will be timed the least, the next twice as much as the last, and so on. If ten exposures were made, and the time given each one second, the negative will show the result of a series of exposures running consecutively from one to ten seconds. From this the photographer can easily determine, not only the correct exposures, but also the latitude. It will be well to repeat the experiment several times, but under different conditions of lighting, and using a different stop for each experiment.

This experiment is also a good one for determining the exposure in the printing of gaslight papers, bromide enlarging and lantern slide making by having all but a small part of

the plate or paper covered during the first exposure, and then successively uncovering the additional parts until all is exposed.

We tried this series of experiments but once. That solved for us the problem of exposure in negative-making. The negatives then obtained were the charts by which we determined our latitude. Knowing the results obtained by a given exposure, with a certain quality of light and a specified stop, we calculated our exposures, not for the minimum nor the maximum length in which there could be obtained a good negative, but about midway between these factors, and it was seldom that we went wrong.

If the beginner will learn, by experiment, his latitude he can more easily determine an exposure which will give a good negative. He will soon acquire confidence and eventually be making his exposures by intuition, and making them right.

Blue Tones on Platinum

Very pleasing moonlight effects may be obtained with platinum paper by using the following formula for the developer:

Oxalate solution (1:3)	1 ounce
Ferricyanide of potassium (10 per cent. solution)	3 drams
Glycerine	2 ounces
Water	4 "

Print rather deeply, and use the brush method of development. When developed, the prints have a greenish tone, which quickly changes to a pretty blue in the acid bath. The said bath to be one-half the strength usually employed for platinotype, and prints to be left in it only long enough to clear the whites. With prints made from contrasty negatives one gets a two-color print, the deeper shadows developing black and the lighter portions of the print coming out a blue similar to that of "blue-print" paper.

Facts About Lenses

In speaking of camera lenses, focus is the point at which the rays of light intersect which fall upon the lens parallel to its axis.

Back Focus.—This is the distance between the back lens and the ground-glass or the sensitive film when in focus.

Focal Length, Focus or Equivalent Focus.—The focus of parallel rays entering the lens.

Focal length is the distance from the lens at which the rays of light unite, which fall upon the lens parallel to its axis. The focal length is dependent upon the curvature and combination of the lenses.

Depth of focus in a lens is the same for all lenses of the same focus working at the same aperture.

Focal difference is the difference in the length of the chemical and optical focus.

Dark-Room Hints

A little citric acid in the water for rinsing velox prints is a good preventive of stains. It is especially useful in hot weather.

Alcohol flowed over a plate will stop frilling immediately. But never use alcohol on a film negative, for alcohol will attack the celluloid support and ruin the negative.

If you use the pyro developer and, after fixing, the negative is of a yellow color, the yellowness can be removed by immersing the negative in a saturated solution of alum to which has been added a small quantity of citric acid solution, the amount of the latter not being material. But if the negative is very thin and weak, it will be of a better printing quality if the color is not removed.

Our Position

To be of equal service to the beginner with a little 2 x 2½ camera and the advanced worker who uses a box of mahogany with morocco bellows and fitted with a modern anastigmat; to make no discrimination between the technical and the pictorial worker, and to encourage all to advance and be more progressive, is the purpose of this department.

We hope to stimulate activity in outdoor work with topics which shall be a help to the worker in summer, fall, winter and spring. We expect to have something practical to say about rainy-day work, enlarging, lantern slides, sensitizing papers, supplementary lenses, coloring prints and lantern slides and the preparation of colors. If our readers do not see what they want, let them ask. The Camera Department is for them, and they are invited to use it.

In the expression of opinion we shall be governed by our convictions, without catering to any class or being controlled by popular fads. To those who differ with us, we concede that in their opinions they are honest, and the gulf between is not too wide to be bridged. We will not straddle the gulf, but go on record advocating a higher order of technical work. Although believing that definition and detail belong to the pictorial as well as to the other branches, we have no quarrel with those who are not of our way of thinking. We seek no proselytes. We court opposition. We will not be silent; and if we displease, we will stand as a target to be shot at.

Treatment for Distemper

At this season of the year distemper is more than usually rife, and many a valuable puppy falls a victim. By a strange irony of fate, it is generally the pick of the litter that dies; runts and mongrels seem protected by a special providence. While no certain remedy for this most fatal disease is known, there are certain lines of treatment that give a fair average of success, and this is about all we may expect, seeing that we do not even know the cause of distemper.

All dogs are liable to this disease, though the better bred and less hardy breeds suffer the most. Bulldogs are easy victims, and greyhounds, bloodhounds, pointers and setters pay heavier toll than most of the remaining breeds. The disease is practically confined to dogs under two years of age, and 90 per cent. of the cases occur in subjects that are in their first year. Like measles in the human species—which it much resembles—distemper is a disease to which youth is more subject than age. Dogs brought up in the country, and isolated from others of their kind, sometimes escape altogether, or if they do take the malady, escape until they are old and strong enough to have a fair chance of fighting it.

When puppies of between three and six months become afflicted they are in great danger, as their strength is not sufficient to enable them to fight the disease, and when death occurs it is usually the result of exhaustion, unless brought about by complications of a relapse.

The first symptoms are listlessness and loss of energy. A pup that always welcomed his master with vivacity, and had been most eager to accompany him, now shows a reluctance to move, flings himself heavily down to rest, seeks the warmest and darkest corners and responds to caresses by a feeble tail-wag instead of the old boisterous response. The wise master will, on the first appearance of such symptoms, watch his dog very carefully for further developments. Within a day or two a discharge will probably begin from the eyes and nose, and the dog show more indisposition to move, and there will probably be an almost total loss of appetite. Beyond a mild dose of some laxative, syrup of buckthorn being one of the best or else calomel, little can be given in the way of medicine. This is a point to be remembered, for the dog is in a feverish condition and requires rest and quiet, together with concentrated liquid nourishment, far more than drugs. If you allow your dog to take a chill he will die, and if you feed him with solid food at this stage of the disease it will probably be fatal. Procure some flannel, and sew it about his chest and ribs; provide a warm basket or box of clean straw for him to rest in, and see that the straw is changed every day. If possible, it is better to have the sick puppy where you can keep your eye on him, and no place answers better than a corner near the kitchen stove, when the cook can be made to see the reasonableness of this course.

For several days your patient will get steadily worse, and you will have to force nourishment down his throat, for you must endeavor to keep up his strength, the disease being a tremendous tax on the sufferer.

Borax is one of the most useful drugs in treating the discharge from the nose and eyes. Sponge the eyes frequently with a weak solution, and if the nostrils are plugged up spray them with a similar solution. But do not worry the dog with too much fussing. Taking its temperature, per rectum, as some advise, at frequent intervals can serve no good purpose, and merely alarms an animal that needs soothing and petting. A clever, kind-hearted woman —one of the old-fashioned motherly sort—will pull more pups through than all the vets in the land. The three cardinal principles should be: (1) Warmth. (2) Liquid nourishment until the fever has abated, and (3) Not too much fussing with the patient.

Even in bad cases the dog is generally on the mend or doomed within three weeks of the first symptoms. Complications such as pneumonia, or the "yellows," *i. e.*, inflammation of the liver, are usually fatal, and if the disease attacks the brain, as it often does, or the belly, the chances are that your puppy will die.

Supposing, however, that all has gone well and that at the end of ten days or so the animal's temperature is down to 102 degrees, you must then begin to try and build up his strength, or

he may slip through your hands just as the case seems hopeful. Beef, iron and wine—home-made for safety—in doses of three teaspoonfuls every three hours is as good as anything.

The best wine is sherry, and the beef extract should have been made under supervision, as one cannot afford to take chances, and patent medicines are not always what the labels claim.

For the first few days the bowels will probably be constipated and you will have to give the remedies already indicated every second day; later on they may be just the reverse. Then a mixture of tincture of opium, two drachms; subnitrate of bismuth, half an ounce; syrup of rhubarb, one ounce, and chalk mixture, three ounces, may be given in tablespoonful doses every two or three hours, to puppies of large breeds, or less to smaller animals.

When a dog has had distemper he will be weak and spiritless for some time, and it often retards his growth and development, but with care he will eventually recover, and then his chances of living to a good age are bright, for of all the ills to which dog flesh is heir, none is so fatal as distemper.

It must be a disease of civilization, for wild dogs do not appear to suffer from it, though the half-Indian dogs of the Northern and Western tribes sometimes fall victims by the hundred. The Indian does nothing to help the sick animal, notwithstanding that without a team of sleigh dogs he is very badly off. So the poor "husky" worries along, making the best fight he can, and if the game goes against him, yielding up the ghost under some bush without aid or comfort from his savage master. But civilized man has got too far from the brute to see his best friend suffer, while he remains stolid and inert. It is our duty to do all we can for our dog, but we must not make the mistake of overdosing him nor of driving him into his grave by fussing when what he most craves is rest and quiet.

The Pocket Greyhound

There is hardly a breed of dog known, writes H. Jenkins, of Bridgeport, Conn., that has not been boomed at one time or another in the United States, yet there is one exception, and it is a marvelously strange one, seeing that few better breeds for sport exist. I refer to the whippet, "the poor man's greyhound." The only State where I have found much interest taken in this breed is New Jersey, and even there it is mostly the foreign mill operatives that keep this smart little dog.

Big dogs are all very well in their way, but where high rents prevail and quarters are cramped, it is the smaller animal that affords the most fun.

The whippet is built on the same lines almost as the greyhound, though he shows strong evidence of the terrier, to which he owes about half his blood. He is also somewhat like the Italian greyhound, but stouter, and by no means the toy that little shivering dog is.

The whippet may be bred and trained either for actual sport, *i.e.*, rabbit coursing, or for racing. His speed is nearly triple that of a man, as a crack dog covers the usual course, 200 yards in length, in 12 seconds. Though dogs weighing up to 26 pounds are often seen running, the best judges limit the weight to about 24 pounds, and they may be as small as 14 pounds, for whippet races are always handicaps.

I hope, some day, to see this sport "catch on" in the United States. The merry beagle has come to stay, and there is no reason why the whippet should not also become popular. Unfortunately, there is much fraud in whippet racing in the home of its birth, namely, the north of England, but that is, of course, no reason why it should not become a favorite sport, for the same criticism applies to the turf and to athletics—in fact, to all trials of speed.

If there are any old whippet owners and trainers among the readers of RECREATION, I hope they will tell us something about the sport and try and make whippet racing a go on this side of the pond.

Simplicity in Training

No two dogs have exactly the same natural ability, no two the same traits of character. Hence it follows that no set rule or rules should govern any dog's training. Much better simply teach the dog to obey you promptly when called to heel, and let him hunt in his own way, than attempt to direct his every movement. So, for your own sake and for the dog's, if you are "breaking in" a youngster this summer for the fall work you will do best to confine the training to merely getting well acquainted with the dog, teaching him to mind explicitly two or three commands and giving him plenty of exercise in the field. "Come here" (on the whistle—one short and one long blast), "Heel," "Go on" and "Ho"—the latter to stop the dog at a distance, and to be substituted by a long blast on the whistle—are sufficient to govern any good field dog, and if the dog learns them well and obeys them promptly the average sportsman will need nothing more save "bird sense," which the dog must inherit and which he must develop in his own way.

High Art in Motor Boats

A speed of 31.3 miles an hour, maintained for the distance of one kilometre over a sea course, by a 26-foot automobile boat, the "Seasick," is the latest motor boat world's record. It was made at Monaco on April 17 in the final race for the Prince of Monaco Cup, and Lancia, the celebrated Italian automobile driver, was at the wheel. The still water record for the same distance, made last year by the "Dubonnet," is 1.06⅕ (33.8 miles an hour).

Fast going for 26-foot craft, surely; but it is this racing game that is giving to the power boat users of the world the privilege of going about on the water with corresponding celerity to that with which they have become accustomed to travel on land.

It was only recently that we talked with an entertaining Canadian, Mr. John E. Eaton, of Toronto, when he said:

"I used to be satisfied to own one or two ten-mile-an-hour horses for my running about in business and for recreation. But when the automobiles began to double discount me I experienced a change of heart. Even then, I never imagined making better than ten-mile time on the water. Somehow I always seemed reconciled to making haste slowly when I went a-sailing. But now, sir, what do you think? I've been and bought me a 35-foot pleasure launch that the builders guarantee will give me a speed of 20 miles an hour! It is to laugh, now, isn't it? And I am going to name my boat the 'Laugh a Lot.' I'm going to use it on the Muskoka Lakes."

Mr. Eaton's "Laugh a Lot" has since been launched. It was built at Bayonne, N. J., by the Electric Launch Company, and to give the reader an idea of what is being bought as the best all-around type of pleasure launch, we will say that an exact duplicate of the "Laugh a Lot," which is called the "Beat It," has been sold to William Fleitman, of New York, for use at Bar Harbor, and give the specifications.

These two boats are 35 feet long, 5 feet 6 inches beam and 30 inches draught, and in building them the idea has been to furnish a high-speed pleasure boat. The guaranteed speed is 20 miles an hour and those already in use have made 22 miles. The hull is built of mahogany and the upper works and interior fittings are also of mahogany. The planksheer is of oak and the contrast between the two woods gives a very artistic effect. In the cockpit are four individual automobile seats and one rear seat which extends across the boat, thus giving room for seven in the cockpit. A glass wind shield is provided to give protection from head winds and flying spray and the entire seating space is covered with a Cape Cart folding automobile hood equipped with side curtains. Forward of the seating space a cross seat is built to accommodate two persons and is for the helmsman and a mechanician. The engines are forward. The motor is of four cylinders, auto marine type and 60 horse-power. The cylinders are 6-inch bore by 6-inch stroke. This motor is protected by a metal hood and there is plenty of room to work around it.

For a cruising launch, and something a little more luxurious, a good representative type is a boat which was recently built for a Southern yachtsman by this same company and taken South by the "outside route" in April. This boat is 93 feet long, 13 feet 6 inches beam on deck and a depth of 7 feet moulded. The boat embodies excellent seaworthy qualities, speed and comfortable cabin accommodations. The hull is most substantially built, the frames are of heavy oak, the planking of selected yellow pine and it is copper and bronze fastened throughout. There are five watertight bulkheads and plenty of room inside for large cabins. At the forward end there is a large chain locker with room for an electric power capstan with a deck control. Next comes the forecastle, which is equipped with two Pullman berths, toilet and lavatory. This is finished in oak and has large ports for light and ventilation. The owner's quarters are next aft and are enclosed with plate glass windows and Venetian blinds. The headroom in these quarters is 7 feet 6 inches. The joiner work is in African mahogany with eggshell finish. There are two wide Pullman berths with deep drawers underneath, a large solid mahogany dresser with deep, wide drawers, and other furnishings in this apartment.

A private bathroom adjoins the owner's saloon and this has a porcelain tub, shower

bath, porcelain basins and toilet fixtures. The sides of this bathroom are finished in white enamel up to the wainscoting, with mahogany panelling above and a porcelain flooring.

The engine room is amidships the full width of the boat and 15 feet 6 inches long. This is finished in mahogany. There is a large bridge deck over the engine space, from which point the yacht will be handled.

Next aft comes the galley, and special attention has been paid to the equipment of this apartment. It has a large range with nickel fittings, oven, warming closets, and is large enough to cook a meal for thirty persons. There is a large ice box, glass-lined, and the usual sink, cupboards and closets. Aft of the galley, by a short passageway, the main saloon is reached. This is fitted with four extra wide Pullman berths and the saloon is finished in African mahogany. This, too, is enclosed with plate glass windows and there is a large deck skylight. The stairs leading to the deck aft are of solid mahogany and the entrance doors and hatch are also of mahogany.

The after deck is 15 feet long and is covered with awnings, green lined. Teak bulwarks surround the main decks, with mahogany and brass railings. The motive power consists of two 100 horse-power six cylinder reversible Standard motors. Eight hundred gallons of gasoline can be carried in the copper fuel tanks.

The yacht is equipped with a complete electric light plant and storage batteries. The dynamos are driven by an auxiliary engine, which also furnishes power to an air compressor and bilge and deck pumps. Electric fans are installed throughout the boat and the electricity runs a powerful searchlight and electric stoves. An electric pump is also fitted to the baths and it is only necessary to touch a button and the bath will be filled with water. Two 14-foot tenders are carried on the davits.

Missouri May Build Roads

Missourians are reviving a plan made years ago by the late George M. Lane, of St. Louis, for two great trans-Missouri highways. Mr. Lane's plan was for the State to build, utilizing convict labor, one road from St. Louis to Kansas City, and another from the Arkansas line to Iowa, thus dividing the commonwealth into four sections. Tributary roads could be built at the discretion of the various counties. But Lane's bill was sidetracked in the Legislature for a measure allowing counties to increase the levy for road improvement.

The Supreme Court having declared invalid the constitutional amendment authorizing counties to make the additional levy, the plan is once more being agitated, and in all probability the next Legislature will be called upon to take it under advisement.

How the Automobile Helped in 'Frisco

Automobiles played a most important part in the relief work in San Francisco after the disastrous earthquake and subsequent scourge of fire. L. L. Whitman, who earned fame as a transcontinentalist, was in the thick of the panic, and the following letter to the H. H. Franklin Company, Syracuse, N. Y., dated Salinas, Cal., April 21, graphically describes his experiences:

"I sent a telegram to you to-day, but it may be delayed in transit. With my wife I escaped from the destroyed city of San Francisco after three days of awful wreckage and horror. I got out the old, faithful transcontinental car, threw away the hamper, and carried fleeing people to Golden Gate Park, where thousands slept in the open and watched the fire.

"The panic of the people was terrible. Martial law was enforced and the soldiers from the Presidio held the city. Many were shot for not obeying orders. I had a rifle shoved in my face by a soldier while I was after people in my automobile. One driver who refused to obey was shot in his machine. The police pressed into service any automobile they wanted and drove them till they lay stranded in the streets. I can't begin to describe the awful scenes."

E. P. Brinegar, the San Francisco representative of the Winton Company, sent the following letter to the home office in Cleveland, O.:

"I presume you are anxious to know of the situation here. Can outline the matter by saying that hell could not be compared to San Francisco at the present time. Our building was within 100 feet of the dead line when the fire stopped. The building was damaged but slightly, being a wooden structure with metallic lath and plaster on the outside. The police and army officials have taken all our automobiles, old and new, and placed them in the hospital and other service, also confiscated parts, tires, gasoline, etc. We are glad, however, to be able to render this service to aid the suffering. I want to say here that without the aid of automobiles the suffering would have been ten-fold and the loss of life probably much greater. Every available machine has been working day and night, and the owners of cars have done most heroic work. Most of the boys have seen no sleep since the hour of the earthquake. At least 100,000 people are camped in Jefferson Square, just across the street from our building. The great work done by the automobile in connection with our disaster proves afresh the wonderful adaptability of the self-propelled vehicle."

AMERICAN ARCHERY

Recreation is the Official Publication
of the National Archery Association

Something About Archery

BY GEORGE E. COGHILL, PH. D.

In the choice of a man's recreation one should choose that which not only gives him sufficient muscular exercise and full respiration, but which will give him, also, as large an amount of pleasure as possible; for the pleasurableness of an exercise is one test of its value. During his period of recreation a man's care and worry should be completely submerged by the gush of youthful enthusiasm. Only under these conditions does physical exercise yield even its full physical value. But there should be more than the physical consideration entering into the matter of recreation. One's recreation should possess something of an artistic and æsthetic value. It should be of such a nature that through participating in it and through love for it one will become a more cultured gentleman.

All of these requirements are ideally met in the most historic of games—archery. As to muscular exercise and respiration archery is fully adequate, and especially so because it can be followed from childhood to old age. As the muscles strengthen the bow can be adjusted to the increasing strength. As old age approaches and the muscles begin to tire under the arduous work of the younger man, the bow can again be fitted to the man, while the muscles themselves and the eye need not lose their cunning. Indeed, it is a noteworthy fact that many of the leading archers of all times have been men of advanced years. In fact, the fascination of the long bow seems to grow stronger in the faithful archer as his years advance, even as Robin Hood, through the lattice of his chamber, shot his last arrow to mark the spot of his grave.

But to illustrate the nature of the physical exercise which is involved in the pursuit of archery, it might be said that, in shooting a Single York Round, which is 72 arrows at 100 yards, 48 arrows at 80 yards and 24 arrows at 60 yards, the archer must walk 2,080 yards if he uses two targets, and twice that if he has only one target. If he uses a bow which pulls forty-five pounds, which is the ordinary weight for men, he has drawn, in all, 6,480 pounds. This work has been done by a direct pull across the chest, an exercise which puts all the muscles of the back and shoulders in most perfect tonus, and forces the most perfect respiration. In fact, no form of exercise could surpass archery for the purpose of straightening up stooped shoulders and expanding the collapsed chest and lungs. Nothing can take the place of archery for the man who is confined over a desk in his daily work.

But there are other important features of archery from the purely physical point of view. To make a successful shot with the bow one must bring every muscle of the body under most perfect control and into most perfect coordination with the eye. This factor itself is of important educational significance—the factor of self-control at a trying moment. When the bow is full drawn every muscle must be in the highest tension, the body in absolute equilibrium, the bow held as if in a vise and the point of the arrow on the mark. Then the string must bound from the fingers without a waver or jerk. These are only some of the elements of archery, and there is a lifetime of study in them.

As to the pleasurable features of archery much might be said. The long walks between targets afford opportunity for cultivating most delightful companionships. But the archer frequently participates in his sport alone, nor is he likely to become lonely at it. The quick recoil of the bow and the flight of the arrow are most exhilarating. The study of the arrow's flight and the point of aim and the allowance to be made for the wind all become a delight to the archer; and, finally, when victory comes and the arrow, lifted on a curve of superb grace, descends upon the face of the target, the archer's soul knows no keener joy.

But much as may be said of the physical and pleasurable features of archery, the story would not be half told if the æsthetic element in the sport were omitted. In this respect archery, we believe, stands far superior to all other sports. In antiquity, certainly, and in historic

associations it is unique. Other sports may date far back into the centuries past, but they were always sports. The art of using the long bow, on the other hand, was perfected in the battles of nations and it has determined the destinies of peoples. Its significance to our ancient forefathers, and through them to us, is inestimable. For this reason alone the preservation of the art of archery is a worthy cause for modern civilization to support.

But from the point of view of the present alone archery has much of art in it. The long bow itself, cut from the rare wood of the yew, is a thing of rare beauty. Its timber must be selected and secured under the scrutiny of the crafty woodsman, to whom years of experience alone can teach the subtle marking of bark and fibre. Indeed, from the first stroke of the axe which fells the graceful yew, through the years of care and study in the process of preparation, the bow is a work of art. And in its completed form, with its graceful curves, its quiet and quick recoil, the perfected bow is, indeed, an inspiration to the sportsman who loves the art of archery.

What has been said of archery for men is equally applicable to women. Indeed, in its applicability to women as an exercise it has absolutely no objectionable feature. There are no sudden, jerky movements; no strain by lifting or reaching movements. It strengthens the muscles of the back, keeps them in perfect condition and, therefore, contributes to an erect and graceful carriage. It strengthens the hand and is a most effective means of developing the graceful arm both in movement and form. It expands the chest, and by effecting more perfect respiration contributes vitality and grace to the whole person. Certainly no form of recreation will do more than archery to develop the natural dignity and poise of a woman's figure.

It is a credit to the American sportsman that he is rallying with new enthusiasm to the call of archery. Without a scar of professionalism in the past or present, this ancient game offers to men and women a rational and efficient form of recreation which, in its historic associations and in the companionship it brings upon the range, may be made the source of much pleasure and refinement.

Of Interest to All Archery Clubs

The following was issued in April as a circular to Chicago archers:

The time is near at hand when we can begin practice on our ranges in Washington Park, which have been more than doubled in width and otherwise improved, through the courtesy of Mr. J. Frank Foster, Superintendent of the South Parks. Last season we were crowded for room, and this season we shall have use for the extra space given us.

I desire to call your attention to the fact that at the last annual meeting of the Chicago Archers, held December 9, 1905, the following resolution was adopted, as will be remembered by those who were present:

"That on each Saturday, beginning on the first Saturday in May, and ending on the last Saturday in October, there shall be competitions for Club championships; at the York Round and the Team Round for men, and at the National Round and the Columbia Round for women.

"At the close of the competition, those archers who have reported ten or more scores shall have their scores averaged, and those having the highest averages shall be declared champions for the year.

"The above weekly contests shall also be handicaps, and each archer's handicap shall be changed as often as in the judgment of the field captain seems best.

"Each handicap shoot shall be a contest in itself."

The rules of the club also require that each member shall furnish the field captain each week a detailed report in writing of all practice and championship scores made during the preceding week. These should be sent at once after the Saturday contests, that results may be announced as soon as possible and handicaps arranged for the next meeting.

Congratulating the archers on our fine prospects for the coming season, I remain,

Fraternally yours,
EDWARD B. WESTON,
Field Captain, Chicago Archers.

The National Meet

The annual meeting of the National Archery Association of the United States will be held in Boston, Mass., on the 21st, 22d and 23d of August. It is hoped that archers will arrange their vacations so that they can attend this important and always most pleasurable event.

Indoor Archery In London

In the announcement of the meeting, C. Pownall, Esq., Honorable Secretary, says: "It is scarcely necessary to point out to archers that the above affords an opportunity, never before available, of shooting the National and York Rounds, under cover and in any weather, in a warmed building."

The meeting took place on the 6th and 7th of March, at Olympia, a huge building having a glass roof and a beautifully carpeted floor.

Over one hundred archers took part, fine scores were made and the meeting was a complete success.

PARAGRAPHS FOR PURCHASERS

IN OUR healthy outdoor American life, a refrigerator basket or hamper is a prime necessity. When the thermometer is flirting with the 100 degree mark and every one who can is pulling out for the cool of the country, it means fresh, cool, appetizing victuals—a befitting accompaniment to the grateful shade of the greenwood tree in soothing heat-troubled humanity. Get the illustrated booklet of the Burlington Basket Company and post up on the Hawkeye refrigerator basket. Address, 503 Main Street, Burlington, Iowa.

There's a lot of invaluable information for shooters in the 1906 Marlin catalogue. It's free for three stamps postage, with the Marlin Experience Book, which tells many vivid tales of Marlin prowess. Address The Marlin Fire Arms Company, 30 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

If you want a gun that will fit you, not a hand-me-down affair that you could never get used to in a lifetime, you will do well to correspond with the Ithaca Gun Company. This concern can fit you in any weight and gauge, and the gun will balance and fit so as to seem a part of you. Grades from $17.75 to $300. Send for art catalogue and address Lock Box 3, Ithaca, N. Y.

These days, when a man orders a motor boat he wants a fast one. A Fay & Bowen marine engine supplied the power for the launch which took one first and one second at the Palm Beach motor boat races in February. And as for reliability, a Fay & Bowen engine came in first in the Chicago-Mackinaw endurance run last summer, running the thirty-nine hours without a single stop. It's a reliable two-cycle engine started without a crank. Send for free catalogue of engines and power boats to Fay & Bowen Engine Company, 74 Lake Street, Geneva, N. Y.

Surely you will be interested in George Carleton's story in the present number of how he made a success of his motor canoe. If you are inspired to go and do likewise, allow us to counsel that you use only the best make of canoe. Vibration, you know, is fatal to cheap workmanship, and we wouldn't advocate putting a motor in just an "ordinary" canvas covered paddling canoe. But given a good canoe, one like those made by Rushton, then it becomes quite another matter. Get a catalogue from J. H. Rushton, 817 Water Street, Canton, N. Y., and when you order your canoe, tell Mr. Rushton what you intend doing with it. Rushton has been at it for thirty-one years, and he knows how.

The new No. 3 folding Brownie camera placed on the market by the Eastman Kodak Company works like a kodak. You don't have to focus. Takes pictures 3¼ by 4¼. Daylight all the way—loading, unloading, developing and printing without a dark room. Just the camera to slip in the pocket of your coat when you go off hunting or fishing. Catalogue free. Address the Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

A great many rowboat owners are cutting out doing the donkey work this year by converting their craft into motor launches. And no wonder, since it can be done for so small a money outlay. A three-horse-power Detroit Auto-Marine motor can be bought for less than fifty dollars, and it is made so manifestly fool-proof, is so easy to install and so easy to operate, that owners of strongly built rowboats find the plan works admirably. Write for free catalogue of motors of from one to twenty horse-power to the Detroit Auto-Marine Company, 77 East Congress Street, Detroit, Mich.

Duxback sportsmen's clothing combines the advantage of a reasonably good fit with protection against rain. Waterproofed by a process which permits thorough ventilation. Patent bellows under arms give extra ventilation and freedom of movement with gun or rod. See advertisement elsewhere in this issue, or address Bird, Jones & Kenyon, Blandina Street, Utica, N. Y.

H. Channon Company, 28 Market Street, Chicago, Ill., manufacture campers' supplies. To get the free circular on tents, address Desk 10 E.

If interested in motor boats you should get the new catalogue of the Rochester Gas Engine Company. The Interstate trophy at the Hudson River Carnival last year was won by the

"Durno," a 25-foot semi-racer, equipped with a Rochester engine; this after running under her own power from Rochester to New York. Address 711 Driving Park Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Abercrombie and Fitch Company's new catalogue, issued May 1 from the company's new place of business, No. 57 Reade Street, New York City, will prove of much interest to all readers of this magazine. It contains 320 pages describing and illustrating every conceivable need of the sportsman. Free if this magazine is mentioned.

The American and Canadian Sportsmen's Association will send you free of charge "The Sportsman's Complete Guide," which is a very interesting and valuable book of 544 pages. Address P. O. Box 288, Elgin, Ill., and mention this magazine.

For the little .22, be sure to get the best ammunition obtainable. The .22 Long Rifle cartridge is a truly wonderful cartridge, if properly loaded, and you owe it to your rifle, if it be a good one, to test it well with this cartridge. To be sure, get a box of U. M. C.'s. You can get a lot of interesting and useful data by asking the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, 313 Broadway, N. Y., for the 1906 ammunition list. Mention RECREATION.

The Detroit Boat Company, Detroit, Mich., purchased the factory recently vacated by the Olds Motor Works, makers of Oldsmobiles, upon the removal of that concern to Lansing. This gives the boat company a factory floor space of four acres, enabling it to turn out an unlimited stock of canoes, boats, launches, etc. This company builds a 20-foot power canoe, which is not an ordinary paddling canoe with a motor installed, but a practical power boat that for speed, seaworthiness and grace is hard to beat. Catalogues will be mailed free if mention is made of this magazine. Address 1280 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

If you don't know what to do for the spring fishing fever, just drop a line to C. C. Brown, G. P. & T. A., Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, Bangor, Me., asking him for information about Maine fishing.

The 1906 booklet issued by the Boston and Maine Railroad, telling about the fish and game country of northern New England and eastern Canada, will be found interesting and valuable to any one planning a vacation trip. It's free. Address Passenger Department, Boston and Maine Railroad, Boston, Mass., and mention RECREATION.

The Gillette safety razor is not merely an improvement, but a revolution in razors, a distinctive invention that makes shaving a joy. It eliminates time, it destroys the barber habit, it solves the shaving problem, it gives a man a clean, wholesome, attractive face in four minutes. The Gillette Safety Razor Company has the largest factory in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of razors; holds patents in twenty-three countries, and is now placing the Gillette razor on the markets of the world. Get the free booklet by addressing the Gillette Sales Company, Times Building, New York City. Mention RECREATION.

RECREATION has advertised Korona cameras for many years, and in consequence hundreds and thousands of Koronas have been sold to RECREATION readers. Korona cameras have improved as RECREATION has improved, and every day's experience teaches the manufacturers some way to make them better. You can get a free catalogue by addressing the manufacturers, the Gundlach-Manhattan Optical Company, 790 Clinton Avenue, South Rochester, N. Y.

The new 1906-1907 catalogue of Truscott boats is perhaps the most complete catalogue of launches and small boats that has been published by an American builder. It is particularly interesting for the great number of different styles of motor boats illustrated (from actual photographs) and described. If you are interested in boats you should get a copy. Address The Truscott Boat Manufacturing Company, St. Joseph, Mich., and mention RECREATION.

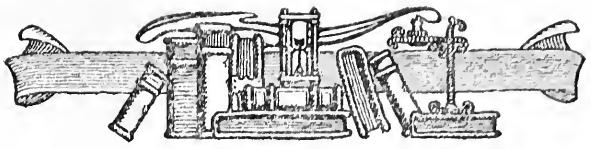
Marble's safety carver may be justly described as an "eight-inch pocket knife," for when folded it is absolutely safe and occupies a space of only 5-16 inch thick by 8 inches long. It weighs only 4 ounces. The blade is of razor steel. The U-shaped handle sections are of German silver, heavily reinforced at end where blade bears on them. When open the knife is as rigid as a one-piece knife. Boiling water cannot injure this handle. The knife may be quickly and easily closed by pushing back the clasp, grasping the sides of the blade with one hand and with the other pulling the outer handle down and back; then the blade is folded and the clasp pushed over it. Many guides have seen this knife and all claim it fills to perfection a long felt want. The Marble Company makes a safety saw with 8-inch blade on

the same principle as the carver. It is invaluable to all people who go into the woods and especially so to the student of forestry and botany. Get a catalogue from the Marble Safety Axe Company, Gladstone, Mich.

Pointers to practical bait casters are contained in the new booklet of Jas. Heddon & Son, Dowagiac, Mich. Among other things, this booklet explains the advantage of artificial bait, provided you have the right kind of artificial bait and not a piece of painted wood with a fish hook attached. Many fishermen believe that in order to get the best results they should carry an assortment of bait and many have expressed the opinion that all they need is a good assortment of Dowagiac bait. The new booklet mentioned above shows the various Dowagiac minnows in their natural colors. It will be sent free by addressing Jas. Heddon & Son, Dowagiac, Mich.

Of especial interest to readers of RECREATION is the Film Premo No. 3 camera, catalogued this year by the Rochester Optical Company, Rochester, N. Y. This compact and beautiful model is ideal for those who seek recreation out of doors, possessing those qualities of compactness, ease of manipulation and absolute trustworthiness so essential in the camera which shall be a part of our vacation outfits. This camera uses exclusively the Premo film pack. The operation of the film pack is simplicity personified. A door is opened, the film pack placed inside, the door closed and all is ready for exposures. And there is the additional advantage of being enabled to develop at any time one or more exposures without waiting until the entire pack of twelve is exposed. In purchasing one has the choice of two excellent automatic shutters of different style and two different lenses. This camera is well worth investigation and we would advise our readers to write the manufacturers for a catalogue.

Our proof-reader has been deeply absorbed in the "Mystery of the Blue Goose," and the Chinook words were running in his mind when he corrected Mr. Beard's article on the squaw hitch, in the May number; consequently he made the definition of the aparejo and the alforja and the pack saddle interminably mixed. For the benefit of the tenderfeet, we will say that the aparejo is a pad which is placed over the blanket on the pack animal's back. The alforjas are the raw-hide saddle bags which are attached to the pack saddle and slung on each side.



NEW BOOKS

There were some folks who knew Andy Adams, the Cripple Creek, Colo., cowboy author, who prophesied that his "Log of a Cowboy" would be his last and only book. But the erstwhile cowpuncher, who has the distinction of being the author of the best story of the life of the old-time cowboys and cattlemen, has since published three other books equally as good. All four are "cowboy books," and so now Mr. Adams stands forth as the apostle and historian of the American cowboy.

In "The Outlet," that interesting character Tom Quirk, with whom we became so well acquainted in Mr. Adams' first book, now in the employ of Don Lovell, has charge of the exciting drive from Texas to Fort Buford, on a government beef contract. There is more action and less minute description of detail, so that it is even more entertaining than "The Log of a Cowboy," while just as circumstantial and veracious in its picture of the drive. Mr. Adams's descriptions of the tricks of the trade, the loyalty of man to man and the good fighting qualities which are pitted against treachery and sharp practices in this life on the plains are worth reading.

Great variety of incident and abundant action mark the fourteen cowboy stories in "Cattle Brands," and readers of the earlier books by Mr. Adams will recognize in some of the characters old friends of the camp-fire and trail. These are tales of the happenings of the cattle country in its least pastoral phases when the men are not on the trail,—stories of the desperado; of man to man difficulties; of queer characters; of the cowboy in the field of politics; the capture of outlaws by rangers; and the ransom of rich rancheros who have been kidnapped—subjects which no other writer is better qualified to handle than this veteran of the trail. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

For a sport at once manly and dangerous, the taking of the big game fishes of the ocean with rod and reel and with the spear takes rank with jungle hunting for big game. And favored with opportunities probably not duplicated by any other angler, with the training of a scientist, Charles Frederick Holder has been enabled to relate in his "The Log of a Sea Angler" probably more exciting adventures with big game fish than can be found in the writings of any other

angler. Between the lines the reader finds a splendid plea for fair play and a high standard of sport. Half of the book is devoted to the author's experiences in the Florida Keys and the rest to the California, Texas and New England coasts. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

Hitchcock's revised edition of "Every Man His Own Lawyer; Everybody's Law Book" is adapted to every State in the Union. When published some years ago "Every Man His Own Lawyer" was sold to the number of hundreds of thousands. The thousands who remember that book will want the new one, and any one, for that matter, will find the revised edition a valuable addition to the library. Hitchcock Publishing Company, New York.

"Practical Rowing," by Arthur W. Stevens, and "The Effects of Training," by Eugene A. Darling, M. D., and published in one volume by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, are an excellent addition to the literature of aquatic sports. Mr. Stevens takes up the definition of the terms used in coaching, the way to handle and steer a shell, the work of the men in an eight-oared crew as individuals and later as a crew from the point of view of the coach. A chapter devoted to sculling will be found helpful to beginners. Dr. Darling's contribution is an official study of two Harvard University crews at close range and includes observations of football training and overtraining. Charts are given showing effects of training on heart, temperature and weight, with deductions and suggestions—altogether an invaluable contribution to a subject of which there is still far too little general understanding.

"The Race of the Swift," by Edwin Carlile Litsey, is one of the few commendable nature books telling the life histories of wild animals. Mr. Litsey is a keen observer and he manages to write forcefully without departing from reasonable probability. Nor does he declare in preface that his stories are true chronicles of the lives of certain wild animals of his acquaintance. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

"The Book of Boats" is a little volume by Raymond Cavanagh in which the author dwells at greatest length on the queer prototypes of the modern small boat, and concludes with a chapter on modern types. It should prove interesting to those who, being boat lovers, desire to know something of primitive methods of building man-handled craft. Published by Raymond Cavanagh, St. Paul, Minn.

In "The Complete Golfer" Harry Vardon, the celebrated professional, in addition to a most thorough course of instruction for playing the game, gives a very entertaining history of his experience as a golfer. The chapter on "The Construction of Courses" should be of much value to clubs in embryo, Mr. Vardon's wide experience fitting him to write authoritatively concerning this most important phase of starting a golf club. There are some fifty handsome illustrations from photographs and pen-and-ink diagrams, which are invaluable as showing the best methods of play. The rules of the game are given in an appendix. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

"Bob and the Guides," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, might have been a better book if "Bob" (who, by the way, is Paul Shipman Andrews, and seemingly a youthful brother-in-law of the author) had written it himself, although too much cannot be said for the grace, the spirit and the unvarying skill with which the story is told. No woman can fully understand a boy, and least of all one of those rugged chaps, like "Bob," who take to the woods as naturally as a young terrier takes to chasing cats. Another fault of the book is that the narrative is snatched away from the boy and handed over to his big brother when the book is but half finished, and there are chapters, among them "Bill the Trapper," which was a magazine short story once and concerns a city lad who trapped his big sister's beau in a city park, that seem to have been sneaked in to eke out a 350-page book. "Bob" is manifestly more of a success as a boy of the flesh than Mrs. Andrews has been able to make of him in book form. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"A Self-Supporting Home," by Kate V. Saint Maur, will prove of value to city wives that are turning to the country for a better lot in life. It narrates the experiences, sometimes costly but always interesting, of the author in establishing a self-supporting home near Chatham, N. J., and takes the reader through the twelve months of the year, making valuable suggestions and giving rules for the care of pet stock, poultry, bees, the family cow and the family horse, and for raising vegetables. While it will hardly be accepted as a text-book by the country bred, there is perhaps no book published which will be of equal value to those unlearned in the ways of country life. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

DUFFY'S APPLE JUICE

Sterilized Non-Alcoholic

"THE POPULAR BEVERAGE FOR ALL THE FAMILY"

DUFFY'S APPLE JUICE is nature s best drink. It cleanses and tones up the system, reddens the cheek and brightens the eye. Its flavor is the taste of ripe, fresh apples; refreshing and healthful.

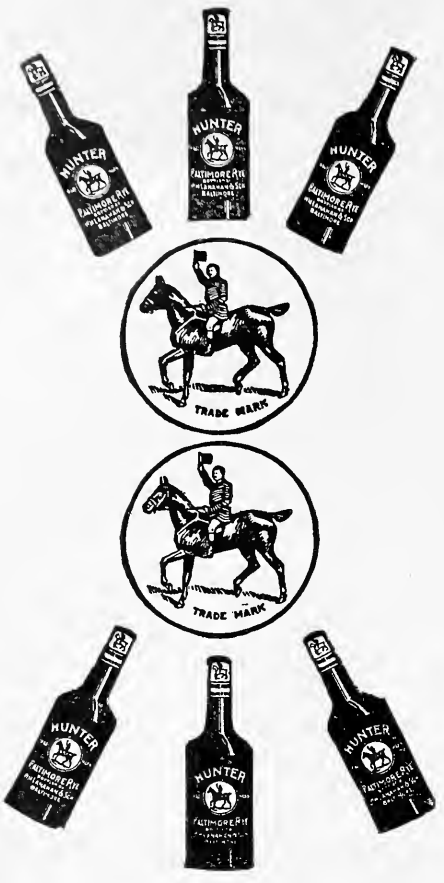
DUFFY'S APPLE JUICE is pure Apple Juice; uncontaminated by the use of preservatives. It is sterilized and non-alcoholic; equally refreshing at feast or fireside. It retains a pungent, snappy flavor, that makes it a favorite family beverage; acceptable alike to peasant or king.

Sold by all first class grocers and druggists. If your dealer cannot supply you send us $3.00 for trial dozen bottles; all charges prepaid to any part of the United States.

DUFFY'S Mother Goose book for the children sent free on request.

AMERICAN FRUIT PRODUCT CO.

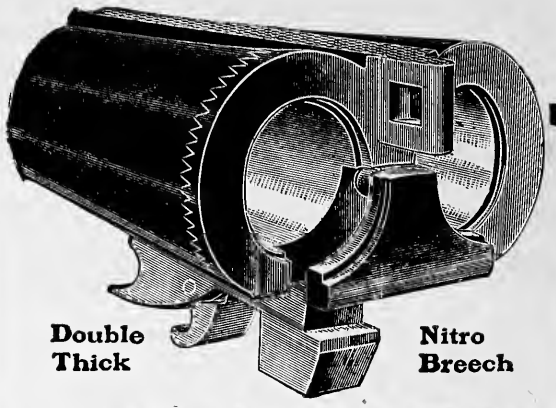
19 WHITE STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE

IS THE WHISKEY OF REFINED TASTE—THE CONNOISSEUR'S FIRST CHOICE

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



ITHACA GUNS

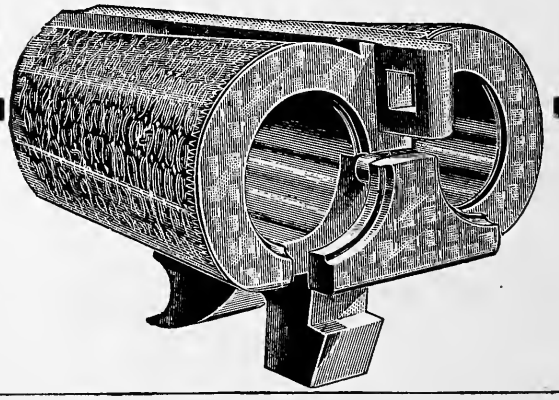
FEW shooters realize that the pressure exerted at the breech by an ordinary load of Nitro powder, runs up as high as six to ten thousand pounds to the square inch and in some cases even much higher.

¶ To stand this enormous strain with safety, it is necessary that the barrels be extra strong and heavy at the breech, where strain is greatest.

¶ We have barrels made to our special order with extra heavy, double thick, Nitro breech, which will stand a bursting pressure of about 40,000 pounds to the square inch, thus insuring absolute safety to the shooter.

¶ Send for Art Catalog describing our full line of guns—seventeen grades in all, ranging in price from $17.75 net to $300 list.

Ithaca Gun Co.
Ithaca—New York
Lock Box No. 3



The *Marlin* Baby Featherweight Repeater. A new high-grade .22 caliber repeating rifle which weighs only 3 pounds 10 ounces!

But this gun is no toy. It is a new and business-like rifle: It combines all the good old *Marlin* features—solid top, side ejection and simple mechanism — with the newer sliding forearm action which is so easy to work without spoiling the aim.

The reduction of cost and weight is positively not at the expense of *Marlin* quality. The high standard *Marlin* drop forgings are used in the breech block, frame and inside working parts. The rifle has the pleasant *Marlin* balance. Both .22 short and .22 long-rifle cartridges can, by means of an extra carrier, be used in the same gun—a *Marlin* feature which all rifle shooters greatly enjoy.

The *Marlin* standard of accuracy is maintained in the highest degree by the most careful boring and the deepest grooving, which last care gives the barrel about double the life of the product of other rifle makers.

Take a *Marlin* Featherweight on your fishing trip or to the summer camp. Take one home to the farm or wherever your vacation finds you, and see what pleasure a good, light .22 caliber repeater can add to your outing.

It is an ideal squirrel rifle and can be relied upon to get all the killing power there is out of any .22 cartridge in hunting any sort of small game.

If your dealer cannot supply you write us direct. A complete description of this wonderful little rifle is given in our 1906 Catalogue. Sent FREE for six cents postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co., 30 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

---

100 STRAIGHT

By E. C. GRIFFITH

In a Team Match at Watertown, Mass., May 5th, 1906, He Shot

DEAD SHOT SMOKELESS POWDER

The New Bulk Powder for Shot Guns.

E. C. Griffith, twice winner of the grand American handicap, killed 100 straight.

When Griffith had killed 75 straight, interest in his work increased, and as he scored kill after kill without a miss the enthusiasm was intense.

When he took the mark for the last five birds every eye in the crowd, which, by the way, was by far the largest ever seen at the local range, was on him.

As the scorer called the remaining kills, everybody was on tiptoe, and as this wonderful shot knocked the 100th bird to pieces a mighty shout went up. — *Boston Globe.*

Have *your* shells loaded with "Dead Shot Smokeless." Your dealer will gladly supply it. If you are in doubt write to us. Write to us anyway for booklet.

AMERICAN POWDER MILLS

BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

ST. LOUIS, MO. **CHICAGO, ILL.**

Ranch Life for All

WHY not spend your vacation on a Ranch? *Custer Trail Ranch* is situated in the heart of the great free range country, in the Bad Lands of North Dakota. Hundreds of horses and cattle roam at will over this vast range, and here at *Custer Trail Ranch* you can see the actual work of the old time cowboy and broncho buster. The roping, branding, breaking and riding of horses, as well as the handling of stock in general, is to be seen here, as it was all over the West a generation ago. The scenery is picturesque beyond description and the summer climate nearly ideal. We issue a descriptive illustrated folder which will be sent you, free of charge, by addressing

Custer Trail Ranch *Medora, North Dakota*

JUST THE PLACE FOR THE BOYS

The most unique resort in America

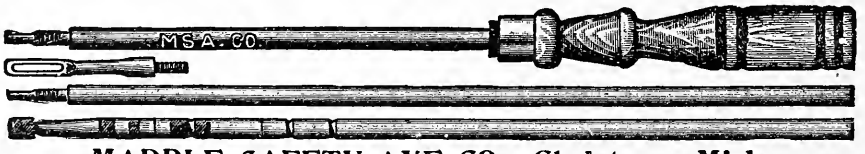
Marble's Jointed Rifle Rod

This rod will not "wobble," bend or break at the joints. As will be seen by the accompanying sectional cut, when its three sections are screwed home, it is, to all intents, as solid as a continuous single-piece rod.

A long, neatly fitting, steel dowel enters the recess prepared for it in its solid brass section and imparts to the rod a special rigidity which the screw, thus relieved of all side strain upon it, backs up. It has two steel joints, steel swivel at its end and is fitted with handsome cocobola handle. Two detachable tips.

Any cleaner will fit.

Ask your dealer first.



Price, prepaid, $1.00

State calibre.

Send for 56-page catalogue "A"

MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO., Gladstone, Mich.

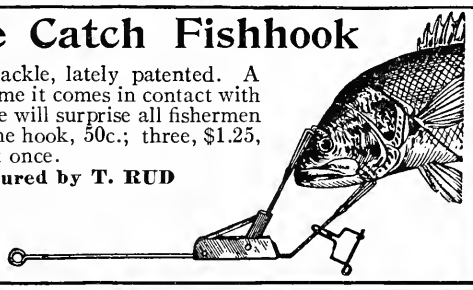
The Sure Catch Fishhook

is a nickel-plated tackle, lately patented. A fish is caught each time it comes in contact with the bait. This tackle will surprise all fishermen who use same. One hook, 50c.; three, $1.25, postpaid. Write at once.

Manufactured by T. RUD

629 Artesian Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

DEALERS WANTED.



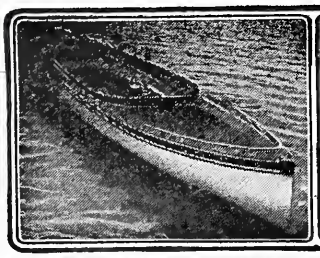
YACHT SAILS AND SUPPLIES

Everything necessary and everything to add comfort and safety to yachts of any description.

Motor Boat Fixings, Complete Camping Outfits, Yacht Tenders, Boats and Canoes.

A complete line in every particular. Write us or call.

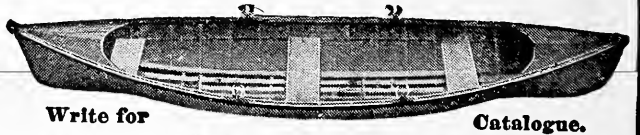
JOHN C. HOPKINS & CO., 119 Chambers St., N. Y.



Mullins Steel Boats

Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats

built of steel with air chambers in each end like a life boat. Faster, more buoyant, practically indestructible, don't leak, dry out and are absolutely safe. **They can't sink.** No calking, no bailing, no trouble. Every boat is guaranteed. Highly endorsed by sportsmen. The ideal boat for pleasure, summer resorts, parks, etc.



Write for Catalogue.

The W. H. Mullins Company, 320 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio

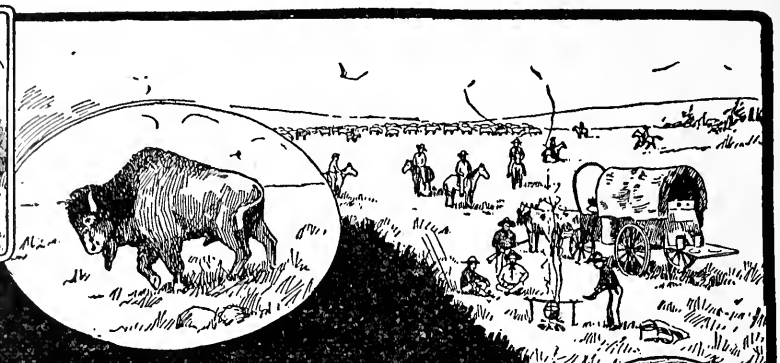
WINCHESTER

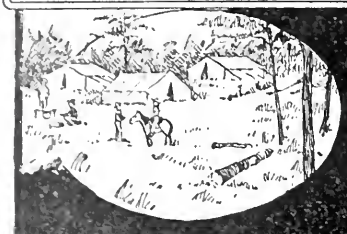
.22 CALIBER AUTOMATIC RIFLE.

This handsome, handy little take-down rifle, like history, repeats itself. As a means of pleasure and sport it is as far ahead of any other .22 caliber as an automobile is ahead of the historic one horse shay. True lovers of sport find great fun with it shooting moving small game where shotguns have heretofore generally been used. After loading this rifle, all that it is necessary to do to shoot it ten times is to pull the trigger for each shot. Although automatic in action, it is simple in construction and not apt to get out of order. For city, country or camp it is the gun of the day. To get the best results alway use Winchester make of cartridges in this rifle.

Ask your dealer to show you one.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.





PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT says

"the ideal place to spend a
Summer Vacation is on a Western Ranch."

On THE 101 RANCH

one can lead the free and easy life of the western cowboy, gain 20 pounds in weight and go home with some color in one's cheeks.

We will furnish you comfortable quarters, a private saddle horse and cowboy equipments, the fat of the land for the camp with experienced and reliable men to guide and entertain you. Riding, roping, fishing, swimming, polo games and all kinds of out door sports and cattle round-ups.

THE 101 RANCH is the largest farm and ranch in the United States, located in the garden spot of Oklahoma. Our herd of Buffalo is the finest in existence.

If interested send for our free Booklet "On 101 Ranch" giving full information. (Those ordering only through curiosity enclose 10c in stamps.)

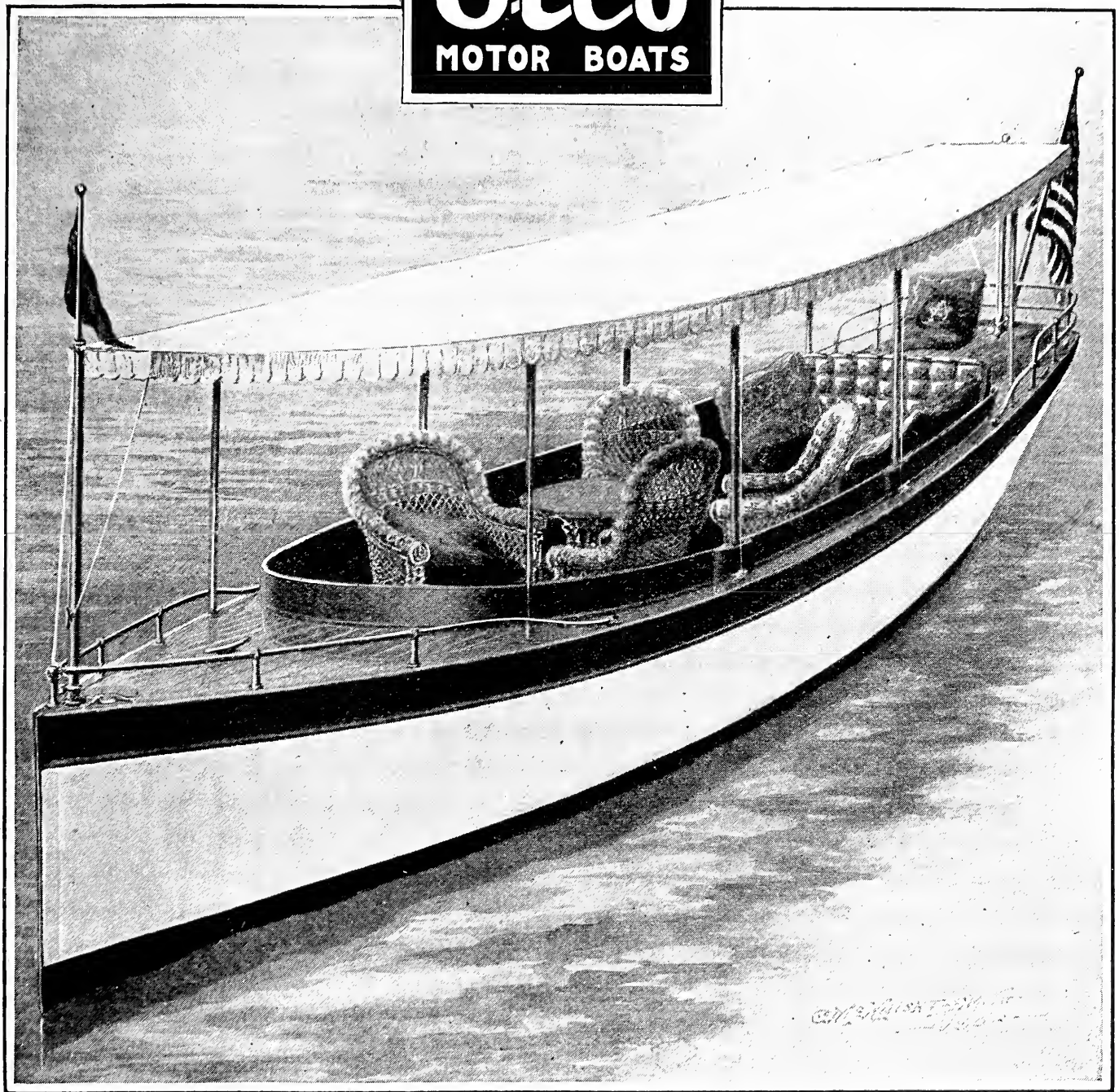
MILLER BROTHERS, 101 RANCH,
BLISS OKLAHOMA.

TROUT FISHING ON THE ERIE

THE best trout fishing akin to the Metropolitan District is reached by the ERIE lines. These span from Manhattan into the fastnesses of Orange and Sullivan counties, New York; and Pike and Wayne counties, Pennsylvania. ERIE expresses carry you quickly from the city to the half-hidden delights of coursing rivers and mountain brooks. Bulletins of Information for Anglers issued weekly after season opens. Send request to be placed on mailing list. "Fishing on the Picturesque Erie," 96-page booklet ready for distribution after April 10, 1906. Ask any Erie ticket agent in New York or Brooklyn.

R. H. WALLACE, General Passenger Agent, New York

Elco
MOTOR BOATS



25-Foot Electric Launch — 65 Miles on One Charge

Electric Launches

ABSOLUTELY SAFE — **RELIABLE** — **NOISELESS**

All the comforts of the summer cottage piazza while afloat, can be operated by a lady.

"THE IDEAL LAUNCH"

Where no electric current is available for recharging the batteries, we now furnish electric launches equipped with a "Charging Motor," which makes them independent of all outside electrical supply and serviceable for use on all mountain lakes, rivers, and the remote sections of the country.

Elco Gasoline Motor Boats
21 ft. to 110 ft. in length of any type.

You choose the engine, we build the boat, or we furnish it complete, fully guaranteed.

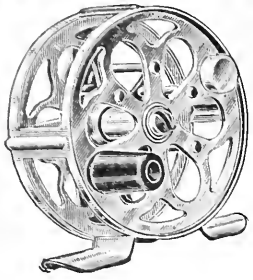
Send 4 cents for Illustrated Catalogue.

THE ELECTRIC LAUNCH CO.
Main Office and Works:
170 AVENUE A, BAYONNE, N. J.

Chicago-Office and Showroom
1409 Michigan Ave.

The Best is Good Enough

"Featherlight"



FEATURES

LIGHTEST reel made. Less than 3 oz.

STRONGEST reel made for its weight.

CHEAPEST reel made for its worth.

PARTICULARS

MATERIAL— the best.

FRAME AND REEL SEAT— made of one piece — durable. Frame also perforated, affording ventilation to line so it is drying while in use. Prevents rotting of line and losing your fish.

SPOOL— runs easy, large, fast winding, removable, convenient.

CLICK— back sliding, of hardened steel, equalled only in most expensive reels. (Beware of reels with brass click and bearings.)

FINISH — nickel or bronze — will not rust.

WORKMANSHIP — the best throughout.
We make all repairs free. No other maker will.

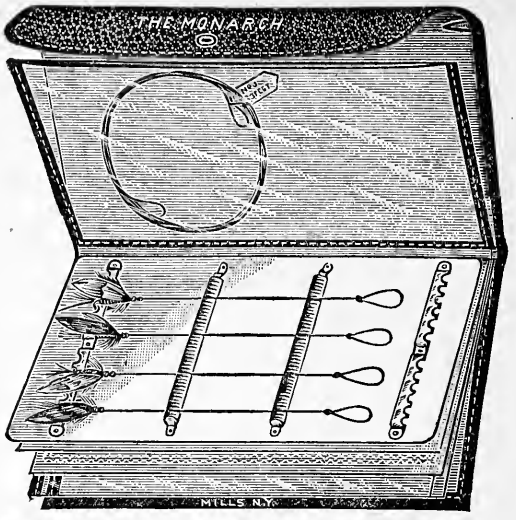
PRICE — 40 yards Trout, 85 cents; 60 yards Trout or Bass, $1.25; 100 yards Bass (Trolling), $1.75. All dealers.

Look for stamp, "Featherlight."
Illustrated booklet free on request.

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO.

17 Prospect Street, Newark, N. J.

Also "Takapart" and "Expert" Reels, and "Harrimac" Landing Nets.



"Monarch" Fly Book

With transparent pockets, as illustrated — Each

No. 141. ONE LEAF, HOLDS 48 FLIES, $1.50
No. 142. TWO LEAVES, HOLDS 48 FLIES, $2.50
No. 163. THREE LEAVES, HOLDS 72 FLIES, $3.00

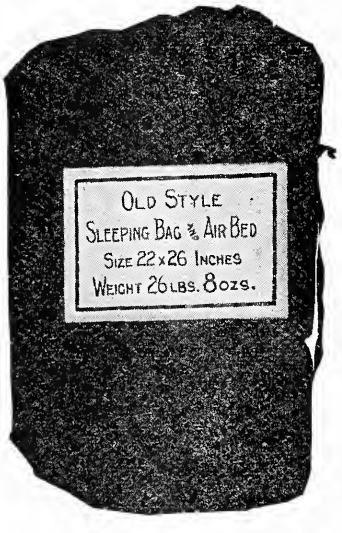
Our Reputation for Fine Fishing Tackle is Established

We are also pre-eminent for **Medium** and **Cheaper** Goods
Our Stock contains **Everything** for the Angler
Trout Booklet mailed free on request

WILLIAM MILLS & SON

22 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK

ESTABLISHED 1822



The Deadly Parallel!

The above reproduction from a photograph tells the story of our

COMFORT SLEEPING POCKET

To those who camp, are interested in fisheries, mines, surveying crews, logging outfits, etc., whether the camp outfit is to be packed in wagons, on mules or on the back, the *main object* is to *save weight and bulk*. Circular "B" gives full particulars. Free. Agents wanted in every town in the U. S.

Metropolitan Air Goods Co., 114 to 120 Hoven St., Reading, Mass., U.S.A.

WE WANT to place our catalogue in the hands of every sportsman. It not only tells of the

L. C. Smith Hammerless

and **Ejector Guns** and the

HUNTER One Trigger

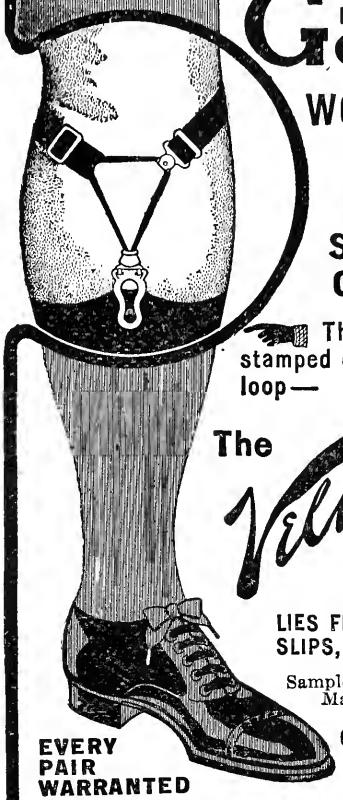
but it contains much information about ammunition, the value of having your gun properly fitted, the correct way to order a gun and many other little things every sportsman should know. This book is free and we want you to have one — just your name on a postal will bring a copy by return mail.

Hunter Arms Co.

Fulton, N. Y.

THE IMPROVED

Boston Garter



WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES OFFERED YOU

The Name is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

ALWAYS EASY

Used by U. S. Signal Corps.

GENEVA

Superior Binocular

$15.

Our handsome book, *The Near Distance* sent free on request

Its magnifying power, field view and clearness of definition is seldom equalled, even in those binoculars costing twice as much. Ask your dealer for it. If he has none in stock, send us $15 and receive one on approval. If not satisfactory, return it (at our expense). We will cheerfully refund your money.

GENEVA OPTICAL CO., 49 Linden St., Geneva, N. Y.

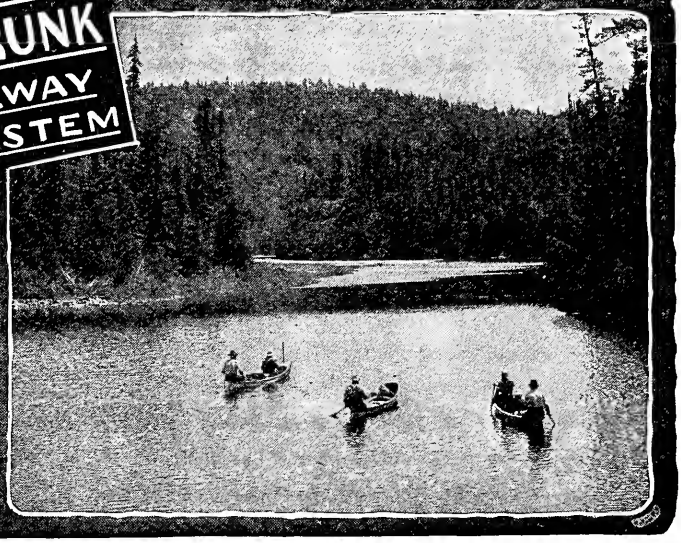
EXCLUSIVE SALES AGENTS

F. G. Wilson, Ithaca, N. Y. H. C. Watts, Syracuse, N. Y.
Buffalo Optical Co., 532 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
C. H. Wood, 1153 Washington St., Oakland, California
E. E. Bausch & Son, East Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

TEMAGAMI

A Land of Lakes and Rivers

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM



A Peerless Region for the Tourist, Camper, Canoeist, Angler and Sportsman

A new territory accessible by rail and offering the best fishing and shooting in America. Scenery unexcelled, **hay fever unknown,** magnificent canoe trips.

Black bass, speckled trout, lake trout, wall-eyed pike in abundance. Moose, deer, bear, partridge and other game during hunting season.

Handsomely illustrated book telling you all about it sent free on application to

G. W. Vaux, 917 Merchants Loan & Trust Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
F. P. Dwyer, 290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
T. H. Hanley, 360 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
W. Robinson, 506 Park Building, Pittsburg, Pa.
Or to G. T. BELL,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Montreal, Canada.

ST. LOUIS

"Rigs That Run"

TYPE XVI

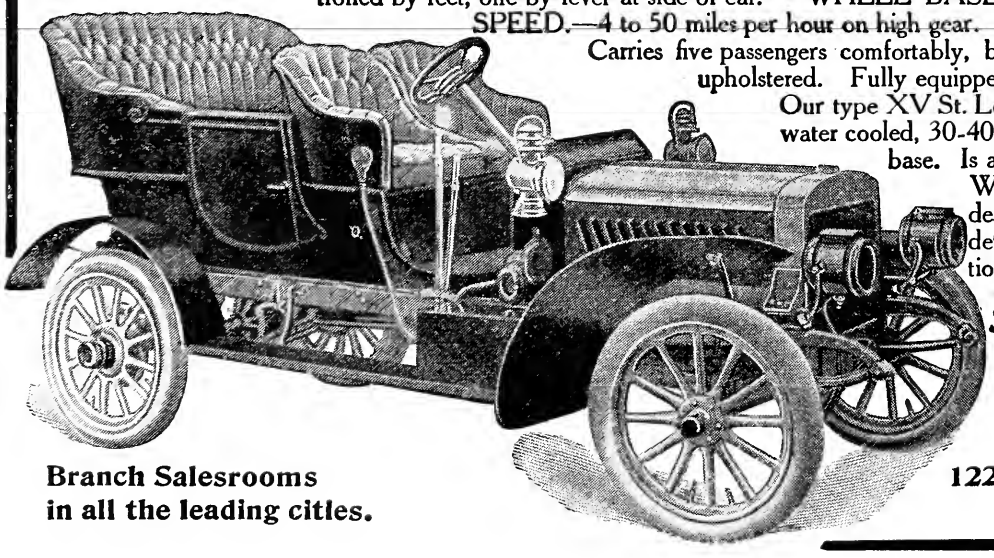
32-36 ACTUAL H. P.
Touring Car, Price $2500.

THE crowning triumph of fifteen years' experience in building gasoline automobiles. A car that embodies all the latest practical improvements and several superior individual features. It is the dependable car of the season — easy to operate, economical to maintain, noiseless, powerful, and fast. Investigate the St. Louis carefully before purchasing your car. It will pay you.

MOTOR.—Four cylinder vertical, under hood, water cooled. Develops 32-36 Actual H. P.
TRANSMISSION.—Sliding type, three speeds forward and reverse. All shifts made with one lever.
CONTROL.— New style rack and pinion with ball and socket joints. Spark and throttle control placed conveniently under steering gear. DRIVE.—Bevel gear. BRAKES.—Three, will hold car at any grade. Two controlled by feet, one by lever at side of car. WHEEL BASE.—110 inches.
SPEED.—4 to 50 miles per hour on high gear. FRAME.—Pressed Steel.
Carries five passengers comfortably, beautifully finished, luxuriously upholstered. Fully equipped, $2,500.

Our type XV St. Louis Touring Car is 4 cylinder, water cooled, 30-40 Actual H.P. 104 inch wheel base. Is a beauty. Price, $2,200.

Write to-day for new illustrated descriptive catalog giving full details of both types and mention edition K.



St. Louis Motor Car Co.
PEORIA - ILL.

General Sales Office:
1229-1231 Michigan Ave.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Branch Salesrooms in all the leading cities.

Dupont Smokeless

IS NO EXPERIMENT

But is the Finished Product of

Over 100 Years' Experience

in Powder Making

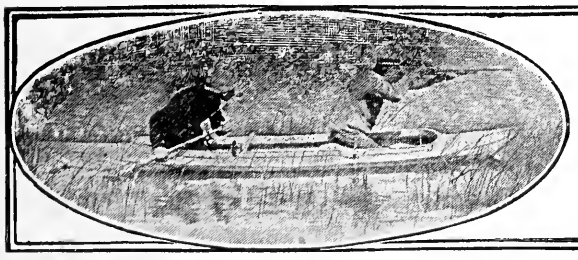
It is made in America by MEN WHO KNOW HOW

E. I. DuPONT COMPANY, Wilmington, Del.

THE OUTING LAUNCH Complete $250.

Superior to all boats of its class. Embodies all latest practical improvements and the unsurpassed "Outing" features. Light draft, speedy, regular launch construction, reversing engine. Eighteen feet long on water line. Immediate shipment. In short, the boat that appeals to the experienced boatman. Our catalogue gives details. Write and get it to-day.

OUTING BOAT CO., 13512 South Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.



MULLINS STEEL BOATS

Motor Boats, Rowboats, Hunting and Fishing Boats

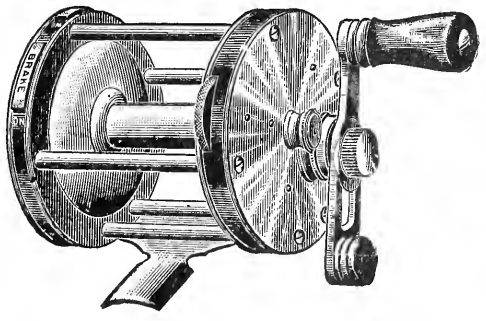
built of steel with air chambers in each end like a lifeboat. Faster, more buoyant, practically indestructible, don't leak, dry out and are absolutely safe. **They can't sink.** No calking, no bailing, no trouble. Every boat is guaranteed. Highly endorsed by sportsmen. The ideal boats for pleasure or sport. Catalogue describing our complete line of craft sent free on request.

The W. H. Mullins Co., 320 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio

Professional Bait Casting with a free running spool

A New Reel for 1906

Ask your dealer to explain, or send for description



CARLTON MANUFACTURING CO., Rochester, N. Y.

There is Nothing Too Quick for a

Graflex Camera

It is the Ideal Outfit for High-Speed Work

YOU SEE THE PICTURE FULL SIZE AT THE INSTANT OF EXPOSURE

and right side up — not inverted. The Shutter is of the focal plane type, working directly in front of the sensitive plate or film. Range of speed varies from *one-thousandth* of a second to time exposures of any duration. No little finder or focusing scale necessary. All guess-work eliminated. New 1906 Catalogue mailed free.

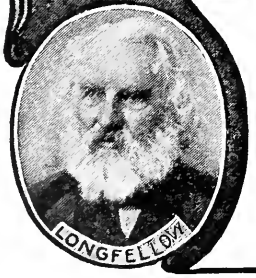
Folmer & Schwing Co.

Rochester, N. Y.

VISIT THE BEAUTIFUL LAND of Evangeline Nova Scotia

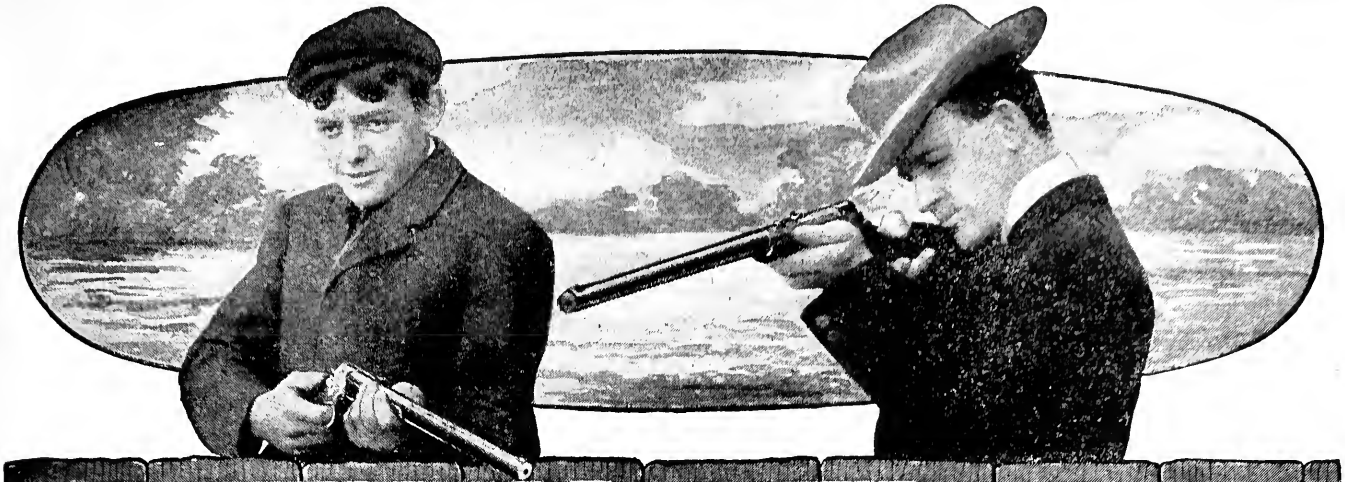
Boston to Yarmouth Halifax and St. John

Dominion Atlantic Railway Line



The main highway of travel from Boston to all points in the Maritime Provinces is via Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Daily service from Long Wharf (foot State Street) (except Saturday) in effect about July 1, the magnificent steamers "Prince George," "Prince Arthur," and "Boston" in commission. Meantime, sailings Tuesday and Friday at 2 P.M. For all information, rates, folders, tours, etc., particularly illustrated booklets "Summer Homes in Nova Scotia" and "Vacation Days in Nova Scotia," write to

J. F. MASTERS, New England Supt.,
Long Wharf, Boston, Mass.
F. H. ARMSTRONG, G.P.A.,
Kentville, Nova Scotia.



STEVENS

YOUR Grandfather shot a **STEVENS** forty years ago, and secured first-rate results. Still making 'em at the same place—the greatest variety of **Rifles, Shotguns, Pistols**—produced by one manufacturer. **"Stevens"—"Reliability"—"Accuracy"** are still synonymous terms, too!

Ask your dealer and insist on our popular make. If you cannot obtain, we ship direct, *carriage charges prepaid*, upon receipt of catalog price.

Send for 140-page illustrated catalog. If interested in SHOOTING, you ought to have it. Mailed for four cents in stamps to cover postage.

Our attractive three-color Aluminum Hanger will be sent anywhere for 10 cents in stamps.

J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL COMPANY
Post Office Box 444
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS, U. S. A.

Actual size picture.

Premoette Pictures

are characterized by that clearness and definition peculiar to all Premo pictures.

Premoette is the most compact daylight loading film camera ever manufactured, being one-third smaller than any other 2¼ x 3¼ camera on the market.

Premoette takes the twelve exposure Premo Film Pack from which one or more films can be removed for development at any time.

Premoette weighs but 11 ounces, costs but $5.00.

Write for catalogue.

Rochester Optical Company
46 South Street **Rochester, N. Y.**

Asthma

HOW to get relief from attacks.
to obtain natural and refreshing sleep.
to regain vigorous health.
to be permanently Cured.

These are burning questions, but are fully answered by the cures made through our Constitutional Treatment.

The careful examination of every case, medicines prescribed to meet the needs of each individual patient and the close observation through weekly reports of every one under our care constitute the secret of our success.

Our Book R answers all.
It's FREE; a postal will bring it; write to-day

Address P. HAROLD HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.

CRANBERRY LAKE REGION OF THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

a section full of large fish is described in New York Central Lines Four-Track Series No. 32, which contains a beautiful map of this region printed in four colors. Copy will be sent free, pos paid, on receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, Manager, General Advertising Department, Room 48, Grand Central Station, New York.

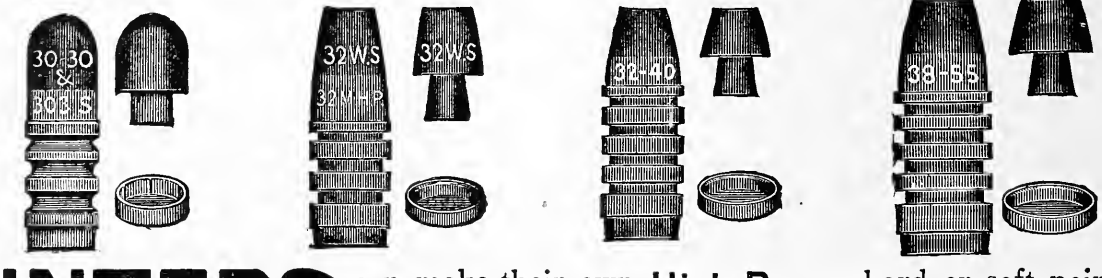
THE NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

TAKE YOU TO THIS REGION FROM EVERY DIRECTION

C. F. DALY
Passenger Traffic Manager
NEW YORK

W. J. LYNCH
Passenger Traffic Manager
CHICAGO

No. 308291 **No. 321297** **No. 319295** **No. 375296**



HUNTERS can make their own **High Power** hard or soft point bullets, with two moulds, and keep some **Cash** in their pocket-books for powder, instead of spending it all for high-priced metal covered bullets that **wear out the barrels.** Send us the calibre of your rifle with three two-cent stamps for sample bullet and descriptive circular.

The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast.
When you write please mention RECREATION.

IDEAL MANUFACTURING CO., 12 U Street, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

TOQUET

Marine Motor

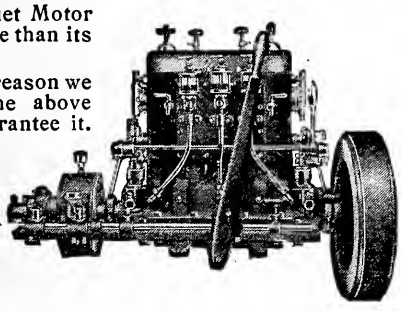
2 H. P. to 100 H. P.

A Premium with Every Motor

We will give, absolutely free, with every Toquet Motor (according to size) ½ to 4 H. P. more than is paid for.

Every Toquet Motor develops more than its rated H. P.

That's the reason we can make the above offer and guarantee it.



Catalogue sent on receipt of three 2c stamps.

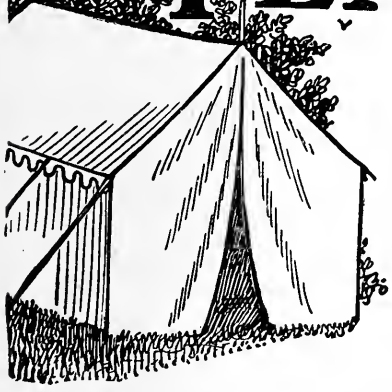
THE TOQUET MOTOR CO.

29 East Twenty-third Street, New York

Metropolitan Building

G. EDUARD SHAW, General Manager

TENTS



Do not think of buying a tent until you have received our 50-page illustrated catalogue showing tents suitable for every purpose and quoting factory prices.

4 Room Family Compartment Tents, Wall Tents, Sportsmen's and Campers' Tents, Children's Play Tents.

In fact everything in the Tent line at right prices.

FOND DU LAC AWNING AND TENT CO.

Dept. 11, Fond Du Lac, Wis.

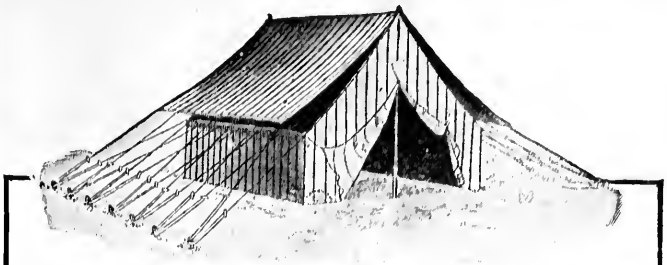
Are You Going Camping?

7x7 SPECIAL WATERPROOF WALL TENTS, $8.25

Our Special Waterproof Wall Tents are the acme of comfort and convenience. They are a light brown color and do not attract insects. Catalog H of Camp and Canoe Outfits contains a complete line of Canoes, Tents, Cots, Camp Cook Outfits, Furniture, etc. Send for it now. Mailed on request.

***The* Charles J. Godfrey Company**

111 Chambers Street, New York, U. S. A.



Going to Camp?

We Can Fit You Out

All kinds of Tents, Camp Furniture and Supplies for Campers.

While manufacturing thousands of tents under Government contract and executing enormous contracts for railroad builders, we are enabled to make and sell tents direct to the public at prices, quality considered, which dealers or even smaller manufacturers cannot *approach.*

For instance, the magnificent Wall Tent shown above we make in various sizes, **from $5.61 up.** And you have the **CHANNON** guarantee of quality!

Send for Catalog of Wall Tents, Family Tents with rooms (like a summer cottage), Golf and Garden Tents, Circus Canvases, etc.; also Camp Furniture, Hammocks, Bags, Yacht Sails, **Flags** of all kinds—everything that can be made of canvas or canvas and leather; all shipped **direct from our factory,** probably the largest canvas goods factory in the United States. Write for free catalog quoting special prices. **Write for the catalog today.**

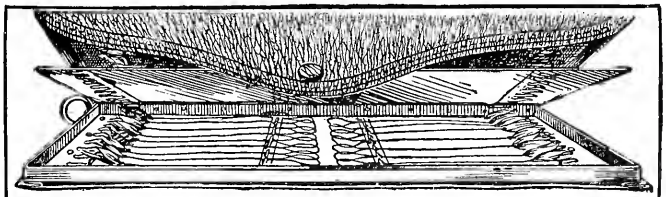
H. Channon Company.

28 Market St., Dept. 10F Chicago

Here is our Genuine Indian Wigwam

4 feet high, 5 feet in diameter, heavy sheeting, decorated in genuine Indian design. Suitable for yard and lawn. *Just the thing for the children!* **$1.50**

7½ foot Wigwams, heavy canvas, for large boys and adults, **$4.00** and **$5.00.**



Service Fly Book and Soak Box combined is absolutely moth-proof and keeps loop and gut moist without dampening the flies.

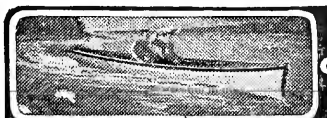
Service Flies of natural feathers dressed on tested hooks and gut.

All other anglers' accessories, all of highest quality. Makers of the now famous **Diamond Metal Whipped Rods.**

Catalog-Booklet Free on Request.

THE ANGLERS CO. INC.

907 MAIN STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.



16 FOOT LAUNCH COMPLETE WITH ENGINE $96

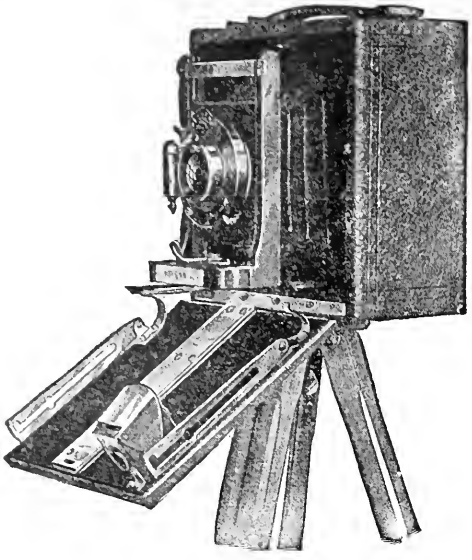
WE ARE THE LARGEST BUILDERS OF BOATS & LAUNCHES IN THE WORLD

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

ALL BOATS FITTED WITH WATER TIGHT COMPARTMENTS CAN NOT SINK.

WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF BOATS READY TO SHIP.

MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO. 1395 JEFFERSON AVE DETROIT MICH

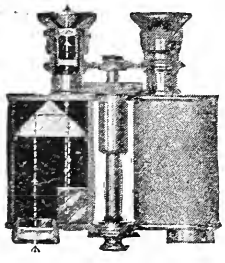


A KORONA FEATURE

Korona Cameras

at first sight give an impression of fine workmanship which is intensified by attention to details. It is obvious that they are produced with the object of pleasing those who appreciate goods made in the very best manner.

Those more critical of practical Camera construction will place a higher value on the simplicity and effectiveness of the adjustments and their high grade Lens equipment.



One Look Through a

Turner-Reich Prismatic Binocular

will convince you that the ordinary field glass at any price is a waste of money. Every sportsman needs a binocular. With a Turner-Reich Binocular you can examine your game before it comes into shooting range.

IT'S ALL IN THE LENS

Sold only by Anti-Trust dealers and direct from the factory

Gundlach-Manhattan Optical Company

790 Clinton Ave., So., Rochester, N. Y.

COOPER'S SPRING NEEDLE UNDERWEAR

Appeals to Men of fine Habits in Dress

Made of a Spring Needle fabric of remarkable elasticity, knitted on machines of our own invention and manufacture. The garments made from this fabric are of the finest yarns and their hygienic value is unsurpassed. They always retain their original shape, even after the hardest wear. **From first to last they maintain that same elegant, silky feel and easy, comfortable and natural fit.** They are made in two-piece and union suits, in the various sizes, weights and colors.

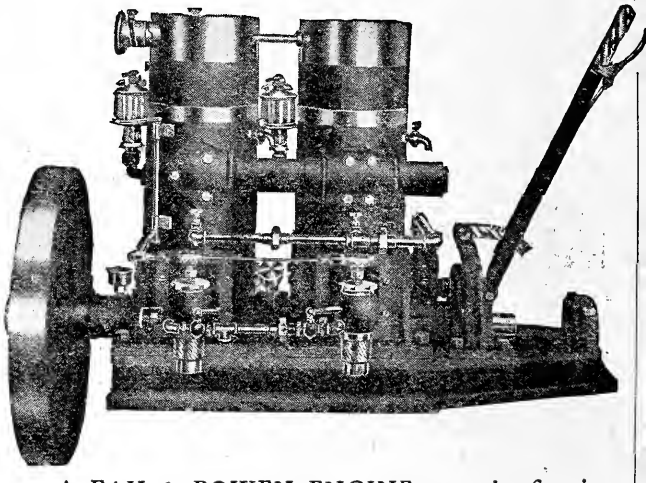
COOPER'S TRADE MARK DERBY & RIBBED REGISTERED UNDERWEAR

Ask for the genuine Cooper's Derby Ribbed Underwear and look for this trade-mark. Handsome Booklet on Request.

COOPER MFG CO. BENNINGTON, VT.

A Fay & Bowen Engine

Took One First and One Second Prize in the Palm Beach Races in February.



A FAY & BOWEN ENGINE came in first in the Chicago-Mackinaw Endurance run last summer, running the 39 hours without a single stop.

A Reliable Two-Cycle Machine started without a crank.

Our unique Make-and-Break Sparker is admitted to be the best.

Write for free catalogue of Motors and Fine Boats.

Fay & Bowen Engine Co.

74 Lake Street, Geneva, N. Y.

RUSHTON CANOES

When a man goes on a canoe-trip he goes in a canoe he knows, from his own experience or the experience of others, will stand a great amount of wear and tear—yet, light enough to be easily handled on "carrys."

That Canoe is a Rushton. In it is the best material that can be had—moulded together by 31 years of practical experience in canoe building. It is these years of thought and study, so thoroughly worked out in *Rushton Canoes*, that give them their great strength and durability—their steadiness, lightness and gracefulness.

My "Indian Girl" model is a favorite and holds its own year in and year out. The frame is of Northern White Cedar and is covered with a specially prepared canvas, which makes it light and staunch.

Lengths: 15, 16, 17 and 18 feet. Weight: 56-80 lbs.

Net Price: $32 to $44. F. O. B. Cars at Canton, N.Y.

My illustrated catalogue of rowboats, all cedar and canvas covered canoes, sailing and cruising canoes, paddles, oars, sails, fittings, etc., sent free to those interested.

J. H. RUSHTON, - - - 817 Water Street, Canton, New York

DON'T BLAME THE REEL

if it fails you at a critical moment. Don't give it a chance to fail you—use "3-in-One" and it *never* will! This oil keeps the reel's sensitive mechanism in perfect order. "3-in-One" is the one sure and safe reel lubricant. Won't gum; won't dry out. Contains no acid. It absolutely *prevents* rust. Apply it to rod joints, they will come apart easily. Use on rod, —it's good for wood—promotes pliability. Rub on line, prevents rotting. Trial bottle sent FREE by G. W. COLE CO., 122 Washington Life Building, New York City.

HAWKEYE Refrigerator BASKET

Exactly so—a **Basket Refrigerator!** Keeps luncheon delightfully cool for **Picnickers, Sportsmen, Travellers, Automobilists** and **Office-people.** Strong rattan body, hinged lid, non-rusting metal-lining, interlined with asbestos and hair felt. Removable ice compartment. Bottom dressed with mineral paint—proof against dampness. Special sizes for automobiles on request.

Size 2, 20x13, 10 inches deep, $3 50
Size 1, 18x10, 8 inches deep $3.25
Size 0, 13x9, 7 inches deep $2.50

Let us mail you Free illustrated booklet with endorsements from folks you know.

BURLINGTON BASKET CO.
604 Main St., Burlington, Ia.

Use This Basket 30 Days at Our Risk

If your hardware dealer does not have Hawkeye Refrigerator Baskets, send us his name and we will ship you a basket to try. Pay for it if it "makes good." Otherwise return it at our expense.

Have you a Dog?

We will send, if you mention its breed, **Polk Miller's Great Book on Dogs; How to Take Care of Them; Sen. Vest's Eloquent Tribute to a Dog,** and **A Yellow Dog's Love for a Nigger** (the famous poem) all for 10c, just to advertise **Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies.** Address,

POLK MILLER DRUG CO.
863 Main St., Richmond, Va.

One Mail has Contained 143 Orders.
$95.50
BUYS STEEL LAUNCH
READY TO RUN
Steel Row Boats $20.00 and UPWARDS
PEOPLE'S LAUNCHES at PEOPLE'S PRICES
DETROIT STEEL BOAT WORKS
1895 JEFFERSON AVE. DETROIT MICH. U.S.A.

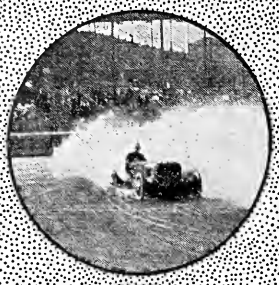
An attractive pamphlet, full of the temptation of river, field and mountain, is published by the **CENTRAL VERMONT RAILWAY** under the title, "Summer Homes in the Green Hills of Vermont, Islands and Shores of Lake Champlain, Adirondacks and Canada." It is filled with excellent pictures of summer-time scenes in places far from the press of city life. There are complete descriptions of the various resorts, convenient time-tables and lists of the special excursion rates of which the wise may take advantage.

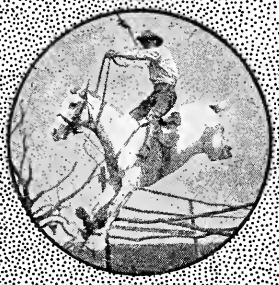
Hints for the Vacation

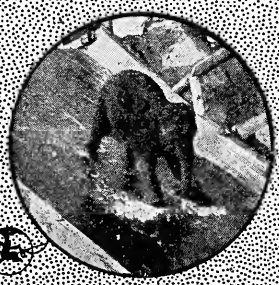
Two Splendid New Day Trains with Dining-Car Service see announcement in "Summer Homes." Those who have not yet settled the great question as to where the vacation shall be spent can hardly do better than consult this pamphlet, which may be obtained by sending six cents for postage to

A. W. ECCLESTONE
Southern Passenger Agent, Central Vermont Railway
385 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss TESSAR.







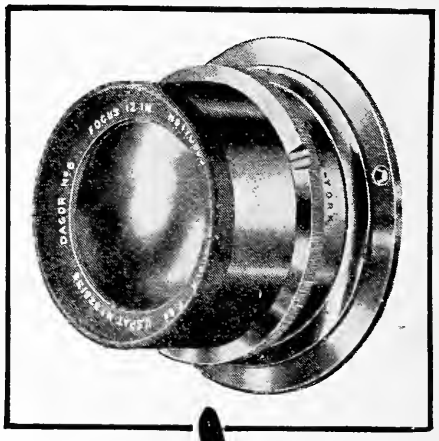
When Buying a Camera

you must remember that photographs like those shown in this advertisement are almost impossible with the lenses usually furnished and that the most interesting views you would like to photograph are often the most difficult to get. The *lens* is the all important part of a camera. The new TESSAR Lens, now furnished with all Kodaks, Premos, Century and Hawkeye Cameras, will make pictures such as those shown here as easily as any other kind. It will make any kind of a picture from a racing automobile to a portrait. TESSAR is only one of many fine photographic lenses made by the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company and described in a beautifully illustrated booklet, "Aids to Artistic Aims," just issued, sent free on request. Ask your dealer to show you cameras with the new TESSAR Lenses.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y.

NEW YORK BOSTON WASHINGTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

YOU can find plenty of 2d hand lenses of all makes on the market, but



Seldom a

GOERZ

Draw Your Own Conclusion !

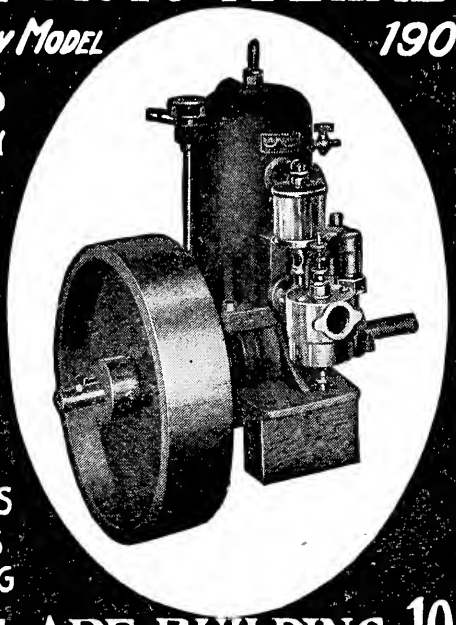
CONVERT YOUR ROWBOAT INTO A SPEED LAUNCH
DETROIT AUTO-MARINE MOTOR

New Model 1906.

3 HORSE POWER

$44.00

ENGINE ONLY



3 HORSE POWER

$44.00

ENGINE ONLY

NO VALVES NO SPRINGS
NO GEARS NO CAMS
NOTHING TO GO WRONG

EASY TO BUY
EASY TO INSTALL
EASY TO OPERATE

WE ARE BUILDING 10,000
AUTO-MARINE GASOLINE ENGINES THIS YEAR

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE 1-TO 20 H-P

DETROIT AUTO-MARINE CO. 77-E CONGRESS ST., DETROIT, MICH.

It's What's Inside the Can or Tin that Counts.

Whenever you see the name of Wm. Underwood Co. on the OUTSIDE of a can you may count on the QUALITY of what's INSIDE.

UNDERWOOD'S
ORIGINAL
DEVILED HAM
is ABSOLUTELY PURE!

There is not one particle of coloring matter nor preservative in Underwood's goods.

The Little Red Devil Brand is made of the **Finest Sugar Cured Hams** of our own curing and **Pure Spices** and **Nothing Else!**

IT IS "BRANDED WITH THE DEVIL, BUT FIT FOR THE GODS."

Wm. Underwood Co., Boston, Mass.

GRAND IMPERIAL SEC CHAMPAGNE

A most delicate and finely flavored Champagne, comparing favorably with the best imported wines.

GOLD MEDAL
WHEREVER EXHIBITED

GERMANIA
WINE CELLARS
HAMMONDSPORT
NEW YORK

$30
SWIFT SAFE DETROIT CANOES STRONG DURABLE
"The kind you always thought would be built some day"
Write to-day for our Free Illust'd Catalog
We are the WORLDS LARGEST BUILDERS of canoes and launches
DETROIT BOAT CO.
293 JEFFERSON AVE DETROIT, MICH.

Romeike Press Cutting Burea

First established and most complete in the world

¶ To be abreast of the times subscribe to the old re able bureau founded by the late Henry Romeike a you will be right up to date on all current topics which you are interested. ¶ Reads every newspaper a periodical of importance in the United States, Canad Mexico and Europe. Branches throughout the civiliz world. *Write for circular and terms.*

HENRY ROMEIKE, Inc., 33 Union Sq., New Yo

EVERYTHING for the Sportsman may be had by securing subscriptions for *Recreatio* Send for illustrated catalogue, mailed free. *Recreation*, 23 West 24th St., New Yor

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
A Certain Cure for Tired, Hot, Aching Feet.
DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.

This signature
Allen S. Olmsted
on every box.

We have over 30,000 testimonials For FREE Trial Package, also Fre sample of FOOT-EASE Sanita CORN-PAD, a new invention, a dress, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y

SAUER GUNS

Best Machine Made Guns in the World

Ask your dealer, or write

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES

302 and 304 Broadway, New York City

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE

KREMENTZ

COLLAR BUTTONS USED THE WORLD OVER

by those who know where they get the most for their money. Made of one piece of metal. Easy to button and unbutton. Stay buttoned. ¶ They outwear any other button, the rolled plate never wears off like other plated buttons. ¶ Also made in Gold and Sterling. If damaged in any way, exchange it for new one. ¶ At all jewelers' and haberdashers'. ¶ Send for Story of Collar Button.

KREMENTZ & CO.
90 Chestnut Street
Newark, N. J.

ATLANTIC

POWER BOATS FOR ALL WATERS

ATLANTIC FAMILY DORIES; safe, staunch, seaworthy, roomy and comfortable.

ATLANTIC SPORTING MOTOR DORY SKIFF; for fishing and inshore cruising; strong, fast, reliable boats for small parties.

ATLANTIC SPEED BOATS; staunch, correct style, swift and manageable; 21 and 23 feet.

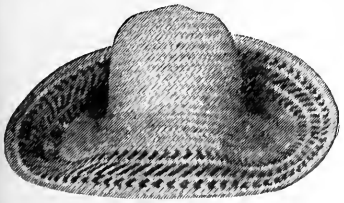
ATLANTIC BOATS FOR BOYS; safe, speedy, controllable, dependable.

ATLANTIC BOATS are Genuine Pleasure Boats
Write for Free Catalog 16

THE ATLANTIC CO., Amesbury, Mass.
Boston Office and Salesroom, 59 Haverhill St.

MEXICAN PALM LEAF HAT, 50c.

Fine for Fishing, Camping and Seashore



Hat Booklet — FREE.

Hand woven by Mexicans in Mexico from palm fiber. Double weave, durable and light weight with colored design in brim. Retails at $1.00, sent postpaid for **50c.** to introduce our Mexican hats and drawnwork. Same hat, plain, 40c.; both for 75c. Large, medium and small sizes.

THE FRANCIS E. LESTER COMPANY
Dept. N6, Mesilla Park, N. M.

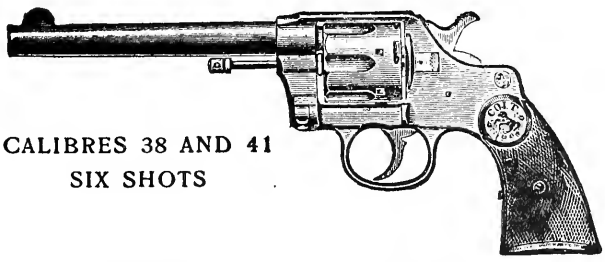
The BEST Known Revolver in the World

An ideal weapon for outdoors; is medium in weight, yet takes one of the most powerful cartridges. Made for *use* and will *stand up* under it. The

COLT "New Army"

Revolver is known and used all over the world. Simple and effective. A combination of accuracy, durability and reliability. Adopted by the United States Government as the standard revolver for the Army and Navy.

For over 50 years
the Standard of
the Fire-Arms World—*COLT*



CALIBRES 38 AND 41
SIX SHOTS

Our Catalogue "Positive" describes this and other Colt models.

COLTS Patent Firearms Manufacturing **CO.**

HARTFORD, CONN.

London Office, 15a Pall Mall, S. W.

SAVAGE

The Lightest
Practical Repeating Rifle
Made is the
Savage 22 Repeater
MODEL 1903

The absence of a hammer makes this rifle practically **Accident Proof.** The magazine feature of this arm insures rapidity of fire, as a loaded magazine containing seven cartridges can be almost instantly inserted to replace the emptied one.

We supply this gun with a pistol grip without extra cost to consumer. Weight of this Repeater 5¼ pounds. It is chambered for short, long and long rifle cartridges.

If your dealer does not have Savage 22 Repeater in stock, send us $12.00 and we will supply you direct

SAVAGE ARMS CO., 596 Turner Street, Utica, New York, U. S. A.

ALL SHIPMENTS PREPAID

STEEL FLY RODS
AND
STEEL BAIT RODS
at less than ½ price
usually sold for

Since 1867 the name **E. VOM HOFE** on fishing tackle has stood for highest quality

Gold Medal Buffalo, 1901; St. Louis, 1904. Our STEEL Fly Rod, 9 to 10 ft., and Bait Rods, 6, 6½, 7 and 7½ ft. Very active—long-lived—cork grip—and finest quality throughout. Price, $2.25 each. State whether Fly or Bait Rod is wanted when ordering. Order to-day. We manufacture and save you jobbers' and retailers' profit on everything in fishing tackle line.

E. VOM HOFE
85-87 Fulton Street **New York**

Send 4 cents to cover postage on 126-page catalog

AMERICAN & CANADIAN SPORTSMAN'S ASSOCIATION
ASS'N BADGE

SPORTSMEN
IT'S NOW READY!

THE SPORTSMAN'S COMPLETE GUIDE

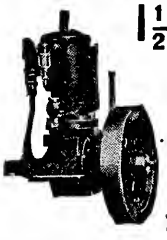
By "Buzzacott." Four Books in one, 544 pages; bristles with pertinent facts and 1000 apt illustrations, all savory with the flavor of woods, field and stream.

A book to be coveted by every genuine sportsman, and is

SENT FREE

An interesting and instructive Booklet, "Specialties, Best Books and Information on Hunting, Fishing and Camping," will be sent to all who write us—a Post Card will bring it. Address

AMERICAN & CANADIAN SPORTSMAN'S ASSN.
Box 288, ELGIN, ILL.



1½ h. p. MARINE GASOLINE ENGINE $33.50

For your Row Boat, Sail Boat or Launch

No Cranks to start—No cams, valves, gears, springs or sprockets. No moving parts but piston, pump and crank shaft.

All working parts in full view.

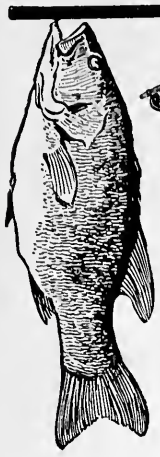
We build all sizes of Boat Engines.

DETROIT ENGINE WORKS,
1395 Jefferson Ave. Detroit, Mich.

Just $94.50 for this complete launch. This is not a small rowboat with an engine, but a full sized modern power boat. We are the largest manufacturers of power boats, canoes and dinghy's in the world. Write to-day for catalog.

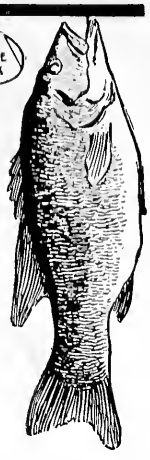
Just $94.50

DETROIT BOAT CO. 1300 JEFFERSON AVE. DETROIT, MICH. MEMBERS NAT'L ASSN. BOAT & ENG. MFRS



"Bristol" TRADE MARK

Steel Fishing Rods



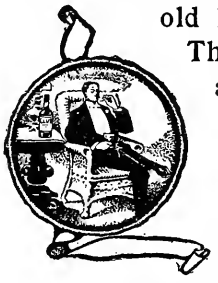
for many years have maintained their supremacy for all-around fishing, giving perfect satisfaction under all conditions.

Their merit is known and acknowledged all over the world. No other rod combines strength, sensitiveness and backbone as does the "BRISTOL." **But be sure you get a "BRISTOL."** Don't let the dealer work off on you some inferior imitation. Look for our trademark, "Bristol" on reel seat. Send for our illustrated color catalogue, **"A Lucky Strike."** You'll like it. Look on page 28 and read description of our combination Reel and Handle—An advance in reel making.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.
21 Horton Street, Bristol, Conn.

TRAIL a bottle of **Club Cocktails** astern. They'll make your sandwich lunch a dainty repast. The raw guesswork materials of the bartender form but a sorry substitute for them. **Club Cocktails** are measure mixed, from fine old liquors, and aged until mellow. They keep in any climate and are always ready to serve.

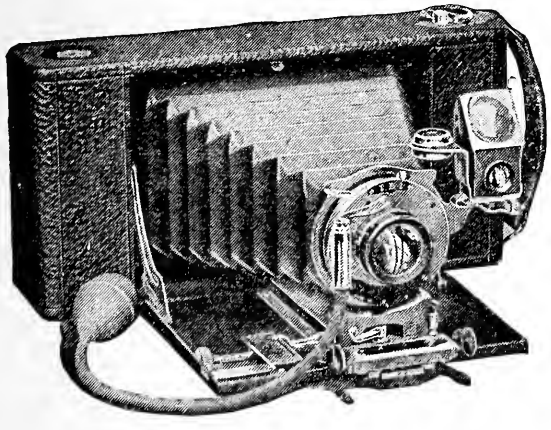
Just strain through cracked ice.



Seven varieties—each one delicious —of all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London

"OPENS THE CORRECT WAY."



For Pictures, 3¼ x 5½.

No. 3 B Folding Hawk-Eye

Loads in daylight with Blair or Eastman N. C. Film Cartridges. A superb lens; an accurate shutter; every desirable adjustment.

Price, = = $20.00

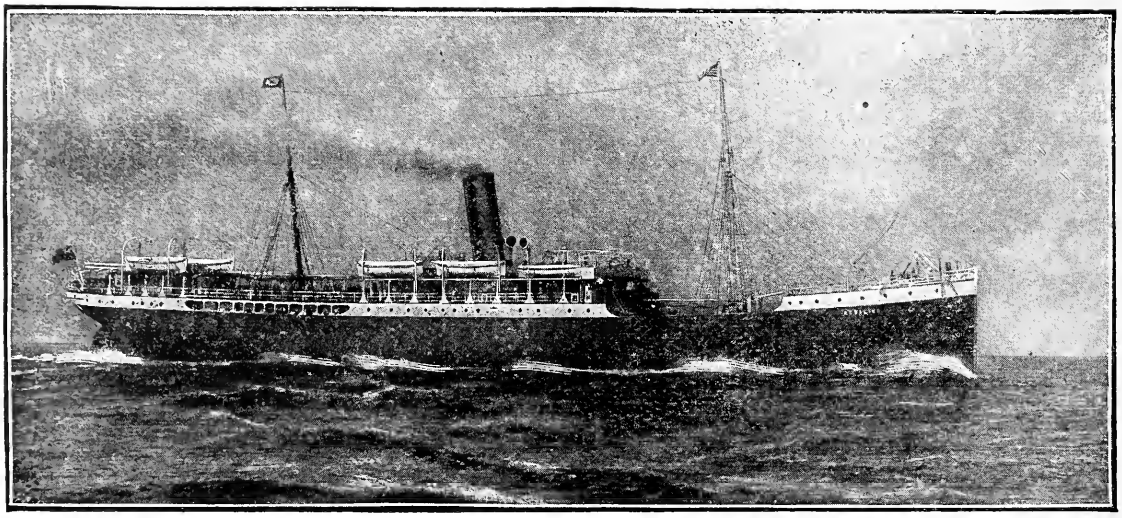
BLAIR CAMERA COMPANY,
Rochester, N. Y.

Send for descriptive catalogue.

An Ideal Sea Trip

Offered by the

Red Cross Line



A CHARMING daylight sail through **Long Island, Vineyard** and **Nantucket Sounds.** Fine view of picturesque **Nova Scotia** and of the bold, rugged **Newfoundland Coast.** A two weeks' cruise at one-quarter the cost of going to Europe and a greater change of air and scene. Steamers sail weekly, making the round trip from New York to St. Johns and return in thirteen days, and there can be no more delightful ocean voyage for those who want rest and sea air. The steamers remain in Halifax one day, going and returning, and two days in St. Johns, thus giving passengers an opportunity to visit these beautiful and interesting cities and surrounding country. The cost is low and the accommodation and service the very best. (Stop-over privileges allowed.) Mention *Recreation* when writing.

FOR FULL INFORMATION, APPLY TO

BOWRING & CO., 17 State St., NEW YORK

After Shaving

use

MENNEN'S

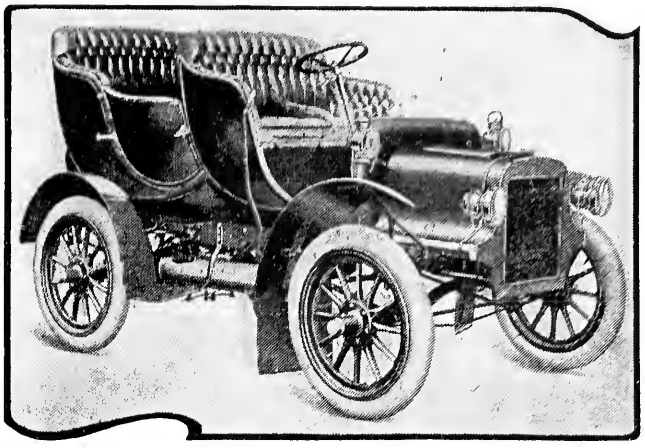
BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

and insist that your barber use it also. **It is Antiseptic,** and will **prevent** any of the skin diseases often contracted.

A positive relief for **Sunburn, Chafing,** and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. **Get Mennen's**—the original. Sold everywhere or mailed for **25** cents. *Sample free.*

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) *Talcum.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.



Model M Touring Car, $950, f. o. b. Detroit.
(Lamps not included)

Motor Value

The Cadillac is undeniably the greatest automobile value ever offered—not alone in fairness of price but in the satisfaction and everlasting service received for that price. In fact, there are few establishments, if any, sufficiently well equipped to produce cars the equal of the

CADILLAC

at an actual *factory cost* of less than our selling price. This is but one of the many benefits a Cadillac purchaser derives from the wonderful combination of equipment, skill and experience that backs up every car we build.

The Cadillac couldn't be better if you paid just twice the price. Your dealer will tell you why. His address—also our finely illustrated Booklet K—will be sent upon request.

Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout, $750
Model M, Light Touring Car, $950
Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car, $2,500

All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.

Member Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

ARE YOU A SPORTSMAN

THE SPORTSMAN'S BOOT

ENGINEER
PROSPECTOR
RANCHMAN

If so our line of waterproof Boots and Shoes will interest you.

Made of Moose Calf, to measure.

Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Our noiseless hunting boot beats anything made.

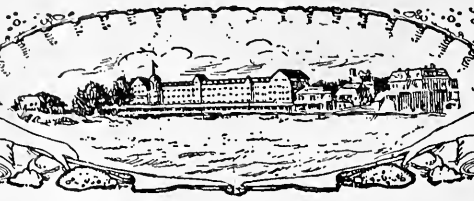
Our Orthopedic Cushion sole is comfort to tender feet.

Send for Catalog.

Agents wanted in every town

WM. N. GOKEY SHOE CO.

No. 1 West 3d St., Jamestown, N. Y., U. S. A.



New Ocean House

Swampscott, Massachusetts

The most magnificent modern summer hotel on the North Shore.

The New Ocean House is but thirty minutes from Boston by rail. Has accommodations for four hundred. Its situation is delightful.

Among other attractions it has to offer are safe surf-bathing, sailing, fishing, and the finest roads for driving, riding, and automobiling in America. Boarding stable and garage on premises.

Concerts by a superb orchestra every afternoon and evening during the season.

Facilities for all out-of-door sports.

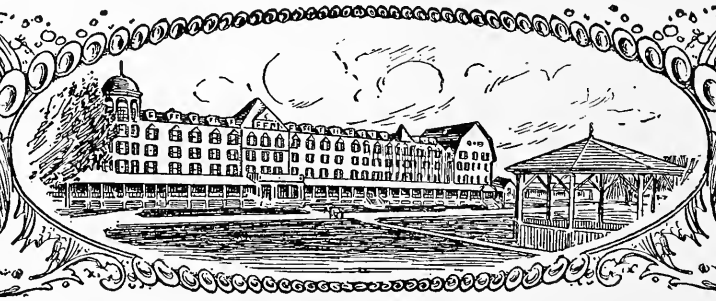
Select patronage.

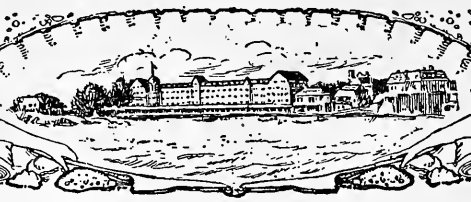
Write for booklet and other information.

Ainslie & Grabow

Proprietors

Address until June 1st, 270 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. After that date, New Ocean House, Swampscott, Mass.





New Ocean House

Swampscott, Massachusetts

The most magnificent modern summer hotel on the North Shore.

The New Ocean House is but thirty minutes from Boston by rail. Has accommodations for four hundred. Its situation is delightful.

Among other attractions it has to offer are safe surf-bathing, sailing, fishing, and the finest roads for driving, riding, and automobiling in America. Boarding stable and garage on premises.

Concerts by a superb orchestra every afternoon and evening during the season.

Facilities for all out-of-door sports.

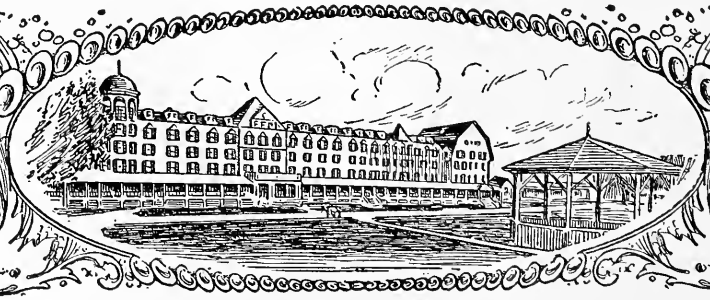
Select patronage.

Write for booklet and other information.

Ainslie & Grabow

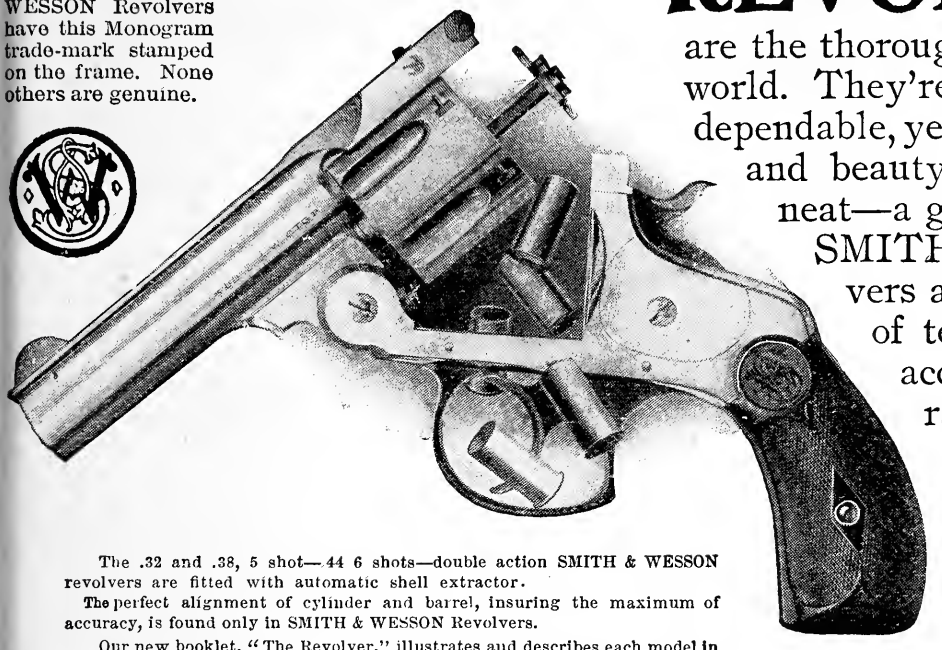
Proprietors

Address until June 1st, 270 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. After that date, New Ocean House, Swampscott, Mass.



SMITH & WESSON REVOLVERS

ALL SMITH & WESSON Revolvers have this Monogram trade-mark stamped on the frame. None others are genuine.



are the thoroughbreds of the revolver world. They're absolutely and always dependable, yet built on lines of grace and beauty, light, and trim and neat—a gentleman's arm.

SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are a tested assemblage of tested parts—tested for accuracy, efficiency and range—and proven to possess a degree of infallibility worthy the dependence of life. The only high grade, efficient desk and pocket revolver made.

The .32 and .38, 5 shot—44 6 shots—double action SMITH & WESSON revolvers are fitted with automatic shell extractor.

The perfect alignment of cylinder and barrel, insuring the maximum of accuracy, is found only in SMITH & WESSON Revolvers.

Our new booklet, "The Revolver," illustrates and describes each model in detail and gives an expert's instruction for target shooting. The most interesting and instructive revolver catalogue published. Sent free upon request.

SMITH & WESSON, 15 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.

Pacific Coast Branch, 2330 Alameda Ave., ALAMEDA, CAL.

Old Town Canoe

Our NAME PLATE (as above) guarantees *correctness* of *models* and *quality*. All materials are selected carefully and applied by skilled workmen. Variety of models. Prices from $28 up. *Prompt delivery.*

Send NOW for free illustrated catalog.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 28 Middle St., Old Town, Me.

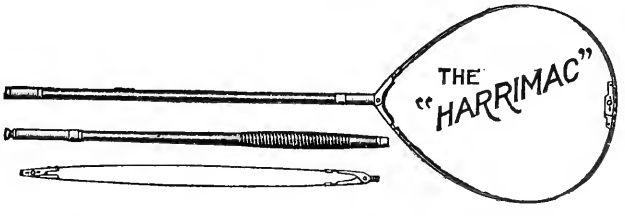
LEARN How To MOUNT Game Heads, Birds, Animals, Fishes, Etc.

Be a taxidermist. We can teach you **by Mail** to stuff specimens of birds, animals, fishes and reptiles; also to tan skins, make rugs, etc. (This is a most profitable and fascinating business). Easily and quickly learned in your own home, during your spare time. Adapted to **Men, Women** and **Boys. Standard Methods,** low rates, satisfaction **Guaranteed.** If you are a sportsman, naturalist or nature lover, you should be able to save your fine trophies. Adorn your home, office or den with beautiful mounted specimens. Double your income by mounting for your friends. Are you interested? If so, send for our beautiful catalog, and the Taxidermy Magazine—*both free.* Ask today.

THE NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY
525 J St., Omaha, Neb.

"Lest we forget" take

A "Harrimac" Landing Net

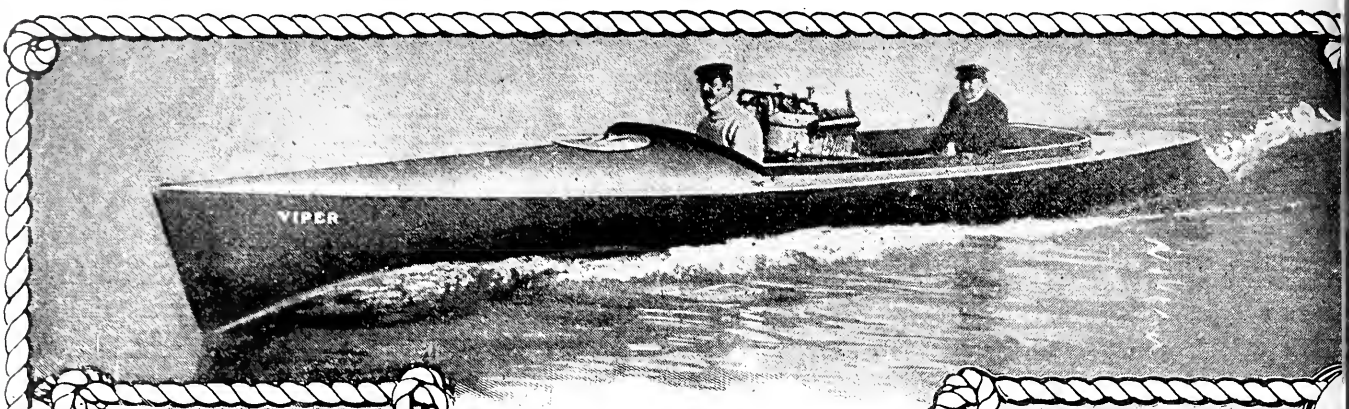


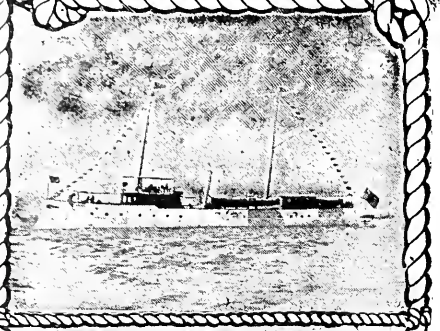
on the next fishing trip. With it you will have greater success. How many fish have you lost for want of one?

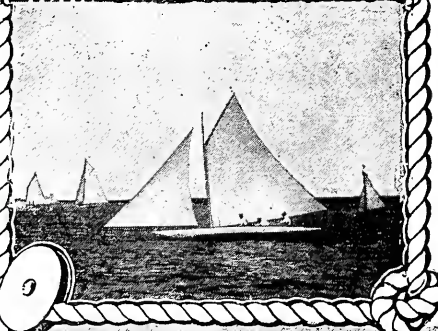
It combines these essential features: Strength, easy adjustment, ease and reliability of operation, lightness and durability. Its collapsing net ring (with no screws or separate parts to get lost) made of finely tempered steel and beautifully finished in nickel or black rubber enamel, with its fine wood handle, and other superior features, make it a necessary part of the fisherman's outfit. It *springs* into shape; and wherever known it springs into use. Made in different sizes for different kinds of fishing. Price, $1.50 to $3.00; other good nets, 75 cents to $1.25. All dealers. Send for booklet telling all about it. Also about "Takapart," "Expert" and "Featherlight" Reels. Free on request.

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO.

17 Prospect Street, Newark, N. J.







Motor Boat PERFECTION

is the Twentieth Century possibility with our system of One Lever Control. For the health-seeker there is nothing that will produce the desired results quicker than a comfortable and reliable boat. Ask your doctor and let us **show you.** For business, towing, freighting and all other purposes where hard and continuous service is required, Racine Boats will "make good" because they are fitted with heavy, powerful engines that have stood the test of years. Remember we offer you 22 years of successful experience.

A complete line of Racine Motor Boats, Auto Boats, Sail Boats, Row Boats, Hunting Boats, Dingheys, Canoes, Engines and Boat Supplies will be found at our different show rooms for inspection, trial and prompt delivery.

122 W. 34th St., New York
509 Tremont St., Boston
38 Delaware Ave., Camden
1321 Michigan Ave., Chicago
182 Jefferson Ave., Detroit
321 First Ave. S., Seattle

St. Louis	**Nashville, Tenn.**
Minneapolis	**Savannah, Ga.**
New Orleans	**Baltimore**
Memphis	**Providence**
Jacksonville, Fla.	**Indianapolis**
Spokane	**Rochester**
Portland	**Louisville**
San Francisco	**Milwaukee**
Los Angeles	**Sault Ste. Marie**

Mexico City, Mexico

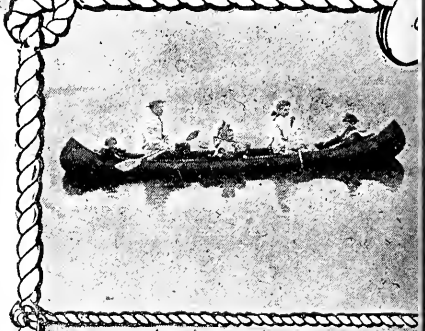
Write for catalog and say what you want. We'll do the rest.

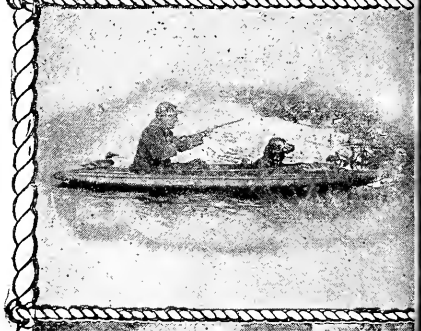
Address

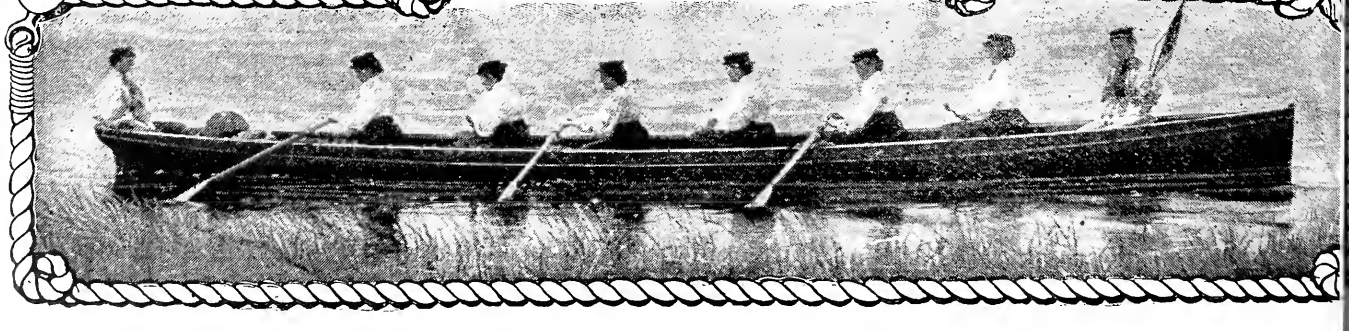
Racine Boat Mfg. Co.

RIVERSIDE

Muskegon, Michigan







"Drop us a line"

and catch one of our beautiful new booklets

Our Booklet showing our minnows printed in their natural colors is the most beautiful work of the kind ever published for bait casters.

GET POSTED on our new 1906 Dowagiac products. The booklet is **free** to bait casters.

WRITE TODAY

Pointers to Practical Bait Casters are contained in our beautiful new booklet.

This booklet shows you how and why the Dowagiac minnow will land a fish at a time when he would slip off the other fellow's bait. The booklet is FREE to bait casters.

WRITE TODAY

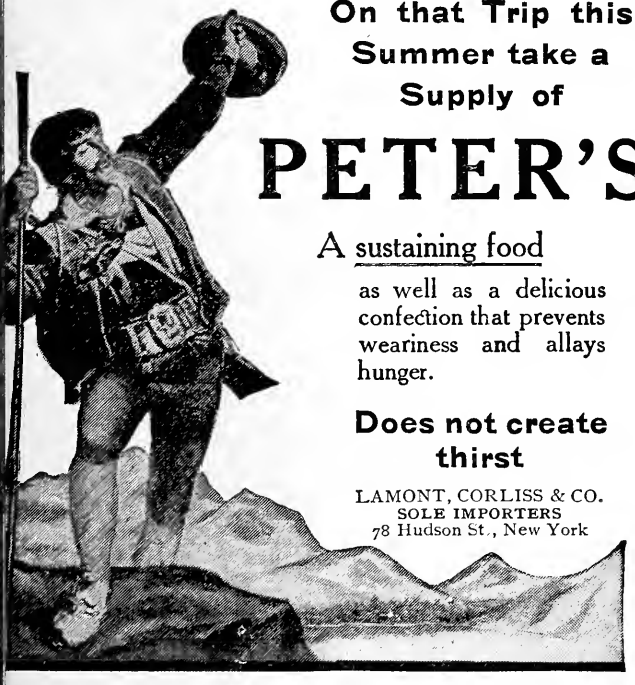
"DOWAGIAC"

ARTIFICIAL MINNOW

Manufactured by

JAS. HEDDON & SON, Dept. 6-F, Dowagiac, Mich.

"High as the Alps in Quality"



On that Trip this Summer take a Supply of

PETER'S

A sustaining food as well as a delicious confection that prevents weariness and allays hunger.

Does not create thirst

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO.
SOLE IMPORTERS
78 Hudson St., New York

Build Your Own Boat By the BROOKS System

10,686 novices—most of them with no tool experience whatever—built boats by the Brooks system last year. Over fifty per cent. have built their second **boat.** Many have established themselves in the boat building business.

If you can drive a nail and cut out a piece of material from a full-size pattern—you can build a **Canoe**—**Rowboat**—**Sailboat**—**Launch**—**or**—**Yacht**—in your leisure time—at home.

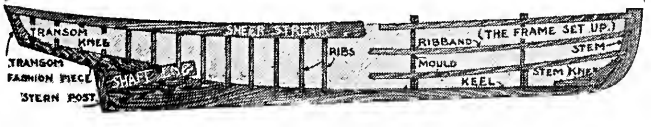
The Brooks System consists of **exact size** printed **paper patterns** of every part of the boat—with **detailed instructions** and **working illustrations** showing each step of the work—an itemized **bill** of **material** required and how to secure it.

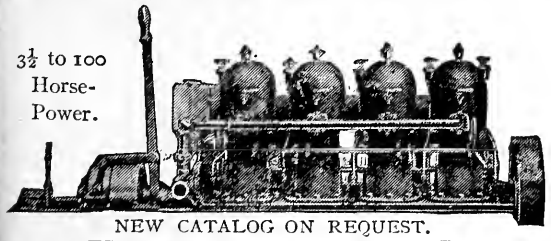
All you need is the patterns, costing from $2.50 up—and materials from $5.00 up. Only common household tools required.

We also furnish complete boats in the Knockdown form—ready to put together. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Our **big free catalogue** tells how you can build boats all styles—all sizes.

BROOKS BOAT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building)
506 Ship Street, - - Bay City, Mich., U. S. A.





3½ to 100 Horse-Power.

NEW CATALOG ON REQUEST.

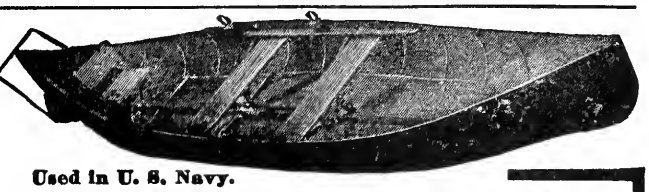
ROCHESTER MARINE ENGINE

has made the most marvelous records, figuring speed with horse-power; combine these with reliability and economy, and it merits your thorough investigation.

WRITE US FOR FACTS.

Rochester Gas Engine Co., 711 Driving Park Ave., Rochester, N.Y.
T. P. Bushnell, 114 East 28th Street, New York,
Agent for New York, has full line of engines in stock.

This Boat Folds into a Package



It's Solid and Stiff when in use—collapsible and quickly made portable. Carried by hand as bag, or in a buggy. Tempered, galvanized, light steel ribs give both strength and lightness.

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT

is a revelation in boat construction. Non-sinkable. Can't tip over. Puncture proof. No repairs. No cost for storage. Wears longer than a wooden boat. We make all sizes and styles for every purpose.

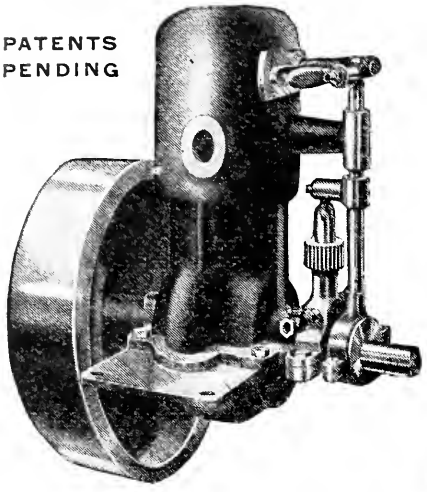
Used in U. S. Navy.

Our Catalog will post you—100 engravings—400 testimonials—sent on receipt of 6 cents.

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO., 668 West North Street, Kalamazoo, Michigan

"Little Skipper" Marine Engine

PATENTS PENDING



H. D. Baird's latest and greatest 2 cycle gasoline engine. Designed especially for use in Canoes, Rowboats and small Launches. Has many new and exclusive features which make it SIMPLER, STRONGER, MORE POWERFUL AND SPEEDY THAN ANY OTHER ENGINE OF ITS CLASS.

2 H.P. Actual Engine Only $24.90

Engine with complete boat fittings and accessories, $39

Makes a real, speedy little launch from an ordinary canoe or rowboat

The "LITTLE SKIPPER" No. 1 is certainly the biggest little thing in the world—height 11 inches from base, weight of bare engine 49½ pounds, and price only $24.90—about 50 cents a pound. Think of it! And yet it is not a toy, but a real engine that will develop 2 to 3 Horse Power, and drive a Canoe, Rowboat or 12 to 20 ft. Launch 6 to 10 miles per hour, or a 35 ft. Sailor 3½ to 4 miles per hour as an auxiliary. Reversible—runs in either direction—anyone can install and run it—always safe and certain to go. Sold under 5 year guarantee.

Descriptive Catalogue FREE

SAINT CLAIR MOTOR COMPANY, Dept. 8, DETROIT, MICH.

The new catalogue which we have just issued is a complete history of out-door experiences and the way to meet them. It is a most interesting book of the pleasure and comfort giving device which campers and sportsmen use under varying conditions. We will mail you this new catalogue R postpaid on request.

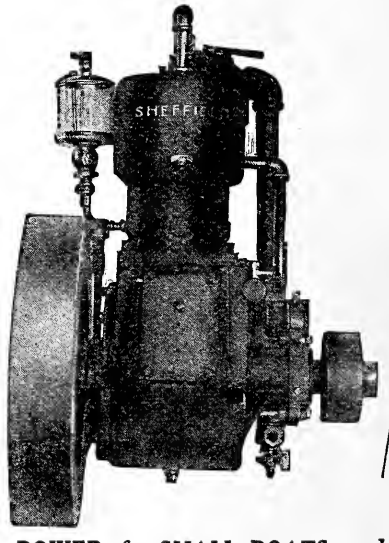
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

Complete outfits for Explorers, Campers, Prospectors and Hunters.

57 Reade Street, New York

SHEFFIELD Marine Engines

1 and 2 Cylinders



4½ and 9 Horse Power

The **IDEAL POWER** *for* **SMALL BOATS** *and* **YACHTS**

SIMPLE Few parts to get out of order. All mechanism easily accessible

POWERFUL We guarantee that engine will develop more than rated H. P.

RELIABLE All parts subject to heat, water-jacketed. Built of best material by expert workmen

A thoroughly tried up-to-date Engine of Four Cycle Type

Send for Catalog No. 817 SM

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.

Franklin and Monroe Streets, Chicago, Ill.

H & R

BACK of every **H & R** Firearm is a modern and thoroughly equipped factory, 35 years' experience in manufacture, and our liberal guarantee. **H & R** ***Quality*** means perfection in every detail of design, workmanship and finish.

FREE—Write for complete descriptive Catalog of H & R Guns and Revolvers.

Harrington & Richardson Arms Co., Dept. R., Worcester, Mass.

U.S. CARTRIDGES

Proclaimed by the War Department to be superior to all others.

Manufactured by

United States Cartridge Co.

Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

The Wedding Ring

The Prudential Policy

Secure a Woman's Hand in Marriage and you must arrange for her future welfare.

LIFE INSURANCE in

The Prudential

IS THE BEST MEDIUM.

Think this over and send for booklet showing cost of policy at your age. If you wish, you could secure a policy payable in full to your wife, or yourself, on a certain date. It will furnish Life Insurance from date of issue, to date of settlement. If you should not live, policy will be paid to your wife at once.

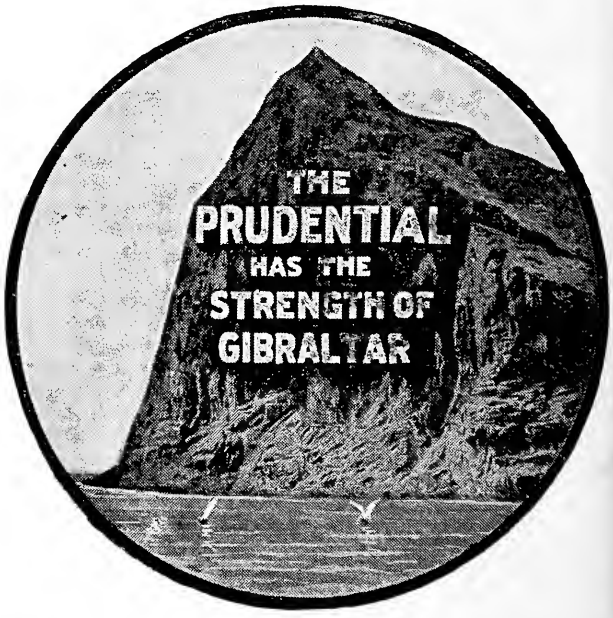
A Most Interesting Proposition to Married People

Write for Information To-Day While You Think of It.

The Prudential Insurance Co. OF AMERICA.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Dept. 92 Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.



Remington Autoloading Shotgun

NO DANGER in shooting this gun, as the breech mechanism is within the gun, encased by thick Special Steel, which has no cut, screw hole or bolt hole in top or back to weaken it. The Remington Autoloading Shotgun is a Hammerless Repeater of five shots, which loads itself and takes up practically all of its own recoil. Ask your dealer or write for catalogues.

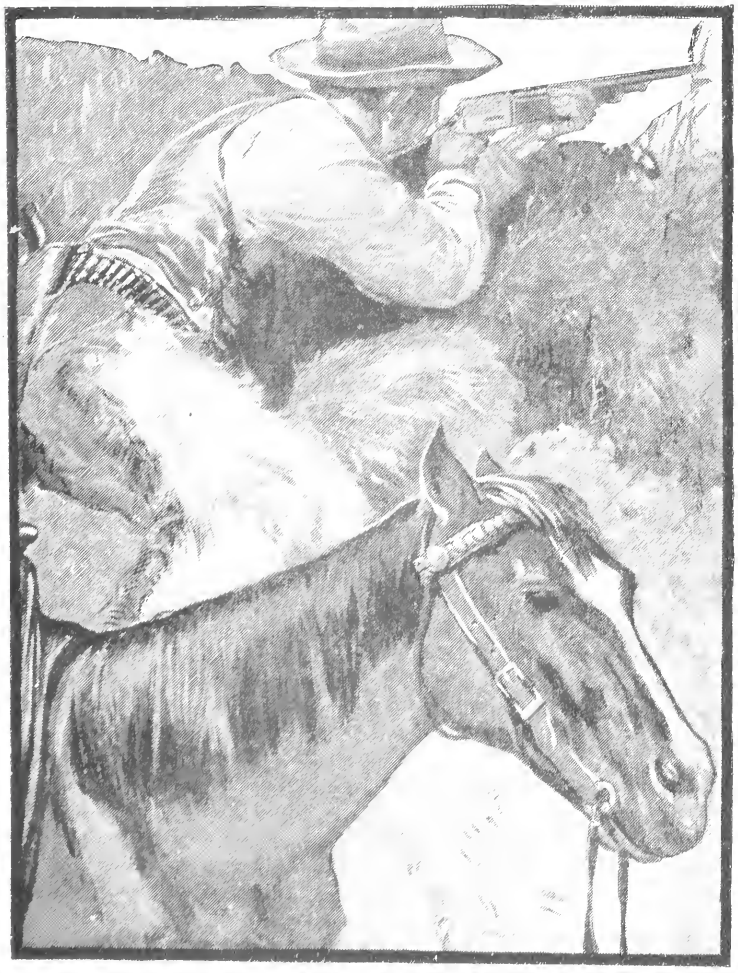
List Price, $40 and upwards.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY

ILION, N. Y.

Agency:
315 Broadway,
New York City.

Depot:
86-88 First Street,
San Francisco, Cal.



U.M.C. CARTRIDGES

Accuracy

For the long, difficult shot when you and your gun are taxed to the utmost, U. M. C. Cartridges are necessary to bring down the game. Their accuracy is proved every day. Recently, in the New York Open Rifle Tournament, Dr. Hudson placed 15 U. M. C. .22 Shorts, at 75 feet, so that they cut the ¼ inch bull's-eye — thus winning First Premium.

Specify U. M. C. make.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

Bridgeport, Conn.

Agency: 313 Broadway, New York City.
Depot: 86-88 First Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Press of Redfield Brothers, New York

"If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak."

And in the Sunset Days—

KODAK

It's "Daylight all the way" by the KODAK System. Loading, unloading, developing, printing — all without a dark-room.

KODAKS, $5.00 to $108.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Catalogue at the dealers or by mail.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

3 2044 106 225 162